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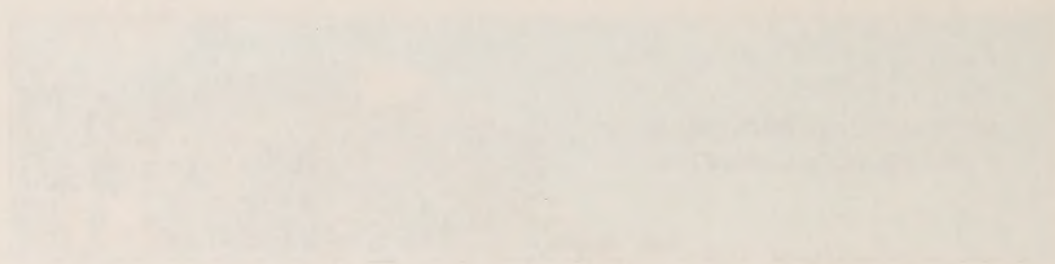


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STREET & SMITH
PUBLICATION

MARCH
1927



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Name.....

Picture-Play

Volume XXVI

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**"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
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Yesterday

The Miracle Man; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; The Affairs of Anatol; The Covered Wagon; The Ten Commandments; Peter Pan; The Pony Express; The Vanishing American.

Today

Old Ironsides; Beau Geste; Sorrows of Satan; The Rough Riders; Wings; Metropolis; The Wedding March; Variety; Hotel Imperial; We're in the Navy Now; The Kid Brother.

Tomorrow

Barnum; An American Tragedy; The War of the Worlds; Sozzoli & Son; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Beau Sabreur; Glorifying the American Girl; Casey at the Bat.

Paramount Pictures



Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock. Directed by Marshall Neilan.	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Edward Sutherland.	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland. Directed by John Waters.	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN. Directed by Eddie Cline.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall. Directed by Herbert	

LONDON

DOROTHY
Vilcox

Old Ironsides

*"Finest Saga of the
Sea the Screen
Has Ever Known"*

N. Y. Telegram

"RARE fine entertainment not to be missed," says the N.Y. Eve. World. A James Cruze Production from the story by Laurence Stallings. With Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, Geo. Bancroft, Charles Farrell.



Metropolis

*New York
a Hundred
Years
From Now!*



A MYTHICAL metropolis, hundred years from now as the setting, a gripping, huge

drama! An UFA Production, directed by Fritz Lang

ABOVE are two of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. These three and those in chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Hotel Imperial

*Pola Negri's
Greatest Role*

NOW Pola Negri climaxes her screen career in this thrilling story of love, danger and sacrifice. Produced by Erich Pommer, from the story by Lajos Biro. Directed by Mauritz Stiller.



Harold Lloyd

*In His Latest
Comedy*



NOBODY thought he amounted to much, so when his Father, the sheriff, leaves town, Harold puts on the badge—just to show 'em—and how he does is the funniest thing in years! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.

Clara Bow in It

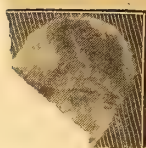
*An Elinor Glyn-Clarence Badger
Production*



A SHOP girl wins her wealthy employer! Why? Because she

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WHO BOUGHT THE INTIMATE POSSESSIONS OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO?



WHEN the treasures of the late star were placed on sale in Hollywood it was expected that all his friends in the colony, as well as those fans fortunate enough to be in the film bid for souvenirs of Rudy, the man who had been present, would bid for the well beloved, and that the proceeds would greatly enrich his estate.

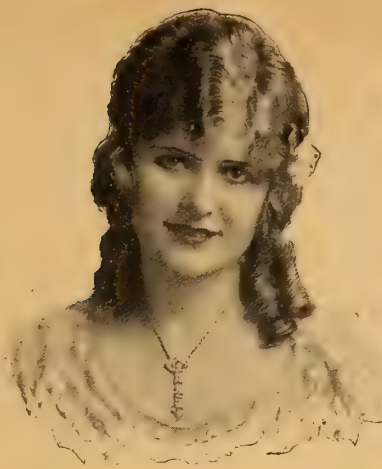
And that is just what did happen, except that it was not a jostling, chattering crowd, but a subdued, almost reverential one—yet the prices paid for the furnishings of Rudy's home and for his horses and dogs were far below the value of the articles.

Next month's PICTURE-PLAY will have an intensely interesting description of the auction, written by A. L. Wooldridge, whose keen observation permitted no detail to escape him. You will learn just who bought Rudy's things and how much was paid for them; who will henceforth ride Firefly, the horse he used in "The Son of the Sheik," and why his clothing was bought by no one at all.

OTHER ARRESTING FEATURES

PICTURE-PLAY for April will keep up that pace which you have enjoyed in the past by including in its contents other remarkable stories. For example, there will be an authentic story of how Charles Ray's financial reverses have been met with calmness, self-sacrifice, and courage; an unusual article dealing with various pairs of pals in Hollywood—how they first met and what makes them congenial; another installment of "Film Struck," that gay novel of the movies, and so many other entertaining items that there is no space to mention them all. Just buy the April PICTURE-PLAY, and see for yourself.





I Bring You My Wonderful Curling Fluid To Make Your Hair Gloriously Wavy In Twenty Minutes!

By Mme. Eugenie Duval

"Why," I asked myself, "do French women guard their beauty secrets so jealously? Why do they look up so securely their treasured family recipes for the cremes and lotions whose magic beautifying powers are so closely entwined with the stories of their lovely ancestresses when these fascinating women played their vivid rôle at the courts of the Louis's?"

"Why won't they share these priceless secrets with their American sisters, the delightful women who come to Paris each season, so eager to learn the thousand secrets of the French woman's charm and mystery?"

"Myself, I adore American women—so lovely, so radiantly alive, so young and slim, so beautifully gowned! And of recent years they have added the final charm—exquisite grooming. They are now truly without rivals in the whole world of womankind."

"But one thing only mars the lovely perfection of their ensemble—one tiny flaw exists in the miracle of their grooming. For a long time I couldn't quite tell what it was. Then I discovered it—their hair. Not quite perfect, with the smooth perfection that marks the French woman's coiffure. A tiny bit straggly. Waves that seemed always to have lost their first careful, perfectly-executed look."

"I began to ask my American friends about their waving methods. Some depended on hot iron marcelling, some on 'permanents,' and others on methods that the French woman who valued her hair's beauty would count equally ruinous. But with all their thousand ways of waving, the American woman—I learned to my intense amazement—neglected the one basic rule on which every wave should be made."

"Not one of these women created her waves from the only foundation that I know for a lasting and lovely coiffure—an infallibly dependable curling-fluid!"

"No wonder American women squander so much money on marcells and 'permanents'! French women won't take chances with such ruinous methods. They wave their own hair—and do it beautifully—and easily. But ask one of them if she ever heard of attempting a wave without

first dampening her hair with her prized curling fluid, to set the line deep, and keep the wave in place lastingly!"

What Wonderfully Waved Hair This Secret Will Give You!

The moment I made the discovery, I resolved to make my small but vitally important contribution to the good grooming of the charming, eternally young American woman. I would share with her my treasured family formula, the curling fluid that has waved the hair of the women of my family for years and years.

Let me tell you the glorious results which my curling fluid—I call it Wave-Sta—will bring you. Instead of locks that straggle and fall soon after waving, you will have deep, smooth, undulating waves that lie firmly and lightly in place. Instead of having an unkempt, untidy coiffure, you will have a fluffy aureole of perfect and lasting waves—and you will have it in just *twenty minutes!*

And, instead of spending large sums for these lovely, lasting waves, you will do them yourself—at home—at a cost of only \$1.97 for twenty waves! How will you do it? I'll tell you.

With the Curling Fluid I Send A Complete Set of Waving Combs

So that you may have as beautifully groomed hair as the most earnest French devotee of fashion, I will include with my Wave-Sta my other famous beauty secret—more modern than the family formula, but equally marvelous in its results—a set of waving combs that, slipped into your hair after it is dampened with Wave-Sta, forms your locks into the lovely, natural lines that mark the perfect "water" wave.

So Simple—So Successful—So Inexpensive

All you do is dampen your hair slightly with water, put a small quantity of Wave-Sta on a comb, run it through your dampened locks and then place the 10 combs in place as you would ordinarily to form a water wave. You allow your hair to dry for twenty minutes, slip the combs off—and your hair lies in the smooth, beautiful deep undulations of a triumphantly lovely water wave.

Perhaps you think that "Wave-Sta" won't do for your hair what it does for other women's hair. Perhaps you have never been able to get a successful water wave. Then you are just the one who needs Wave-Sta most—the one who will get the greatest possible benefit from its use. Try it—you'll see. You'll find that your stubborn, unruly locks, that don't respond at all to water waving, will lie in perfectly formed, beautifully regular, smooth waves, under the Wave-Sta treatment.

Not only that, but you will train your hair—unbelievably. After you have used

Wave-Sta for a short time with the comb, you will begin to notice that your waves form simply by the application of Wave-Sta and the pressure of your fingers forming the waves into position. In a short time your hair will be so perfectly trained that you can keep it in a lovely wave all the time by the simple use of Wave-Sta and finger waving.

Only \$1.97 for a twenty-wave bottle of the marvelous Wave-Sta Ten waving combs included

Only \$1.97—that is all you pay for a generous sized bottle of Wave-Sta—enough to give you at least twenty waves. And with it I include the complete set of ten waving combs! The bottle of Wave-Sta, as you know, is well worth \$1.97 by itself. I want to make sure that you are successful in use, and like the results so well that you will continue to use it, I am including a set of waving combs.

My Special Introductory Offer

I don't care how straight or dull your hair, or whether it is long or bobbed, know that my Wave-Sta will make it lovely and curly and wavy and keep it that way at almost no cost. But I don't ask you to accept my word for a thing. I let you test the liquid at my risk. Don't send me a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full sized bottle of Wave-Sta will be sent you in return mail, and a set of ten waving combs will be included with it. I may have them both at the special introductory price of only \$1.97 (few cents' postage) in full payment if you are not more than delighted with the results—if it doesn't make your hair beautiful, give it new lustre and silk! You have to do is return the bottle and combs and your money turned in full. Have you a fairer offer?

MME. EUGENIE DUVAL

124 W. Illinois Street Chicago

Mme. Eugenie Duval,
Dept. 7, 124 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Please send me full-sized bottle of Wave-Sta together with set of ten waving combs. I will postman the special price of \$1.97, plus few postage, on delivery, with the understanding if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid and the comb may return them to you and you will immediately refund my money in full.

Name

Address

Town State

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when man calls, you may enclose \$2.15 and and combs will be sent to you postpaid.

What the Fans Think



How Many Friends Have **You** Made Through These Columns?

JUST how many fans, I wonder, have formed friendships which could be termed "by-products" of the movies? A great many, I'll wager! For what fan has not written a fan letter? And who can tell the many things that might result from such a letter?

The fans whose letters find space in the pages devoted to "What the Fans Think" are really one big family. Those who seriously read every word of this sincerest of the magazines devoted to the movies, have come to know the writers of many letters—have come to watch for a possible letter from this one or that one. Merely and I recall the names, for instance, of Mrs. Lorenza Stevens, Helen Brinkerhoff, Madge Baum, Trix Macenzie, Madeline Glass, Louise Laughron, Lillian Parry, Jack McElveny. Quite a list, I think.

My point is this: their letters have made us feel as though we actually knew the writers. We watch for them, thrill at reading them, and are happy to see them in print. Am I not right?

So much for an introduction. My letter shall treat of friends—a few of them, at least—whom I have met through this magazine. Possibly—nay, probably—are those who may be able to boast of friendships more genuine than these of mine, but I am quite sure I should ever be any prouder of the ones they may have than I am of those I have made. I love them truly. At any rate, the telling of my experiences will prove that the luck does not all lie with the stars. Some of it is in the possession of us fans.

Unusual Event Number One.—Because of a fan letter praising Thomas Meighan, some few years ago, my dear eventually found the girl who became his wife. I did the Meighan "critic" realize what events he was setting in motion when he so doggedly wrote that "Louise Laughron was the girl who replied to the man's unjust tirade against Meighan. I read her letter, wrote her my appreciation of her staunch support of the stalwart Thomas, and from then on she and I were pen friends. It happened that my brother in West Point was visiting in Brooklyn, where he lived, soon after she and I became friends. I wrote him the address and he called. Result—they fell in love within the year. Louise is now Mrs. Thomas Meighan!

Event Number Two.—When I first came to Los Angeles, I read a letter in PICTURE-PLAY entitled "Personal Impressions of Stars," from Helen Brinkerhoff. Fans, she had personal impressions of so many stars that I wondered however in the world she had obtained them. I wrote and asked her "How?" That was the beginning of one of the most pleasant friendships I have ever had. Oh, the long movie talks we have had! Helen has met so many stars and has so much to tell me each time we meet that her visits are outstanding ones in my humdrum routine. She herself has been an extra. Incidentally, Helen has a friend whom she, likewise, made through PICTURE-PLAY, who since has come to Hollywood and is now on the road to success in the movies.

Event Number Three.—I consider this event quite a fortunate and certainly a thrilling one. Madeline Glass, now a writer for PICTURE-PLAY, was a personality to me long before she ever became a writer of interviews. She always had something very important to say in those occasional letters of hers that found space in the "What the Fans Think" pages. After three years of being an unknown admirer of hers, I found myself asking her to lunch at my home. Fortunate indeed was I, for she came and has been coming ever since. I admired Madeline sincerely before she ever wrote interviews, but of course my admiration has soared since PICTURE-PLAY realized her worth and put her on its staff of writers. You can imagine how we hold forth when she comes—how we discuss the movies and PICTURE-PLAY and all that. Wonder of wonders, she has promised to take me along some time when she has an appointment at M.-G.-M., where she hopes I shall see my only favorite, John Gilbert! If only I could!

It is unnecessary to go further. I have a deep and lasting regard for PICTURE-PLAY, not only because of its unusual originality, but because of the policy which has made possible the forming of the most valued friendships I have ever had.

MRS. OLIVE D. THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, California.

Shame on the Stars!

While it is undoubtedly good showmanship on the part of an actor to keep himself before the public whenever possible, there is one method of gaining publicity

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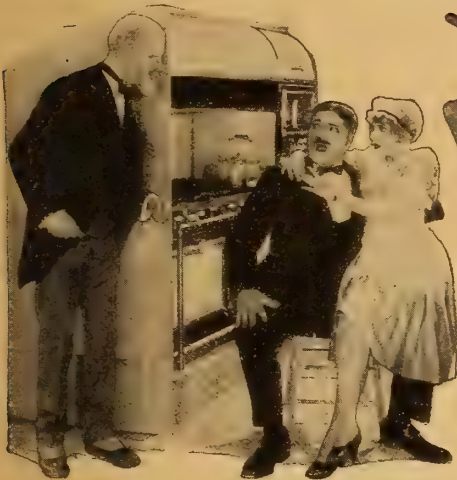
FUN

PRODUCED BY
Christie

TWO-REEL FEATURE COMEDIES---
created by a genius of Laughs for fun-loving
audiences, with players of proven popularity.

For ten years Al Christie has been a consistent producer of
wholesome entertainment for the whole family.

Ask at your favorite theatre when the next comedy produced by
Christie will be shown--it's your guarantee of a well balanced program.



JACK DUFFY, in this CHRISTIE
COMEDY, apparently did not knock
before entering.



A "serious" situation in a JIMMIE
ADAMS COMEDY



Scene from a BOBBY VERNON
COMEDY, with a Scotch
background.



'Gambling on the green' in
a BILLY DOOLEY COM-
EDY.



An embarrassing moment, in a
CHRISTIE COMEDY, featuring
NEAL BURNS.



ANNE CORNWALL seems to be
skating on thin ice in this CHRISTIE
COMEDY.

Released through
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

against which I particularly wish to protest. When an actor permits his name and photograph to be used in "testimonial" ads, the effect is usually bad, both for the advertiser and for the actor.

If the ad is based on a statement that sounds natural, and if the commodity thus advertised has probably been of real benefit to the actor quoted, the ad is not objectionable, although there is doubt in my mind as to whether it is really efficacious even then.

But the majority of these ads are certainly a strain on the credulity. Norma Talmadge, Laurette Taylor, Estelle Taylor, Billie Burke, and Pola Negri all make the statement that they love a pipe-smoking man. You just know they wrote spontaneously to the maker of one definite tobacco to impart this confidence to him!

"Red" Grange is quoted making enthusiastic remarks about a five-cent candy bar. Now, every one knows that an athlete is supposed to abjure sweets for the period of his training. Besides, can you imagine him getting so worked up over the excellence of this five-cent titbit that he felt obliged to sit down and from the depths of his heart communicate his delight to the maker of that candy?

Also, fancy Ann Pennington of the light feet finding certain corn plasters so wonderful that she had to tell the manufacturer about the wonders they had accomplished for her. Or Richard Dix so enjoying a certain make of saxophone that he felt constrained to urge all young men to invest in one.

I can understand an ill-advised young player, in need of money or publicity or both, permitting his or her name and face to be used in such a way. But when I see a player like Ramon Novarro, who certainly needs neither the publicity nor the money, stooping to the rank of the testimonial writers, I object.

I suppose, any day now we may expect to hear Ronald Colman proclaiming the excellence of some brand of desert tents, John Gilbert boosting some one's army shoes, Vilma Banky urging all dyspeptics to take So-and-so's indigestion pills, and Mary Pickford indorsing somebody's middy suits.

Why not leave this method of cheap publicity to European queens? G. B. A.
Dallas, Texas.

Pooh! Any One Can Get Into the Movies!

It may be difficult to get into the movies, but it sure *looks* easy! Despite the fact that we read of rigid screen tests to be passed, pull required, special adaptability, and so forth, we are inclined to be skeptical. It begins to look as though M. Anybody and family, including fifth cousins, are eligible.

Time was when great actors were born, and were thought to be a class of immortals, different from the ordinary run of human beings, but that time now belongs to the faded past. Almost every day we read of a new "discovery"—some man or woman springing up from nowhere and being admitted to the inner and sacred circle. A woman shoots her husband and has her name published in all the newspapers—and the very next day we learn that she has signed a movie contract. Let any one acquire a bit of publicity or notoriety, and he joins the movie clans to appear on the silver screen. If acting is an art, how come that Tom, Dick, and Harry so quickly turn into first-class actors?

From the stage to the movies might seem a step most reasonable, but from every other walk in life, without any previous training or experience! Prize fighters, authors, doctors, even firemen—all kinds

and all classes of people, from the butcher and baker to the candlestick maker—all, if opportunity favors, sign contracts and appear in the movies. There seems to be something rotten in the State of Denmark.

Is acting an art to be acquired by persistent effort and steady endeavor? We should say not! The only requirement seems to be that a person be not camera shy—and, in these days of publicity seeking, who is afraid of a camera?

Although I've never seen the inside of a studio, I'm as good an actor as the next man, and, as soon as I can bribe some small-town gazette to run my tintype, I'm going to Hollywood—to enter the movies!

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG.

929 West Seventh Street, Traverse City, Michigan.

Don't Call Each Other Names.

In a recent issue of *PICTURE-PLAY* my impressions of the stars were printed. These were *my* impressions, as I see the players. Two days after the issue was out, I received a letter from some person who signed herself "One who is too mad to sign her name." The letter was one of the most ridiculous I have ever read. This was part of it:

"You must be cross-eyed or dense to say that Florence Vidor is not beautiful and can't act. I suppose you have never seen Florence Vidor, and you just want to have something to say. You must be one of those red-cheeked people who can't appreciate good acting." At least, the words were to that effect, and it was all in such poor grammar and spelling that it was difficult to understand what the ignorant person wanted to say.

It would have been perfectly all right for this person to criticize me in a decent manner, but when it comes to calling another person names, I draw the line at that. She starts out with, "I do not know who you are and I hope I never do." But I would like to meet *her*, very, very much! I'm sure we could have a wonderful argument!

Most of the fan letters of that particular issue were especially good, with the exception of one. That was from "Mrs. H. H." of Brooklyn, New York. Her letter was most disagreeable in its references to different fans' "poetical ravings." Can't she realize that these fans were doing their best and giving *their* impressions? I disagree with her when she says that Pola Negri does not resemble a "volcano." Pola most certainly does. At least, that is my opinion.

The best fan letter of all was that of Howard Cunningham. He says that the Paramount graduates show promise, and I most heartily agree.

GERALD C. HAMM.

"The Plains," Weatherly, Pa.

Her Ire Is Roused.

I would like to challenge a few of the statements made in letters in a recent *PICTURE-PLAY*. First, there was that of Doris Burns, who was so disgusted at the thought of a girl smoking that she said the most unkind things she could possibly think of about Louise Brooks. And does Louise deserve it? Who is Miss Burns to say such things? Why does she take it for granted that Louise is "sulky, sophisticated, yet a young, overbearing, haughty creature?" How does she know? In my opinion, Miss Brooks is one hundred per cent perfect and very likely to remain so. Don't you agree with me, fans?

Next I will go to the letter of Gerald Hamm. He says that Florence Vidor can't act and is not beautiful. Fans, doesn't that rouse your ire? I wonder if Mr. Hamm has seen "You Never Know Women," Florence's first starring vehicle? If not,

I should advise him to do so at once. He might change his opinion. I do agree with Mr. Hamm about Lillian Gish, though.

Now, fans, let's finish with three long and loud cheers for the screen's favorite jumping jack, Richard Talmadge! Are you with me?

EVE J. ROBINSON.

1216 West Eighth Street, Wilmington, Del.

Words of Praise.

I feel impelled to write a word of praise for Florence Vidor, who so charmingly handled her first starring vehicle, "You Never Know Women," though I'm still wondering over the inane title.

Traveling about the country, doing magazine work, I am in a position to note which stars seem to be the most popular, and I sincerely believe that the tendency for appreciation of the more refined type of actress seems to be growing greater, in the smaller towns as well as in the cities. Under this class we may include Miss Vidor, Norma Shearer, Lois Moran, and Virginia Valli—two mature sophisticates and two "unsophisticates," and all are essentially ladies.

While Greta Garbo should be classified in an altogether different group, that of a gay charmer, there is something tremendously compelling and magnetic about her personality. I wonder if it is actually known how little experience she has had in acting? This may be of interest to some of the fans. While visiting a friend, several years ago, in a boarding school in Vienna, I was introduced to all the girls. One seemed to stand out in the group. She was a bit more charming than all the rest, and made such a vivid impression upon me that I recalled her long after my friend and I had returned to the States.

Imagine our surprise one afternoon, when seated in a movie theater, to see the face of this lovely creature flashed on the screen, and in a leading part, too! But, after all, we weren't so surprised, for how could such an unusual type be kept out of the clutches of our movie directors?

The girl was Greta Garbo.

LILICA BRAUN.

Wichita, Kan.

Why They Rave Over Greta Garbo.

I have just finished reading a letter in *PICTURE-PLAY* that makes me want to come right out and say what I think. It was written by Dorothy Derr. And I wish to tell her and every one else why the magazines rave over Greta Garbo. She is certainly some one to rave over!

Miss Derr said for us to hope that Ibañez's "Torrent" would be Greta's last picture. Well, I'm hoping she will make many, many more. If Miss Derr was disgusted with "Torrent," she certainly should not take it out on Greta. Greta didn't choose the picture.

For my part, I'll say that if *all* the foreign actresses are as lovely and wonderful as Greta Garbo—"On with the foreigners!"

DORIS BURGE.

1440 Madison Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

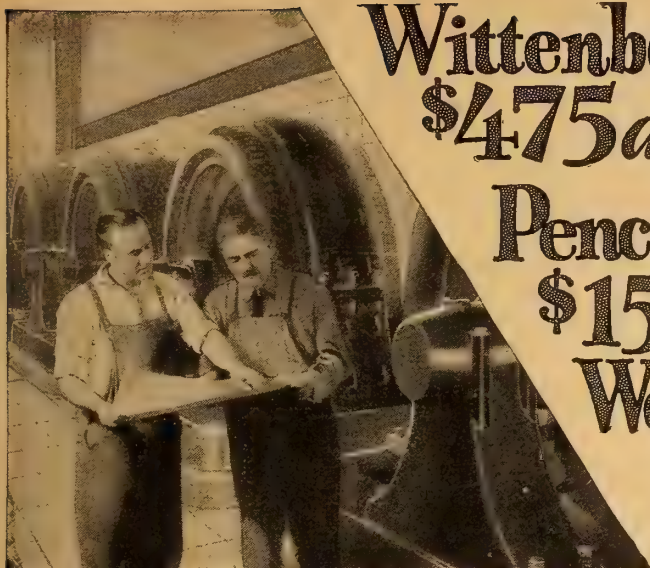
Think What We'd Have Missed.

I am an American, but I can't let the letter of Carl A. Buss, in a recent issue, go unchallenged.

Surely an intelligent person can understand why the foreign players have come to America. If you or I were offered a splendid opportunity in some foreign land, would we go? We certainly would! American film magnates, keen business men, saw the possibilities of these foreign players, and put them under contract. They were not employed because they are foreign, but because they have personality

Continued on page 12

Wittenberg Earns \$475 a Month Pence Gets \$150 a Week



\$475 a Month

Dear Chief: I have just bought a 5-passenger sedan and my income now amounts to about \$475 a month—\$118 a week. Before I took your Course I never made over \$50 a month. I only had a 6th grade education and yours is the only electrical training I ever had. Your friend and student, Herman Wittenberg, 1930 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York.



\$150 a Week

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

and ability, and will bring more dollars into the box office.

What American actor can compare with the great Emil Jannings? Greta Garbo is a wonderful actress, and a beautiful one, though her beauty is not of the obvious sort, and she will probably not appeal to the mob. Greta Nissen is luscious looking. If we barred out the foreigners, we would not have Ernst Lubitsch, the greatest director of all time; we would not have Pola Negri, Ronald Colman, nor Charles Chaplin, to mention only a few. And, last but not least, we would never have had Rudolph Valentino!

Think it over, Mr. Buss!

LYNN A. DENIS.

New Orleans, La.

What the Foreigners Have Done for Us.

I cannot understand the attitude taken by several readers of PICTURE-PLAY who have used this department to protest against the so-called invasion of our studios by foreign actors and actresses.

The ancient, moss-eaten phrase that "motion pictures are in their infancy" is *passé*. They have gone beyond the nickelodeon stage and are rapidly approaching the artistic. It is competition that has brought about this change—competition in the form of photoplays from Germany, which have been received with open arms by our dramatic critics and have opened the eyes of our producers to what *could* be done with a motion-picture camera.

It is true that the word "art" has already been used in connection with some of our own photoplays, but "art," as applied to the American cinema, has been a misused, badly chosen word. Art came to the American screen only with the advent of foreign productions.

Murnau showed us in "The Last Laugh" to what advantage a camera might be used. "Variety" made its bow on Broadway, and, though the critics considered it a masterpiece, they did not believe that it would have a prolonged stay—the motion-picture public, they said, did not care for artistic productions. Contrary to this opinion, "Variety" broke box-office records.

William Wellman, in his production "You Never Know Women," was one of the first directors on this side of the water to use his camera for cinema effects that were out of the ordinary. True, these camera angles were copied from "Variety," but more power to Mr. Wellman for acknowledging "Variety's" greatness and having the courage to follow in its footsteps.

D. W. Griffith, perhaps America's foremost director, set out to go the Germans one better. "The Sorrows of Satan" is a masterpiece in camera technique and a study in lights and shadows, but it fails to be a really great picture because of its weak, silly story. Nevertheless, this picture should be seen by all who enjoy the artistic, for Mr. Griffith has succeeded in achieving an artistic triumph, though failing in dramatic structure.

So much for the directors. What about the players?

Emil Jannings is surely the screen's greatest character actor. He has more artistic achievements to his credit than any of our own actors. Conrad Veidt and Werner Kraus have also given performances such as leave a lasting impression upon one's memory.

Lya de Putti in "Variety" gave proof of her ability; and Greta Garbo, the gifted Swedish actress, has scored triumphs in her two American productions, despite the

fact that the material provided for her was not far above mediocrity.

Instead of condemning these foreign artists we American fans should raise our voices in praise of them. They have raised the standard of our movies, and our producers are now endeavoring to maintain this artistic standard.

Sarah Bernhardt was loved by this country. Duse was another idol. Why, then, this sudden condemnation of foreign picture players? It stands to reason that a country only one hundred and fifty years old is not so well advanced in the drama as the countries of the older continent.

Fans, be fair! Don't let your misguided sense of patriotism run away with you. With these foreign stars and directors American films are far richer than without them.

RICHARD ROLAND.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

An Answer to the English Critics.

Why ever did Miss Morris, in a recent PICTURE-PLAY, take the trouble to quote an English critic on "The Big Parade?" That English critics know absolutely nothing about pictures is common knowledge. They all missed the point in "The Big Parade." It was not meant to be an educational film showing how the war was conducted. Who but they would worry about a few little mistakes in one of the greatest of film masterpieces, a miracle of acting and directorial ability? As to the behavior of the hero, what proof have they that a person of his nature and characteristics would not behave in such a manner under such circumstances?

Regarding America's refusal to admit "Ypres" and "Zeebrugge"—well, considering that some of the more advanced of the British dominions refused admittance to those films, surely one should not expect America, who wants only the best, to have them. To America they would not have been worth the expense of importation; they were of interest only to a small portion of the British public; to foreigners they would be intolerably boring.

The attack of the English critics on "The Big Parade" was an organized attack, inspired by mean, cheap jealousy of American films. I challenge any one to dispute that. For months these same critics have been doing all in their power to discredit American films, whether by fair means or foul.

I am indeed sorry that Miss Morris let the silly rantings of a few people who are quite incapable of distinguishing a good film from a bad one spoil "The Big Parade" for her.

Let us hope that England, for her own sake, will soon get hold of a few picture critics with at least a little intelligence.

EILEEN RYAN.

126 Valley Road, Auckland City, Auckland, New Zealand.

Why Not Joseph Schildkraut?

The company that intended starring the late Rudolph Valentino in a picture to be based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini seems to be having some difficulty in deciding who should take his place in the title rôle. Barrymore, among others, has been considered. Perhaps by this time they have smoothed out their difficulties and made their choice. Nevertheless, I would like to put in my two cents' worth of opinion.

Why any one should hesitate for a moment and wonder who is the suitable player for the rôle is quite beyond me, since every actor who created the part of Ce

on the stage—and made a huge success of it—is now devoting his talents to screen work. I refer, of course, to Joseph Schildkraut.

"The Firebrand" ran for almost a year on the New York stage, with Schildkraut in the rôle of *Cellini*. I saw it three times and it was great! Then, when Joseph left it to appear in the film "The Road to Yesterday," another actor was substituted, and in a very short time the play closed. Was not that rather significant?

The critics admitted that they went to "The Firebrand" expecting to be bored by heavy historical drama. Instead, Schildkraut made it a show of tempestuous love, subtle and exquisite comedy. Why, then, is he not borrowed from De Mille and given the rôle of *Cellini* in the movies? Obviously he is the perfect choice for it.

And, oh, what a picture would result! Schildkraut and Estelle Taylor—marvelous!
JACKIE CATHEWE.
Rockville Center, L. I.

Who Can Replace Rudy? No One!

"Rudy is dead!" It is impossible to estimate the sorrow that this announcement caused. I am sure the Valentino fans felt as though some part of themselves had died.

Already people are looking for a successor to Rudy, but there is not a man on the screen to-day who can take his place for one minute. Some people think Ronald Colman will step into the niche left by Valentino. That draws a hearty laugh from me. Ronald could never forget himself for long enough. My goodness, the man has conceit written all over his face, and the frost is never very far from his love-making, albeit we have to hand it to him for his work in "The Dark Angel," and he was almost human in "Kiki."

My idea of the screen's best lover right now is Jack Gilbert. Many think of him as being full of ego. Personally, I don't think so, as he is the same Jack who was a great favorite with me when I saw him in such pictures as "Truxton King," "St. Elmo," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "A California Romance," "The Love Gamblers," and "The Exiles." In those days he had no reason to be puffed up, as it was hard to find mention of him in movie books other than as "the handsome husband of Leatrice Joy." In those days I wondered where the eyes of the fans were, and was surprised that it took so long for him to be "discovered." Of course, the Jack Gilbert of to-day is a much better actor, and getting better all the time.

Ramon Novarro will never become a very great screen lover, as he is quite effeminate. Perhaps I get this idea from the fact that it is so long since I have seen him in movies, and the still pictures make him appear that way. He needs to make more movies or he will surely lose a great number of his fans.

Valentino will not soon be forgotten, and the passing of no other male star could leave the vacancy he has.

VIOLA DAVIES.

Toronto, Canada.

To a Dead Mummer.

Our life is a gamble with dreary chance,
And, because he made us forget for an hour
And gilded the sordid with pure romance,
I lay on his grave this tiny flow'r.

Who shall succeed to the vacant place?

Who so winning, so debonaire,

So light of foot and fair of face?

"Exit Chartres!" Good-by, *Beaucaire*!

RUTH HALL.

Catskill, N. Y.

Thoughts on Death.

What a strange spirit the public shows! To one it grants greater fame after death, to another "mere oblivion," regardless of merit. To the living it often turns its backs; then, when the object of its sneers is dead, it sends flowers.

Valentino had thorns with his roses in life, but in death came the lilies, which have no thorns.

His death is still like a ghastly nightmare, out of which we want to awaken but cannot.

With the pens of amateur poets, some try to praise him and commemorate him. I, as one of those, praise and commemorate, yet find in his death a singular happiness—it is that he now belongs to the ages.

To Rudolph Valentino.

Better the hero dead

Than fallen;

Better the flower pressed

Than broken;

Better the picture lost

Than faded;

Better the lover free

Than mated!

Better the tender dream

Than grim reality;

Better the shrined soul

Than mere mortality!

Better the idol buried

Than forsaken;

Better the vision vanished

Than mistaken!

Better the cup relinquished,

Before the dregs we taste!

Better a memory cherished,

Before the affections waste!

DOROTHEA E. RAHINKAMP.

Dormont, Pa.

Sincere Sympathy for Pola Negri.

Anger at the cruelty and spitefulness of people has prompted me to write in defense of Pola Negri. Now is the time when all her fans should show their loyalty to her. As it has been remarked, hers is a nature absolutely different from ours, and there is no doubt in my mind that her grief over Valentino's death was sincere. It was all quite sad enough without the malicious stories that her grief was only acting and that she came to see him only after he was dead. She has my most sincere sympathy, and through PICTURE-PLAY I wish to express it.

You've been my favorite, Pola, ever since you played in "Bella Donna," and may the years bring you happiness! D. E. K.

London, Ontario, Canada.

A Correction.

Thank you for printing my letter in the November PICTURE-PLAY. You gave it the title "Criticism from an Egyptian Fan," but I would like to say that, though I live in Egypt, I am not an Egyptian, but a Greek.

MANOLI A. BENACHI.

Care of Chorem Benachi & Co., Alexandria, Egypt.

For Fans West of Wisconsin.

I am an enthusiastic fan and enjoy reading "What the Fans Think" on various subjects, but I do not enjoy throwing brickbats any more than I care to receive them. So if there happens to be a player I don't like, I just avoid thinking of him or her.

I am preparing to start for California about the middle of March by automobile, and should like to hear from some of the fans. It would make the way seem shorter

Continued on page 114



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A Million Bid

Irish Hearts

The College Widow

The Heart of Maryland

These are the titles of Dolores Costello's current and forthcoming pictures. Each is an unusual story giving her every opportunity to portray the lights and shades of her emotional ability. Watch for these pictures at your local theatre, or better still ask your exhibitor for the dates on which he will play them.

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*HE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.*

—Lord Byron

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Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

Dolores del Río and Rod La Rocque hold the promise of significant performances in "Resurrection," Count Leo Tolstoy's novel which has served as opera, play and, once before, as a film. There is reason for its widespread appeal, for it tells the story of a prince of Russia under the czar, and a girl of humble birth, both of whom are flung by life to the depths of degradation, only to be lifted to the heights by a resurrection of the spirit.



Mae and Prince David met at Rudolph Valentino's home, and that is a poignant memory in their present bliss. Here they are seen at their wedding breakfast, with Rudy and Pola.

Oh, to Be Loved by a Prince!

This wish has come true for Mae Murray, who says she never knew what happiness was before she married Prince Divani, though she hated him at first because he stole a kiss before being introduced.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

WHEN in doubt—commit matrimony. This ancient and honorable pastime is meeting with increasing popularity in motion-picture circles; and when our hard-working little stars are in need of recreation, along with their tennis rackets, high-powered racers, and California bungalows, like as not they annex unto themselves husbands, not necessarily some one else's. As a matter of fact, other people's husbands are becoming a bit *passé* in the film set. It is considered far more *recherché* these days to import a brand-new model, and since Gloria Swanson ventured so successfully into the aristocracy, princes of the blood are preferred.

Impoverished nobility, fresh from the bloodstained palaces of Europe, is selling its family portraits and packing its pedigrees overseas, no longer in the hope of acquiring an American heiress, but an American star.

The studios abound with down-at-the-heel noblemen nurturing an honest wish to share their crests with girls who have had the wit to make fortunes, not merely to inherit them.

Simultaneously bogus counts, pseudo princes

and self-appointed dukes have infested the studios, disguised with foreign accents and clicking heels, bearing credentials on gold-encrusted stationery emblazoned with the arms of defunct royalty—the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Silesia and the Rajah of Poppycock.

This being the case, the world is naturally skeptical when announcement is made that a film star has married a foreigner, and scarcely have the blushes ebbed from the bridal cheek ere questionings as to the bridegroom's right to the royal purple begin to

make themselves heard, first over the rattle of the teacups and eventually in the public prints.

Every one remembers the gossip that greeted the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye when she first stepped on American soil in the company of her charming French husband.

His lineage was bruited about from tabloid to tabloid, while all Paris politely laughed at the *naïveté* of the American press.

And so with Mae Murray. No sooner had the words of benediction been pronounced at

Continued on page 100



"He is a real man—a man who has worked with his hands."—MAE MURRAY.

Film Struck

The first installment of a gay and understanding serial of the movies, in which is introduced a character who will become as well known as your favorite player on the screen.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER I.

THE GERM IS PLANTED.

THE ROSEBUD, with its plate-glass front and gay flower boxes, was the most attractive delicatessen store in town; and behind its gleaming counters and steam tables, in a white starched apron, Oscar Whiffle was the most popular chef to be found in all La Belle, which was no small honor if one paused to reflect upon the sharp competition existing in that community.

Tantalizing odors floated out through the open doorway; and the window display, changed daily, was so much bait spread to lure the hungry passer-by. Within, like prize exhibits at a county fair, were rows of fragrant cheeses, heaping mounds of delectable salads, savory roasts oozing goodness, baked hams freckled with cloves, delicately brown chickens, pots of toothsome beans and pans of stuffed peppers. And pastries! Flaky crusts and ambrosial fillings that made poets out of truck drivers.

The shelves against the walls fairly sagged with bottles and jars and cans of palate-tickling delicacies, from the lowly sardine and oxtongue to anchovies and truffles; from humble apple jelly and sausage to caviar and terrapin; from soda crackers to cream puffs.

Along one side ran a lunch counter; and there, perched upon a stool, one could command, from Oscar's nimble and gifted fingers, superb toasted sandwiches that were the envy and despair of every amateur or professional food provider in the whole of the county. Oscar easily held the open championship when it came to that sport.

In addition, Oscar could brew the best cup of coffee that ever gushed from nicked urn; and whether one sipped it daintily from a spoon or guzzled it from a saucer, the taste, color, and aroma never varied. That was another chalk mark in his favor.

A customer, once in the store, usually spent twice what he had anticipated, for the viands were too alluring to resist and, moreover, Oscar could deliver a most persuasive line of sales talk. He could dispose of a salad and a generous helping of corn beef and cabbage, and perhaps a pie, to a housewife who had come in with the intention of purchasing a pair of dill pickles and a pound of salt. He could have made a fortune in one winter in Florida by applying the same tactics to real estate instead of provender. And he wouldn't have looked badly at all in plus fours.

Oscar had been chef, clerk, cashier, and general-utility man at The Rosebud for six years. He could slice a roast, draw coffee, sell a jar of olives and make change

all at the same time, sometimes with only one hand, and always with the fewest possible movements.

He knew every can and jar and box in the establishment, and he could put up orders in the dark. It was a privilege to watch him handle the long glittering knives or stir up an omelet. Oscar knew his onions all right. He was the housewife's best bet. Brides cried for his catering and, after a few weeks, desperate bridegrooms insisted upon it. He wasn't stingy with his recipes, either—for all the good that came of his generosity.

Most every one called him by his first name, and The Rosebud generally was referred to as Oscar's place, although the establishment was owned by Herman Glotz. But Glotz rarely showed himself, except when his hard-working employee wanted a little time off, which was seldom. Taking it altogether, Glotz was nice enough to him and certainly appreciated Oscar's worth, paying him thirty dollars at closing time each Saturday. There were few other delicatessen clerks making that much in La Belle. Oscar opened the store as early as six in the morning and usually closed it at midnight; but of course, between times, when he wasn't cooking or waiting on trade, he could sit down.

Despite his hours, Oscar liked his job. You could tell that by his genial manner and happy, smiling face. He hadn't looked at the cornfields outside of his own county in twelve years and, what's more, he didn't care to travel new trails. He heard plenty of news, for most of his customers broadcast along with the mocha; and what wasn't on the air wasn't, so Oscar reasoned, worth worrying about.

Oscar was credulous and gullible in a way. He hadn't time to do much reading, although he did look at the pictures on the screen and in magazines and sometimes wondered a little at the things he saw—but that was as far as it went. Some of his more cosmopolitan customers, breezing in from their travels, kidded him and told him bedtime stories, winking among themselves. Oscar took it all good-naturedly and seldom resented being laughed at.

Once or twice, though, he took exception to what was said or done and demonstrated that his fists were something more than ornaments. Wrestling with pickle barrels and case goods had kept his muscles in trim and, on the rare occasions when he did get into action, damage followed—damage to the other fellow.

Given half a day off, Oscar usually spent it in company with Gladys Padgett, taking a spin in Glotz's wheezy flivver; or when he had an evening free, he and Gladys attended the Palace, where those of the celluloid world performed their tricks.

Meet Oscar Whiffle

He is the hero of "Film Struck," whose story is so appealing that as soon as you begin it you will understand why PICTURE-PLAY opens its pages to fiction for the first time in several years.

Really, it could not keep them closed against the honest human interest, the mounting suspense, and the unique characters so shrewdly drawn by Roland Ashford Phillips in what we consider by far the best story ever inspired by life in the movies.

It is a privilege to offer the first chapters of "Film Struck" to readers of PICTURE-PLAY for the pleasure that is sure to follow, but in providing this treat a word of friendly warning must be given. It is—

DON'T MISS A NUMBER OF PICTURE-PLAY FROM NOW ON!

Film Struck

Gladys was fair-haired and blue-eyed and she came from the best family in town, living in a brick house and having two servants. Of all the girls who frequented the store and lingered in his domain—for Oscar was, in a way, not hard to linger with—Oscar liked Gladys the best. In fact, the situation had reached that critical stage when he wondered if two could live as one and if Glotz might be induced to chip in a few extra dollars.

Glotz encouraged the idea of Oscar marrying and settling down; and suggested he should buy a share in the business. Oscar had saved a few hundred dollars, which would answer for a first payment, and the rest could be taken from his salary. It would probably take some time, but it would be worth it.

Oscar did not impart the plan to Gladys, wanting it to come as a surprise. Of course, he did not know how her folks would feel about things, and often enough he experienced a decided sinking sensation when the girl blossomed forth in a new dress and he learned the cost of it. Naturally, when they married, there would have to be sacrifices—that was to be expected. Still you could never tell about girls these days. They weren't at all serious; and their heads were chock-full of romance. It made him sick, at times, listening to their silly talk.

Gladys wasn't the only girl in town who nursed romantic ideals and had her room filled with pictures of

the leading screen heroes; but she was right up in front in the race. She was always sending away for photographs and showed them about with a great flutter of excitement.

Oscar wasn't at all impressed with the gallery she collected, although he did try to pretend a little enthusiasm over her dreamy-eyed, slick-haired idols. Personally he liked the rugged he-men that rode, and laid about them with destructive fists, and looked as if they could do an honest day's work without a powder puff. However, Gladys preferred the parlor pets, so he seldom saw his kind in her gallery.

When Gladys came fluttering into the store one morning, very much out of breath, her eyes shining and her voice tremulous with excitement, Oscar knew something unusual was stirring. He was prepared for a thrill but, when the news tumbled from the girl's lips, his expectations flopped. It seemed that the manager of the Palace had put over a ten-strike, and the whole town was buzzing. For with the showing that night of "Wandering Wives," in which Lester Lavender was starred, Lester himself was to make a personal appearance. He had been prevailed upon to stop off in La Belle on his way from New York to Hollywood.

There were not many of the lesser communities that were being so honored, not many palpitating audiences, outside of the larger cities, that were being given the



Her lovely Lester Lavender looked like a flat tire to-night, Oscar thought as he looked incredulously at Gladys, enraptured by the personal appearance the star was making.

ROBERT STEIN



he rolls his eyes and slicks back his hair."

"You're just jealous. Lester's always been my favorite screen lover. I've six pictures of him at home—all different. He's fascinating! I'm crazy about him. Besides, he's an artist."

"Bunk," said Oscar.

"He makes thousands of dollars a week," Gladys upheld. "I wonder if he would come to a dance if we got up one? I'm going to suggest it. Up at our house. I know mother would let me. It would be something to say you had entertained Mr. Lavender. Just think—*think* of dancing with him!" she finished, her voice sinking to an awed whisper.

"Huh," Oscar replied disgustedly. "Why, I read where he's had three or four wives."

"What of it? He didn't have them all at once."

"He couldn't. He'd have the law on him. I

privilege to look upon Lester Lavender in the flesh, to hear his voice, perhaps to touch his hand. It marked an epoch in the annals of La Belle. No doubt it had cost the Palace Theater management a tidy sum.

"We'll go early to-night, Oscar," Gladys declared. "Get seats well down in front. They say Mr. Lavender will make a speech and then hold a reception in the lobby after the performance. You can get off, can't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he answered, unable to work up any enthusiasm. "You see, I was off Sunday and——"

"But Oscar! You must! Of all nights! Think of seeing and hearing Lester Lavender!" Her eyes glowed rapturously. "It'll be perfectly wonderful!"

"I don't see anything wonderful about it," Oscar returned, sneering. "You girls make me sick." Raving about names men—a picture-play actor, just because

suppose he's trying to give all the girls a chance, marrying 'em. Like taking turns on a merry-go-round."

Gladys tossed her head. "You're talking perfectly horrid. Of course, if you don't want to take me to-night——"

"But I do," Oscar put in quickly. The thought of Gladys with another escort filled him with dismay. "You know that. I'd take you anywhere you say. Don't I always?"

Instantly the girl's pout vanished, and smiles wreathed her countenance. She moved close to him, to look searchingly into his face. "Do you know, Oscar," she began at length, "you have lovely eyes—sort of violet and gray mixed. You're distinguished looking, too—when you haven't got on that apron. I've often thought if you had half a chance there wouldn't be a handsomer lover on the screen."

"Me?" he echoed. "Whatever put that notion in your head?"

"I'd be perfectly wild about you if you were in the movies. And the other girls would, too. You're an ideal type, only you lack polish. We've been talking it over for a long time."

Oscar laughed, although his cheeks suddenly were touched with high color. The knowledge that he had been the subject of a discussion of that nature and had been nominated as a possible candidate for screen honors both flustered and flattered him.

"Acting isn't much of a business," he announced. "Not to my way of thinking."

"It's a career," she told him loftily, "not a *business*. There's a whole lot of difference."

"A career's just a swell name for a job that isn't steady," declared Oscar. "You know, Glad," he went on quickly, "I—I haven't told you this before, but Mr. Glotz wants me to buy an interest in The Rosebud. Really. And I'm planning to do it. I've saved up more than three hundred dollars and I'll own the business before long."

"You ought to be thinking of something—something bigger, Oscar," the girl answered, almost reproachfully. "Running a store is so commonplace and unromantic."

"But I'll be *owning* it," he said, a little hurt by her attitude. "I'll be boss. It's a good, regular business all year round and it'll make me money."

"You could make ten times as much in pictures."

"Yes—and I suppose I could make a lot more if I happened to find a gold mine!" he retorted.

"Oh, be reasonable!" she exclaimed. "I always thought you were ambitious. You could do big, wonderful things if you tried, Oscar. Things worth while."

"You call painting my face and wearing trick clothes something big and wonderful?" he scoffed.

"I'd prefer it to making sandwiches."

"Folks *have* to eat—they don't have to go to the movies."

"But they do go. You know it."

"But there's all kinds of men, Glad," he protested. "We all have to find our places. I don't suppose Lester Lavender could run a swell store like The Rosebud, so—"

"As if he'd want to! The very idea! A smelly old store!"

"Well, I like it," Oscar was defiant now. What had come over the girl, he wondered. "I like it and I'm going to stick."

"You—you're a clod!" she flung at him.

A customer bustled into the store at that crisis and Oscar had to go to wait on her. When she had gone, her arms loaded with purchases, he turned. Gladys was standing at the window, absently poking her finger into a cream puff.

"Better eat it," he advised, breaking the silence between them. "I can't sell damaged goods."

She sulked and did not respond, but she did pick up the puff; and when she bit into it, the cream spurted, trickling over her chin. Oscar laughed; and presently she joined him, the ugly words between them apparently forgotten.

"That's better," he cried. "Let's don't quarrel—ever. Promise? Run along now and don't bother a busy man. I'll call for you at seven."

He watched her out of sight, his eyes rather wistful and his mind disturbed. This had been the first unpleasantness between them. But it was all her fault, of course. Such foolishness! Picture actor! Girls certainly thought of silly things.

A battery of whistles began to blow. Twelve o'clock! Oscar came back to his workaday world again with a

guilty start. The regular noon customers would soon come piling in, shouting their orders, in a great hurry as usual. He mustn't keep them waiting.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS REACH A CRISIS.

Herman Glotz, much against his will, was persuaded to keep shop that evening. Oscar, promising to be back by ten o'clock, whisked off his apron, slid into his coat, and departed for the Padgett home.

He found Gladys all aflutter. It seemed she had, along with a bevy of other worshiping girls, caught a glimpse of Lester Lavender that afternoon at the railway station when he had arrived, accompanied by his manager. The police had been called upon to keep back the crowd.

Then the girls had hovered outside the hotel later, eager for another glimpse of their hero, but they had been disappointed. It was reported that Lester felt indisposed and would remain in his room until time for him to appear at the theater. His manager had broadcast that bit of devastating news on his way to the Palace.

Oscar tried to appear very much interested and impressed as the particulars were told to him, but did not make a great success of it. Remembering the stormy scene of the morning, and not wishing to have it repeated, he kept his opinions to himself and agreed with almost everything his companion had to say.

They made their way to the theater and pushed through the crowd that thronged the lobby and sidewalk. The lobby had been decorated, hurriedly, with bunting and flowers and many pictures of the star. But the excited box-office patrons did not tarry to gaze upon all this; they rushed through the doors and pounced upon the empty seats. Oscar and Gladys found admirable ones, quite close to the stage.

The film itself, six reels of it, was of the usual Lavender variety. It abounded in close-ups and permitted Lester to achieve the expected, rubber-stamp heroics, together with a change of wardrobe for each of his many entrances. None but the star had much to do. The story wandered through English drawing-rooms and came to its destination aboard a palatial yacht anchored somewhere in a Hollywood lot.

Oscar failed to get much of a kick out of the continuity, and it doubtless bored the others as well; but it didn't matter. On this occasion the picture wasn't the thing. The audience waited politely but impatiently for the big treat. And when the film had flickered to an end, with Lester clutching to his immaculate shirt front the palpitating misunderstood miss who had spilled glycerine tears through five reels, and the house lights came up, the spectators stirred expectantly.

To Oscar, somehow, Lester Lavender, stepping before the plush curtain after having been introduced by his manager, bowing and smiling in response to the applause that rocked the theater, did not look quite so handsome in the flesh. He was not so tall nor so slender; neither did his clothes fit so well. And his complexion was splotchy.

Of course lights and paint and all the other mysterious studio subterfuges must account for his more favorable appearance on the screen, Oscar found himself thinking. He wasn't disappointed, however, that the flesh-and-blood hero failed to measure up to his film likeness—far from it! He grinned to himself and stole a glance at his companion, but Gladys was apparently too enraptured to notice.

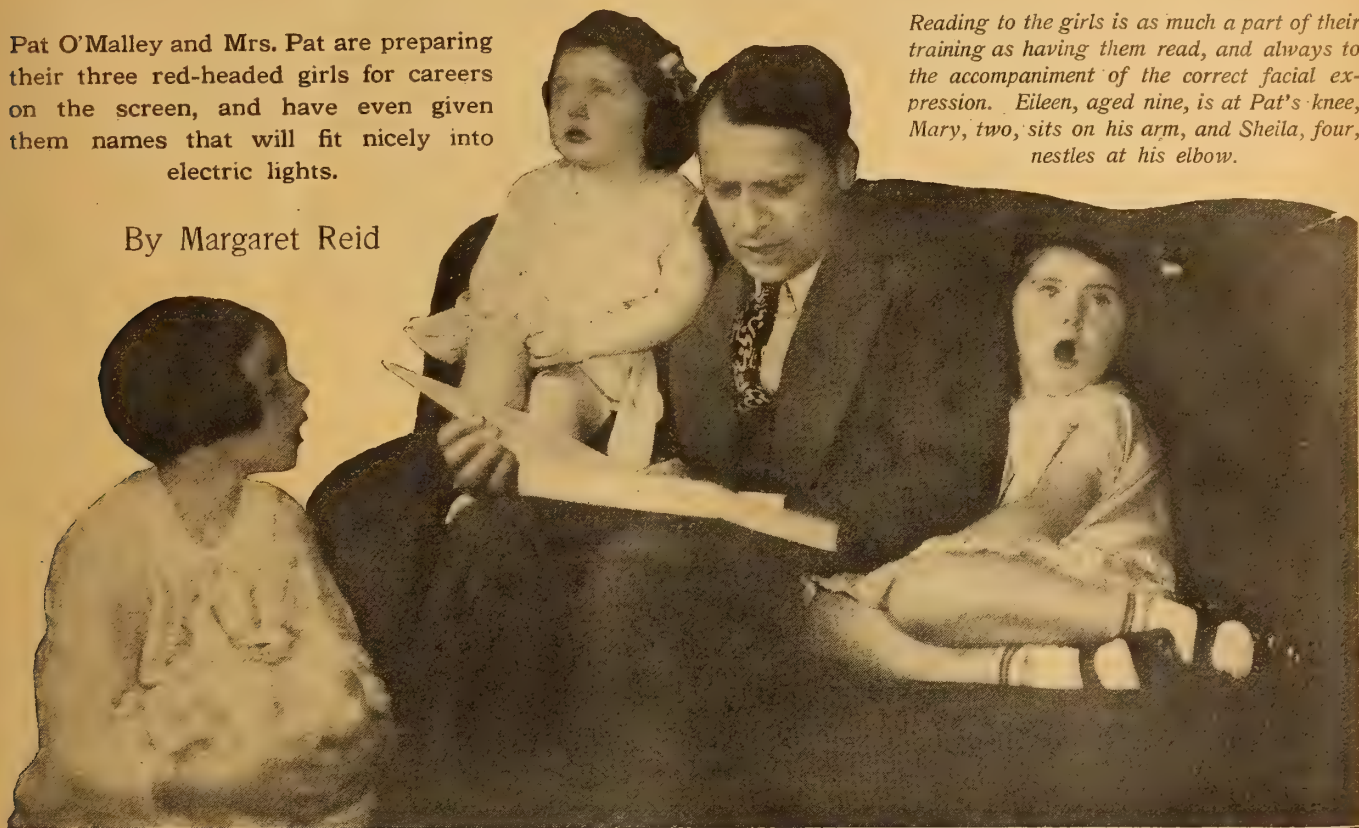
When the ovation had quieted down, Lester spoke.

He Trains His Babies for Stardom

Pat O'Malley and Mrs. Pat are preparing their three red-headed girls for careers on the screen, and have even given them names that will fit nicely into electric lights.

Reading to the girls is as much a part of their training as having them read, and always to the accompaniment of the correct facial expression. Eileen, aged nine, is at Pat's knee, Mary, two, sits on his arm, and Sheila, four, nestles at his elbow.

By Margaret Reid



SOMEWHERE around 1935 and 1940 there will be three charming and capable red-headed movie actresses named O'Malley, unless Pat O'Malley is greatly mistaken.

The phrase "actresses born and bred" will have literal illustration in Eileen, Sheila, and Mary O'Malley, now aged nine, four, and two, but already as familiar with the rules and requirements of the theatrical profession as many stars.

If they don't in due time become full-fledged players it won't be the fault of Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley. For their three small daughters are being brought up and educated with one end in view—to become actresses, preferably on the screen.

Pat and his wife have been in the show business, as they call it, since early childhood. They know just about every angle of it, and they love it. It didn't take much pondering to decide that of all callings it would be the wisest and happiest choice for their children. And with thought for the future they began careful preparation of their children's careers, beginning with the disputed but prevalent idea of prenatal influence.

When Eileen was born, she was named with the electric lights of the future in mind. Pat and Lillian, his wife, searched for a name that would sound pleasing to the myriad ears of the public. Pat remembered a picture in which he had appeared with Marguerite Clark, called "Little Lady Eileen." And what could be more liquid than Eileen O'Malley, with the endearing term Asthore for a middle name?

Sheila was called after the little daughter of Pat's school-teacher back in Ireland, with the addition of Patricia—in lieu of a son Patrick. Mary was named Mary Kathleen by the O'Malleys' priest. Think, if you can, of names more perfect than Eileen Asthore, Sheila

Patricia, and Mary Kathleen for three red-headed O'Malleys.

They are adorable children, with pink cheeks, startlingly blue eyes, freckles, and red, red hair. They have the bright, forward gaze of children who are not repressed or told to "run away now." They speak when they have something to say, and they are silent when some one else talks, because they want to hear. Their manners aren't any more polished than those of the average child. In fact, being Irish, they are sometimes little hoodlums. And also, being Irish, they can be as meltingly persuasive as infant Cleopatras.

Pat adores them, and it is his joy to make painstaking plans for what he is sure will be a happy future for them.

"It is natural that I should want them to be in the show business, since I myself have found it pleasant and profitable enough to spend my life in it. And especially in the case of a girl it is suitable—more money, more charm, more interest than in any other profession. And I'd rather see my daughters on the screen than on the stage because it means more home life for them.

"All the nonsense that is gossiped about screen actresses I don't take into account at all. The light-minded, slightly off-color players aren't the ones who were raised in the profession. They are the outsiders, with no stage heritage or traditions, who regard pictures as a sort of exotic playground instead of a serious artistic medium.

"I believe that no child should be allowed to enter any profession without proper training for it. That is why I am preparing my children from babyhood to be actresses, exactly as some parents train their children for law or medicine or just social life.

"It is no more difficult to do. Any child of average

He Trains His Babies for Stardom

intelligence can be trained for the theater. A child is always acting—it lives in a world of make-believe. The parents' problem is to retain this faculty as the child grows older and to make it a conscious process. All the little details—every one of them important—of technique and control can best be taught to very young children. Then it becomes a part of them, and they never forget it.

"An example of this is the matter of crying. When one of the children falls and bumps her knee we have trained her to stop crying at will. We count three and she knows if she doesn't stop then she will be spanked. The children have learned, in this way, that it is possible to stop crying abruptly. They even experiment with it themselves—we will see them suddenly cutting off sobs, studying their faces in a mirror, and then starting up again—not because they are still grief-stricken, but because they are interested.

"Every day we line the three of them up before a big mirror and patiently coach them in the expression of emotion. They love it. Mary Kathleen, being just two, is still only an onlooker, of course. But she mimics the others even though

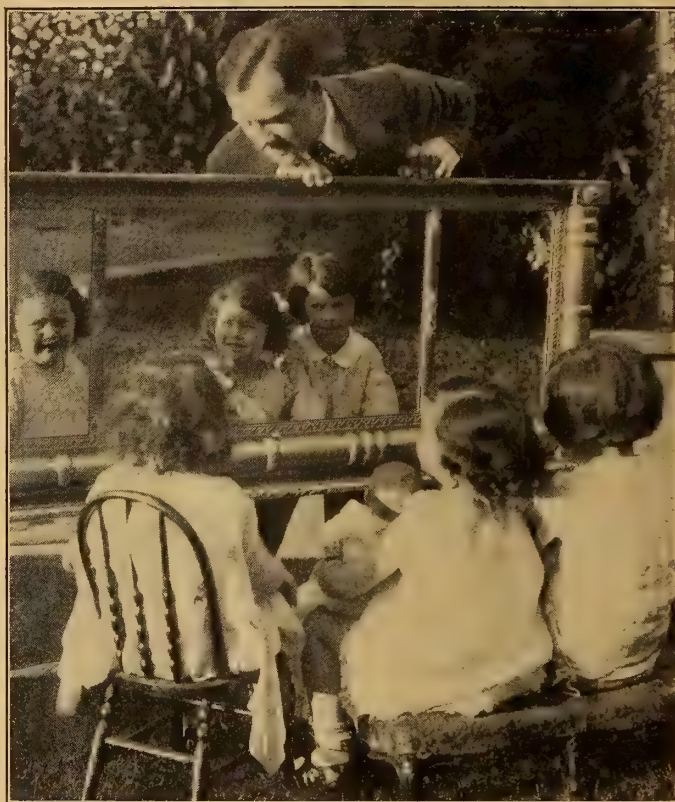


Photo by Woodbury

The old-fashioned pastime of making faces in the mirror is part of the O'Malley system of training, but with more definite results.

she doesn't yet understand what it's all about. We teach them not to grimace but to feel. Not how to use their faces, but how to use their minds and emotions so their faces will express what is within. It is remarkable how quickly a child's mind will grasp this.

"We are giving them everything that goes with a picture career—swimming, tennis, gymnastics—to keep them physically fit. Elocution and dramatics, to give them poise. A thorough education—to give them breadth of mind. Dancing—to give them grace. But I shouldn't like to see any of them become dancers. That is such a brief career, and there are only one or two Pavlovas to a generation. The possibilities are not nearly so great as for an actress—who can still follow her profession at eighty, and just as competently as at eighteen.

"When Eileen first started going to school I had her read to me a story out of one of her books one day. She read it as it was written, just following the words. When she had finished I said to her, 'But, Eileen, are you cold-hearted? Don't you realize that Johnny Skunk got his foot caught in the trap and that he's crying and wants his mother? Aren't you sorry for him?'

"She read the story again—sort of feeling her way, discovering that it wasn't just some letters thrown together to make words, but that Johnny Skunk was actually caught in a trap. When she got to the end she hurried back to the beginning and read it through.

Continued on page 106



With father directing, and mother cranking, a little O'Malley learns early to overcome any trace of camera-consciousness.



Leatrice Joy, born in New Orleans where ice is unknown, makes up for lost time on Hollywood's new rink.

Leatrice Learns Late—But Well

"Make me a child again just for to-night," is what Leatrice Joy never asks. You have only to look, above, to see that with a sled she's a joyous kid again.



Learning to skate has its ticklish moments, above, but a graceful step, left, is the test of proficiency.



And ice hockey, too! If this keeps up, Leatrice will run out of sports and invent a new one all her own.



Trust the Southern magnolia to take a fall gracefully—even gayly. Circumstances may shake Leatrice up, but nothing can shake off her loveliness and good humor. Try a fall yourself, and see how pleasant you feel.



Photo by Russell Ball.

Greta Garbo's calm was stirred by John Gilbert's impassioned love-making, but not enough to give him the answer every one expected.

SHE is a thousand years old. She came into the world with all its knowledge. She knows everything, and instinctively remembers everything."

"And you love Greta Garbo?" we interrupted.

Jack Gilbert's shadowed eyes swept our face swiftly, then looked away.

"She is a wonderful girl. We were merely very good pals," he evaded, alertly on the defensive.

"Is it true you were engaged to her?"

"We were never engaged."

Jack sought safety in a smile, a cigarette, and silence. A man dislikes piecing together a collapsed heart affair, especially when it has collapsed against his impassioned efforts. Jack Gilbert is very much a man, and he has never before lost a combat with Cupid.

But then, he never before met a girl like Greta Garbo—she of the slumberous gray eyes and tall, gracefully drooping body, who "knows everything and instinctively remembers everything."

Had Greta Garbo been born a Latin instead of a Swede, what a vastly different story this romance might have been! The Latin temperament flares, sparkles, generates the wave force on which to speed. The

Is the Gilbert-Garbo

Read this penetrating analysis of the reasons wholly melt the ice of Greta Garbo's hereditary his first

By Dorothy

Scandinavian, confined within its hereditary reserve of the frozen North, moves fatalistically, stoically, heavily.

The one gambles impulsively with destiny; the other seeks safety in plodding.

Jack Gilbert has no use for safety, and he could never be a plodder. When his career, even today, moves too smoothly to suit him, he worries himself into abysmal depths of depression for fear his pictures may become too trite.

From this extreme he soars to ecstasy when he gets a picture that appeals to him as unusual. He has always been storm-tossed. Several years ago, he abandoned a fat contract to direct in New York so that he might follow to Hollywood the woman he adored.

He fought and argued and seethed when he was on the Fox lot to get screen material that he considered honest and worthy. He battled and agonized with Leatrice Joy, then his wife, against the separation she insisted upon whenever she started work on a new production.

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, seeks safety in the obvious, and she is a plodder. She is not a fighter, like Jack. She was discovered and lifted from oblivion to the splendor of the cinema limelight by Mauritz Stiller, considered by many to be Europe's greatest motion-picture director. Mr. Stiller found in Miss Garbo a tall, very young girl of twenty, born with that elusive something known as sex appeal. A woman destined to win men by merely being present.

He directed her and taught her, patiently. She learned slowly. Her allure made prolonged apprenticeship unnecessary, for her first appearance on the screen struck lightning into the public's heart.

She has never had to fight, in so far as a gnawing ambition makes one fight. Life, to her, is a matter of existence. Her present affluence is nice, but Greta Garbo is the type who would ramble through any circumstance with gray eyes remote, an impenetrable soul in a beautiful body.

She was brought to this country unknown, and launched in Ibáñez's "Torrent."

The picture came to the Capitol Theater in New York without a ballyhoo. The metropolitan critics sat spellbound as they watched this Garbo girl. Next day her name blazed in superlatives in every newspaper. Word-of-mouth praise brought people in crowds to see this newcomer. She met a similar reception wherever the film played. She didn't have to fight for American recognition.

Miss Garbo speaks broken English and at the time of the



She came out of her seclusion to be seen in public with him.

Match Really Off ?

why the fire of John Gilbert's wooing did not passiveness. Then decide if Jack will accept defeat in love.

Herzog

release of "Torrent" she couldn't read the language. Friends told her what an enormous hit she had scored. She answered with a shrug. Yet she wasn't indifferent. It simply wasn't her temperament to become enthusiastic.

When Greta Garbo walks across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, the studio folk, hardened though they are to beauty and charm, pause in whatever they are doing to watch her. She has a lilting walk, her tall, slim figure swaying slightly, her eyes lighting her grave face into a smile when she nods a greeting.

Mauritz Stiller left his studio in Sweden to go to Hollywood and pursue his directorial career on American soil. His friendship with Miss Garbo was here renewed and continued. She was seen with him now and then at parties and openings. For the most part, however, she lived a quiet, secluded life. Her name was never even remotely connected with any man other than Stiller.

Stiller is tall, heavy set, with a shock of iron-gray hair that umbrellas above a narrow forehead. His features are large, his face narrow. He, too, speaks broken English, through which glimmers humor, honesty, good-fellowship.

He is an artist with the ability to overcome the characteristics of temperament. He understands Greta Garbo, her moods, her remoteness, the loneliness she seems to feel even when surrounded by people. In his understanding and in the difference of years between them, the girl apparently realized a peace born of confidence untouched by turbulent emotions.

Her phlegmatic nature, however, was soon to turn riotous, for she was cast to play with Jack Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil." Neither knew the other very well, but both anticipated the picture. "She is gorgeous!" Jack said, at once.

Now Jack possesses the flare and the sparkle of the Latin, colored with reckless boyishness. He likes attractive women. He is chained to a colossal vanity that has fattened on his remarkable screen success and the flood of praise accorded him. Appreciation gets warm response from him. Women like Jack Gilbert. To those who win his restless eye he gives attentiveness. He dances little courtesies upon it is the little things that cap-



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

There can be no doubt that John Gilbert is saddened by the unhappy turn taken by what promised to be his great romance.



The ardor of the stars in "The Flesh and the Devil" was the talk of the studio.

tivate a woman. He has a gift—second nature to him—of modernizing the knight of old. This gallant, protective trait is combined with an arrogance founded on success, and with an assortment of fitful moods.

He was a revelation to Greta Garbo. She is slightly taller than Jack. As a rule, this is a disadvantage. A man who is shorter than a woman usually feels conspicuous when with her. A woman taller than a man generally feels the same way and is prone to round shoulders, or inclined to droop at the knees in an effort to lessen the difference in height. But in the case of Jack and Greta, height meant nothing.

Almost their first scenes together were duets of impassioned love. One minute they were casual acquaintances. The next, Jack had Greta in his arms, the light of conquest in his eyes. And the camera cranked steadily.

How could they remain mere acquaintances after making such scenes, one after another? Players enacting

Continued on page 98



Photo by Hartsook

Marguerite de la Motte, of the topaz eyes, jinxed her career by falling in love and giving her work second place.

MISFORTUNE is of two kinds—bad and worse. It is also of two consequences.

Either it is a temporary setback that, overcome, in time leads to success, all the more appreciated because of the setback, or it is an inexplicable shadow that for no reason at all dogs our footsteps like a persistent bill collector.

The latter variety is more or less generally known as a jinx, and the term is much more common in Hollywood than you may have been led to believe. Stop on any street corner and listen to the word being parsed in several tongues:

I am jinxed.

Thou art jinxed.

He or she is jinxed.

We are jinxed.

You are jinxed.

They are jinxed.

You'll get this from everybody, including producers and cowboys. And also child actresses.

There are more jinxed careers in Hollywood to the square foot than real-estate operators, and I don't mean those unfortunate ones who never had a chance in the first place. It is of those charming people of talent and camera faces who could, and should, have made the grade, but haven't—so far—that I sing.

Consider for a moment, as one of the most jinxed careers in this or any other town, Priscilla Bonner's. Whenever people start one of those "why" conversations, they invariably start or end with, "Why haven't they done more with Priscilla Bonner?"



Photo by Cannons

Priscilla Bonner is considered the special pet of the jinx, her bad luck being phenomenal.

Virginia Brown Faire was doing splendidly when the jinx swooped down upon her.

Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

Jinx, Jinx, Who's

Fate, luck, call it what you will, rules ca other place in the world. In this story you and the reasons why certain favorite players

By Ann

Then they call your attention to her sensitive screen face and the way the girl has worked herself up from the very bottom. There isn't a copy-book maxim Priscilla hasn't practiced. She has been consistently good where others have been flashily clever. When at first she didn't succeed she tried again. She did her work with cheerful diligence and saved many a poor picture by the strength of her individual performance.

But the jinx fastened itself onto Priscilla and, just as she was getting off to a flying start, the fashion in heroines underwent a change. Ingénues, particularly sympathetic ones, went out with a rush, and the wise-cracking model supplanted her in the close-ups. Handicapped by type, and lacking the showmanship to keep herself conspicuously in the public and producing mind, she has gone along for years holding her ground, all right, but not annexing the new territory her work entitles her to.

And speaking of showmanship—or the lack of it—brings Ethel Shannon so vividly to mind that we, both of us, will digress for a moment to the red-headed Ethel, whose name might have been Clara Bow if she had known how to exploit herself sufficiently. In other words, Ethel wasn't an imported Swede named Yora with



Got the Jinx?

reers in Hollywood more than in any will learn of some outstanding examples, have progressed so far and no farther.

Sylvester

a spasmodic French accent. She didn't drive directors off sets, or bathe in milk. She didn't live beyond her means in Beverly Hills, and she wasn't particularly nice to the right people. If you know what I mean. That is, she wasn't nice to them if she didn't like them.

One day at luncheon, she told me, her top scarlet lip in a straight little line across the words, "I guess I didn't play politics as I should have. There are many directors I don't consider geniuses, and I didn't see why I should tell them all that I *did* think so. There are several newspaper men and women in this town who mean nothing to me, so I didn't howl with laughter at all their warmed-over jokes. I thought I'd choose my friends for myself and themselves, and look what— But I'm not being the correct hostess. Have another piece of lemon?"

"Me, too," said Kathleen Key, a few days later. "I'm always saying the wrong thing to the right people. Do you suppose that's what has done the dirt to me?" But unlike Ethel, Kathleen's brutal frankness is a sort of showmanship. She bon mots and wise cracks and even insults beautifully, and they love it. So far, people will tell you, the only thing that has jinxed Kathleen is a lack of flashy opportunity. "Ben-Hur" of course did her no harm, and every-



Too much temperament is thought to have given Greta Nissen a setback—oh, naughty, naughty!

body saw the picture, but no individual was outstanding in that epic of the screen. (Adv.)

She needs a rip-roaring part in a smaller picture, preferably a character study, just as Virginia Brown Faire needs a rôle like the *Princess* in "The Volga Boatman" to lift her from her run of indifferent luck.

Virginia is, in the opinion of many, real star material. The reason she isn't a star is just one of those things—and a lack of suitable display of her talents. "The Volga Boatman's" *Princess* seemed just made for Virginia, but another girl got the part. Which is fate—or maybe a little private jinx that is holding her off for something better.

Love has jinxed a couple of careers and marriage a couple more. For instance, Marguerite de la Motte's. There was one time in her career when every one thought this topaz-eyed girl was going to wrap up the movie business and take it home under her arm. If you saw her in some of Douglas Fairbanks' early pictures you know what I mean. She had mature youth and young sex appeal.

She looked like a study in First Sophistication—a little girl who had just been kissed by the local John Gilbert and would like to be kissed again, please. And she photographed, as the saying goes, like nobody's business. But she fell in love and gave her work second place. Her career suffered for a while. It isn't entirely on its feet yet, but is doing nicely, thank you.

Being happily married did to Mildred Davis Lloyd's career just exactly what it did to Helen Ferguson's. It placed both in sort of a happy independence that let

Continued on page 100



Photo by Hesser

Sanity and straightforwardness are liabilities instead of assets to Ethel Shannon.



Mae Busch's versatility put a crimp in her career, strange as that may seem.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



Photo by Richee

It was by adding comic touches to heavy villain rôles that Beery first attracted attention to himself and won his reputation for "stealing" pictures.

THERE isn't another like him in the whole realm of the cinema.

If there are any dissenting votes to this appraisal of Wallace Beery, they may as well be cast in the wastebasket, for they will be outnumbered by those in favor. I warn you in advance that this article is based on the premise that Beery is not only one of the screen's greatest personalities, but also—and here is where the loud pedal goes down and the band begins to play—one of screendom's greatest *characters*.

Wally Beery—the mere mention of the name is enough to bring a twinkle to the eye of any man in Hollywood. And though he may never have won a prize for being handsome—boy! what a lion he is among the ladies!

Now, while a story about Beery might start at any period of his career—beginning with the days when he used to train elephants for a circus—and turn out to be both colorful and glamorous, it is more to the point just now to deal only with the present.

And what a present it is for Beery! An erstwhile death-flinging villain crowned king of comedy! One of the biggest box-office bets among the monarchs of merriment! What a transformation, or transmogrification, or anything else that you happen to have on your radio! Play a tune, at any rate, and let it be a blending of "Hail the Conquering Hero" and "Sing a Song of Shekels."

"Behind the Front" started it and "We're in the Navy Now" carried on his triumphant march in comedy—both big money-making successes. "Old Ironsides," in which Beery plays a featured comic rôle, has now been added to the list. And these are to be followed

Hail the Con

Wallace Beery rises to prove that a character actor ular on the screen as the handsomest matinee idol. success in his recent feature comedies, is now being one of their most

By Edwin

by "Casey at the Bat," already completed, "Looie the Fourteenth," now under way, and the film about the life of Barnum—all starring pictures. In the last-mentioned picture, Beery will essay a more serious characterization, but one with a rip-roaring ballyhoo, no doubt, of merriment.

In any case, Beery is here. He is reckoned overwhelmingly important by the Paramount organization, with which he is under contract. He is one of the few character actors to have achieved so brilliant a distinction. His name is big in the posters that announce the films in which he plays, and he receives a salary running close to the \$5,000 mark, which is one of the higher goals in the movies.

In a recent vote taken among the theater owners throughout the country by one of the trade journals, he overtopped his nearest competitor, Ernest Torrence, in the list of character actors by nearly two to one. He ranked next to Gloria Swanson on the general list of stars, and ahead of Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, and Jack Holt. Among the men, he was surpassed in popularity only by Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Reginald Denny, Milton Sills, Lon Chaney, and a very few others who are red meat to the exhibitor. And if Beery himself isn't the actual porterhouse, certainly he is the sirloin, and full of increasing calories.

The Beery career, which may now so definitely be said to have reached a high objective, opened with only the most meager sort of glitter. Beery himself knows that it is something to have reached the height that he now has but, though he takes credit for it, he realizes that one needs the "breaks" to do it.

"Climbing up toward the top is one thing, getting there is another," he says. "You can get just so far, and then you're stuck for the means to go further. That's the tough part about it."

He illustrated the process on a huge finger, using said digit as the symbol of a mountain one supposedly was attempting to climb. He was speaking at the moment about his brother Noah and his success in "Beau Geste," which Wally believes has turned the trick for his brother.

It is no secret that Wally began his own tortuous ascent on the screen in a very small way, as a comedian in the short-reelers. He was the Swedish servant girl—imagine it—of the old Essanay comedies made in Chicago, but his name is hardly even recorded in film histories for this first effort. While the "Sweedie" comedies may have been regarded as very good in their day, the most noteworthy thing that Beery seems to have done at that early time was to marry Gloria Swanson.

Marshall Neilan was really responsible for his discovery—that is, his first discovery—for, owing to the upheavals and shakedowns in movie reputations, many players have been both discovered and rediscovered. Neilan gave Beery the chance to do a villain in "The Unpardonable Sin." Then for Wally there began a series of "horrible Hun" rôles, and other such, that lasted

quering Beery!

—and a homely one at that—can be just as pop-
This erstwhile screen villain, after an uproarious
starred by Paramount and treated by them as
valued possessions.

Schallert

through the aftermath of the war. "Behind the Door" was one of the most important of the pictures he did during this period of villainy.

It was Douglas Fairbanks who rediscovered Beery. The picture was "Robin Hood," in which Wally won wide acclaim by his impersonation of *Richard the Lion-hearted*. He came very near playing the sinister rôle of *King John* in that production, because of his villainish reputation. He even rather wanted to play it, because he regarded *Richard* as too much of an experiment, but the urging of Doug triumphed, and *Richard* he played.

This part completely altered his future and paved the way for the golden present. "The Sea Hawk," you may remember, followed almost immediately, and from then on, his course was steadily upward, with his contract with Famous Players-Lasky eventually following.

The skillful and lucky management of his destiny by Paramount has undoubtedly boosted him briskly along the way, even though he himself has sometimes felt a little dubious about the rôles assigned to him. Not dubious enough, however, to keep him from renewing his contract recently, which he did only after a discreet debate over all the advantages and disadvantages of a contract.

Beery is shrewd. In fact, there is none shrewder in filmland. There are no fine flourishes and wild theories in his talk. It is down-to-earth and practical. And he has always been that way fundamentally, though on the surface he has stood out as one of Hollywood's most spectacular individuals.

I can remember my first impression of him—the wild bull of the movie pampas. He was a boisterous, gay, somewhat roaring fellow, irrepressible and unrestrained. He was thunderously young in spirit. He might have been in his late thirties. This was about six years ago—during the making of "The Rosary." I have a clear-cut recollection of him laughing and kidding on the set, chucking a girl under the chin, as he gazed at her banteringly, much to the joy of everybody.

The Beery of to-day is much more sober. His advancing estate has undoubtedly served to settle him. Besides, his second marriage has been a singularly fortuitous one, and has given him a more serious outlook on things. Before, he had no special responsibilities, no definite aim except to have a good time while he was working. And he *did*! Don't you forget it!

"Robin Hood" was the turning point. He met his present wife during its filming. Beery has told me how he happened to propose to her. She was then Rita Gilman, and was engaged in a small part in the Fairbanks opus.

Beery, with a frank eye for feminine charms and attractions, observed her on the set, and immediately became interested. But he had unusual difficulty—for him—in making any impression on her.

Finally, one day, he was passing her dressing room. She was inside, and a group of other girls were with her. Beery, with his usual gusto and abandon, decided



Wallie first met Rita Gilman on the "Robin Hood" set, bluntly informed her he would marry her some day—and did!

to make the most of the moment. He stuck his head in at the door, shook his index finger at her, and fastening her with a wise half smile, said with Herculean emphasis, "Some day I'm going to marry you!" then walked right on, while laughter pealed in his magnificent wake as, in all the royal robes of *Richard*, he swept away.

His daring must have turned the trick. It didn't meet with response immediately, for he got a cold look at the next encounter, but by and by he was noticed again, talked to a little, gradually accepted, and finally wedded.

"She's the best pal in the world," says Wally. "Just my style, and regular. She goes hunting with me and fishing. Last year we took a long packing trip together—and that's no joke for a woman, either!"

It is generally agreed by all who know them that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery are one of the most ideally mated couples in the movies, and that Mrs. Beery understands how to cope with whatever adventure her husband may choose to embark upon. She is statuesque, distinguished, and very prepossessing, appearing to advantage whenever she appears in public. And yet she enters thoroughly into the spirit of "roughing it" whenever she goes hunting and fishing with her husband.

Wally has bought a whole island in the middle of a mountain lake, where he can satisfy his fever for sport and life in the outdoors, and he and his wife spend most of the time between his pictures at this distant location.

Wally also hangs out the latchstring for the "boys from the studio." With a great sweeping gesture, he invites the fraternity to go up to his island whenever they want to, whether he himself is there or not.

"You'll find everything you need except food," he

Hail the Conquering Beery!

says. "Take that with you. But make yourself at home there, and don't bother about anything."

I have seen Beery setting forth on one of his expeditions to the island and, believe me, "Richard is himself" when he does this. Old boots, old hat, old shirt—no fancy sporting accoutrements for him! He goes out to *hunt and fish*, not to pose for a good-looking photograph.

His love of sport crops up in Beery in other ways, too. For instance, on the day that I went over to the studio to see him for the purpose of this interview, I found him purportedly gambling for a lady. It was in Madame Helen's restaurant, where during the lunch hour directors, scenario writers, and stars linger over black coffee discussing plots and situations, studio politics and other mundane movie matters. In this somewhat drab circle, the Beery lunch table was the one bright spot of color—two men throwing chuck-a-luck for a pretty girl clad in a flouncing skirt of thirty years ago.

As a matter of fact, I learned afterward that the ivories were prancing merely for the lunch, but the immediate impression was dramatic. The girl was Iris Stuart, who was playing one of two feminine leads in "Casey at the Bat." Beery's contestant in the dice game was Monte Brice, the director of the picture. It was all done in fun, of course, but it was an indication of Beery's character.

Wally has always loved adventure and play, in the same way that a kid loves such things. His set is invariably the center of some sort of excitement. It was visited successively, on the day I was there, by Raymond Griffith and Eddie Cantor, two typical kidders, and later on by good-humored Emil Jannings, who has by some been hailed as a rival for Beery. But if Jannings and Beery are rivals, there is nothing in their attitude toward each other to indicate it. They can't speak the same language, but they gaze at one another admiringly, and affectionately call each other by their first names. Later on, too, it is pretty certain they will appear in a picture together.

The friendship that is growing up between the two is evidence that really big men do not worry about such small things as jealousy. There may be a suggestion of similarity between their types, but they are clever enough to discount it, and smart enough to know that each really has a separate province in acting and characterization.

If you note the difference between the films that Jannings has made and those that Beery has played in, you will realize that the two men are distinctly different. The only point of similarity in their films is that they

both like to play kings. Jannings has done a long line of them, such as *Louis XV.* in "Passion," *Henry VIII.* in "Deception," and others; and Beery has the one great portrayal of *Richard the Lion-hearted* to his credit, and wants to portray other famous monarchs. Possibly, however, there can be erected a throne large enough for both of them, in the event that a king rôle appears in the offing that they both crave to do.

Beery has really an amazing natural courtesy and chivalry that contrasts with his seemingly rough exterior. He showed this recently in a series of introductions diplomatically accomplished before a large audience at a première, at which he acted as master of ceremonies and proved himself one of the very ablest. But of course his progress and success have tended to mellow him and do away with some of his superficial unrestraint. In the earlier days—

well, Wally had a good time.

The fact that he went into a circus at the outset of his career is indicative of his predisposition toward a carefree existence.

"It started in the usual fashion, I suppose," he says, "because I carried water to the elephants as a youngster. That was next door to training them. You don't have to know so much for that. They don't hire you to train elephants because you're intelligent enough to handle them, but because you're too dumb to be afraid of them! I knew

enough to hit them on the trunk with a hook, and that was about all that was necessary.

"During my second year with the circus, I had twenty-six elephants to boss, so I had made progress. All the talk about their intelligence and memory is the bunk. They don't have it in for you if you give them a chew of tobacco, either. In fact, we used to feed them tobacco by the plug, and they liked it."

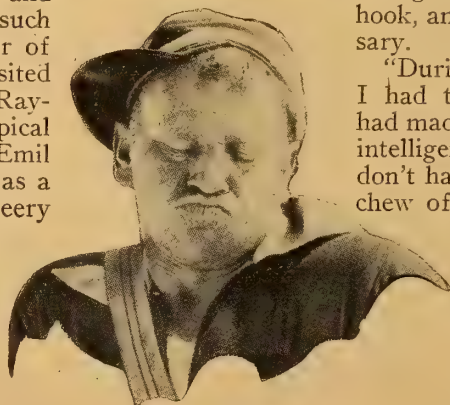
In his boyhood, Wally was nothing if not theatrical. He took particular delight in turning the town of Leavenworth, Kansas—where he lived as a boy—topsy-turvy with his enterprises.

He ruled the rest of the kids in the town. The other boys viewed with awe his various exploits, which climaxed dramatically when he ran away from home to join the circus. He was always the first to get into a fight, bowling over the young misses of the village with his bravado, and he always stood the hardest lickings from various and assorted schoolmasters.

He made his greatest sensation when he succeeded in playing sheik to a gay blond belle quite a few years his senior. "I used to go riding about with her," he



Three glimpses of Beery in "Casey at the Bat" and, right, a snapshot of him as he looked on his return from a hunting-and-fishing trip.



You Never Can Tell

James Hall's quick rise on the screen should be a lesson to those who told him he didn't register, and that he wasn't a typical American.

By William H. McKegg

WHEN a chap succeeds by going contrary to all the advice of well-meaning friends, we have to hand him the cake.

If James Hall had done what others told him to do, he would, he admits, still be a back number in the crowd. Instead of that, though a comparative newcomer to the screen, he is already quite well known.

"Always," Jimmie informed me, "I have longed to own a home in California. I know that sounds like a newcomer's speech, but it's true. Whenever I used to mention it to my friends on the stage they would tell me I'd never make enough money to have a place out here, and be able to travel to and from New York, but——" He has, though the home on the hillside is only a recent achievement, and of course this stroke of luck did not come all at once.

While still on the stage, he tried to conquer the movies whenever the troupe he was with came out to the Coast. He came, saw but, unlike Cæsar, went back—then came again. Playing at the Biltmore Theater on his last trip West, James tried once more to get into pictures, only to find that the getting in is even harder than the trying.

One test was taken here, another there. A film man, considered an authority, said, "I'd advise you to stay on the stage, my boy. You look good on the screen—oh, yes, quite good—but you don't seem to register." Others, even friends, said similarities. Such discouragement would have caused many an aspirant to scatter ashes and retire to solitude.

But Jimmie fooled them all. He kept up the fight and did succeed in being considered—ominous word—for the leading rôle with Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt."

"What we really want," said those who always know what they want, even when it isn't clear to others, "is a typical American youth. A college chap. Oh, yes"—to crest-fallen James—"you're an American, but what we

His friends on the stage told him he'd never make enough money to live in Los Angeles, but now look at the rich sportsman on his own doorstep.



Photo by Richee

Whenever James Hall came to Los Angeles in a musical comedy he tried to break into the movies, but always he was rejected—and in spite of that smile!



want is a typical——" Nevertheless, James got the part and, later, the praise, fooling those who said he did not look so very American.

Had his troubles ceased? Attend, all ye!

Little Pola was slightly perturbed. Here she was, with a splendid director, Mauritz Stiller; a good story, "Hotel Imperial;" a brilliant supervisor, in the person of Erich Pommer, but—no suitable leading man. Many had come, proffering their services; tests had been taken, but none had been chosen. The search for a l. m. continued.

"What about James Hall?" some one asked the seekers. [Continued on page 104]

Twelve Reasons for Con

The Christie girls forsake studio on a farm, and find they can't be

Frances Lee, right, has the correct idea of how to make work on a farm easy. A fresh marcel, a peal of laughter, and ferocious geese become as docile as lambkins.



Rose Lane, Evelyn Egan, and Gail Lloyd, above, will tell you from their wealth of experience with dumb creatures that worms delight in being trod upon—if done in a spirit of gay good humor.



Edna Marian says that all these stories about boys leaving the farms because of dull, hard work is just bunk. She says there's nothing to it—and doesn't mean her plow-girl costume, either.

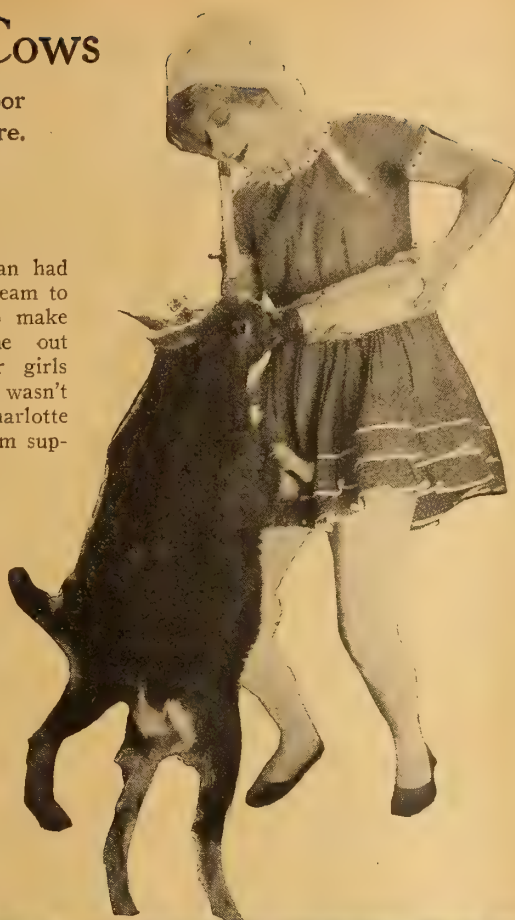


tented Cows

toil for hard labor
serious anywhere.

After Edna Marian had fed most of the cream to the baby goats to make their horns come out quickly, the other girls discovered there wasn't enough to make charlotte russe for their farm supper.

Frances Lee, on the far right, advocates freedom in what the well-dressed laborer should wear.



Rose Lane firmly believes in cheerfulness, especially when dealing with large animals. Here she is leading poor bossy to be milked, while Evelyn Egan and Gail Lloyd perch upon the bovine's back to see that Rose does her job.



Later, when bareback riding is over, Gail and Evelyn show how merry is the milkmaid's daily task.

Following the Blue Print

Dorothy Mackaill planned her career with care, and she is following it according to specifications, even though her sudden marriage surprised her almost as much as it did the world at large.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

DOROTHY MACKAILL is English, youthful, and bright. She served her apprenticeship, briefly, in the "Follies," seized upon a lucky opportunity to play a lead opposite Barthelmess, progressed in similar capacity with other heroic gentlemen, and arrived where she is to-day, well along the spangled road to stardom. She is not much of an actress, true enough, but few stars are. Dorothy strings with the crowd.

In such things as "Shore Leave" and "Twenty-one" she is at her best, playing naturally and spontaneously, brightening the picture unconventionally and without affectation. In such things as "The Dancer of Paris" she is no better than Mae Murray, wet paint, low tide, or prickly heat.

She has a keen understanding of the fillum industry and its decidedly devious workings. She has fought shy of bad parts and has nursed shrewdly and wisely her not-inconsiderable public. She has gone ahead slowly, rather than risking quick flight followed by quick flop.

The first time I met Dorothy Mackaill she was even younger than she is now. She couldn't have been more than eighteen. Barthelmess had engaged her to be the heart interest in a furbelowed romance hight "The Fighting Blade." Between scenes she amused herself by shouting "Hey!" and listening to the echo reverberate through the barren reaches of the old Fort Lee studio. At luncheon later she cheerfully continued to "Hey!" at intervals during the table talk. She was delightful in a hoydenish way, refreshingly natural, unacquainted with such a word as poise, and happy in her ignorance.

When Dorothy Mackaill shouts "Hey!" she usually gets what she is after.

Photo by Doolittle



Five years have dealt kindly with her. Five years can do terrible things to the world at large, one might point out with no claim to being a philosopher. But time has not scarred Dorothy.

She was working like a beaver, or Trojan, according to your taste, and she looked no older; she assumed no air that might be—and often is—assumed by a "Follies" girl who has made, as the saying goes, good; she exploded with occasional frank outbursts just as freely and lustily as she had "Heyed!"

No longer, however, was she merely a lovely foil for the amorous advances of an importunate lover. No longer did she coo in her wooer's arms. In this respect she had changed, for there, beneath the blinding lights, she was acting away for dear life, simulating grief, sorrow, and sadness as she heard what must have been bad news from Vincent Serrano, at the moment her father.

Again and again, under the driving direction of the energetic, swarthy little Mendes, Dorothy indicated surprise, horror, despair, the moods flitting across her face in quick succession. She emerged from each take of the scene spent and nervous. Retake followed retake. She was acting. It was no fun.

Thus it was that, finding the dreary, factory atmosphere of the Cosmopolitan atelier incompatible, we arranged a second meeting, at the Mackaill chambers.

This was better. Put the pretty Dorothy in the intimacy of a smart Park Avenue apartment, and her charm has a chance. In the vasty settings of "The Song of the Dragon,"* she had been all but lost. The film heroine's home had had the proportions of Madison Square Garden. But Dorothy's own apartment fitted her admirably. [Continued on page 107]

* Title to be changed.



Photo by Russell Ball

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S new name is Mrs. Lothar Mendes. She met the German director for the first time when he started directing her in "The Song of the Dragon"—which title is going to be changed, by the way. They fell in love and are now married.



FOR stepping lively Alberta Vaughn hasn't a rival. In her whirlwind rise from uproarious two-reelers to hilarious full-length comedies, she has scarcely paused for breath. Her fourth feature film is "Uneasy Payments," in which Alberta puts the core in chorus girl.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



Photo by Russell Slichter

ANY one who thought that Dorothy Dwan was finished, just because she left the screen for a while, was greatly mistaken. Dorothy is coming back fast. Her latest rôle is the second feminine lead in "McFadden's Flats." And now that Husband Larry Semon is with Paramount, no telling what may be in store for Dorothy.



Photo by Edward Thorpe Menroe

REGINALD DENNY has become his own gag man. His latest comedy, "Slow Down," was written by the comedian himself. Don't let the title mislead you, though—it's a thriller, all about motor racing.



Photo by Irving Chidoff

WHY, Johnny, what's wrong? What secret sorrow has blighted your young life and driven away your smile? We believe this is the first time on record Johnny Hines was caught without a grin.



PATSY RUTH MILLER emerges as a dazzling blonde in "Wolf's Clothing"—a naughty blonde, too. Only a lady's maid, she decks herself in stolen finery, poses as a society queen, and captivates Monte Blue.



Photo by W. F. Sooty

WHATEVER the price of glory, Phyllis Haver wins her share of it in "What Price Glory." As that girl in China who started all the trouble in the first place, she is really a treat. Her next film is "No Control."



YOU might just as well become acquainted with Gary Cooper right now, because you'll probably see a lot more of him before you're through. If you saw "The Winning of Barbara Worth," you already know him, for the "Winning of Barbara" was the making of Gary. One flash on the screen and Gary was a star—yes, a *star*. If you want to be entertained, read Ann Sylvester's story on the opposite page about this six-foot lad who might have been a judge, but became a cowboy movie actor instead.

God Gave Him Ten Cents

But as the loaf of bread he wanted cost fifteen, Gary Cooper walked on, hungry. And now, a year later, he finds himself a Paramount star. But read his story and you will understand why his lucky "break" is the talk of Hollywood.

By Ann Sylvester

LIFE, as Mr. George M. Cohan so aptly put it, is a funny proposition.

The only thing that can compare with it in mirth-provoking qualities is—the movies.

Sometimes the two—life and the movies—work hand in hand, and the results are so hilarious that even the gods have to snicker.

For instance, what could be funnier than standing a broke young man in front of a bakery window with a dime in his pocket and a sign in the window to the effect that a loaf of bread could be purchased for fifteen cents?

Then, what could be funnier than taking that same young man a year later, and planting him down in the Montmartre, surrounded by so much food that he is forced to cry out from behind a service of spaghetti, "Lord, isn't there any end to this?"

That's the kind of laugh they hand you—life and the movies.

Anyway, that's the kind of laugh they have handed Gary Cooper, newest Paramount star and nine-day wonder of our village. Every one is talking about Gary's "break." One good part—in "The Winning of Barbara Worth"—and then, stardom! Not featured rôles, mind you, but *stardom*.

If you saw "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and even if you didn't, you must have concluded by now that this Mr. Cooper is more or less an extraordinary number. I am not here to dispute you.

He is very handsome in that dusty-haired, blue-eyed, six-foot-two way. A gentleman connected with the publicity department asked me not to mention the fact that Gary bears a slight resemblance to Wallace Reid, so I am duty bound not to say anything about that. But a young lady in the same department put her finger more closely to the point when she said, "There's something kind of pathetic about him, too."

On the screen she meant, of course. There is nothing at all pathetic about Gary in person. How could there be, when the juiciest fruit from the horn of plenty has just been dumped in his lap?

He arrived for our appointment fifteen minutes late and didn't offer a whitewashed apology. He rather gave the impression that it must be perfectly clear to every one in the room that he had been unavoidably detained, otherwise he would not have been fifteen minutes late.

After the customary introductions and bon mots about the weather, he piloted me away from the studio in a low-slung roadster. He politely asked me where I would like to lunch and when I said it was immaterial he headed directly for the Montmartre without any further ado about it, exhibiting a nice gift for clean-cut decisions. That may partly account for his conquest of the studios.

"I guess I stepped on a horseshoe when I landed in

Hollywood," he said, *without* smiling boyishly. "There's no other way to account for it."

Certainly there had been nothing in his past to prepare him for his golden fate. There isn't another actor in the whole tribe of Coopers, past or present. Gary, of course, has ruined the future.

His real name is Frank Q. Cooper but he is known always as "Gary." His childhood was passed in Iowa, the State of his birth, Montana, the State of his choice, and England, where he attended school for a short time. Born of a family of judges and ranchers, he alternated between schools of judicial learning and the wide plains of Montana. From what I could gather, the life of the plains made more of a hit with Gary than the nice

boys' schools. During the summer months on his uncle's ranch he learned to ride in that untutored but most graceful way in the world, cowboy fashion. There, too, he learned that straight-from-the-shoulder directness that is bred of life among men's men.

But the young Gary was not permitted to ride his entire time away. Each autumn he boarded a train back to school and in due time he was graduated. With a diploma in his hand and no particular reason for doing so, he started west.

He loafed along the Pacific coast for a month or two and then wandered into Los Angeles. It looked like a pretty good town for a while, until his pocketbook warned that it was time to settle down somewhere and look for a job.

Because he could sketch fairly well he turned toward commercial advertising as a means of support. The copy-writing end of the game looked as though it might be a profitable tie-up. It might have been, but Gary never found out, because

he never got a job. He went around from newspaper to newspaper and from hotel to boarding house. Finally he got down to a hall room and ten cents.

That's when he stood in front of the bakery eyeing the loaf of bread he couldn't buy.

Necessity is also the mother of getting a job, and when the job he wanted couldn't be got he got one that could. Soliciting orders for a Hollywood photographer wasn't a nifty occupation, but he managed to net from four to six dollars a day out of it. That helped a lot. But say what you will about photograph soliciting, there is not much of a future in it, and while it looked like a good temporary means of support, Gary saved up a couple of weeks' salary and then dropped it.

In making his rounds of the studios he had talked with a few of the boys who were earning as much as fifty to sixty dollars a week as extras. The work was comparatively easy, and what was more important, it had a big future. (?)

Continued on page 98



Gary Cooper comes from a family of judges and ranchers, so he has the intelligence and training to make the most of his big opportunity.



Jacqueline Logan, who plays the rôle of MARY MAGDALENE, compares her limousine with the ancient mode of locomotion, and decides she is glad she lives in the present century.

Hollywood Moves

The author makes a pilgrimage to Catalina Is the wondrous array of biblical characters prove in making "The King of Kings," Cecil De Mille's

By Grace

WE are going to the Promised Land, my dear!" I enthusiastically told my girl friend, who was to travel with me to the Holy Land that very day.

"Just so I can take my evening gown and vanity case with me, I don't mind," she responded. Nothing impresses the youth of to-day!

Not to keep you in suspense, this particular "Holy Land" was located near the isthmus on Catalina Island. It was the location for Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings."

"Pilgrims to the Holy Land never had so easy a time as we are having," remarked my friend, as she and I and the publicity man who was acting as our guide stepped into the little cabin sitting room of the big steamer which was to take us across the channel to the island. "But isn't there," she went on, "always a priest on a pilgrimage?"

Yes, and here he was! He was Father D. E. Lord, and he was going over to assist Mr. De Mille in certain matters of historical and religious detail in connection with "The King of Kings," and was to say Mass on the set on the following morning, which would be Sunday. The very first time, I believe, that a Mass had ever been said on a motion-picture set.



Robert Edson in the rôle of MATTHEW.
Photo by Mortensen

At Avalon, the little summer-resort village of the island, we were transferred to a motor boat, in which we traveled down the bright waters of the sunny Catalina coast toward the isthmus. The tiny isthmus harbor reached, little was to be seen to indicate that we were approaching the Holy Land. There were just a huge tent city, an old government garrison building, half hidden in the many trees which beautified the place, a big, low building used as a commissary, and a picturesque home on the side of a wooded hill. In the calm harbor were Mr. De Mille's trim yacht, a picturesque old Spanish galleon which Doug Fairbanks had used in "The Black Pirate," an old ship which James Cruze had used in "Old Ironsides," and a coughing, chugging motor boat or two.

We clambered into another motor boat which carried us around the finger of land into



A view of the camp on Catalina Island where the company lived during the filming of the picture. The "Holy Land" and the "Sea of Galilee" are on the other side of the hill.

to the Holy Land

land and finds herself in ancient Palestine. But to be only movie actors from Hollywood engaged mammoth production based on the life of Christ.

Kingsley

the next tiny bay, where with the aid of a plank we stepped ashore.

It was mid-afternoon, and some one in a green bathing suit hailed us from the clear green water, which, with the colorful stones on the bottom, gave one a feeling of having discovered a place of primitive freshness.

The bather turned out to be Elise Bartlett, Joseph Schildkraut's wife, who was visiting him over there in the Holy Land, where he was playing the rôle of Judas. They had been separated, but were now reconciled.

"Surely a peaceful place for a reconciliation," remarked my friend.

"This," explained our guide, with a proud wave of the hand, "is the Sea of Galilee!"

He said that a minister who had been there a few days before and had been shown pictures of this bit of

De Mille's conception of JUDAS is a handsome young man—played by Joseph Schildkraut.

Photo by Mortensen

bay and also some photographs of the real Sea of Galilee, had not been able to tell which was which, though he had traveled extensively in Palestine and visited the Sea of Galilee many times.

I predict right now that California will be used for a great many more Bible pictures, for, in climate, flora and geography, it seems that it amazingly resembles the Holy Land.

The red soil of a path winding picturesquely up a slope lay before us, leading, we were told, straight into the Holy Land. Up we climbed. There was quiet all about, with not a sign of an automobile nor of a telephone wire. Suddenly we came upon a group of water buffalo, standing like statues—the only herd, by the way, in this country. A little farther on, some camels munched placidly.

And then—there against a background of shrubbery and trees perched a picturesque little buff-colored plaster house, and on its veranda stood a man who startlingly resembled the Christ. The sight was breath-taking. He wore a long, white mantle and in his face were lines of character, and of sadness, too. But it was his eyes that impressed you most. This was our first glimpse of H. B. Warner in the



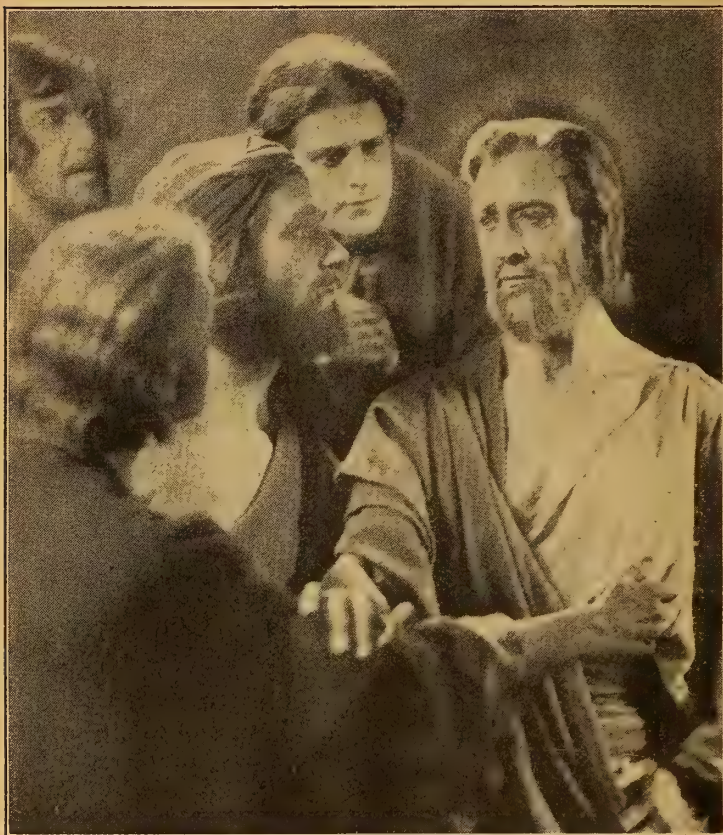


Photo by Mortensen

The CHRIST and some of his disciples. H. B. Warner portrays the central rôle.

sacred central rôle of "The King of Kings."

His characterization is achieved almost entirely through the expression of his face, of his eyes, for he has little action in the film. There are no trick-photography miracles. Not even does the *Christ* walk upon the waters—although that still bay at Catalina must have been a temptation to De Mille, and would no doubt have been the undoing of any director with less clean-cut ideals. No, here is a story rather of the power behind the miracle than of the miracle itself.

Meanwhile, the *Christ* before us was lifting some old carpenter tools from a table, testing them affectionately, trying his skill with them, thoughtfully planing tiny bits from a huge beam of wood, the upper part of which was concealed behind a curtain. He idly lifted the curtain, to reveal that it was a cross that he had been working on.

It was just a rehearsal, and Mr. De Mille, a camera man, Jeanie MacPherson, a technicolor man, and Theodore Kosloff were holding a consultation close by, De Mille wearing a picturesque yachting cap.

All about, sitting in camp chairs or just strolling, were the figures of disciples, laymen, colorfully garbed women, soldiers in armor—a marvelous and motley gathering.

The atmosphere was impressive—

almost depressing. And yet the picture is not without its touches of humor. It took this century, which is pretty clear-sighted about things, to discover that it is likely that Christ, with his infinite human understanding, must surely have had a sense of humor. It was a very gentle, kindly sense of humor, no doubt, yet what painful depths of ironical insight must have gone with it!

Presently the cameras began to grind, and the voice of De Mille came through the megaphone. The above scene taken, he turned to another—this one of the little boy *Mark*, who is played by Micky Moore. Another little boy had been brought in to fight with him. But he couldn't be persuaded to hit Micky. Maybe he felt Micky's superior majesty as a real member of the cast; maybe, being dressed up; he didn't want to spoil his clothes. Anyway, it was only after much persuasion that he could be won over to fistic action.

Then the small *Mark* was admonished by the *Christ* to turn the other cheek, whereat there followed a most touching bit of action. Then, having complied, the small *Mark* looks up pathetically at the *Master*, and says, "Can't I too be a disciple now?"

There had been much humor in that fight, which could not have escaped the *Christ*, but there was deep compassion in *His* eyes as *He* said that *He* had not seen such faith anywhere.

I looked about me for the accustomed cigarette. Nobody was smoking!

"No," explained Edna May Cooper, "it was Mr. De Mille's request that nobody in costume smoke."

Robert Edeson came over to chat with us. He plays *Matthew*, and was wearing gorgeous garments of red velvet trimmed with gold.

"No wonder," exclaimed my friend, "that women were the slaves of men in those olden days, when they wore such gorgeous clothes!"

Soon the light began to fade.

"It is a good thing," some one remarked, "that Mr. De Mille hasn't the Joshua power of making the sun stand still. Wouldn't it be terrible for these actors? He would never stop working!"

"And there isn't," one actor said joyously, "any electric system over here by which he can work at night!"

But despite the light banter, there was a spirit of wondrous co-operation and fine reverence displayed by everybody working in the picture. Just let some question of loyalty to Mr. De Mille's ideas and ideals arise, and you quickly found out how the company felt about it.

It seems that Mr. De Mille had placed twelve men and twelve women players in stock. All are earnest, nearly all are noted. Some



MARK'S first appearance is as a boy, played by Micky Moore.

of them are artists, some musicians, some writers, as well as actors. So that all are serious of purpose. Even little bits in the film are played by experienced actors.

As the sun went down—quickly, in the California fashion—and a chill descended, the picturesque biblical figures betook themselves to the little boats or, if they chose to walk, strode majestically, their long garments trailing in the breezes, along the hill road which led round to the camp on the isthmus.

The principals in the picture all lived at the beautiful old Banning home, built when that family owned the island. It is perched on a shelf on the side of a hill, with a sweep of orchard and shrubbery land before it. At the foot of the hill, in tents, dwelt the rest of the cast and the technical staff.

With Julia Faye and others, I dined with Mr. De Mille on his yacht. He was a delightful host. His soul was so full of this picture he was making that he lifted you up with his ideals, yet did not forget to be charmed as well as charming.

After dinner came the recreation hour in a big hall provided especially for the purpose by Mr. De Mille.

"No time for dissipation!" smiled Edna May Cooper. "You see, we work hard all day, then carry countless pitchers of hot water—as many as we can coax out of the commissary department—to our tents to wash the make-up off our faces and bodies, which takes about an hour, then have dinner, then the recreation hour, then take a look at the rushes for the day, and *finally* fall into bed about ten thirty or eleven o'clock—good and ready to do it, too!"

The recreation hour was especially interesting. With what really worth-while people De Mille had surrounded himself! Every one in that company, even those merely playing atmosphere, could furnish something clever in the way of entertainment. Hedwig Reicher, well known on the stage as actress and director, was one notable member. She gave a splendid reading from Ibsen. Then Dick Saunders, who is a composer, played a selection or two of his own. Edna May Cooper and Mitchell Lyson then danced the Charleston!

After that we went to see the rushes, most impressive of which, to me, was that in which *Judas* tried to heal the little idiot boy and failed. Ernest Torrence, as *Peter*, massive, rugged, towering in dramatic power, strong but naive, human and impulsive, laughed at the dismayed *Judas*—a great, roaring, human laugh. You could almost hear him, as you watched the screen.

Everybody went to those rushes, from the prop men to De Mille himself. Everybody felt that this was *his* picture, and a wonderful spirit prevailed.

Ernest Torrence makes a virile, rugged, very human PETER.



Photo by Mortensen

The MADONNA—Dorothy Cumming—prepares to carry a blind child to the MASTER.



Photo by Thomas

Julia Faye gave a birthday party that evening, at the Banning home. Mr. De Mille and his pretty daughter Katherine came from the yacht—Mr. De Mille in a white tuxedo. The orchestra that had been playing for the picture came to play for the dancing.

Most of the members of the cast were present, including H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut, Edna May Cooper, Jacqueline Logan, Helen Gilmore, Viola Louie, Dorothy Cumming, Patricia Palmer, Emily Barry, Ernest Torrence, Sam de Grasse, James Neill, Joseph Striker, Kenneth Thomson, and Hedwig Reicher. And, of course, there were Jeanie MacPherson, Peverell Marley, Mitchell Lyson, Mason Litson, Ann Bauchans, Theodore Kosloff, and others of the writing and technical staff.

Off in a quiet corner, I came upon James Neill, sitting before a big open fire. We chatted, and he told me how De Mille's father, Henry C. De Mille, had once played the *Christ*.

"It was way back in 1885," he said, "when a Jewish producer, Salmi Morse, put a play concerning the life of Christ on the stage in New York. The elder De Mille, then a college professor, appeared,

Continued on page 108



Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

Virginia Valli got the rôle in "The Wedding Ring" that Alma Rubens was to have had if she hadn't been taken ill.

I NEVER thought the day would come when Lois Wilson would throw down her old friends," Fanny lamented, starting as usual in the middle of a story.

And I thought the moment would never come when Fanny would explain what the trouble was all about, for no sooner had she sat down at my table than she saw some friends and was off to talk to them. No need to ask what they were talking about—any time you see Fanny with Bebe Daniels, Kathryn Perry, Anita Stewart, or Dorothy Dwan, they are sure to be planning a bridge game. Bridge has hit the film colony like a visitation of seven-year locusts, and there seems to be nothing to do about it but wait for the plague to pass.

"Lois?" she idly inquired—quite as though she had never heard of her—when she returned to our table and I asked for the details. "Oh, yes—I'll probably never forgive her. She has utterly ruined the swellest welcome ever planned for a girl. She has decided not to come West.

"I've been hearing so much about the change in Lois from people who have been to New York that I've about

Over the

Fanny the Fan recounts the latest new favorites, and sheds a tear

By The

decided that I wouldn't know her if I saw her. Everybody who comes back from the East raves about her smart clothes and her sophisticated manner.

"Naturally, I was delighted when I read in the paper that she was coming West to make a picture with Jack Holt. So were Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee and Patsy Ruth Miller and a lot of Lois' other friends. We planned to go down to the station and give her a rousing welcome. And then—*what* did Lois do but refuse to come!

"That ought to settle for all time the discussion over whether Lois has really changed or not. There was a time when she permitted Famous Players-Lasky to treat her like a stepchild and give her any old part that nobody else of consequence wanted. But now, it seems, Lois talks back to them and evidently has convinced them that night clubs, bobbed hair, and the vitiating surroundings of New York have unfitted her for portraying a cloying, simple gal of the great outdoors.

"I suppose I shouldn't complain, but really Lois should have been willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of letting her old friends out here get acquainted with her all over again." Sometimes I suspect that Fanny's point of view is a bit selfish.

She studied the menu with more than usual care and ordered without her usual entire disregard for calories.

"If you'll ask the orchestra leader to play some good crying music," she suggested, "I'll tell you the sad tale of one who always thought more of his food than his art. Fortunately, I can't remember his name, but he is the man who is playing *Roosevelt* in 'The Rough Riders.' The last scenes of the picture were filmed first and then there was a two-month interval before the making of the prologue. He didn't work during that period and he spent his idle hours

Photo by Freulich



The weather man played tricks on Lilyan Tashman.

Teacups

gossip of Hollywood, elects some over the perfidy of Lois Wilson.

Bystander

developing an inordinate interest in food. So when it came time to film the prologue, he had put on pounds and pounds. Instead of being a good double for Roosevelt, he more nearly resembled William Howard Taft. But the scenario writer and director were hardly sympathetic and ingenious enough to change the story at that late date. They insisted on making the poor man starve back to Rooseveltian dimensions. And in order to do it they had to assign a guard to him to make sure that he didn't steal off and indulge his fancy for French pastry.

"There is one player, though, who doesn't have to worry about dieting any more—Lilyan Tashman. At the rate she is working she couldn't gain weight if she tried. Before she finished 'Don't Tell the Wife,' she started playing with Norma Talmadge in 'Camille,' and it meant rushing from one studio to the other and working from dawn until exhaustion.

"Lilyan's fashion show of all her lovely Paris clothes is not to be restricted to her Hollywood friends, after all. Every one can see them by going to see 'Don't Tell the Wife.' Those in the film are not her own clothes really, but are, line for line and feather for feather, copies of her own. She is the undisputed fashion leader of Hollywood just now, and she had better enjoy the glory while she can, for one of these days Corinne Griffith will be coming back with new splendors from Paris. Corinne, however, has only recently gone abroad, so it will probably be three months or more before she comes back to outshine Lilyan.

"It was hard enough for Lilyan to work in two pictures at once, but the weather man played tricks that made it even harder. A cold spell came along just when Lilyan was working in outside scenes in a flimsy costume. Then, the first

Hollywood is sitting and waiting for all the lovely clothes it expects Corinne Griffith to bring back from Paris.



Photo by Jackson



Fanny thinks Hedda Hopper would be gorgeous in the rôle of a lady crook.

day she was back in the studio it turned very warm—and Lilyan had to do scenes in front of a fireplace while all bundled up in a mink coat!

"I've never known it to fail to rain when a company had a lot of scenes to make outdoors. There was a time when companies didn't work during showers, but now that it has been found that rain often doesn't show on the screen, but just gives a soft, misty effect, they work in all weathers. Nothing short of a hailstorm keeps a company from working nowadays.

"Technical directors are always making inconvenient discoveries like that. 'Make the actors suffer,' might well be their slogan. There is a new effect being used in rooms supposed to be filled with smoke that would make almost any screen-struck girl decide she would rather work in a poison-gas factory. A chemical is sprayed all through the set and, if I'm not wrong, as I usually am, it is called oronite. It is better than the old clouds of smoke because it doesn't rise and obscure the lights. But it does settle on costumes and make-up and make them all greasy and uncomfortable."

"Very interesting, no doubt," I ventured, "but not to me. What have



Zasu Pitts is such a riot with Wallace Beery in "Casey at the Bat" that Paramount induced her to play with him again in "Loogie the Fourteenth."

you been doing lately? Where is everybody?"

"Working," Fanny answered laconically, as though that were the last thing an actor ought to think of doing. "That is, everybody is working who isn't in the hospital. I don't know but that the latter is easier on a player's friends because, after all, a nurse can't break up a pleasant chat as easily as a director can."

"Alma Rubens' jinx of ill health is still on her trail. Just as she was about to start 'The Wedding Ring'—that's the film, you know, of H. G. Wells' 'Marriage'—she was rushed off to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis, and Virginia Valli got the part. Marian Nixon had just started working opposite Douglas MacLean when she had to go and have her tonsils taken out, and now Shirley Mason is playing her part. Helen Ferguson signed for a part with an independent company and she too was taken sick. If this keeps up I'm going to take up a correspondence course on how to play merry sunshine in a sick room."

"Anna Q. Nilsson also had her ton-

sils taken out the other day, but characteristically Anna didn't let the operation bother her very much. A few hours afterward, she was up and about quite as usual.

"Doris Kenyon has been seriously ill for weeks. She was to play the lead in 'The Notorious Lady,' but wasn't strong enough, and now it looks as though Barbara Bedford would get the part. Of course, I am sorry about Doris but I can't help rejoicing over anything that brings a good part Barbara's way. I'll never understand why she isn't one of the most-sought-after players on the screen. She has sincerity and charm and beauty and youth and, what seems a lot more important to me, she is as sleek and alert as a sensitive, high-strung race horse. Hardly flattering, I suppose, to compare a girl with a horse, but I mean well."

So do a lot of people that Fanny jumps on unmercifully, but I wouldn't dare tell her so.

"I suppose that one of the minor reasons why I like Colleen Moore so well is that we always agree in our enthusiasms. I think she is the first person who ever raved to me about Barbara. Our newest enthusiasm is Dolores Costello—but there is nothing original in that. When 'The Third Degree' is shown throughout the country, Dolores will be the sensation of many months. I saw a preview of it the other night—with Dolores and her sister Helene clinging nervously to each other just behind me. Dolores is the most gloriously beautiful creature you ever saw—that is, if you can forget Betty Compson and Corinne Griffith at their best.

"This is the time of year when everybody gets inspired to name what they consider the best pictures, the best performances, the best troupers and all that, so who am I to keep quiet about my

preferences? 'Beau Geste' is my favorite picture of this and many other years; Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are the two great discoveries of the year; Franklin Pangborn and El Brendel are the rising comedians; and Tom Santschi and Warner Oland are my favorite actors.

"Of course, Colleen Moore is the most consistently effective and lovable person on the screen, but that isn't news. Exhibitors, and indirectly audiences, have gone on record as saying she is the biggest box-office attraction on the screen.

"Colleen, incidentally, has finished 'Orchids and Ermine' and been promised a two-month vacation. I dare say she will get as much as two days. But she has started out hopefully, anyway, and has laid out for herself a good two months of work planning the landscaping of her new estate in

Colleen Moore is spending a two-month vacation landscaping her new estate in Beverly Hills.

Photo by Talbot



Beverly Hills. It may be two years before the house is built, but Colleen is putting in the gardens and shrubs and driveways, and very soon a swimming pool and barbecue will be installed. Then she can give big swimming parties and picnics on Sundays and nobody will care a lot whether the house is ever built or not.

"If you don't want to be considered a conversational dud by picture stars, you ought to take a course in gardening. Eleanor Boardman too is in the midst of laying out gardens—on the new estate where she and King Vidor are going to build. She isn't going to engage a landscape gardener, but is going to plan the whole thing herself. I wonder if she knows what she is letting herself in for. The plants you expect to be dwarflike always turn out Gargantuan, and it is annoying not to have any one to blame the mistakes on."

Fanny gazed off into space and I seized the opportunity to remark, "I heard a funny story about an actor the other day—"

But Fanny, unwilling to relinquish the conversational reins even momentarily, cut in with, "So did I. I heard there was one actor who hadn't yet been engaged for the cast of 'The King of Kings.' It isn't finished yet, though, so there is still hope for him."

"Seriously—and why not?" she continued—"De Mille really has inspired others to grope around for bigger themes for their pictures since he undertook filming the life of Christ. Douglas Fairbanks is toying with the idea of epitomizing in a picture the brotherhood of man, and King Vidor's next, 'The Mob,' has a tremendous theme. Fairbanks also is considering a story of the Crusades. Beside his plans Mary's seem rather inconsequential. She expects to film a crook story called 'Magpie'—that is, if the public don't protest against her playing a crook. I don't see why they should. Didn't she play a crook in 'In the Bishop's Carriage?' That was years ago, of course, but it was in the hey-day of her fame as 'America's sweetheart.'

"I wish that some one would make a society crook story and let Hedda Hopper play the leading rôle. I think she would be gorgeous in an arrogant Lady Raffles rôle. Booth Tarkington wrote a story once that would do. It was called 'His Own People.'

"Speaking of the stories that really should be done, why doesn't some one

Any time you see Bebe Daniels in conference with any one, you may be sure she is planning a bridge game.



Fanny expected to be disappointed in Myrna Loy, but found that she actually was as interesting and unusual as she looks.

Photo by Monroe



film a story written around the life of Lotta Crabtree? There's romance and melodrama for you. Right now, while every one is digging up the biographies of Barnum and Jenny Lind and others. Lotta shouldn't escape notice.

"Marion Davies, with her usual love for contrast, is going to jump from the comic-strip fatalities of 'Tillie the Toiler' to Barrie's 'Quality Street.' Her costumes for 'Tillie' are the last word in exaggerated styles. Her skirts are a little shorter, her boutonnières a little larger, and her shoes more flamboyant than any you have ever seen before. They look funny enough now, but think how grotesque they will look a few years from now!

"Nothing amuses me more than looking at old photographs. It hardly seems possible that people really did dress the way they did a few years back. I know I

Continued on page 109



The far-away look on the faces above is what results from the game called "thought writing." The four players are Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Devore, Enid Bennett and Scott Sidney. Their "thoughts" are shown in the diagram below.

A WISE man it was who, many years ago, upon sending his son out into the world, advised him, "My boy, be thou ever brave, honorable and true. But never *once* lose thy wits."

The premium on wits has always been lofty. Wits have saved many a monarch his throne. They have won many a general his battle. And they have ever been the "open sesame" to social careers.

In Hollywood, in particular, wits run high—I should add, even wide and very handsome. And all the various and assorted games that the film people have lately taken up make wits all the more necessary.

If the gods have not been kindly in bestowing them upon one, one makes a special attempt to cultivate them.

Competition is fearfully keen, with such bright minds in the swift running as Fairbanks, Chaplin, Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Harold Lloyd, Conrad Nagel, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, to mention only a lean few of the men players. And Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Aileen Pringle, Estelle Taylor, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Blanche Sweet, Leatrice Joy, Kathleen Clifford, among the women, are all extremely clever and very resourceful in their various playtime activities.

When film people get together—which is often—wrist watches are not consulted every hour with a yawn. Neither is the prime wit of the evening the man who, in a frantic attempt to be entertaining, tells the joke of the traveling salesman and the dressmaker. Nor is he the fellow who extravagantly fortifies himself with liquid refreshments and then staggers into the room wearing a cocked hat and expects everybody to become hysterical at the sight of him. Nor is he the immortal bore who recites feeble poems, accompanied by wretched imitations of the characters involved.

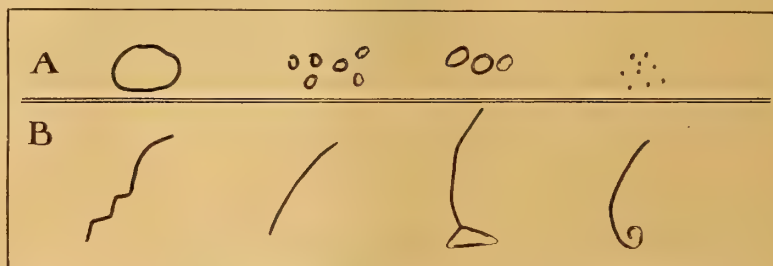
Let's Play

The whole movie colony, like a cally playing all the games they

By Elza

These types we all know. They manage somehow to invade almost every social circle. And Hollywood is not immune. But that part of Hollywood that I speak

of is not represented by these types. It is the Hollywood that has been created and sustained by the Fairbankses, the De Milles, the Niblos, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Corinne Griffith, the Ernest Torrences, the Wallace and Noah Beerys, Chaplin, the Talmadges, the Antonio Morenos, Louise Fazenda, the Harold



At the sound of the word "wealth," the four players immediately conceived the hieroglyphics marked "A." "B" shows their respective reactions to the word "ambition."

Lloyds, Colleen Moore and scores and scores of others. It is the playground of all of these and countless other highly talented and capable people.

They work hard, as you know. But they play equally hard. I have never known people to enjoy life more fully than do the people of the film colony. And the best part of it is that their enormous incomes are not always necessary to their greatest pleasures. They get the most enormous fun out of the simplest of games and, taken by and large, are as naïve as children. They plunge into charades, guessing games or black magic with the enthusiasm and abandon of youngsters at their first party.

A brilliant Hollywood columnist recently invoked the gods to rescue him from the boredom of charades, and indicated that people who played them had the mental stature of nincompoops. That was taking the humble little charade very, very seriously. And taking things seriously is exactly what Hollywood does not do—which probably explains why charades form a pleasurable pastime in the colony on occasions when the mood inspires.

Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks are wizards at this mental sport, and Pickfair is usually the setting. With,



Games!

lot of children, are enthusiastically possibly think of or devise.

Schallert

say, Elinor Glyn, Mary, Douglas, Charlie, Norma Talmadge and her mother, "Peg," as contestants, lots of fun is to be had. Especially when Charlie and Peg, two such excellent wits, individually make up their minds to trip each other up.

Another divertimento which Douglas has recently approached with characteristic avidity and which has proven most intriguing for all who visit Pickfair, is the piecing together of picture puzzles which when finally put together represent famous historical paintings. It sounds simple, but the better part of two evenings and one afternoon were devoted by Doug and Mary and Charlie and Norma to assembling one of these puzzles. Douglas grew desperate, Charlie ran nervous hands through his bushy hair, and Mary and Norma leaned over the table with the in-

When they haven't time to run down and lose their money in Tijuana, the film people stage their horse races right in their homes. Jane Winton is shown entertaining a group of friends with this miniature pastime.

tentness of war lords bent on reorganizing the map of Europe.

Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco often get together with a group at Marie's home and indulge in the same pastime, only instead of piecing together famous paintings, they work over motion-picture stills which have been cut into strips and bits of every conceivable shape.

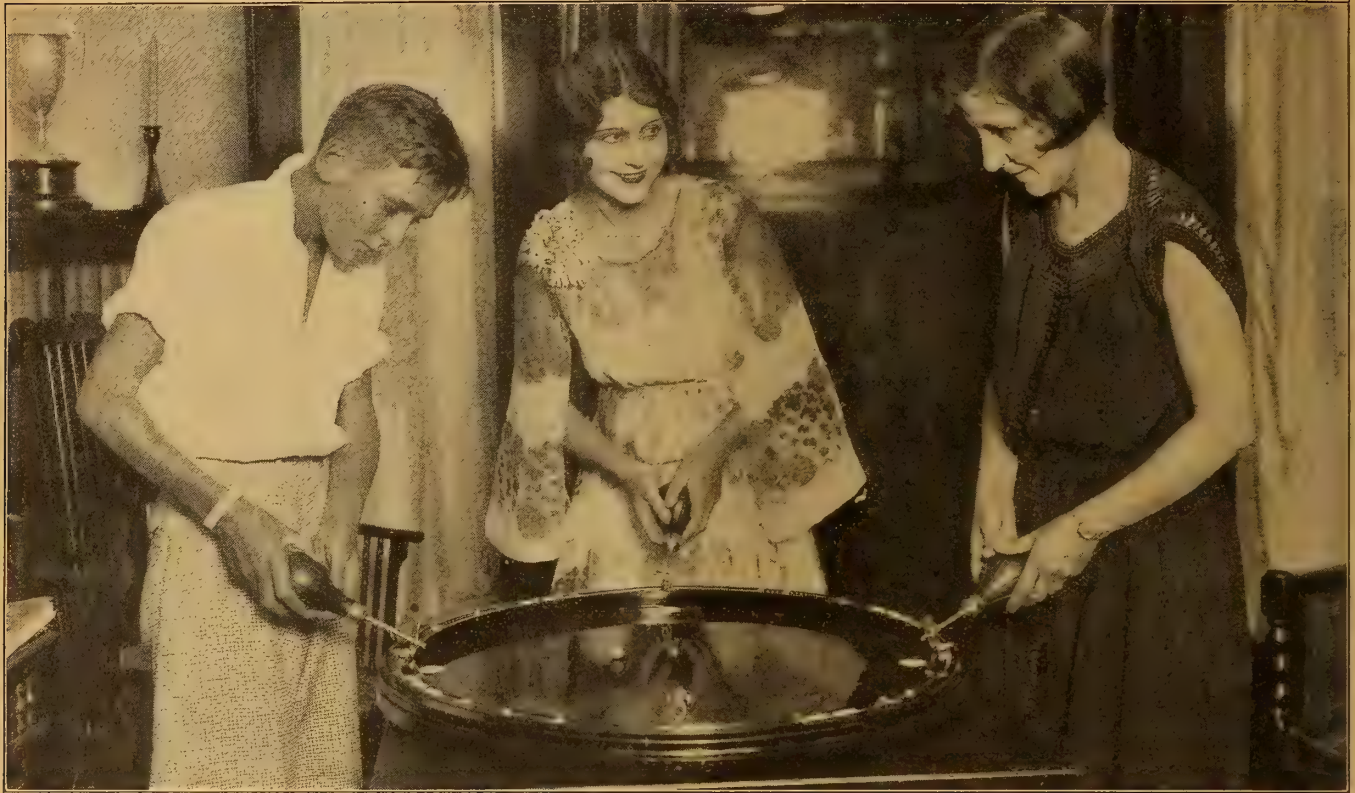
All sorts of concentration games are indulged in when Marion Davies gives one of her numerous week-end parties. She always gathers the cleverest people in Hollywood about her, and certainly her reputation as a royal hostess must be merited, because whenever you meet any one looking especially festive or joyous, you can safely bet he or she is going to say, "I've just returned from one of Marion's week-ends."

For every abundant meal that is served, each of Marion's guests must do something to prove

It must surely have been those Iowa farmers who introduced the game of quoits into the colony. Anyway, it's "in," and Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford are having a hot dispute over whose horse-shoe is nearer the pin.



Let's Play Games!



"Blow Ball" is a variety of billiards, the object being to blow the ball into one of the pockets. Patsy Ruth Miller, her mother, and her brother Winston are all after that ball.

himself worthy of it. For example, to earn breakfast, every one, on the night before, is called upon to give an imitation of some person. Slips of paper with names on them are passed around, and you imitate the person whose name you draw. The names are always of famous and colorful people in the colony—including guests present. Wide license and liberty are granted the impersonators, and naturally the results are very hilarious.

Blanche Sweet says this is a good way to take the wind out of the sails of slightly conceited players. She says that when any player is present who is suffering from a slight case of inflated ego, the whole crowd gleefully await the impersonation given of that player. The broader it is, the better they like it. But it's all in good fun, of course.

When Elsie Janis was playing in Los Angeles recently, she kept the colony richly entertained at numerous parties with her marvelous impersonations. Miss Janis is an artist *par excellence* in this particular, and when, one evening at a private gather-

ing, she repeated the priceless imitation of John Barrymore in "Hamlet" and "Richard III." that was one of the high spots of her vaudeville act, and threw in "The Sea Beast" for good measure, all of the four-karat diamonds and slave bracelets in Hollywood were laid at her feet. The only impersonation she fell down on was one of Lon Chaney, and that was due to lack of co-

operation from the putty-and-wig department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Three-minute speeches are another penalty for meals at Miss Davies' home. And any one who thinks he is abundantly blessed with bright small talk, native wit and intelligence, has only to be called upon without notice and instructed to give a three-minute speech on some word—"autocracy," for instance, or "radio" or "neuritis" or "art" or "evangelism"—to realize that he isn't so smart as he thought he was. More bright people than one have nearly come to grief on these unexpected three-minute speeches and have had to think quick to save the honor of the family.

Syd Franklin, the director, and his charming wife know as many concentration games as King Vidor

Continued on page 92



Even picture puzzles have been resurrected. Marie Prevost is one of the most ardent of the puzzle fiends.

Born to the West— and East, Too

Though he is a new cowboy star of the films, Colonel Tim McCoy is a product of Eastern education, army training, and Western breeding—and on his ranch he dresses for dinner.

By Myrtle Gebhart

COLONEL TIM MCCOY is the only Western star really of the modern West. And he is the only Western star who doesn't look like one.

Most Western stars who stamp around in the regalia of the range hail from New York or, at best, Texas or Oklahoma. McCoy spent his boyhood riding the Wyoming ranges.

Instead of wearing a six-gallon hat and boots and spurs, he is nattily garbed. The "Hey, pardner!" greeting, the brown-paper cigarettes, the tobacco juice—all are missing.

When you see this lithe, muscular athlete, who successfully mingles Western breeding, Eastern education, and army training, all your movie-formed notions of the Western hero are routed.

"I am *not* a movie cowboy," he insists in crisp, clear-cut words, as if to italicize a self-evident fact.

The series in which he is being starred by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer differs from the usual Westerns in that each chronicles a period in the history of the West, all being based on Peter B. Kyne stories.

"Typical modern Westerns are the bunk," McCoy says decisively. The crinkles of humor are never absent from about his blue eyes, and enthusiasm spreads into a glow over his tanned face.

"The West as it is pictured on the screen is gone—the slouching, rough-garbed cowboys riding the range. The sons of the ranchers have been educated in the East. They come home, take charge of the big ranches—mine's in Wyoming—and work them on modern methods. They are intelligent, well-bred fellows who preserve the best traditions of the West, understand and are liked by their cowhands and Indians, and yet do not forget that they have progressed.

"On my ranch I go down in the corral and work all day with the boys, jaw with them, talk their lingo. I'm one of 'em. But I dress for dinner every evening. And when I come to the cities I wear business suits. I run my ranch much as another would his factory. I'm not strut-



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Colonel Tim McCoy's pictures deal with bygone days of the West, because the typical modern Western film is, he says, just bunk.

ting around and playing to the gallery. Put this idea on the screen?" He pooh-poohed my suggestion. "The public would never accept it. The fans have their movie traditions and you can't shake 'em. That's why we're delving into the past for our story material."

For some time before he became a star at one leap McCoy was well known to Hollywood as an interpreter for the Indians. Much of his life has been spent among them; he "speaks" the wig-wag finger-signal language of each tribe. To all he is formally "White Eagle," translated as meaning Big Chief, one of the few white men in whom they fully place their trust. And they are to him simple children to be protected and taught.

When he was mustered out of the service after the war, he assisted Major Hugh L. Scott in an unofficial inspection of the Indian reservations. Retiring then to his ranch, he was often called to direct the Indians for picture troupes on location. One day he received an offer from Sid Grauman to bring to Hollywood some "untamed" Arapahoes for the atmos-

He spent his boyhood riding the Wyoming ranges—a very good reason for his superb horsemanship to-day.

Continued on page 111

The Stroller

A Boulevard peripatetic comments on some of the little ironies of Hollywood life

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

I HAVE never yet heard the Vitaphone. Moreover, I have read nothing explaining its possibilities or methods of operation. This, I feel, should not prevent me from discoursing on the subject.

I am told that Warner Brothers do not intend to attempt talking pictures, for the present at least. This is a shame. The possibilities would be tremendous.

Think of a Vitaphone production recording not only the lines spoken by the actors, but the swearing of the director, the clatter of vases dropped by the property man, the snoring of the gag men, and the voice of the producer abusing the production manager off stage.

Think of a Vitaphone production with Pauline Garon, who possesses a rumbling bass worthy of any Welsh chorus, playing a coy ingenue opposite Raymond Griffith, who converses in whispers.

Think of the dialogues our average scenarists and directors would devise! This is where the real entertainment awaits us.

Let us imagine a scene from a typical society drama—any picture with Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou, Corinne Griffith, *et al.* The picture deals with the inner circle of the Four Hundred. Jack Hemingway, the hero, scion of a wealthy family, a Yale graduate, goes to the apartment of Adolphe Andiron, man-about-town, and there finds his fiancée, Tessie Therapy, débutante, in Adolphe's embrace.

Jack (bursting in door)—What the hell!

Tessie (disentangling herself)—My Gawd, it's Jack!

Adolphe (apprehensively)—Don't hit me with that bottle, you big bum.

Jack (in emotional fury)—What's comin' off here? Sing out, or I'll knock you both for a loop!

Tessie (acting mightily, with the good-girl expression on her face)—There's nothing wrong. I've had only three drinks.

Jack (stamping toward the door) — You corn-fed hussy, I oughta break your nose for you. (Poses dramatically, and exits.)

Adolphe (leering) — Thank Heaven, that big brow is gone!

Tessie (sinking into chair and sobbing

with all the emotion which has made her a great star)—Damn! And he was filthy with money, too.

The visit of H. L. Mencken to Hollywood has shattered my illusions about the Baltimore Oracle, and

proved that he is quite as susceptible to the movies, and particularly the movie gals, as his friend Joseph Hergesheimer.

Hergesheimer, you may remember, visited here some time ago and later wrote a series of fatuous articles about such movie stars as he chanced to meet, dwelling at length on a game of dominoes he played with Aileen Pringle. I have never played dominoes with Miss Pringle, but the game Hergesheimer described can't be the one I learned as a child.

While Mencken was in town, Hergesheimer came West again, probably to help the critic with his dominoes, and the newspapers printed a picture of the novelist at the train, being vigorously kissed by Anita Loos, with Miss Pringle and Mencken waiting in line. The critic was waiting, I prefer to hope, merely to shake the novelist's hand.

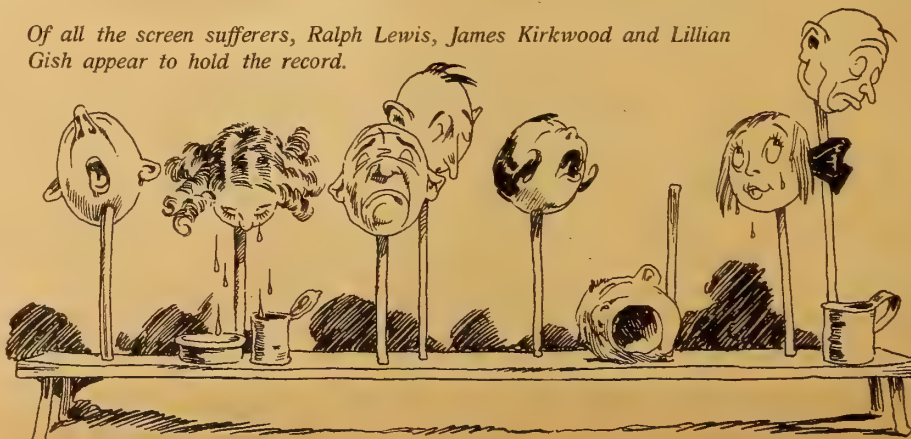
In any event, Miss Pringle is death on visiting authors. Sadakichi Hartmann, after several meetings, dedicated a book to her. Hergesheimer sang her praises. Now Mencken will doubtless devote to her considerable space in his magazine, a publication never before regarded as an outlet for movie publicity.

There is an open-hearted and disarming frankness

with which the motion-picture industry borrows ideas. Everything—titles, gags, plots, and even names which have acquired prominence—is lifted, but as the practice is general, no one views it askance.

Richard Metzetti thought it would help him to borrow a famous name when he be-

Of all the screen sufferers, Ralph Lewis, James Kirkwood and Lillian Gish appear to hold the record.



came a screen star—he is now Richard Talmadge. Art Mix flourished for a time. Charles Aplin, a comedian, came a bit too close to the reputed king of comics, and was sued. On Poverty Row there is now an actor calling himself William Barrymore, who is certainly no relation to Lionel, Ethel, and John.

Natacha Rambova made an ill-fated picture called "What Price Beauty," the title obviously based on that of the war play. Laurence Stallings, author of the play, complained about it at first, but later got into the spirit of the thing himself, and wrote "The Big Parade" for M.-G.-M. after having sold the screen rights of "What Price Glory" to Fox.

After the success of "Don Juan," Warner Brothers protested that a number of theaters were advertising a First National picture, "Don Juan's Three Nights," with the last two words in such small type as to be virtually invisible.

The prison scene of the lights in the death house going dim as the current is applied to the electric chair, described so graphically in "An American Tragedy," was neatly lifted in a picture I saw recently. As Famous Players-Lasky owns the film rights to the book, it may cheer that company to know that other producers are thus verifying its judgment that the Dreiser novel really has screen possibilities.

I have been trying to decide in my own mind just which actor deserves the title of "the screen's greatest sufferer."

James Kirkwood polls a strong vote. As the honest district attorney, the wronged husband, or the silent man who loves the giddy girl, he has moped and mourned through millions of reels.

Lillian Gish has wept and suffered, and been outraged, and nursed secret sorrows, and seen lovers go to war in every picture from "Intolerance" to "The Scarlet Letter." Mary Philbin, who hasn't been at it as long, has a record almost as good. She can, seemingly, turn her tears on or off at will.

Henry B. Walthall is rarely happy and Bert Lytell is pretty generally miserable. Conway Tearle is a sort of dramatic Buster Keaton—at least I've never seen him smile.

Still and all, Ralph Lewis, the character actor, has borne more woe on the screen than any one. He has been the honest fireman, the suffering father, the stern magistrate sentencing his own son to prison, the conscientious policeman, the sacrificing parent who takes the blame to shield a loved one, in scores of pictures. He has been



If the Vitaphone is ever used to record the sounds heard during the making of dramatic pictures, a revelation in entertainment will be provided.

cast wrongfully into more prisons than any pacifist. Just the other day I saw him escape the electric chair by inches.

But then, the name of Pat Powers comes to mind. He's the man who started to finance Erich von Stroheim's latest picture. And perhaps—

Sid Grauman no longer owns the famous Egyptian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard, but it is reported the edifice will continue to bear his name, which speaks volumes for the power of advertising.

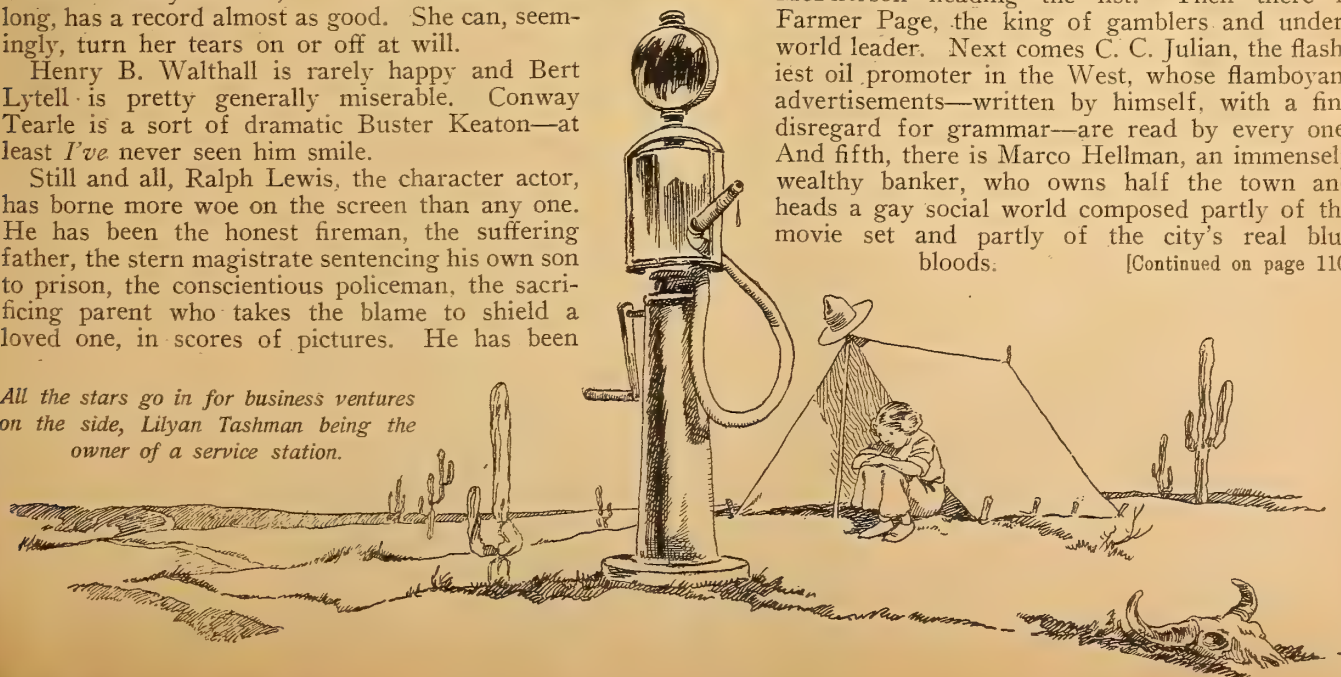
Grauman had two press agents in his employ, one for the theater and one for himself. This was largely vanity, no doubt, but it has made him the best-known movie-theater owner in the world, and certainly one of the most prominent residents of his city.

Strangely enough, among the most prominent citizens of Hollywood and Los Angeles, based solely on the newspaper space given them and the layman's knowledge of them, there are no movie stars.

I should rank Grauman second, with Aimee Semple McPherson heading the list. Then there is Farmer Page, the king of gamblers and underworld leader. Next comes C. C. Julian, the flashiest oil promoter in the West, whose flamboyant advertisements—written by himself, with a fine disregard for grammar—are read by every one. And fifth, there is Marco Hellman, an immensely wealthy banker, who owns half the town and heads a gay social world composed partly of the movie set and partly of the city's real blue bloods.

[Continued on page 110]

All the stars go in for business ventures on the side, Lilyan Tashman being the owner of a service station.



Manhattan

Glimpses into New York's little film those stars who come on hurried news and gossip of those who

By Aileen St.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Lillian Gish stole into New York under an assumed name.

IT is noon at the Famous Players studio on Long Island. As if by magic the lights have snapped out on the sets, the megaphones are lying supinely on camp stools, and one and all—stars, mechanics, directors and their helpers—have trooped down the flights of stone steps to the white-slabbed tables in the basement lunch room. Here, in groups of three and four, the studio staff consumes that homely fare commonly known as studio food. Extras, high-salaried directors, and higher-salaried stars share alike the services of the agile waitresses who thread their way through the throng bearing numerous portions of “ham and—”

Here in one corner you find Betty Bronson, in the silks and fripperies of an evening dress, gingerly munching bread sticks with as little injury as possible to her make-up, while she listens to the admonitions of Blake McVeigh from the publicity department. At a table near by is Florence Vidor, who only occasionally leaves her dressing room to join the general throng. Across the room is Estelle Taylor, elegantly trigged out in openwork stockings and flashing sparklers, talking things over with Luther Reed—once a newspaper man, now a full-fledged director.

At another table is Ray Lissner, the diminutive assistant director—smallest in captivity—and Marie Halevy, competent secretary and script girl, chatting earnestly with Roy Hunt, expert photographer, and Emma Hill, expert cutter of films, who advocates dawn as the appropriate hour to punch the clock. Across the way is a group of electricians consuming huge slices of pie, while Lynn Shores cogitates near by on the urge of becoming a director. Farther on is Julian Johnson, most excellent of screen editors, solemnly partaking of tongue, while Townsend Martin, writer of scripts, cudgels his brain for bigger and better screen stories and less exacting stars to write them for. Richard Dix comes breezing in,

waves his hand to a table of electricians and looks around for a place to sit—perhaps with Mal St. Clair, the bean-pole director, or with Thomas Meighan, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack on their annual visit to the studio.

Bayard Veiller, now writing for the screen, can be seen hobnobbing with William Le Baron, lord of all the works and boss of the hired help, who interviews more potential talent by the minute than visits the Bronx Zoo on a holiday afternoon—admission free.

Lois Wilson is over in a corner and Mary Brian, talking quietly with her mother, is sitting by the window. Ricardo Cortez, near the telephone, ruminates on the futility of human wishes. Herbert Brenon, with his gray hat on the back of his head, rushes in for just a few moments. Lya de



Natti Barr, Russian importation from the French screen, was given an English-Russian grammar and told to learn the language.

Photo by Ball

Medley

world, including brief chats with visits to the metropolis as well as make their homes in the East.

John-Brenon

Putti slouches in her chair and gazes abstractedly about, while Lois Moran, fresh as a daisy, exclaims excitedly over her approaching six-week visit to Europe.

Ray Harris, *écrivain extraordinaire*, expatiates on the wit of Gregory La Cava, who has just thought of another gag for a Dix photoplay. William Powell, suave and sleek, looks villainously into his coffee cup. Evelyn Brent sits amiably near by. Greta Nissen's blond beauty sparkles as she talks to a newspaper man.

Studio musicians are gathered at a corner table, but the sole accompaniment to this mid-day feast is provided by the rattling of the dishes in the culinary department and the monotonous hum of chattering tongues.

It is just a lull in a busy day, and harmony reigns for a brief half hour. After hasty cigarettes, the groups disperse and all make their way in single file past the cash register out to the various sets. The great business of making pictures starts again full tilt, with renewed vigor and with renewed squabbles.

Life Is Ugly, Says Jack Gilbert.

"You have a wicked mind," said we to Jack Gilbert, who was persisting in misinterpreting a remark of ours.

"Lord, no!" he replied, forcefully. "I'm just honest. I don't pretend. I don't cover up. I admit."

"In the age of beautiful men," said Jack, "I wouldn't have had a chance. That is to say, when the screen demanded Greek profiles, like Francis X. Bushman, Wallace Reid, and William S.

Jack Gilbert says that he didn't have a chance on the screen until Greek gods went out of style.



Photo by Richee

Florence Vidor was taken so ill that "Afraid to Love" had to be postponed and she couldn't even get back to California in time to spend Christmas with her small daughter.



Hart, I sat back on my stool and wrote scenarios. But when the screen began to reflect some of that earthiness which is akin to real life, I knew my innings had come and that my bottle nose and scraggy neck didn't matter.

"Honesty—that's what the screen demands nowadays, and when you can be human you're real, and God knows I'm human! I don't want to miss a thing in life, and I'm honest about it, and that is the honesty—frank, unashamed, unguarded—that I try to bring to the screen. Wise counselors tell me that it is madness to show human frailty on the screen, and perhaps that used to be the truth, but audiences now like human beings—your Sunday-school hero is a thing of the past.

"It is the mission of the screen to portray life. Of course there will always be the frothy, light, inconsequential type of photoplay—it's the same with literature—but we are at last beginning to do the sort of thing we are really made for. You can't create honest characters on the screen, however, if you don't live honestly. I find if you are just human, audiences love you in spite of anything you do.



Photo by W. F. Seely *At the surprise shower given for May Allison after her recent marriage, she refused to spoil the party.*

"The screen is eventually going to be the greatest agency for portraying life—life that's grubby, happy, exalted, vulgar, tragic, playful. We are getting nearer to it every day. There is fresh evidence of it every day, and we are just seething with vitality waiting for the general trend that will permit us to let loose and expand. Perhaps I won't live to see it, but at least it's grand to feel a part of the great development that is taking place in such a powerful factor of humanity as the movies are."

"Who would you say," we asked, "is doing most toward this development of realism on the screen?"

"Chaplin and Von Stroheim," replied Gilbert. "They are both alive to life, though there is a vast difference between them. Chaplin portrays the vulgarities in such a way that you smile; Von Stroheim sickens you, even though you recognize his truth. They are both honest with themselves first, and they bring that same honesty to their work."

All of which shows you that Gilbert is one of those fellows—rare in this effete day and age—who do not believe in artificialities. He is the sort of fellow who puts his feet up on the table the first time he meets you, simply because it's the comfortable thing to do. He unburdens himself to you on any subject whatever that comes into his head, if he feels like it. And if, in a hot and stuffy room, he felt like dispensing with his coat and loosening his collar, your presence probably wouldn't stop him from doing it.

Paul Bern, that most gracious and understanding of beings, believes that Gilbert has done more for the advancement of the screen than any one person acting in films to-day. It is not because he is "true to his art," but because he is true to himself. He once threw away a big chance, and a weekly salary of four figures, to follow a girl he was in love with.

Those who knew Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy during their venture into matrimony whisper in low asides, "Jack and Leatrice still love each other. They always will. They'll end their days together, even if by some terrible mischance one or the other gets lonely in the meantime and marries some one else."

And Jack says, "I'm pursuing a dream, a beautiful, wonderful dream. I don't know if I'll ever capture it. Sometimes I think I've caught it, but it always eludes me. It's an elusive thing, this happiness, but you can't find it—not really—outside of those four walls we all call home. A home is the only place where one has that solid base from which to reach out and conquer the world. It's fundamental. I haven't one now—I've just a house. But maybe I'll have the home again some day.

"In the meantime, my motto is, 'Vamp until ready!'"

Life Is Beautiful, Says Lillian Gish.

It would be a surprise, wouldn't it, if you asked for "Diana Ward" at a hotel desk and had Lillian Gish, in person, answer the summons? In one of those shy, retiring moods characteristic of her, Miss Gish came to New York incognito—under the above name—for a change of atmosphere just before she essayed the rôle of *Pauli* in the film version of Channing Pollock's stirring stage play, "The Enemy."

A demure little figure in her black furs and conservative toque, she might have passed for any of a dozen inconspicuous Miss Wards had it not been for her large solemn eyes and delicately modeled hands. Miss Gish, the mature young woman of to-day, is a well-poised, well-balanced being, with a becoming dignity and reserve found only in com-



On Vilma Banky's first return visit to New York since her arrival in this country, it was generally agreed that she had the greatest of all gifts—womanly charm.

bination with intelligence, sureness and a sense of the fitness of things.

In contrast with the earthy Jack Gilbert, Miss Gish tells you that her one aim in molding a characterization is — But let her tell it in her own words.

"When I am looking for material for myself, there is one desire uppermost. I want a story that has in it at least one or two moments of great beauty. I wanted 'The Scarlet Letter,' for example, because of that beautiful love scene played over the heads of the people." The *Reverend Dimmesdale*, if you remember, and *Hester Prynne*, so exquisitely portrayed by Miss Gish, pour out their souls to each other on the scaffolding in the square before crowds of derisive Puritans. "And 'The White Sister' appealed to me because of the spiritual beauty of the ceremonial when the young nun takes her vow. And in 'La Bohème' I hoped we would capture for a little the elusive beauty to be found in the Puccini opera."

Jeanne d'Arc is a character whom Miss Gish hopes some day to portray, when the time, the gods, and the powers that be are propitious.

"But my *Jeanne* must be perfect," she said. "I have read hundreds of books about her. I know her from the conceptions of dozens of different authors and commentators. To me she is a most delicate girl with amazing faith and perception. You know, she pleaded her own breach-of-promise suit, and that takes brains and stamina. And much as I love and admire Jeanne, I shall never play her until the picture can be made in France and a year can be spent in its preparation. Jeanne's whole life was beautiful in its faith, and we must present it perfectly or leave it undone."

Miss Gish feels that the outdoor sports of the day are bound to produce an unfavorable result for films.

"For," she said, "how can the movies compete with the great out-of-doors, once people learn to appreciate and love the open air? It is all an evidence of the vitality of America that, throughout the country, every one is determined these days to get into knickerbockers and tweeds and romp about playing games. I am afraid the movie theaters will suffer terribly by comparison."

A few days, stolen from her mother's bedside, were all Miss Gish could spare to spend in the great seething metropolis of the East. But Mrs. Gish, she reported, was recovering slowly from the stroke which had laid her

low, and the Gish girls, who are devoted to their mother, feel they have every reason to rejoice.

"Dorothy calls England 'home' now," said Lillian, "but we intend to win her back."

The Charm of Vilma Banky.

Some time ago an editor, a scenario writer, an actor, and a publicity man were having lunch together.

"Tell me," said the editor, "who is the most charming woman on the screen?"

The other three all thought a while.

"Mary Pickford," said the publicity man.

"Renee Adoree," said the scenario writer.

"Vilma Banky," said the actor.

"She's my choice," said the editor. "She has that greatest of all gifts—womanly charm," he added.

"So has Renee Adoree," said the scenario writer enthusiastically.

"But hers is the charm of the gamin," said the editor.

"Guess you're right," said the scenario writer. "You win."

"How about Miss Pickford?" queried the publicity man.

"She is a fine woman, there is no doubt of that," said the editor, "but hers is the fineness of efficiency, intelligence, and competence. Miss Banky's charm is a subtle, winsome appeal which one associates inevitably with the truly feminine."

"You're right," said the publicity man. "You win."

The Goldwyns gave a party for Vilma one snowy afternoon during her visit to New York and, from the highways of the Eastern film world, the motion-picture elite came to pay tribute to this blond beauty

who will tell you, "Oh, I am not beautiful but only fortunate in photographing well."

Frances Howard Goldwyn, now retired from the screen, made a most lovely and gracious hostess, and greeted every one from the sisters Diana Kane and Lois Wilson to the camera man who came

to take their pictures. Miss Banky, seated on a tapestried sofa, held court from four to six, and Sam Goldwyn hovered solicitously about the tea table.

"Such a charming girl," said the boss.

Which makes it unanimous.

Natli Barr Learns the Language.

Those who have sobbed hysterically over foreign languages will appreciate the difficult task given the Russian Natli Barr* by the Lord High Chancellor of the First National enterprises.

Continued on page 97



Photo by Hommel

Betty Bronson so caught the fancy of Richard Dix while playing with him in "Paradise for Two" that there were rumors of a budding romance.

*This is the screen name that has been given to Nathalie Barrache.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell are responsible for the modest love story in "Old Ironsides," but the frigate *Constitution* is the heroine, and no one lessens the glory of her.

The Screen in Review

The passing show of new pictures is viewed by critical eyes, with notes appended for him who reads.

By Norbert Lusk

OLD IRONSIDES" is American history magnificently brought to the screen. Admiration for the undertaking tops all other emotions, because there is more history to the picture than plot, more honors for director and camera man than for the players, who, though successful in their efforts, must necessarily step aside to make way for the frigate *Constitution* and the grand and spacious manner in which she sails into the foreground.

There is a modest little love story concerning Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston, but more than this there are glorious marine views of sailing vessels riding sunlit seas, of approaching storms and all else that spells the lure of the vasty main. The last word, or rather chapter, in pirate warfare is superbly visualized in "Old Ironsides" when the Tripolitan corsairs are given their just deserts, and the city is taken by United States marines, and Esther Ralston is rescued from a fate more terrible than death—though not a strand of her flaxen, marcelled locks has become disarranged.

What furnishes the breath-taking thrill in the picture is a new invention, employed at the moment when the *Constitution* majestically sails into view. The screen is enlarged to twice its normal size, the frigate looms gigantic and bears down upon the audience as if to sweep all before it. And in the battle scenes, figures take on tremendous proportions, while the vessel itself all but swings out into the auditorium as the furious warfare goes on.

Wallace Beery and George Bancroft dominate the players, as might be expected, the former being the bos'n of a trading vessel, the other the bullying gunner of the *Constitution*, shanghaied by Beery and subjected to every humiliation, all in the spirit of rowdy fun.

"Old Ironsides" is a great victory for James Cruze and Paramount.

Where Men Are Men.

Whatever doubts you may have had about the coming of "What Price Glory" to the screen, after the many war films that have preceded it, will be forgotten once it is seen. Worth waiting for, is what you will say. Because it isn't like other war pictures at all. The war is viewed through different eyes; a new searchlight is thrown upon it, and reveals a background for a racy story of the rivalry between *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*—a rivalry, for the most part, for the heart of *Charmaine*, although as the story has been developed for the screen that rivalry is seen to have lasted for several years, with the affections of *Hilda of China* and *Carmen of the Philippines* having been captured by *Quirt* against strongest opposition from *Captain Flagg*.

This is the kernel of the slight story, but wrapped around it is a wealth of rich characterization and incident, provided so fully that the picture moves as swiftly and engrossingly as if a complicated plot marched forward in every scene, instead of there being virtually no plot at all.

The acting suits the mood of the picture. It is vivid and bold and finely sincere. Victor McLaglen, as *Captain Flagg*, does more than act his rôle—he achieves a magnificent characterization with sweeping completeness. He makes you feel there is nothing left to know about *Flagg*. The film has spanned his whole life. This is screen art, and from now on McLaglen must be rated among the great ones of celluloidia.

But for that matter, Edmund Lowe springs an even greater surprise as *Sergeant Quirt*. While McLaglen has played other rôles analogous to that of *Flagg*, it is a far cry from Lowe's curled, romantic darlings to his hard-boiled, impudent *Quirt*. Never once does he slip from the rôle; never does he suggest having played—and lived—any other character.

I wish the same could be said of Dolores del Rio. However, it can be stated that she brings more animation to *Charmaine*, the provocative peasant girl, than she has to some of the vague heroines she has played, only her *Charmaine* is not a peasant but an actress employing studied effects—a stocking, probably silk, carefully rolled to rest around her ankle, and a blouse so cut that it could never fit but must forever slip first from one shoulder then the other. However, she plays with fire and passion.

Phyllis Haver, briefly seen as *Hilda of China*, is brightly compelling, and Leslie Fenton, as the neurotic *Lieutenant Moore*, blazes forth in a burst of emotion when his nerves go to pieces. Comedy is adroitly purveyed by two doughboys—Ted McNamara and Sammy Cohen—and Barry Norton garners some honest tears as a very young soldier, homesick for his mother.

A Diamond in the Dust Heap.

What more heartening, more stimulating, than the discovery of a polished gem where one looked for a pebble?

I mean "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—a joy of a picture. It promised to be just a movie, and ended by becoming a little masterpiece.

It's all quite simple and unpretentious—about a group of department-store workers. The interest centers upon *Mame*, who looks after her younger sister *Janie* and finds her hands full, for *Janie* is gay, likes flashy clothes, and goes in for Charleston contests and such. *Mame* has a young man, too, whose activities as a window dresser are made more successful by *Mame's* helpful ideas on the subject.

During *Mame's* absence his affections are captured by *Janie*, and the lives of all three are further complicated by the disappearance of funds intrusted with *Janie* by the welfare association of the employees. *Mame's* efforts to recover the money bring about the melodrama of the picture, as well as much of the best acting found in it.

For that matter, good acting abounds throughout. Evelyn Brent is superb as *Mame*, Louise Brooks really challenges serious consideration as *Janie*, and Osgood Perkins, drafted from the stage, is immense as *Lem*, the villain of the piece, while Lawrence Gray, that young man who is dissatisfied with the rôle he has had during his year in pictures, proves his ability as a light comedian in this one. Marcia Harris also is excellent as a power in the store.

King Comedy Rules Here.

Gold stars are liberally sprinkled over any screen that shows Bebe Daniels in "Stranded in Paris." I mean

stars of merit, for this is easily Bebe's best, and furthermore is one of the best of all screen comedies. There's a star for everybody connected with it.

It is gay, it is sophisticated, it is hilarious, and it has beauty. What more, please, could one ask?

Bebe is *Julie McFadden*, a shopgirl who wins—very amusingly—a free trip to Paris. There she gets a job with a modiste who sends her to Deauville to deliver a raft of gorgeous gowns to the *Countess Pasada*. *Julie* is logically mistaken for the *Countess*, is bowed into her compartment on the train, and welcomed at the hotel. From then on all is outrageous confusion, with Bebe in the *Countess's* dresses, and eventually with the *Countess's* husband in her room.

While this may read like just another case of mistaken identity, the picture evolved from it is a great deal more than just another lively farce. From beginning to end it is a triumph of the unexpected.

James Hall emphasizes the striking impression he made in "The Campus Flirt," Ford Sterling is at his best as the *Count*, and Mabel Julienne Scott is appropriately commanding as the *Countess*.

Barbara Worth Won at Last.

Barbara Worth set a high price on her fair hand, for a desert waste had to bloom like unto a garden before she would favor *Willard Holmes* with a hospitable glance. But if she had valued herself lightly there would have been nothing for Harold Bell Wright to call "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and less for Samuel Goldwyn to film. There is too little as it is to have enlisted the fine skill of Henry King and the talents of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. They are all out of their element.

Barbara's father cherishes a dream of reclaiming the desert by irrigation from the Colorado River, but after years of work his money gives out and the aid of an Eastern capitalist is sought. The latter comes

West, with his engineer, *Willard Holmes*, who falls in love with *Barbara*, and sets about to achieve the seeming miracle, more for her sake than for the job itself. The capitalist proves to be the villain, but the desert blooms just the same, until the harnessed river bursts its traces and lets loose a magnificent flood. It is the villain's undoing, but *Barbara* and *Willard* survive to do the next gardening job together.

This story is told heavily, more being related by means of titles than by action, yet there are moments of great visual beauty and some suspense, particularly when the flood eats its way across the land.



Photo by Antrey

Edmund Lowe, Dolores del Rio, and Victor McLaglen make a memorable trio in "What Price Glory."

The Screen in Review



"For Wives Only."



"Stepping Along."



"The Winning of Barbara Worth."



"The Blonde Saint."

Little is required of Ronald Colman beyond being on the scene, and the same can be said of Vilma Banky. However, she achieves the doubtful distinction of creating the dressiest Western heroine ever seen on the screen. Always lovely to look at, her filmy, expensive daintiness is ridiculous when you think of it as desert garb, and when the villain speaks of her as a "desert waif" you feel all the more that Vilma is ready to shine at a Buckingham Palace garden party, and with not a particle of sand in her hair.

Mr. Meighan Comes Across.

Thomas Meighan's "The Canadian" is good because it is a study of character. Played at slow tempo, it nevertheless holds one's attention until the end and, incidentally, offers Meighan his best rôle in many moons—far better, it seems to me, than the one he had in "Tin Gods."

He is *Frank Taylor*, a worker in the wheat fields of North-western Canada, and he doesn't turn out to be a British nobleman or even a philanthropist. He remains a man of the soil.

His employer is *Ed Marsh*, an Englishman of good family who has married *Gertie* and adapted himself to the rough-and-ready life of the outdoors. *Ed's* sister, *Nora*, comes from London to join them because of financial reverses, and rebels at the ugliness of her new environment. *Frank's* uncouthness repels her, and she quarrels with *Gertie*. Finally, in sheer desperation, she marries *Frank* to escape *Gertie*, and then when the chance suddenly comes to go back to England she decides to stay with him.

From the start the picture moves forward—slowly, but interestingly—and is well worth seeing. Meighan is sincere and convincing, and Mona Palma is appropriately icy as *Nora*. Wyndham Standing, absent from the screen for some time, returns to play *Ed* skillfully, and Dale Fuller is capital as the vixenish *Gertie*. Charles Winninger, the stage comedian, scores as a farm laborer.

Family Life on Long Island.

"The Great Gatsby" doesn't deserve the adjective, but it is interesting because of excellent acting and a rather unusual, though none-too-pleasant, story. With Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, Georgia Hale, and William Powell in the cast, something is bound to happen—and it does.

Jay Gatsby, a fellow of doubtful antecedents, is in love with *Daisy*, a girl far above him, and leaves for the war feeling they are married, although no ceremony has been performed. *Daisy* marries another in his absence. *Gatsby* returns to become one of Long Island's spectacular entertainers. No one knows where his money comes from, but he doesn't lack for guests on that account. *Daisy's* cousin brings them together again, and their blighted romance gets a fresh start, while the private life of *Daisy's* husband is shown to be awfully seamy. *Gatsby* comes to a tragic end, and *Daisy* somehow sees happiness ahead with her profligate husband.

Warner Baxter makes *Gatsby* a living figure, and William Powell is quietly magnificent as a garage mechanic, but Lois Wilson, given a bob, a jag, and a bathtub scene, scarcely gets away from her wrenlike self.

The Hot Blood of Sicily.

Sicily is no place for saints, blond or otherwise, but in placing most of the action in "The Blonde Saint" there, the author did a great deal to concoct an entertaining picture. Lewis Stone is *Sebastian Maure*, a cynical author who, when rebuffed by Doris Kenyon, decides to bring her to her senses by abducting her from a steamer and taking her to near-by Sicily. There they become involved in colorful melodrama with lots of thrills, and Doris is quite willing to yield to *Sebastian's* mastery.

Every one in the picture is good, Gilbert Roland and Ann Rork playing the juvenile rôles with considerable charm—enough, in fact, on Roland's part to give me high hopes for his *Armand* opposite Norma Talmadge's *Camille*, and to make me be on the lookout for Miss Rork's next film.

Brawn and Sinew.

In "The Flaming Forest" you will find an authentic picture of western Canada in 1850, when that vast tract was without ordered

government, and the Mounted Police were first sent to control the lawless element.

On this foundation James Oliver Curwood built a stirring story and Reginald Barker has filmed it with his customary straightforwardness and tense, dramatic action, with natural backgrounds of thrilling beauty.

Antonio Moreno is *Sergeant David Carrigan*, the forerunner of all the "Mounties," and Renee Adoree is *Jeanne-Marie*. Both play with their usual effectiveness, but for that matter the same can be said of all the long cast. "The Flaming Forest" is a good picture, carefully done.

Then Came the Armistice.

"Tin Hats" makes a farce of the war, or rather the adventures of three—there must, it seems, always be three—buddies overseas. There is little or no plot, but a great deal of movement and some of it is very amusing indeed, yet those who have seen all the recent war pictures may find the edge taken off this one.

Conrad Nagel proves his versatility by making *Jack Benson* a believable doughboy, and Claire Windsor, as a German baroness, coöperates with the camera to make a beautiful heroine—and wears, by the way, the latest 1927 hats and gowns. The haughty baroness marries the gum-chewing doughboy in the end, so you see "Tin Hats" can't be taken seriously.

If You Believe It, It's True.

"The Cheerful Fraud" is a lively guy but not a particularly funny one, even though Reginald Denny and every one in the cast runs the risk of straining a ligament in trying to put over the preposterous situations of the picture. They make you feel they need a rest cure more than your applause.

When the valet mistakes Charles Gerrard for Denny because the former's face is smeared with beauty clay, you know the game is up so far as plausibility is concerned. Thereafter it's just one prank after another, all starting when Denny, spying Gertrude Olmsted, gets a job in the household where Gertie is a social secretary. Denny is *Sir Michael Fairlie* and Gerrard is a notorious crook who, masquerading as *Sir Michael*, is entertained in the very house where the real *Sir Michael* is employed.

It's all quite naïve, and there's a diamond necklace, too, and a good performance, as usual, by Gertrude Astor.

Soothing Syrup.

Unfortunately, "The White Black Sheep" is another black mark against Richard Barthelmess. The character of *Robert Kincairn* is not a sheep at all, but a goat so far as Barthelmess is concerned.

His screen life begins in England, where he senselessly permits his father to denounce him before a roomful of guests for a theft of which *Robert's* girl is guilty. It is inconceivable that a proud father, however hot-tempered, would so brand his son in the presence of comparative strangers, but this is only one instance of an unconvincing story, poorly directed, on which much money has been spent for scenery.

At any rate, *Robert* is next seen in the Orient, though *not* of the Foreign Legion, with a new name, a beard, and love for *Zelie*, who is described as a Greek dancing girl and portrayed by Patsy Ruth Miller. Disguised as a beggar, he learns of *El Rahib's* plot to put an end to British rule, and at the critical moment gives the information to the commandant, who happens to be none other than his irascible father. To end the suspense, let me assure you that *Robert's* father does forgive him and, moreover, approves of the Greek dancing girl.

Unfermented Lubitsch.

What company with Marie Prevost in its corral would delay casting her as a Viennese wife, after all she has done, with the help of Ernst Lubitsch, to make these ladies popular? Certainly not Metropolitan, for we now have Miss Prevost in "For Wives Only," a giddy tale of no consequence, in which Victor Varconi may be said to play the title rôle.

It's about a young physician, popular with women patients, who leaves his wife in charge of three old friends—Charles Gerrard,



"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."



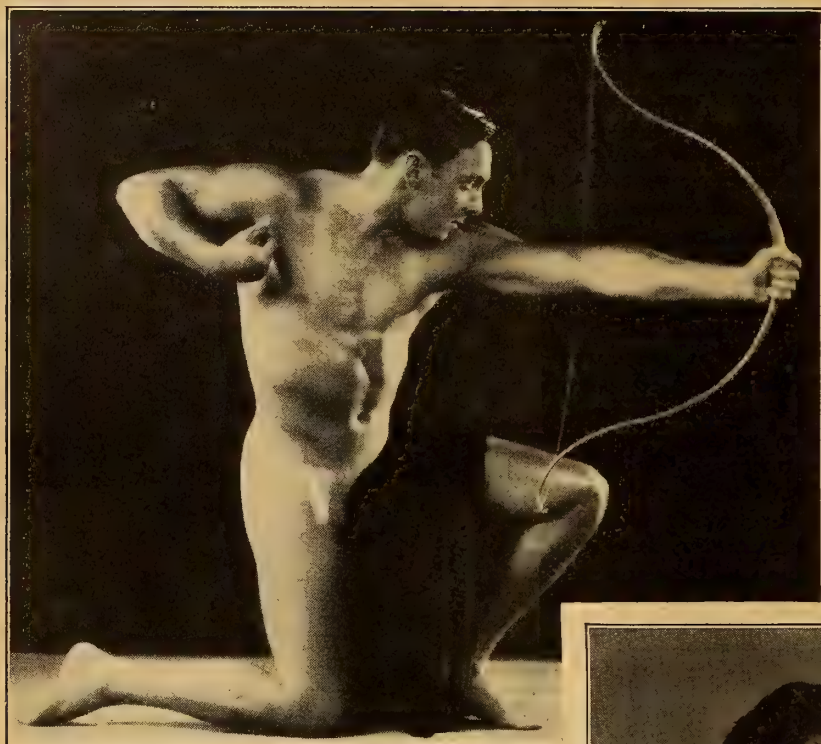
"God Gave Me Twenty Cents."



"Stranded in Paris."



"The Canadian."



George O'Brien, above, poses as a young Greek god—and who could do it better?



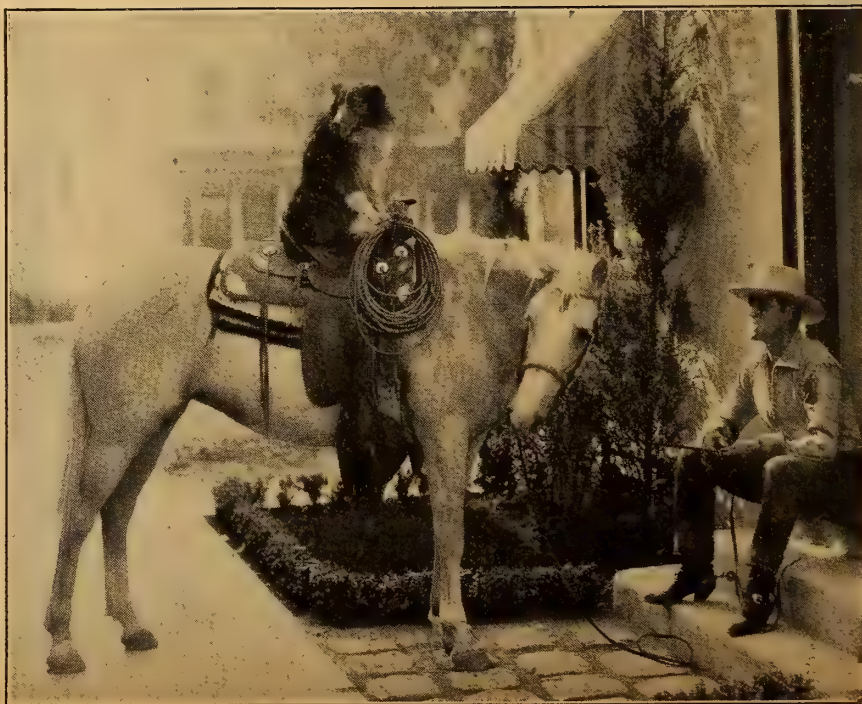
Natalie Kingston does some ice skating in sunny California, where it *never* turns cold!—but it's on one of those indoor rinks, of course.

In and Out of

The camera takes peeks at the players

What is a man to do, asks Adolphe Menjou, when he finds himself in the sad predicament of having to choose between two pretty girls? That's the fix he's in, below, in the film "Blonde or Brunette." The brunette is Arlette Marchal and the blonde, Greta Nissen.

Jack Holt, below them, figures that the best way to settle this woman question is to be content with your horse and dog—when away from the one and only girl. He and his two pals were snapped on the Lasky lot.



the Studios

both at work and at play, on and off the set.

While Will Rogers was in England he spent his spare time adding to the merriment of Dorothy Gish's new British picture, "Tip Toes." Below, Nelson Keys, Dorothy, and Will make a comic trio in the film.



All the comforts of home are to be found in Pola Negri's bungalow suite of rooms on the Lasky lot. Above, she makes herself comfortable while waiting to be called. The Buddha at her side is centuries old and was purchased in the Orient especially for her.



Below, Buck Jones and his horse, Silver Buck, write the scenario together for "The War Horse." Silver Buck whispers ideas into Buck's ear, and Buck writes them down on the typewriter. This isn't just posed—Buck Jones really did write the script for his new film.



If you want a hint on how to dress for tennis, take it from Colleen Moore. She means business when she goes onto the court, so she has started the sensible style of wearing trousers—and take it from us, she gets her ball every time!



Just what is being proved—if anything—in the picture above is a mystery to us, but it seems to be a mystery, too, to Lupino Lane. He and Wallace Lupino are seen in the short-reeler, "Hamlet and Omelet."

Right, three stars show how to keep the director in a good humor. The director is F. W. Murnau from Germany. Margaret Livingston feeds him soup while George O'Brien plays the accordion and Janet Gaynor the saxophone, to cheer him up between scenes of "Sunrise."

Gangway! It's "Our Gang!" Left to right, Farina, Scooter Lowry, Jackie Condon, Joe Cobb, Johnny Downs, and Jay Smith.



Above, Krishnamurti, hailed by the Theosophists as the New Messiah, visits "The King of Kings" set and discusses the film with Cecil De Mille. Left to right, Victor Varconi, in the rôle of Pontius Pilate, Krishnamurti and De Mille.





A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renée Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Mare Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy: Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôles.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, acrobatic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Battling Butler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good picture, with Buster Keaton really funny as a rich and timid young man who tries to masquerade as a prize fighter. Sally O'Neil is the mountain-maid heroine.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter. George O'Hara, Viola Dana, and Ralph Lewis.

"Born to the West"—Paramount. Another Zane Grey film, more interesting and plausible than usual. Excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Margaret Morris.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor, Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Duchess of Buffalo, The"—First National. Constance Talmadge in another gay comedy of the Continent. An American dancing girl poses as a Russian grand duchess, with entertaining results.

"Eagle of the Sea, The"—Paramount. Ricardo Cortez as a gallant pirate in a picturesque costume film laid in New Orleans in 1815. Florence Vidor is the lovely rescued heroine.

"Everybody's Acting"—Paramount. Pleasant story of the romance between a young actress and a wealthy young man whose mother opposes the match. Betty Bronson and Lawrence Gray.

"Fine Manners"—Paramount. Made interesting by Gloria Swanson's expert performance as a hoydenish chorus girl who tries to become a lady. Eugene O'Brien is the necessary rich man.

"Footloose Widows"—Warner. Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda make genuinely amusing this film of two fashion models who dash to Florida and masquerade as wealthy widows.

"Gigolo"—Producers Distributing. Best acting of Rod La Rocque's career. Tragic experiences of a young man who, after being battered up in the war, becomes a scorned *gigolo* in a Paris café. Jobyna Ralston and Louise Dresser.

"Her Man-o'-War"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal's starring picture. Entertaining, but not entirely suited to her. Tale of Alsatian peasant girl and American doughboy—William Boyd.

"Hold That Lion"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in a diverting comedy of a young man who pursues a girl around the world, and is unwittingly inveigled into a lion hunt.

"Kid Boots"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor's screen début. Sometimes funny, sometimes not. Thrilling climax. Clara Bow, Billie Dove, and Lawrence Gray.

"Kosher Kitty Kelly"—F. B. O. Really entertaining. Another case of entanglements between the Jews and the Irish. Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Vera Gordon, and Nat Carr.

"Ladies at Play"—First National. Riotous escapades of a girl who, to inherit a fortune, must marry in three days a man who won't have her. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, and Louise Fazenda.

"Lady of the Harem, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous Oriental spectacle, featuring Greta Nissen, in a glamorous, seductive rôle, and William Collier, Jr.

"Lovey Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. Delightful human-interest tale, sequel to the "Cabbage Patch." Bessie Love, in character rôle, proves herself a gifted player. Second honors to William Haines.

"Magician, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rex Ingram's latest. Gruesome film of girl who comes under the spell of a maniac magician and is barely saved from death by her fiancé. Alice Terry, Paul Wegener, and Ivan Petrovich.

"Mantrap"—Paramount. Entertaining and unusual. Clara Bow, a flirtatious manicurist, and Ernest Torrence, from the wilds of Canada, become man and wife. Then along comes Percy Marmont.

"Meet the Prince"—Producers Distributing. Gay, inconsequential film of a Russian prince who flees to America and masquerades as a butler. Joseph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte.

"Men of Steel"—First National. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a

Continued on page 116

Hollywood High Lights

The latest happenings in the movie colony are duly reported and discreetly commented upon.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

SPANK the stars and make them be good—this seems to be the slogan now practiced by the motion-picture producers. There is a new tendency on their part to make the producing organization stand out head and shoulders over the destiny of the individual player, and there are various methods of chastisement used in putting the player in his place.

One of the most popular is to send a disobedient star—that is, for instance, one who has objected to a certain rôle rather obstinately or has seemed deliberately to play it badly—over to some small and insignificant company on Poverty Row to work in a "quickie"—a picture made in two or three weeks, and cheaply. The system is quite highly perfected, and certainly quashes temperament.

We aren't naming any of the victims, because we want to spare them embarrassment, but it's no secret that some of our favorite players have felt the unpleasant effect of this system. They don't relish it, either, and we certainly extend to them our personal sympathy, because the policy is sometimes upsetting to high ideals and ambition.

Greta Objects

Greta Garbo recently had a quarrel with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. By this time it is, we hope, all smoothed over, and she should be playing the big title rôle in "Anna Karenina" by the time this is in print. But we heard that there was some talk for a while of sending her back to Sweden. Greta doesn't like to play unsympathetic characters. She objects to becoming another Theda Bara, and in "The Flesh and the Devil" her rôle did bear a distant kinship to some of the famous vamps that Theda created.

Greta isn't the first foreign actress who has made this complaint about unsympathetic parts. Pola also made it on her arrival in this country, and has for the most part been doing "nice" parts ever since. Incidentally, she hasn't been half so interesting as before.

Raises for Three

Three girls of the movies who have been playing ball quite consistently were recently very nicely rewarded. They are Renee Adoree, Sally O'Neil, and Joan Crawford, all of whom had been signed at very low figures in their original contracts with M.-G.-M. But the company recently tore up their first contracts and gave them new ones at increased salaries. Renee is reported to be getting \$750 a week now; Sally O'Neil, \$500; and Miss Crawford, \$450—all of them with the prospect of further advances in the not-far-distant future.

Chaney Grows Rich

Lon Chaney, we learn, is one of the highest-salaried players at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. This may surprise a good many people, in view of the fact that he is a character actor. Chaney is reported to be getting about \$3,500 a week for his services now.

He is a great hit in "Tell It to the Marines." He plays a fine, sympathetic rôle, such as is really his specialty despite the fact that he nearly always starts out as a heavy.

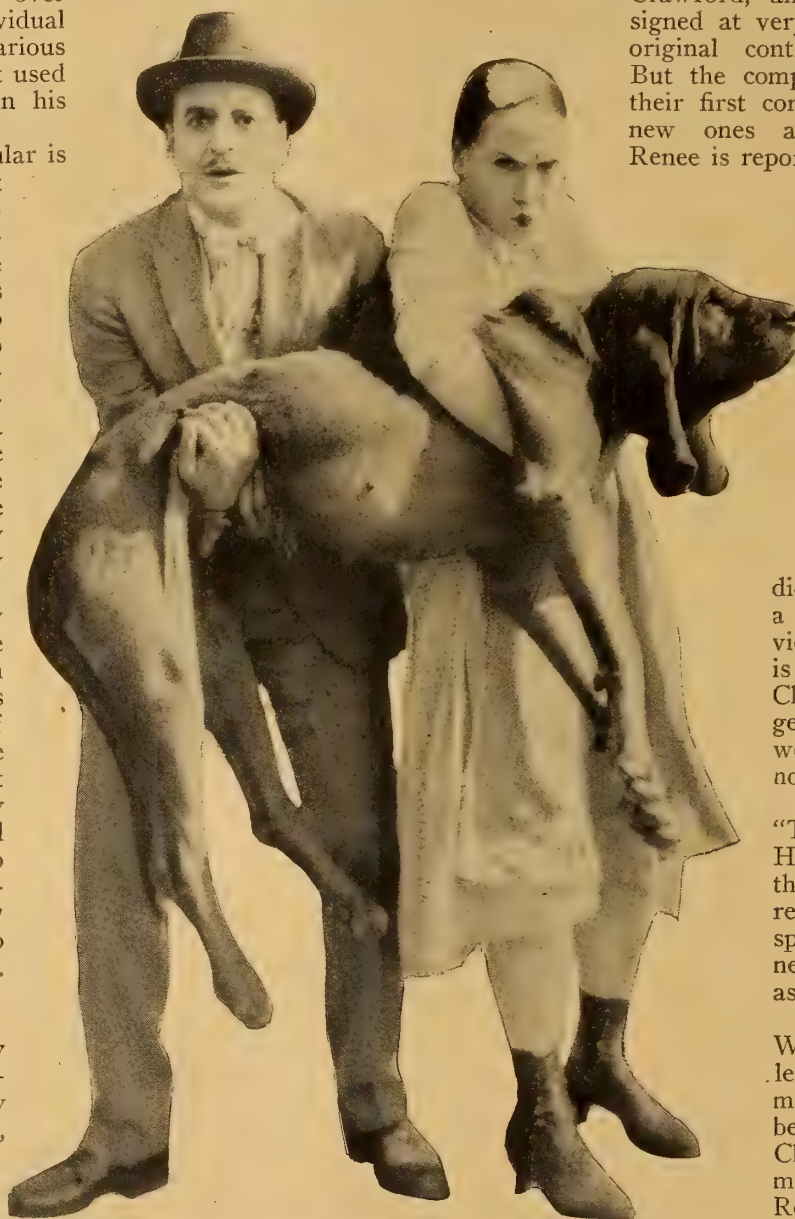
The production of "Mr. Wu," the Chinese thriller which he has been making, is also likely to be unusual. Lon is a Chinaman in this, who murders his daughter. Renee Adoree is the surprise, though, in her impersonation of a Chinese girl. Around the studio, just for fun, they called

her the little "Chinese frog," but Renee flicked this appellation off with the rejoinder, "No, I'm a little Chinese flapper."

Renee always stands for a lot of kidding, particularly from the men on the lot.

It's All Off, Says Clara

Absence does *not* make the heart grow fonder, according to Clara Bow, and so she called off her engagement to Victor Fleming. We wonder whether Clara



John T. Murray and Louise Fazenda undertake to kidnap a bloodhound in the film "Finger Prints," but they have their hands full. The bloodhound says, he should worry.

was ever really serious about it in the first place, or whether she just likes publicity. She told us *sotto voce* that she really couldn't have married Mr. Fleming for several years anyway, because her contract forbade it.

Clara has been reported engaged to various persons in the past twelve months or so. First, there was Gilbert Roland, now doing the male lead in Norma Talmadge's picturization of "Carmille." Next came Robert Savage, who pretended to attempt suicide because of his failure to keep her affections. And then there was Donald Keith.

Clara is almost as charmingly irresponsible in real life as she appears in some of her screen impersonations.

The Upheaval in the Chaplin Family

Heavens! We suppose it just had to happen—the separation of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey—and there is no use repeating all the details of it here. But anyway, all the "I-told-you-sos" were shouted fortissimo around Hollywood as soon as the news spread.

Charlie inevitably manages to hold the center of the stage with his domestic troubles, but this most recent marital difficulty seems sadly complicated by the two children, to whom the comedian is really devoted. At this writing, Lita has absolutely demanded their custody, and is even threatening to have their names changed.

Progress of "The King of Kings"

It looks as though the names of half the people in filmland will be identified with "The King of Kings" before this elaborate film of the life of the Christ is completed. Certainly, all the players who are under contract to De Mille are in it.

William Boyd was only recently assigned to play *Simon, the Cyrenean*, a comparatively small part, and Jetta Goudal and Vera Reynolds play bits in the production. Montagu Love and Walter Long, two free lancers, were also recently engaged.

De Mille has already photographed the two major episodes of the film—the trial of *Christ* before *Pontius Pilate*, and the Crucifixion. The picture should reach the screen, in the larger cities, about Easter time.

From Foreign Lands

Several very beautiful new foreign actresses are shortly to emerge on the American screen. We've heard a great deal about them, and have seen one of them—Maria Corda. She is a Hungarian and is under contract to First National. In some ways she resembles Vilma Banky.

In her native land, Miss Corda played comedy. One of her films was called "A Modern Du Barry," and another, "Madame Doesn't Want Children." In America, the latter film would probably have been treated seriously.

Two other foreign women who have been signed by American producers are both Russian—Natli Barr, a skilled emotional actress imported from the French screen by First National, and Vera Veronina, who appeared in "Michael Strogoff" and was brought over to this country by Paramount because of the excellent impression that she made in that feature.



What devilish girls those flappers of 1890 were! Viola Dana and Shirley Mason show how the "modern girl" used to race through the streets on bicycles—and in bloomers!

Miss Corda and Miss Veronina are both blondes, and Miss Barr is a brunette. Miss Corda is married to a director.

The number of feminine players imported from the Old World has been rapidly increasing lately. Formerly, very few were brought over, but it is quite evident that the European directors in their recent films have been more keen in using types of actresses that are liked in this country. That is why the companies here are now engaging so many of them.

Screening the Lives of the Great

Somebody has started a biographical urge in the movies. For example, we are soon to see on the screen the life stories of Roosevelt, Barnum, Jenny Lind, and the French actress, Rachel.

The rôle of *Roosevelt* is the leading figure in "The Rough Riders," as you know, and Wallace Beery is to impersonate *Barnum* very shortly. It is unsettled whether Lillian Gish or Norma Shearer will be seen as *Jenny Lind*. Meantime, Norma has been cast as *Kathie* in "Old Heidelberg," and Lillian is playing in the film of the thrilling melodramatic war tragedy, "The Enemy."

Pola Negri will play *Rachel*. And if there is anybody who should be able to give a satisfying portrayal of an actress, without any effort, it is Pola. She is recognizedly one of Hollywood's most efficient Thespians on all occasions.

A Dance Club for the Elite

The Mayfair Club is Hollywood's newest social outlet. It is composed of all the leading luminaries of the

colony. The members meet once a month in the Biltmore Hotel ballroom for dining and dancing.

There have been two dazzling parties already, one about the first of December and the other on New Year's Eve. The first one we can report on now. It was attended by many of the major stars, including Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Norma Shearer, Conway Tearle and Adele Rowland, Conrad Nagel, Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, the Antonio Morenos, Adolphe Menjou, Bebe Daniels, Irene Rich, the Jack Holts, the Douglas MacLeans, and many others of filmdom's most representative players, who are rarely seen at functions of this kind. Even Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who almost never attend large social functions, would have been there if it had not been for the death of Douglas' brother, John Fairbanks.

The board of governors of the club is also very imposing, containing the names of Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Cecil B. De Mille, John Gilbert, Jesse Lasky, Will H. Hays, Ernst Lubitsch, Thomas Meighan, and others.

The club is a nonprofit organization, and all surplus money is to be turned over annually to a relief fund for players, directors, and others who have suffered reverses of fortune.

The Garden of Alla

Nazimova's name is to be immortalized in Hollywood—at least, her first name, which, as every one doubtless recalls, is Alla.

Nazy's former beautiful estate, called "The Garden of Alla," where she resided while making pictures in California, has been leased for ninety-nine years and transformed into a bungalow hotel, consisting of twenty-five very beautiful villas of Spanish design.

The hotel is also to be called "The Garden of Alla."

Ruth in a Quandary

Hollywood loved its football this past season. There were a lot of big games on the Coast, and nearly all of them were attended by throngs of stars. Football goes on until late in the season in California, the last game being played on New Year's Day.

We saw Ruth Roland and Ben Bard at the hotly fought contest between Notre Dame and the University of Southern California. Ruth was a wreck after the experience.

"I'm never going to a game again under such circumstances as those," she said. "Being a Californian by birth, my patriotic duty impelled me to root for U. S. C.; but every time I did I got a terrible twinge of conscience, because Ben had bet on the visiting team. Every time U. S. C. made a good play I started to yell, and then nearly choked to death when I remembered Ben."

The Ten Best Pictures

We recently had occasion to make our choice, for one of the trade magazines, of the ten best pictures of the past year and, just to see whether you like them, we are going to submit them herewith.

Here they are—"Beau Geste," "Ben-Hur," "What Price Glory," "The Scarlet Letter," "Sparrows," "The Black Pirate," "Variety," "The Waltz Dream," "Don Juan," and "The Better 'Ole."

Purposely we didn't include certain films, such as "Old Ironsides" and "The Flesh and the Devil," which were released late in the year. Of all the films we have listed, "Beau Geste," we believe, is our first choice.

Too Many Homes

Though two heads may be better than one, the recently wedded Lew Cody and Mabel Normand have decided that one home is better than two. So Lew is now dwelling comfortably in Mabel's ménage in Beverly Hills and, at this particular writing, the two are eating breakfast together every morning and two or three dinners together a week.

Lew told us that they felt there would be no sense, at the moment, in building another home to suit both of them, as that would give them four homes between them. Lew already owns one in Beverly and one in Hollywood. He said that his Beverly home was much too mannish an affair to be satisfactory for a lady and that that was the reason why he had moved over to Mabel's house, though it is somewhat short of closet space. When he runs short of a dress shirt of an evening now, he has to make a hasty trip up to his own establishment to procure a supply. Otherwise, though, everything is as pleasant as can be.

Cupid Keeps Busy

That pretty little bright-eyed, birdlike girl, Edna Murphy, who returned to Hollywood for only a few months after having spent several years working in the East, may marry the handsome young Larry Kent. Neither has denied the report of their engagement, which fact may or may not be regarded as conclusive evidence of a forthcoming wedding. Anyway, they are seen much in each other's company.

Another young couple whose romance proved interesting is Richard Holt and Florence Gilbert. They were recently married in Ventura. Miss Gilbert is with Fox.

Gladys McConnell, of the same organization, was wed to Arthur Hagerman some little time ago and managed to keep the fact a secret until very recently. Janet Gaynor, the Fox company's most important recent discovery, is reported engaged to Herbert Moulton, a newspaper man. Ethel Shannon is to be married in March to Joseph Jackson, of the editorial staff of Famous Players-Lasky.

A New Western Hero

It's a boy!

The arrival of an heir to the fortunes of Fred Thomson and Frances Marion was thus announced not long ago in San Francisco. The child is their first and, needless to say, both father and mother were overjoyed.

Thomson is one of the most popular actors in Westerns, and Miss Marion is filmdom's most celebrated scenario writer.

Miss Marion wanted the youngster to be born in her former home city, which is San Francisco. So she



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Here's a surprise for you. It's Renee Adoree made up for her rôle in "Mr. Wu."

went there shortly before the event was expected to take place.

Charlie Ray Turns to Farce

Marie Prevost was thrilled to death to have Charlie Ray for her leading man in "Getting Gertie's Garter." Charlie has been in great demand, you know, since he started to free lance, and receives a larger salary than when he was under a contract.

"Getting Gertie's Garter," adapted from the stage play, promises to be a very entertaining picture. The footlight comedy was one of the most uproarious imaginable—although not entirely above reproach—and Miss Prevost expects the film version to prove even funnier than the film of "Up in Mabel's Room," in which she scored such a distinct hit not long ago. Charlie plays her copartner in the film in a series of comic misadventures, and is likely to be an entirely different person in this newest portrayal.

A new actor who is said to be very good in the production is Franklin Pangborn, a former favorite in stock in Los Angeles.

Jim's Apples Win the Prize

James Kirkwood astonished us when we saw him not long ago at a reception at the home of Laura La Plante. He was wearing a gold-lettered blue ribbon that looked like a prize for something. We thought possibly his son and heir had carried away the honors in a better-babies contest, but we learned to our amusement that the badge meant, instead, that Jim was now a prize horticulturist. He has a ranch near Los Angeles, and some of the apples he had raised there had won an award at a county fair in Riverside.

Lila Lee—Mrs. Kirkwood—who is looking very stylishly slender these days, confided to us that, "Now that Jim has become a country gentleman on the side, I'm going to try my hand at raising prize carrots, so that when the studio calls up and I don't feel particularly like working, I can beg off on the pretext of having the big business of a vegetable exhibit to attend."

Connie and the Foreigners

Be nice to foreigners. That appears to be the creed that Constance Talmadge subscribes to, and her latest picture is evidence of it, as were also—in a way—her matrimonial adventures. At any rate, we found the following listed among Connie's supporting players in "Venus of Venice"—Michael Vavitch, Arthur Thalasso, and Andre Lanot. And shure 'nuff, she has an Irishman, Mickey Neilan, directing them.

Insanea's Diary Continued

Goodness, but I am all cheered up this month, because not only have I seen a lot of wonderful stars and pictures, but I am just too joyous for words because I actually had a chance to do a little bit as an extra girl in a picture!

And it happened so unexpectedly, too, just when I was on a set for a production called "Sunrise," which is being made by the great foreign director, Mr. Murnau. Even if he did direct "The Last Laugh," I think he is great, because it was in his film that I got my first chance to play in front of the camera, and thus fill some of those ambitions which have always stirred me so deeply.

It was just an accident, of course. They had a big, wonderful street set out at the Fox studio in Westwood, and I went out there one evening about five o'clock just to look on and see if I could get any material for my writings. I just happened to mention to a gentleman in the publicity department about what a thrill it must be actually to get out in front of a camera, and he smiled a little, and said that he guessed it was. And then I raved some more quite unintentionally—I mean without any idea



Joan Crawford dares any one to interrupt her while she tries to learn French by the lightning system. This is a little pastime she indulges in between scenes.

of getting into the picture—and he said that if I were really so anxious about it, he thought it might be arranged, because the scene was such a big one and there were at least a thousand or more extras being used, and it wouldn't matter if there were one or two more, anyway.

So he spoke to the assistant director about it, and almost before I could draw my breath, I was out there in the middle of a big square in what looked like a foreign city, crossing the street with a whole bunch of other people. Sirens were blowing and the director was shouting, and somebody was firing off a gun, and I was absolutely dizzy, and thought that I must be getting Kleig eyes or something.

Anyway, I came through the experience with flying colors, because nobody said a word of criticism, and I am going to watch that picture with all my might to see if I can find myself in the crowd.

I certainly envied Janet Gaynor, whom I met, for her big opportunities. She is such a young girl, anyway—very little older than I am, if any. She was wearing a blond wig and a funny little long-skirted dress and an old-fashioned hat, and she looked all flushed and excited. And who wouldn't be to go through an experience such as she did, running in a maze of flying automobiles, and finally being grabbed up in George O'Brien's arms and lifted aboard a little dummy street car, which started with a rush just as she got on!

Janet is a lucky girl, and I think she is clever, although the only picture I have seen her in so far as "The Johnstown Flood," which I liked very much. She is probably going to be a big star soon, and she is very sweet and unaffected. Of course, I think George O'Brien is wonderful, and I think of him with some of my biggest favorites like Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, and Ramon Novarro, even though I don't see him so often.

My pleasantest experience outside of this was when I met exquisite Norma Shearer on the set of her picture, which they are calling "The Demi Bride," and I overheard Norma laughingly tell a newspaper reporter that she was going to be a bachelor. She said that she was getting too old to get married, and that she was devoted to her mother and sister. Maybe she feels keenly in sympathy with the independence of women since she played in "The Waning Sex"—that's what the reporter said, anyway. I never knew, though, that stars were so much affected by the pictures in which they play.

Anyway, Norma said that this spring she expects to go to Europe, and that she is certainly going to pay her own fare. I guess this means that she isn't going to marry Irving Thalberg until she returns, anyway, but this is merely surmise on my part.

Norma also told a funny experience that she had had while working in the picture. She had to fire a revolver in one of the scenes, and as she closed her eyes when she did this, the prop boys thought that they would play a joke on her. She fired the gun straight up in the air, and so when it went off one of the boys got up onto a platform right over her head and immediately after the bang he dropped a stuffed cat down onto the stage

Continued on page 99

What the "Mc" in McAvoy Means

May, of the McAvoy clan, has a strong whiff of Scotch in her ancestry and proves it by driving shrewd bargains for her professional services, to the amazement of those who believe her to be just a sweet little thing.

By Katherine Lipke

BEWARE of the wide-eyed little girls. They suggest so much that they are not. They look helpless and afraid—but the majority of them are more than adequately capable of taking care of themselves.

All of which brings the subject up to May McAvoy. For years we have been exclaiming over her sweet, dainty appeal, her "sheltered" charm. And all the time May has been developing into one of the canniest business women in the film industry. The "Mc" in her name is not without its meaning, as many a producer can testify. May's wide, deep eyes have helped drive many a hard and clever bargain—for May.

At present she is one of the highest-paid free-lance actresses on the screen. A fair average of the big productions of the past few years have named her in the cast. Companies with contract players of their own have billed May's name above the rest.

While other pretty and charming girls of the leading-lady genus have been dallying around the outskirts, with only occasional good pictures to their credit and a few hundreds on their weekly salary checks, May has been getting an amazing number of coveted plums, with her salary running up into the thousands.

The answer to all this lies in May McAvoy herself—not in the god of good luck, nor the fairy of fortune.

In 1923 she was a contract player with Famous Players-Lasky, earning a nominal sum, playing in program pictures. The name of May McAvoy meant little or nothing in the picture world, except to those who remembered "Sentimental Tommy." So the tiny picture actress with the wide, appealing eyes purchased her contract from the studio. She was wise enough not to break it, with a subsequent law suit. She bought it instead.

Then followed six months when May didn't work. She wouldn't take just any sort of rôle in any sort of production. She refused to accept as low a salary as she had been paid at Lasky's. In other words, she "sat tight" and waited.

"It was the hardest period in my whole life," says May. "I was afraid that I would never work again. I began to think that I had been wrong in getting released from my contract. I wondered if any one would remember who May McAvoy was. It was dreadful. You see, I wanted to start out on my own and pick my own pictures and my own salary. And then no one seemed to want me."

When the spell finally broke the result was very flattering, for she was engaged by Famous Players at twice the amount she had earned there under contract, to play Glenn Hunter's lead in "West of the Water Tower."

Even then May didn't lose sight of the whiff of Scotch in her ancestry. She not only received her own financial figure, but she started a plan which has been rigidly followed since—that of stipulating in her various contracts that she be featured in all publicity before other players in the picture.

In this way, being a free-lance player hasn't been detrimental to her. Usually a free lancer suffers because all the contract players are given the good "breaks" in publicity and also, in many cases, in the listing over the theaters.

Another rule which May has followed is to increase her price after appearing in a large production. Since the release of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "Ben-Hur," producers and directors have found that it is much more expensive than before to engage May McAvoy for a rôle.

She reasons—and well—that her publicity value goes up after each big picture. Though the rôle of *Esther* in "Ben-Hur" was submerged by the dynamic conflict between Novarro and Bushman, May feels that this picture greatly increased her box-office value.

Apparently this system of free lancing is very fruitful. May McAvoy seldom seems to miss out, and certainly she has increased in popularity with her fans, and also in desirability with directors. She has made her service worth bidding for.

In the three years since she left Lasky's, she has played leading rôles in twelve productions, a fair number of which have been conspicuous films.

Among them have been "The Enchanted Cottage," "Three Women," "Tarnish," "Ben-Hur," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Road to Glory," "The Savage," "The Passionate Quest," and "The Fire Brigade."

Recently May refused to play in a picture because she wasn't guaranteed the number of weeks' work that seemed right to her. The studio official as-

sured her that the picture would probably take longer than the time she specified

May McAvoy's motto is, "I have to take care of myself," and she lives up to it by making iron-bound stipulations for producers to follow.



Photo by Apeda

Continued on page 109



Photo by Harold Dean Carney

It's that innocent look in May McAvoy's eye that makes it so surprising to every one that she can drive such hard bargains, as described in the story on the opposite page.



Above is the lobby and grand stairway, executed entirely in Breche Centella marble. A special quarry in Italy was opened to supply this marble.

So This Nickel

Who would have the real nickelodeons, would ever look like new Paramount

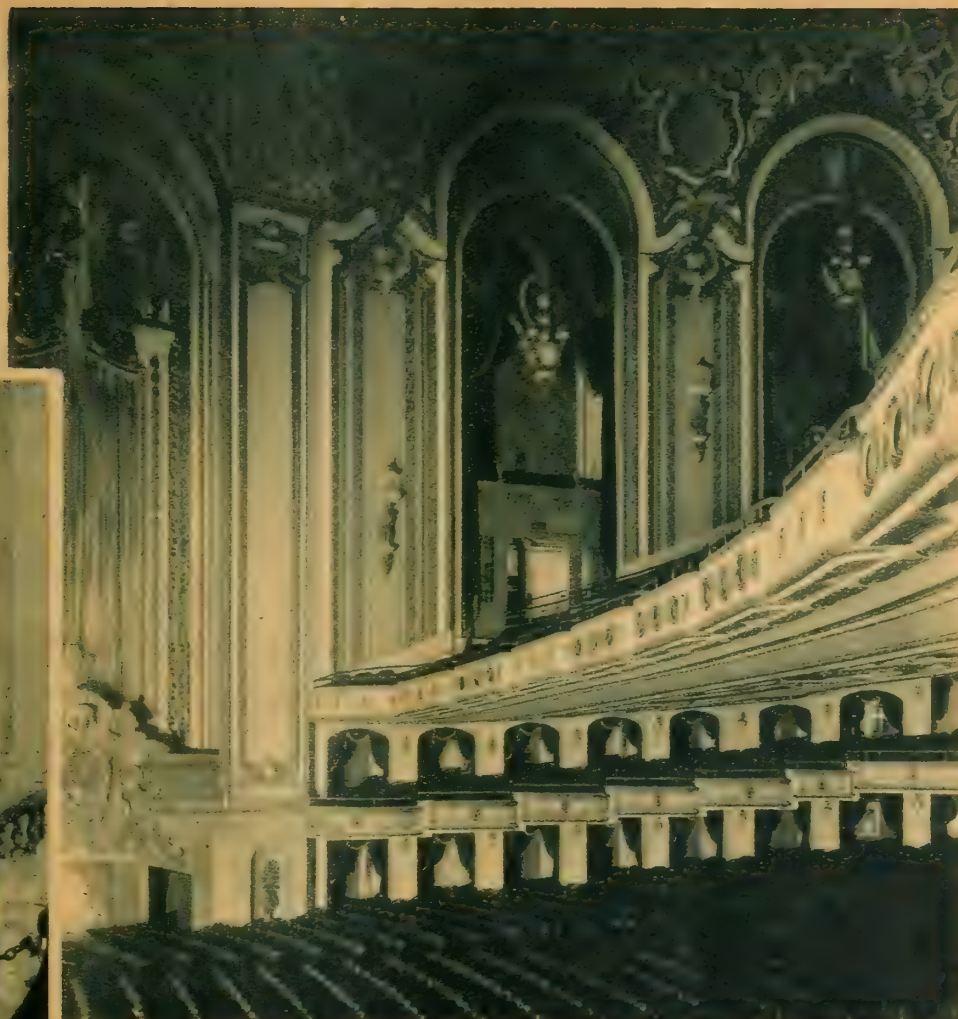
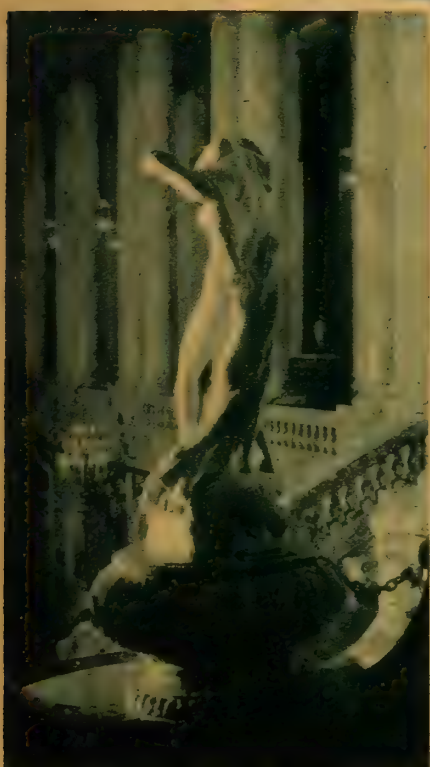


At the right is shown a corner of the men's lounge, and above it is the statue of *Peter Pan* that presides over the fountain in the Music Room.



Is a odeon!

thought, in the days of
that a *movie* theater
this! It's the palatial
Theater in New York.



Above is a view of the spacious and elaborate auditorium, showing, just under the wide balcony, a section of the "Diamond Horseshoe" of box seats.



At the left is the Jade Room. This forms part of the ladies' lounge. Above this is seen the statue and fountain overlooking the lobby.



His First Long Pants

Poor moon-faced Harry Langdon! He has just put on his first long pants and is having his first attack of love. Not really, of course, but just in his new comedy called "Long Pants." The trouble is, he can't decide which girl he loves best—the high-hat town vamp or the simple country girl.

Priscilla Bonner is the wistful-eyed girl in gingham, and Alma Bennett the haughty lady with the car. Harry tries to win his way into the good graces of the adored one in the automobile by offering his aid to her chauffeur, but the latter looks decidedly skeptical of Harry's abilities.





Photo by Edwin Bower Heener

Peggy Shaw attracted such favorable attention to her beauty and charm in the "Famous Melody" series of short films that she soon stepped out into longer ones, and now is adorning Richard Dix's "Paradise for Two."



"The Monkey

He not only talks, but he acts in every way like a human being. And the mystery of how he can do it is what causes all the complications in the circus film, "The Monkey Talks." Left, Olive Borden and the monkey. Below, Olive Borden, Don Alvarado and Raymond Hitchcock.





Talks''

But the secret comes out at last —*Jocko*, the monkey, is really a man. He meets with a fatal accident and, as he is dying, reveals himself to the girl he loves. Jacques Lerner plays the monkey; Don Alvarado his "owner," in love with the same girl.





Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

Jerry Miley is one of the few rich men's sons who ever graduated from the ranks of Hollywood extras. His latest photograph, shown above, indicates one of the reasons. His acting in "Easy Pickings," a crook melodrama, is another.

What His Sister Thinks of Richard Dix

Josephine Dix frankly discusses her famous brother, revealing a side of him that only a person very close to him could know.

By William H. McKegg

MY brother as I know him?" Richard Dix's sister pondered a while, smiling, probably wondering what Brother Richard would think, in far-off New York, if he knew that his reputation was about to be torn to shreds by a callous sisterly discourse.

"And," I put in—in case she might be tempted to shield him—"let me know his faults rather than his virtues."

"Oh, I meant to! For he has both," came the reply from his sister Joe. "He's not all good and he's by no means bad—merely human."

I first came to know of Richard's sister when he used to speak of "my kid sister Joe"—short for Josephine—when, about two years ago, he was making fame for himself on the Vine Street lot. So, recently, figuring that Joe ought to know more about the real Richard than almost any one else, I decided to see if I could persuade her to talk about him. And what sister is afraid to tell the truth about her brother?

"I'll commence with his faults," Joe began. "When I was a very little girl, Richard was given a present of some tools and he tested the force of the hammer on my poor doll's head. To me that was the first sin he ever committed."

"Since he has been on the stage and the screen, he has been away so much that he has escaped to a considerable degree my sisterly scrutiny. For a long time now, he has been making his pictures in the East. New York has always appealed to him. You know what it is, with its theaters, cafés, and so forth."

"When he came home last December he arrived just three days too late to be present at my wedding. I was going to put that down as the second big sin he had ever committed, but the fault really wasn't his. Some unforeseen delay in the filming of 'The Vanishing American' had prevented him from getting home as soon as he had expected. He was terribly disappointed about it himself. However, he did get home in time for Christmas, so all was well."

"Richard worked awfully hard in that picture. Before starting out on location, he wrote me about it and what a wonderful part he had. His letter plainly revealed how very eager he was to get started. It was a big task and he went at it with his usual vim. Yet, when it was all over, instead of longing for a good rest, he was ready, a couple of weeks after Christmas, to pack up and start off again for New York, as if he had never been there before in his life."

"I am beginning to suspect that there is some other attraction back East for him besides the theaters and cafés! But to be fair to him I must admit that it is a common characteristic of his ever to be ready to tackle something new. He never rests on his laurels. The harder a thing seems, the better Richard likes to go at it. When it is all over, he looks for new fields to conquer with a surprising amount of enthusiasm."

"I think his ambition for acting burst into flame when he played in amateur pieces in a high school in St. Paul—"

"St. Paul!" I interrupted. "Don't I know he comes from there! Every fan who has written me from that city has made allusion to the fact. I get such statements as 'Richard Dix went to the same high school I go to, and it just thrills me to think of it!' and, 'Dix used to live here! One grand honor for St. Paul, don't you think?' And so on."

"That's the kind of feeling Richard inspires in all his friends," said his sister. "Once he makes a friend, he never loses him—or her. He has always been like that. And the people who attract Richard most are those who know considerably more than he. A person who is well read on many subjects never fails to hold his attention. And that brings me to the Richard I like best to talk about—for there are really two Richards."

"Interviewers invariably declare that his real personality is the one he mostly uses—the ever-smiling, jovial Richard, the one you see in his comedies. That is one side of him—his everyday personality. The other side is one we very rarely see. Only those nearest him know the Richard of

grim determination, who can tackle any responsibility, showing a fortitude that very few others could equal under similar circumstances."

"Like most people, we have had our troubles. Richard had plenty while trying to get ahead on the stage. Everybody thought it the height of folly for him to take up such a career. About that time our older brother, a doctor, died, leaving a young wife and a baby girl. Things looked bad, but Richard stepped in and set things right for us all. We needed his help and he gave it to us unhesitatingly."

"To-day, Richard thinks a lot of his little niece. He took her about with him a great deal when he was last in Hollywood, causing the know-it-alls to declare that Richard Dix had a child."

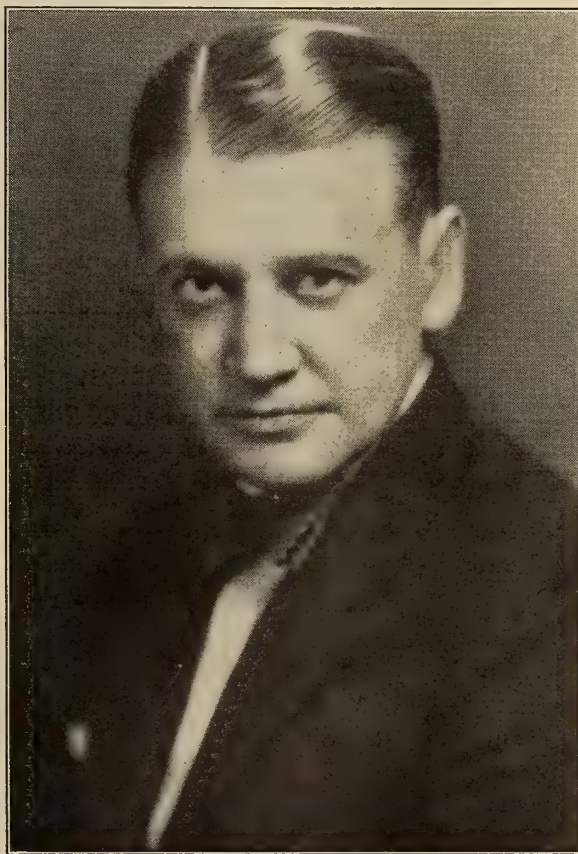
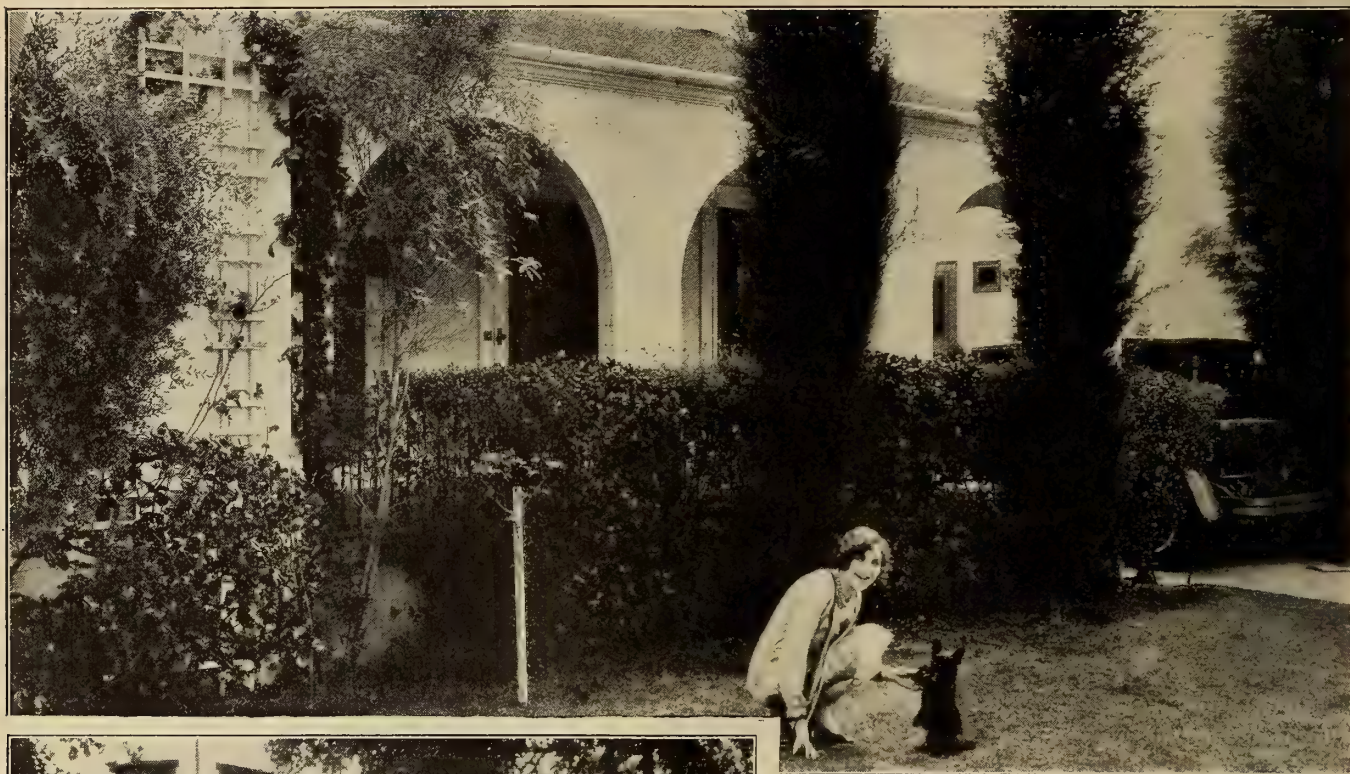


Photo by Chidnoff

For his "kid sister Joe" it's hard to think of Richard as a famous movie star—to her he is still just her "big brother."



The Younger

The picturesque backgrounds they pick for

Jane Winton, like so many people in Hollywood, decided she'd like to have a Spanish home. You can't see much of it above, but you can see Jane and her dog out on the lawn.



Clara Bow, pretending she was a medieval maid, picked a Norman-castle effect for a home—with a turret and battlements and everything. She can lean from her tower window and imagine she's a damsel in distress waiting for her knight to gallop to her rescue.

Right, Elinor Fair was snapped before her home just as she was setting out on a shopping tour. She's another who likes Spanish architecture.

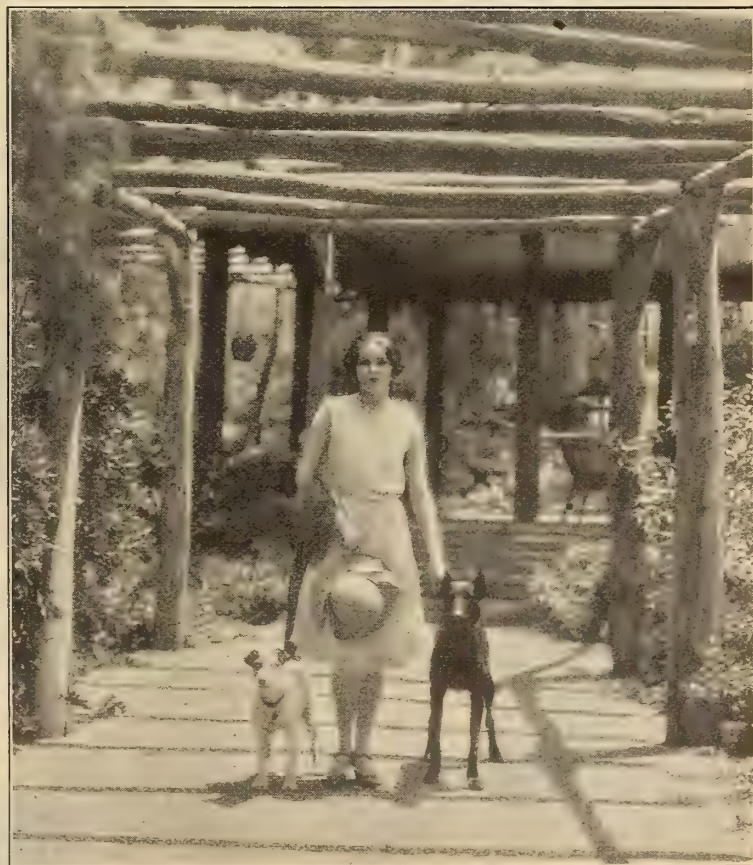




Set at Home

themselves when away from the studios.

Above is where Patsy Ruth Miller lives—she and her father and mother and brother. Notice the odd thatched effect of the roof. That's Patsy, of course, out in front.



The vision of Corinne Griffith strolling through her arbor makes you think of all sorts of poetical things, but it would take a poet to say them. Corinne and her dogs have just been spending an afternoon in the garden and are coming in for tea.



Louis Natheaux and his wife have just a small place, but it's very cozy and attractive. They are shown at their gateway, left.



Clara Bow.

every one to death. But nearly all men do it. Neither would I try to tell a woman how to drive an automobile. She might be a terrible driver, but unless she just had the knack, she'd never be any better, anyway, so men might just as well keep their advice on automobile driving to themselves.

LEATRICE JOY.—I would not be content until I had made of myself a real man's man. We women look upon that type with secret admiration—almost awe.



Constance Talmadge.

POLA NEGRI.—I wouldn't recite Robert W. Service and Rudyard Kipling for hours at a stretch at the slightest opportunity. While the works of these poets are magnificent, nothing is quite so boring as a sentimental gentleman on a Service or Kipling rampage. To the many men afflicted with this annoying practice I recommend that they memorize at least one or two poems of other poets for the sake of variety.



Esther Ralston.

NORMA SHEARER.—I wouldn't wear loud ties, and I wouldn't quarrel with my wife in public, nor talk about business after office hours. I wouldn't say, "Meet the wife!" when I introduced a friend to my better half, and I wouldn't telephone home ten minutes before I left the office and say that I was bringing a friend home for dinner.

GERTRUDE ASTOR.—I wouldn't wear one of those waxed things that somehow or other grow on some

If I Were a Man—

Some of the girls of Hollywood tell what they would *not* do if they belonged to the opposite sex.

Compiled by Dorothy

men's lips. And if I did wear one, I wouldn't waste so much energy in feeling for it to be sure it was still there. No man with one of those things can kiss me—off the screen.



Eleanor Boardman.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN.—I wouldn't try to be facetious, nor boast about all the women I knew. I wouldn't try to be the "life of the party," and I wouldn't ask a lady's pardon when I said "Damn!" I'd give her the benefit of the doubt and believe that she was modern enough to say "Damn!" too. And I wouldn't tell people that my wife was just an old-fashioned girl.

HELENE CHADWICK.—I wouldn't wear golf trousers and loud socks on city streets. I believe such apparel is nice for the links, but not a bit appropriate for downtown.

PRISCILLA DEAN.—I wouldn't tie myself down to a steady job early in life. I'd slip the anchors and go forth on my own in search of adventure. Travel broadens one. I think I wouldn't try settling down to business until I was thirty-five or forty.



Betty Bronson.

BETTY BRONSON.—I wouldn't labor under the impression that every pretty girl who happened, unconsciously, to look my way, was infatuated with me. I wouldn't wear knickers if nature had not given me respectable-looking legs. I wouldn't use perfume under any conditions. I wouldn't labor under the decidedly mistaken idea that no woman knows how to drive a motor car. I wouldn't sit in a public conveyance while any woman or elderly man was standing. I wouldn't take off my hat in an elevator and then push every woman aside to get to the door first when my floor was reached.

MARY BRIAN.—I wouldn't go out between the acts of a play and disturb every one in the row. I wouldn't blame it on the girl I was dancing with if I stepped on her toes. I wouldn't wear a diamond horse-shoe pin in my tie.



Lilyan Tashman.

LILYAN TASHMAN.—I wouldn't go around unshaved. I would visit the barber twice daily, if necessary, to have my face appear smooth. Especially would I give attention to the back of my neck and have my hair trimmed regularly.

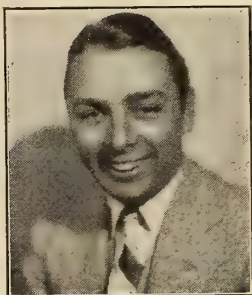
Continued on page 106

If I Were a Woman—

And some of the men name the things that *they would not* do if they were women.

Wooldridge

GEORGE K. ARTHUR.—If I were a woman, I would not make speeches before literary clubs, nor rave about Browning in all my spare moments. I wouldn't blow smoke through my nose nor affect an interest in prize fights that I didn't feel. I wouldn't wear rolled stockings nor have a boyish bob.



George K. Arthur.

WALTER PIDGEON.—I wouldn't try to be ultra-modern. In fact, I believe I'd be a bit old-fashioned—not way out of date, but modern with a goodly share of the old-time modesty. I'd use very little make-up, for example. And I'd wear my skirts a little longer than do these 1926 girls. I'd also be inclined toward—do you still call them petticoats?

ERNEST TORRENCE.—I wouldn't powder my nose and rouge my lips in public. To preserve the illusion, if any, that her beauty is natural, a woman ought at least to put on her war paint only in private.

NOAH BEERY.—I would not take a man on a bargain-hunting expedition. Nor would I use the telephone in a business office for a long personal call.

ROD LA ROCQUE.—If I were a woman, I wouldn't fall for men—maybe! What can a beautiful, soft, perfumed creature see in a bearded, uncouth, tobacco-fouled ruffian like the majority of us superior males?



Rod La Rocque.

RAYMOND HATTON.—If I were a woman, I wouldn't try to dress like a man. I wouldn't waste any time on "sheiks." I wouldn't talk about my operations.

PAT O'MALLEY.—If I were a woman, I wouldn't forget the fact that motherhood is the greatest thing in the world. Every unhappy soul, every lost lamb, comes in for a share of maternal protection. It is the mother who makes this world a wonderful place to live in.

PERCY MARMONT.—I wouldn't talk all the time about clothes—either my own beautiful ones or the terrible things some one else had. Beautiful garments are a joy to behold, but when a woman tells where she bought them, how much they cost, or how good the material is, the clothes lose all their fascination and intrigue for men.



Percy Marmont.

JACK HOLT.—I wouldn't go out on the street for a walk, attached to a lap dog. I wouldn't drive a motor car and forget what I was doing. I wouldn't use paint and powder unless I knew how to apply them.



Jack Holt.

HUNTLY GORDON.—If I were a woman I would never smoke nor swear in public. A woman may say that it is as fair for a woman to smoke as for a man, but it is not a question of fairness; rather, it is a question of appearance. Woman has always been finer, sweeter, and more spiritual than man. When she smokes and swears, she destroys much of this atmospheric beauty—that should surround her.



Edmund Lowe.

EDMUND LOWE.—I would not wear stockings that had holes or runs, nor shoes with worn-down heels. In these days the appearance of a woman's feet and ankles is as important to her beauty as that of her face and head. Yet I know many women who are very careless about their shoes and stockings.

WALTER HIERS.—If I were a woman, I wouldn't let myself become fat. It is a part of my business, as a man, to be fat, or I would reduce. Maybe it wouldn't be easy to remain slim but, if I were a woman, I'd starve, diet, and exercise ten hours daily, if necessary, to keep down my weight.

CHARLES RAY.—I wouldn't talk baby talk and I wouldn't agree with everything that was said. I wouldn't make catty remarks in public, and I wouldn't laugh boisterously in public.



Neil Hamilton.

NEIL HAMILTON.—If I were a woman, I would *not* attempt to drive an automobile from the back seat. The only trouble with that statement is that it applies to men nearly as much as it does to women. Women have no monopoly on back-seat driving, but they are fairly well represented.

LEW CODY.—I wouldn't choose a traffic-crowded intersection at which to stall my car. I wouldn't borrow another woman's make-up nor try on another woman's hat. I wouldn't talk about clothes nor about my latest operation.

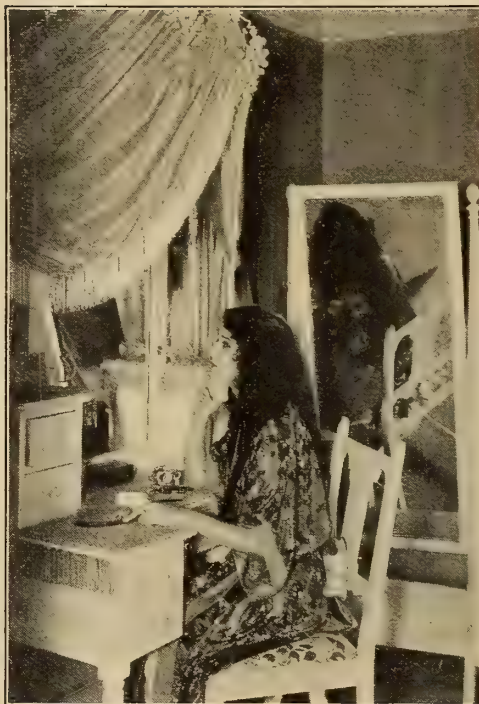
NED SPARKS.—If I were a woman, I would *not* dance the Charleston. I think the dance is suggestive and not at all pretty or graceful. From a masculine

Continued on page 106



Ladies at their Mirrors

It would be a sad day for the movies if all the mirrors were suddenly removed from Hollywood. What would the poor screen star do then? Ladies and mirrors have been inseparable since time began, but it's not just vanity in the movies—it's part of your job to have a mirror, and to sit before it for hours on end. Above, Kathryn Perry, with a cap to protect her hair and a smock to guard her clothes, adds finishing touches to her make-up. Below, Patsy Ruth Miller does some powdering.



Above, Marguerite de la Motte takes a close-up of herself and also looks to see if every hair is in its allotted place at the back. Left, Mary Philbin, having completed her make-up, studies her image carefully to be sure that not even the camera could find a flaw. Below, Arlette Marchal indulges in the ancient custom of brushing out her hair—a custom that has become almost obsolete since the advent of the shingle and the decline of hair.



Just an Average American

You could meet Lloyd Hughes anywhere, for there are a million like him in this U. S. A. of ours. Perhaps that is why the fans like him so well.

By Romney Scott

WHY not be a type, if you can be a good type!"

Sincerity has always been the outstanding virtue of Lloyd Hughes' screen performances. Hence, his frank retort to my pertinent query as I studied him from across a little table in the studio café was not altogether unexpected. He is, of course, fortunate in that he is of the sympathetic type. But, unlike most actors who early and late bewail the fact that they always play the same type of rôle—and never get a chance to show their versa-tili-tee—Lloyd Hughes is a philosopher.

As we discussed his screen future I gleaned that he earnestly yearns for an occasional opportunity to characterize as he did in the villainous rôle of the weakling brother in "The Sea Hawk." However, he does not chafe at the fate that has cast him in the rôle of the average American youth, although he does draw the line at playing priggish heroes. Then, too, Lloyd Hughes wisely figures that the years of his seniority will bring him wider variety of acting portrayals. When that time comes he hopes to be better equipped by experience to make the best of those opportunities.

Hughes was not born to the purple of the arts, but amid the purple sage of Arizona. His père did not raise his boy to be an actor. Nevertheless, the boy became one, probably because he could not conceive of doing anything else one half so enjoyable. He has gained fame and has the good grace to be grateful for it. Perhaps one of the reasons for this success is the fact that he refuses to take himself too seriously. Instead of fretting, fuming, and fussing because his rôles don't always happen to come up to his expectations, Lloyd outwardly indulges in a good-natured boyish grin, inwardly grits his teeth, and gives his rôles the best that's in him.

This enviable trait makes him as popular with his producers and directors as it does with the great American fan. They know Lloyd is giving his best. For example: When First National was filming "Forever After," featuring Lloyd, the hero was called upon to wage a mighty football battle almost single-handed to win the game for the glory of his college. Out on the field it was discovered that Lloyd had never played football in his life. In a Los Angeles high school he had been a baseball star. Those hard young men who comprise a famous southern California football team took Lloyd in hand and worked out on him. When they were through with him, after three days of footballing, poor Lloyd had a sprained ankle, a twisted knee, a lame back and divers bruises. And, as he said afterward, a pair of crutches would have looked pretty good to him. He hardly needed make-up for the hospital scenes where he lay wounded after a World War battle, under the charming care of Mary Astor. The football boys were doubling for soldiers, and they confided to me unanimously their admiration for one particular movie hero who stood the gaff without a protest.



Photo by Hartscock

His happy home life is mirrored in everything Lloyd Hughes does; he just can't escape it, and to quote the immortal MERTON, Gloria does not content herself with being a pal—oh, no—she's his "severest critic."

"Why not be a type?" indeed, I concurred in thought, as we chatted across the table. "If you can be this kind of a type!"

Hughes lives much as he works, simply and unostentatiously. In fact, he is the nice young man who might live next door to you. He might be a rising young doctor or attorney, with a very charming young wife.

What? He's in the movies? He's a star? Well, what do you know about that! That's what a new neighbor said to an old neighbor upon moving next door to the unostentatious Hughes domicile in the quiet Wilshire district of Los Angeles.

About the Lloyd Hughes' at home. Titian-haired as ever—Lloyd insists it's red—Gloria Hope Hughes plays the leading rôle of housewife every day. Remember that Titian—beg pardon, red—haired beauty who used to vie with her husband as the late Thomas Ince's most promising discovery? You never can tell what a red-head will do, and that's just what Gloria Hope has done—virtually retired from fame—for love! Although Lloyd occasionally persuades her to accept a particularly intriguing rôle in a picture, she appears to be much happier playing the real rôle of wife. The young Hughes family is rated A-A-A in Hollywood banking and business circles, although no one would ever suspect Lloyd and Gloria of being such good business people—you don't expect it from such youngsters. They have invested their income wisely in real estate, instead of indulging in that favorite outdoor and indoor diversion of the nouveau riche, "putting on the dog." Some day they will probably build in Beverly Hills, as Lloyd has owned choice residential property in that exclusive suburb for four years, which, incidentally, has quadrupled in value. In the meantime, the Hugheses will go on contentedly living in their Wilshire neighborhood—because

Just an Average American

they are chiefly occupied now in building a beautiful residence in Beverly Hills in which Lloyd's father, mother, and brother will make their permanent home.

Speaking of brothers, again Lloyd Hughes fails to run true to professional form. He does not regard the good old name of Hughes as his own exclusive property. Instead of keeping Brother Earle out of the limelight, he is helping him in his struggle for recognition as an actor.

The romance and career of our hero began just one year from the day he first donned make-up as an extra. He achieved his first part, and met the girl that was to be his wife. The rôle may have been only a two-reeler, but the girl was distinctly a feature, according to Lloyd. So does Fate balance things up for us. Another aspiring youth, King Vidor, gave Lloyd his first part. All this occurred at a tiny studio at Culver City between the big ones where later Lloyd fulfilled the contract that "made" him with the late Thomas H. Ince, and King Vidor filmed "The Big Parade."

Unhappily Hughes met Gloria just at the time his finances were at the ebb and he had to carry on his wooing in a resourceful way. There happened to be a profusion of rose bushes about his bungalow and he timed his campaign to win Miss Hope so that it would reach its peak about the time the roses were in full bloom. Then, with the aid of some florist's paper and other accessories, he needed only enough money to take Gloria to the movies, which in those days were considerably darker than they are now.

When Dame Fortune smiled upon Lloyd with a three-year contract as a featured juvenile lead he reached that stage of affluence which made it possible for him to realize his fondest dream, marrying Gloria. Three years after they first met, June 30, 1921, they were married, and Lloyd's career since has progressed as steadily and surely as did their courtship.

Much of this narrative, particularly the intimate touches, has been gleaned from the personal observation of years, as the subject of this personality impression is one of those rare mortals who will talk about everything under the sun—except himself. On the day of our "heart-to-heart" chat, Lloyd had been severely bitten by the golf bug. Having just parted with a check to join the Lakeside Golf Club which boasts one of the most beautiful courses in the world, he was far more engrossed in selecting his clubs, his plus fours and taking his first lesson from the club professional than he was in being interviewed. The Lakeside is located on the shores of the small but pretty Toluca Lake and it is fast becoming a favorite rendezvous for the motion-picture golfers.

He is not at all reticent about discussing certain phases of his career if it is to recall the kindness and encouragement shown him by the late Mr. Ince, or his feeling of gratitude to such old friends as Frank

Lloyd and King Vidor for giving him splendid acting opportunities.

Here is the fine young American man whom you meet in all walks of life. He merely portrays on the screen what he is in real life. Even Lloyd's origin is "typically American." (Some etymologist ought to compile statistics on how often the word "type" appears in Hollywood conversation.) He was born in Arizona. In fact, no less than five Arizona towns can claim him as son, although he was born in Bisbee. As Hughes' father was a railroad man the peregrinative strain was strong in the family. They lived also in Douglas, Globe, Phoenix, and Tucson before coming to Los Angeles to make their home, while our hero was still in the grammar-school age. Like so many other young Los Angeles boys he was bitten by the movie bug while attending high school. He confesses to having been "crazy" about pictures, and being willing to "cut" a class any time to see a film troupe working in the street. He did manage

to finish before succumbing to the lure of the movies. And his first job was not in front of the camera at all, but behind it—a long way behind. It was, to be exact, a sloppy, uninspiring task in a dark, dank developing room in a film laboratory at the Selig studios in Edendale. He stuck with it, though—give him credit!—for five months. Then, to paraphrase the movie title of that day, "came a slump" in motion pictures, and young Lloyd was out of a job. He was out of the notion of making a career in pictures, too, if he had to spend many months in the dark room. He went downtown and got a job with a wholesale hardware concern. Everything nice and dry—nothing "slushy" about hardware!

But things picked up in the studios, and the old lure called to Lloyd at his desk. He decided to take another chance, and this time he went right to the casting bureau and asked for work as an actor. He became an extra in January, 1917, and spent a year in that classification before he met King Vidor who introduced

him to Old Man Opportunity. Lloyd followed the young director into the picture spotlight in that memorable little classic, "The Turn in the Road." This inspired picture made by young hopefuls on a shoestring surely was the "turn in the road" for nearly everybody concerned in its making.

The achievement of fame is usually replete with incongruities. For instance, by all the laws of youthful environment, it appears incongruous that Lloyd Hughes is not one of our favorite cowboy stars, since he is Arizona-born and bred. Oddly enough, too, many of our cowboy stars were born in the East and Middle West. Lloyd's success in portraying rôles of typically fine American youths in any walk of life or environment merely goes to show that the so-called wild West raises her boys to be as typically American as does the so-called effete East.



Lloyd Hughes has so little time between pictures that he cannot get so far as his country club but has to play tennis right in his own back yard.

LON CHANEY In TELL IT TO THE MARINES

HERE it is!

THE Marines' own story

SPANNING the world

WITH brave laughter and courage

BROADWAY cheered this mighty

ENTERTAINMENT. Now it comes

DIRECT from the Embassy Theatre, N. Y.

WITH its great star, Lon Chaney

AND thousands of daring, dashing Marines

TELL it to your theatre manager

YOU must have

"TELL it to the Marines"

With
ELEANOR BOARDMAN
WILLIAM HAINES
and CARMEL MYERS

A GEORGE HILL
PRODUCTION

Screen play by
E. RICHARD SCHAYER

Titles by
JOE FARNHAM

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
PICTURE

Directed by
GEORGE HILL

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"



William Haines
and Eleanor Boardman



Tell It to Joan Crawford and Win This Valuable Prize!

HERE is a chance for every M-G-M Fan to show what he can do. And what an enviable prize! Something actually used in the making of motion pictures. A really personal prize. Something that has belonged to perhaps your favorite star. And it all depends on whether you actually *see* motion pictures or merely look at them.

I am submitting six questions. For the lady who sends the best answers I have selected as my reward the Slave Anklet I wear in "The Taxi Dancer".

Nor are the gentlemen forgotten. If it is a man who is the lucky winner, Lon Chaney has promised the wrist watch he carried in "Tell it to the Marines".

And moreover I have fifty of my favorite photographs which are ready to be autographed for the next fifty best contestants.

Read over my questions carefully. Think over the pictures you have seen. And then tell me the answers.

Cordially yours,

Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford's Six Questions

- 1 What M-G-M star in actual life holds a commission in the U. S. Marines? What is his latest picture?
- 2 What M-G-M picture is based on a famous Oscar Strauss Operetta?
- 3 Where was the secret meeting place of Hester Prynne and the Rev. Dimesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"?
- 4 Who is your favorite M-G-M star and why? (Not more than fifty words.)
- 5 What were the Glencoe Massacres and what M-G-M star plays in what picture concerning them?
- 6 Give four M-G-M reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by March 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine. NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Eleanor Boardman Contest of December

MISS MAUD O'BRYAN, c/o Union Sulphur Mine Office, Sulphur, La.

MR. LLOYD E. SCHULTZ
30 Seneca Street, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Autographed pictures of Miss Boardman have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

When a Woman Marries—

More often than not, the romance for which every woman yearns, flies away after the wedding. At any rate, this was the case with Marcia Bostwick, who had not long been married before she discovered that her husband was a harsh and domineering ego-tist.

And then into Marcia's life came another man, one to whom she could give her whole heart. The problems that Marcia faced and solved make a story of love and adventure that will hold you fascinated to the end.



Ask your dealer to-day for

MARCIA

By Anne O'Hagan.

This is one of the line of Chelsea House books that are everywhere taking fiction lovers by storm. Chelsea House publishes love stories, Western stories, and novels of mystery and adventure. Have your dealer show you the full Chelsea House list to-day. You will find every one a welcome addition to your library.

75 Cents



75 Cents

Fashions in Furs

Five furry wraps for frosty February days.

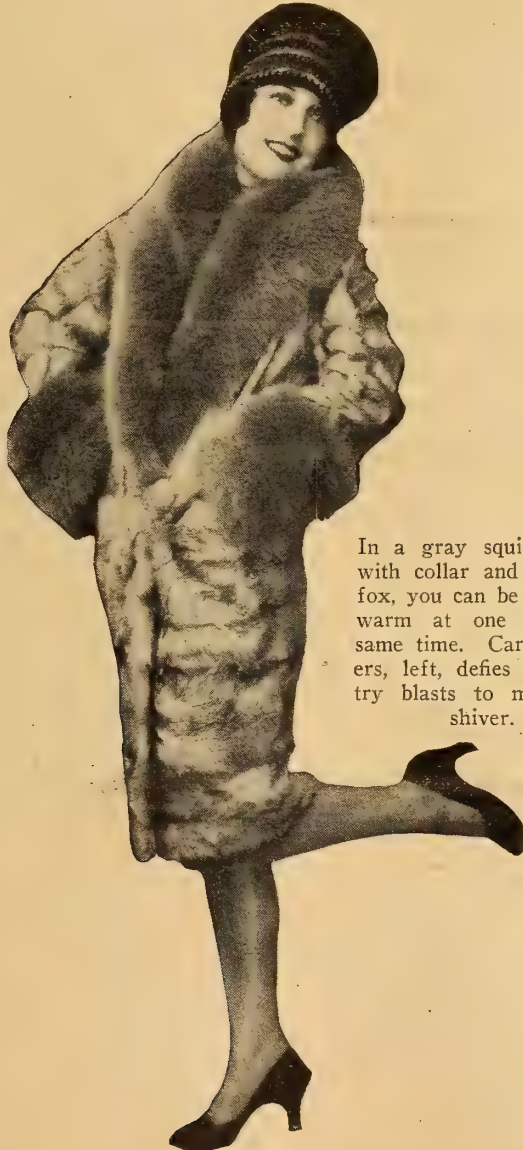
If you're going out to tea, slip into this warmly lined black satin coat attractively trimmed with astrakhan. Carmel Myers is wearing it.

For the evening, nothing has a more stylish and stunning effect than the combination of black chiffon velvet with white fox. These are combined in the rich-looking wrap that Pauline Starke is wearing, at the right.

In a gray squirrel coat with collar and cuffs of fox, you can be chic and warm at one and the same time. Carmel Myers, left, defies the wintry blasts to make her shiver.

One of the smartest furs of the season is pony skin. Miss Starke, left, is wearing a coat of brown pony that would greatly add to one's appearance on the street.

Ermine for the evening will never go out of style—its soft luxuriant beauty will always be coveted. It is used to trim the black chiffon velvet wrap that Miss Myers exhibits at the right.



Let's Play Games!

Continued from page 54

and Neil Hamilton know tricks of black magic. The Franklins and the Ernst Lubitsches, the Conrad Nagels, the Douglas MacLeans, the Fred Niblos, the Charles Rays, and Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, belong to a set in Beverly who meet often, and they are all experts in games that test the memory, the faculty of observation, and the power of concentration.

The "Twenty Questions" game is guaranteed to sharpen the wits. In playing this, as perhaps you know, one person is sent out of the room while the other players determine upon an object, not in the house, with which the person is familiar. The victim is then recalled and may ask twenty questions to try to discover what the object is, and where. It hardly seems possible that Mrs. Nagel should have been able to determine on one occasion that the object chosen for her postulation was an eye in a statue of a lion in the Chicago Art Museum. But she did.

"Scissors" is another game that tests the keenness of one's observation. A pair of scissors, either open or closed, is handed to a player with the instruction that it be passed in precisely the same manner to the person next in order. The trick rests not in how the scissors are handed, but in whether the person passing them bats his eyes, sniffs, coughs, or shuffles his feet as he does so. Few people are observant enough to notice such details.

But the real tricks are the ones performed by King Vidor and Neil Hamilton. These two are the Houdinis of the colony. Black magic is a hobby with them. They both own equipment worth hundreds of dollars. If ever King makes a mysterious disappearance from Los Angeles, I will know where to find him. It will be in some funny little shop in Chinatown or in some section off the beaten path where trick dice boxes, trick handcuffs, and the like, are sold. Neil Hamilton can make rubber plants grow right out of the seat of a chair. He can also extract two eggs from your coat pocket when nothing, to your *absolute knowledge*, was there but the lining.

Not long ago, one very bright moonlight night, Jane Winton was seen in the strong glare of automobile headlights gliding along a highway to the beach, much after the fashion of a person on roller skates. Of course, she had no skates on, but seemed to be imitating some one who had. It was an extraordinary thing to be doing, and in an extraordinary place. A motor-cycle cop hailed her and sympathetically inquired, "What's

the matter, sister? D'ja lose your way—or just your mind?" To be exact, she had lost neither. All she was doing was paying a penalty in the game called "Beaver," which she and some friends had been enjoying.

This "Beaver" game is genuine zany food! One must gather a machine full of congenial souls and ride leisurely along the highways, keeping one's eagle eye open for men in passing machines with mustaches, goatees or full beards. Whoever has the best long-distance eye naturally fares best, and whoever calls "Twenty-five!" first, which is the numerical exclamation for full beards, wins the purse for the evening. It takes keen observation to play the game, for "Five" must be called for shadow-line mustaches, "Ten" for mustaches of more luxuriant growth, "Fifteen" for a mustache and goatee, "Twenty" for a mustache, sideburns and goatee—and so on.

Of course, on a night when lots of Hollywood extras who have been letting their hair and beards grow for biblical pictures, are riding at large, handsome amounts can be won.

"Minoru" is a miniature horse-racing game—almost as exciting as the real thing.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis stage marvelous treasure hunts, starting out from their home. They invite a crowd of friends in for dinner and immediately afterward start on the hunt. Harold often works days ahead preparing the poems and mystic messages which reveal directions for reaching the treasure.

And he makes his directions as vague and unfathomable as Poe's in "The Gold Bug." The wonder to me is that he and his guests haven't been arrested for burglarizing when on these hunts, because Harold is not content with composing directions that take you, for instance, down a street for fifty feet, back twenty, and then up a terrace to the southeast. He makes people climb trees, porches, putter around in vacant houses, and ring doorbells to the intense ire of outraged butlers, who are almost ready to turn the dogs loose after answering for the tenth time in one evening the rather impertinent question, "Have you a message for me in your right pants pocket?"

An interesting pastime which Jean Hersholt has introduced is "thought writing," otherwise known as "minimes." Each player is given a pad of paper and a pencil and is told to make graphic impressions of different words that are suggested by the host or hostess. The word "ambition," for example, is mentioned. Immediately each player must make a pencil impression of the picture that

the word suggests to his mind. The pencil impression must not be an attempt at elaborate drawing, it must be simply an impressionistic outline and must be made in a second.

The diagram on page 52 shows the graphic results of the words "wealth" and "ambition," as suggested to Enid Bennett, Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Devore, and Scott Sidney. It is a curious coincidence that all of these people drew circles to illustrate wealth, which would seem to prove that coins, or moneybags, were the symbol of wealth to their minds. The mental reactions of the quartet were again similar in the instance of the word "ambition," as shown in the diagram. All of the characters drawn start from a base and end in an upward stroke, proving that ambition to these people suggested a tendency to strike upward toward the heights.

These games that I have broadly outlined are not the only ones, however, that are absorbing Hollywood's attention. There is ping-pong, for instance. Norma Shearer is perhaps the best player in Hollywood.

Then there are dominoes. Aileen Pringle is an expert with these, as are also the Antonio Morenos.

As for other social diversion in the colony, there are the delightful "cat" parties, for women only, held at Patsy Ruth Miller's, or Kathleen Clifford's, or Ruth Roland's, or Lilyan Tashman's, or Mrs. Tom Mix's, or Mrs. Abe Lehr's, or Mrs. Earle Williams', or Mrs. Edwin Carewe's, or Mrs. Clarence Brown's, or at any of a dozen other homes, at which talking, dancing, bridge, singing, or fortunetelling may be the feature of the evening.

And there are the buffet suppers that are held after big premières at the homes of players and directors. Outstanding was the one given by Alan Crosland following the opening of John Barrymore's "Don Juan." Mr. Crosland held open house to about a hundred or more prominent people of the colony, including the diabolical John himself. On that same night, or rather early the next morning, most of the Crosland guests went over to Jack Warner's home, where another festal board was waiting. It was, altogether, a great night in Hollywood.

These, then, are the playtime gatherings most typical of Hollywood. Games and music and dancing and banquets—all in settings of luxuriant beauty. Beautiful women, gorgeously gowned—handsome men—a gay spirit of camaraderie—opinions exchanged, arguments invited, and verbal battles fought to a strenuous, if polite, finish.

This is Hollywood at play.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

When William K. Howard, commonly known as Bill, came back from the war and found his job gone, he saw red at first—then he decided to show 'em! Which he has—with a megaphone. If you saw "Gigolo," you know it.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

HIS name, the full name, is William K. Howard, but they call him Bill, and he recently directed a very fine picture made from Edna Ferber's story, "Gigolo"—fine not because it cost a million dollars and boasted a hundred sets, but because it was charming and simple and was handled with the most excellent taste.

Everybody is tickled to death about Bill's fine picture, because he's the kind of fellow of whom people say, "Wait until that boy gets his chance!" Not that Bill hasn't done effective and money-making things before, such as "The Thundering Herd," "The Border Legion," and "Volcano" for Lasky besides several sure-fire pictures for De Mille, but it's that now he has gone and done something that has attracted the attention of the finest reviewers in the country. One of them said that Bill and Marcel de Sano, a young director out at Metro-Goldwyn, are the most important new directors on the field. Nice for a young fellow just getting started, wasn't it?

Another reason everybody's so glad about Bill is that the whole little town of Hollywood, and its hounds, know him and his wife Nan like you know the folks next door. You can drop into Bill's house at all hours of the day or night and be as welcome as if you had chosen a civil time for your visit. There's always a cheerful fire, and a cheerful crowd talking pictures and books and plays and games—because that's all the people in Hollywood want to talk about, anyway, say what they will to the contrary. Any afternoon around five o'clock at Bill's, you're liable to run into Bebe Daniels or Shirley Mason or Jack Ford and his beautiful wife or Rod La Rocque or the most famous criminal lawyer in the State or a well-known magazine writer and illustrator or a jazz-orchestra leader or a fellow with gray temples who plays "bits" or Pat O'Malley's three red-headed kids, and perhaps a couple of stray dogs all cleaned up and adopted.

Which makes two reasons why everybody's glad about Bill.

Here is a third. Every one knows the story of his struggles—the way he has fought up from the bottom without yessing or bootlicking—defying a lot of people, who could have been of help to him, because he didn't believe in them or they in him. And to defy people who can help you when you need help takes a lot of courage. For Bill hasn't always had his big house in Hollywood, with a car and chauffeur out in front and a Filipino in the kitchen. Not so long ago that he can't remember it, he used to stand on street corners rattling pennies around in his



Photo by George Baxter

Bill Howard's own hard experiences, both during the war and as a result of the war, made him peculiarly suited to direct such a picture as "Gigolo."

pocket wondering if he had enough of them for car fare. He usually didn't.

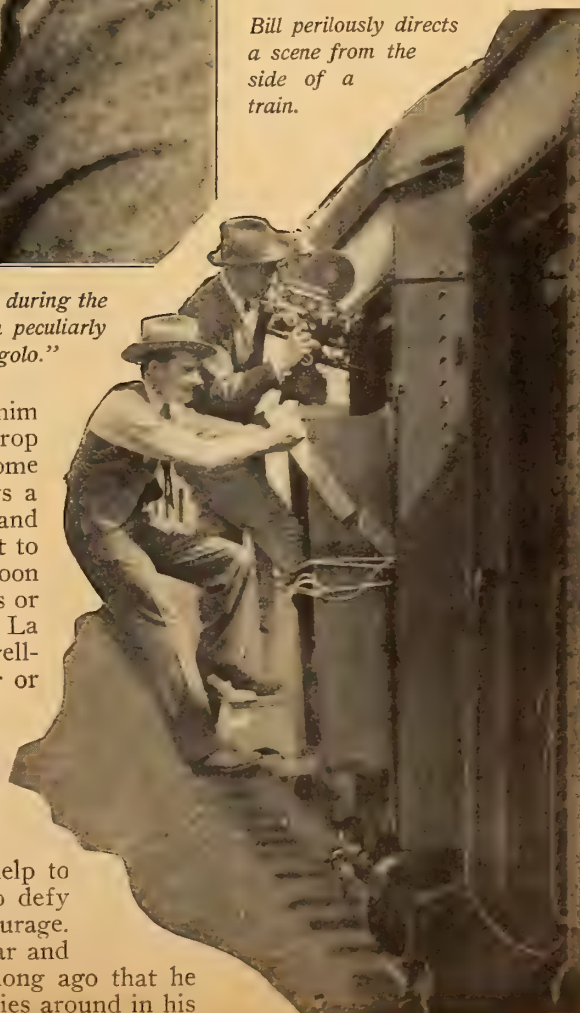
Bill started out in the movie business with a lot of enthusiasm and a pretty good job with a certain big film concern. The job was selling pictures that other fellows had directed, and he sold them so well that he finally landed quite a good job at quite a good salary.

Then came the war, as the old saying goes.

The motion-picture companies were very patriotic. They put shiny silver stars on a flag for those of their men who enlisted and they put in one for Bill, who was young, unmarried, Irish, and patriotic himself. Everybody "backslapped" him.

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Bill perilously directs a scene from the side of a train.



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His delivery was faulty and halting, and at times he seemed unmistakably nervous. He was deeply touched by his warm reception in La Belle, overjoyed at the privilege of addressing the Palace audience. He held out his arms as if to embrace each and every one of those who had parted with their hard-earned fifty-cent pieces plus war tax—then he bowed himself off.

There wasn't a reception afterward, after all, to the bitter disappointment of the feminine element. The theater manager was very much upset about it and explained that Lester had been taken ill—that he must rest. These personal appearances, it seemed, were most trying.

Gladys, clinging to Oscar's arm on the way home, babbled incessantly; and it was not until they had reached the Padgett yard that he managed to slip in a word. And it wasn't a particularly nice word, either. He was about fed up on his smitten companion's rhapsodies.

"Your lovely Lester Lavender looked like a flat tire to-night," he declared. "Why, he's short and almost fat. And his face was covered with pimples."

"Well—he *wasn't* quite so good looking as I'd expected," Gladys confessed, "but he's—magnetic! I can't just explain it, Oscar, but—"

"Needn't try," he broke in. "I suppose you'll get over it in time, like the mumps. You and the rest of the fool girls. Magnetic! Huh!"

"You have some of it, Oscar. Only it isn't developed. And you are far nicer looking, too."

"Now see here, Glad," he warned. "Don't start that again. Looks like we've quarreled enough for one day."

"Oh, I just can't help talking to you," she came back impulsively. "You are wasting your time here in La Belle. Can't I make you see it, Oscar? Won't you wake up?"

"I'm awake—wide awake! I can see my future, and it's a good one, too. I just want to own the business—and marry you, Glad." His voice softened. "That's all. I'll be satisfied. Maybe it isn't a *career* or a lot of ambition, like you talk about, but it'll make me the happiest man in the world."

"I'm afraid it can't be like that, Oscar. You're not aiming high enough. You're too easily satisfied. Thirty dollars a week won't go very far these days, not even in this town."

"Well, of course it would be hard for a while, but in a few years, after I owned the business—"

"Years?" Gladys echoed. "I suppose you'd expect me to stay in the store and work and get dirty and old.

You'd want me to scrimp and save and do without. Years of that? I won't do it, Oscar."

He looked hurt and miserable. "I guess you don't love me," he wavered.

"I do," she answered. "And it's because I love you that I want you to succeed. I should think you'd want me to be proud of you. I don't intend to spend the rest of *my* life here. I've seen some of the world and I want to see more. I hate this town and I hate your store. I've always hated it. It's full of smells."

"I'm sorry, Glad," Oscar said, stunned by the outburst. "I can't understand exactly. I don't see how you could love me so much and talk the way you do. I guess I'm dumb—dumber than most folks," he finished brokenly.

"You're not dumb," the girl put in hurriedly, relenting a little at sight of his stricken countenance. "It's just that you're blind to opportunity. You don't want to better yourself. It wouldn't be so bad if it only harmed *you*, but when you expect me, too, to travel along in the rut, why—why it's simply impossible. I'm young yet and not so terribly unattractive—I'll have other chances."

"You're the prettiest girl in the world, Glad," he told her, his eyes shining. "Any man would be lucky to have you all his own, I can tell you! I've been thinking all along I was mighty lucky, but I guess I've been thinking too fast. It was too much to expect. I'd do anything to make you happy—"

"You won't! You won't!" she cried.

"But what you're asking now is a pack of foolishness. A fine picture actor I'd make! You have to be born to that, like writing poetry or turning flip-flops."

"Maybe you *were* born to it," the girl persisted. "How can you tell when you won't even try?"

"Oh, I know all right," he declared. "Anyhow I know what to let alone. There's some things you don't need to try, and acting is one of them, so far's I'm concerned. I'm not going to make a fool out of myself for any girl whose love's got a string to it."

"Why, Oscar! You—think—"

"Well, you've said so, haven't you? I've got to do as you say or you can't love me. Maybe I'm dumb and a clod and nearsighted when looking for opportunity, but I always thought love was something that couldn't be bargained for."

Oscar straightened suddenly, his chin up, his eyes determined. "I've got more than three hundred dollars right in my pocket," he announced. "I drew it out of the bank this morning."

"Three hundred!" the girl exclaimed, surprised. "Why—why that will take you to Hollywood, Oscar," she ran on excitedly. "It'll keep you for a while, and before long you'll be making more than that every week!"

"That'll take me to Mr. Glotz the first thing in the morning," he corrected, his voice unwavering, purposeful. "It'll keep me working hard, and before long I'll own The Rosebud."

Gladys drew back. "You don't—don't really mean that, Oscar?"

"I sure do."

"Then I'll never speak to you again," she threatened.

Oscar flinched. "All right," he made himself say, not without a struggle. "I'm mighty sorry. Good-night."

He turned and strode off, winking back the quick, hot tears that stung his eyes, his fists clenched, his lips quivering. He was hurt, indignant and miserable all at the same time. That he could make so great a decision and appear so brave amazed him. But it was necessary and he must not weaken. No girl was to make a fool of him!

"Good-by," Gladys called after him faintly.

He did not look back, and as he walked on he heard the door of the Padgett home slam—she hadn't weakened either. Well—it was all over now.

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY.

At The Rosebud, Mr. Glotz met Oscar with an anxious query. "What is it the matter? You look like you might be mad or maybe sick."

"Oh, I'm all right," Oscar assured him, reaching for his apron. He saw, after a glance at the clock, that it was after ten. "I'm a little late," he added.

He imagined his eyes were a trifle red and that his boss had noticed it at once. It made him ashamed. He busied himself about the store, trying to avoid Glotz's searching scrutiny, but it was no use.

"Something has happened, Oscar," Glotz persisted, following his clerk about. "You don't look right. If it is a sickness, you march on home. I'll close up."

The Rosebud proprietor was a dumpy, undersized little man, a German Jew, bald as an egg, with a wisp of a beard and shiny black eyes that were magnified by his glasses. And those eyes were fixed solicitously upon the distressed countenance of his prospective partner.

"I'm not sick," Oscar declared.

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Emil Jannings Sees America

The German star gets initiated into the joys of ice cream sodas, ice cream cones and other ancient and honored American customs.



Oh, boy! It's his first chocolate ice-cream soda! Sucked through a straw too! And if that look of bliss means anything at all, it's our guess that Herr Jannings is getting a kick, if nothing else, out of America.

Below, Emil is welcomed to Hollywood by two fellow Europeans—Greta Nissen, who was long since lured to America from Norway, and Arlette Marchal, who came from gay Paree about a year ago.



Above, Jannings and Mrs. Jannings, are just about to pass through the doorway of Paramount's California studio, where he is now making his first American film.



Above, he sees at first hand some of California's mid-winter blooms that he has heard so much about, and decides that the Golden State entirely comes up to expectations.

But the biggest thrill of his life came when he made the acquaintance of an ice-cream cone. His wife introduced him, and so sublime were his sensations as he licked away the icy cream with his outstretched tongue that he vows that, if he never makes another film, his visit to America is now complete.



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"It's—well, Gladys and I had a few words and"—he went on lamely—"I'm a little upset."

"Oh, that is all, eh?" Glotz seemed to be immensely relieved. "A spat. It's a good sign, Oscar. Maybe you get married soon, isn't it?"

"Not much. It's all off."

Glotz laughed. "To-morrow it's all right again. Don't I know? Ask me. You got to expect it. But it don't mean nothing, believe me, Oscar."

Oscar had no reply to make to that optimistic statement. He hoped Glotz would go home.

"How was it the movie picture?" Glotz wanted to know.

"Rotten," Oscar answered unhesitatingly.

"So? And that actor person coming out himself to make a talk? Such a crowd they had. Rotten, you say?"

"You mean Lester Lavender? Huh! I'll say he was poor. But the girls were dippy about him. They make me sick."

Glotz, putting on his coat, shrugged. "All the money that man makes! For doing what? Getting his picture taken! It isn't even a business. And the women talk, talk, talk. Didn't all my family go to-night? So much excitement there was, Oscar, like it was a bargain sale!"

Yes, Oscar knew all about it. One family was like another, he supposed, where the women were concerned. He had been through a bitter scene of his own and didn't care to be reminded of it.

Glotz soon made his departure, stopping his tirade to bid Oscar a cheery good-night; and Oscar, left in possession of the store, slumped into a chair behind the counter, surrendering himself to an endless procession of morbid thoughts. They trailed through his mind and left desolation in their wake. The more he dwelt upon the events of the day, the more wretched he became. His placid, carefree existence had received a sudden jolt; and trying to solve the problem that reared itself failed to restore his peace of mind.

Somehow, from whatever angle he viewed his present condition, and however valiantly he attempted to reconcile himself to a future without Gladys, his thoughts wandered back to Lester Lavender. The screen star loomed up persistently as the cause of it all. Gladys might have entertained her foolish notions anyway, but Oscar doubted if she would have revealed them to him under ordinary circumstances—and before long, they would probably have been forgotten. It had remained for Lester to touch off the blaze and create all the havoc.

Why hadn't the fellow gone on to Hollywood, where he belonged, instead of visiting La Belle and blasting the hopes of decent, hard-working folks? A lot it meant to that smirking, celluloid hero! No doubt he had wrecked countless homes and broken up any number of lives. He looked to be that sort of person. He was a menace, all right. Some one ought to interfere—put a stop to things.

Oscar, letting all this percolate through his disordered mind, began to feel a righteous hatred stir his blood. He wished he could meet this trouble-maker—take a good, swift poke at him! It would give him a lot of satisfaction to bloody Lester's nose and mess up his classic countenance. He bet he could do it, too!

Suddenly he jumped from his chair and strode to the window. He reached out and ripped a poster from the glass. The gaudy lithograph advertised the current Palace attraction—the adorable Lester Lavender in "Wandering Wives." Below a scene from the film was the star's picture. Oscar tore it swiftly across and into many fine pieces. He experienced a savage delight in destroying the printed image of his arch-enemy. He certainly wished Lester could see him at that instant—wished the film pet would step through the door to receive the torn scraps of his handsome pink-and-white face.

The way he felt, nothing would please him more. He would laugh long and loud and end up by telling the man a few things. And if Lester resented the insult and showed fight, which wasn't at all likely, for he must be a mollycoddle who couldn't use his fists, Oscar would breeze in and deliver punishment. And if Gladys and a lot of her simpering girl friends could be spectators, his cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing.

Glowering about him, Oscar finally consigned the scraps of paper to the wastebasket and, muttering to himself, began to remold the heaping plates of salad. His face was still a thundercloud and his eyes were smoldered ominously. He brandished a wicked, glittering knife as he trimmed the roasts on the steam table and, at each determined thrust, he conjured up ugly, murderous desires.

He was thus engaged when a customer entered the store but, with his mind dark with revengeful thoughts, Oscar did not at once look up. It was not until the customer had seated himself at the single little table in a corner that Oscar came back to the world of reality, laid aside the knife and walked over to take the order.

Halfway across the floor he stopped, as abruptly as if he had run against a stone wall. Something very similar to an electric shock traveled up and down his spine and tingled at the ends of his fingers. He stood stricken, his eyes like saucers, his heart thumping. For the customer, leaning back nonchalantly in the chair, smoking a cigarette in a long black holder held daintily in his slender fingers, was Lester Lavender! And alone!

Under the cool, distant gaze of the star, who probably was in the habit of being stared at by transfixed hero worshipers, Oscar gradually came to. He drew in a quick breath—blood again circulated in his veins. The lordly Lester in *The Rosebud*! It was hard to believe what his eyes told him was the truth.

"Let me have"—Lester's voice drifted to Oscar's ears—"some ham and eggs. The eggs straight up. And hurry them, please."

"Yes, sir," Oscar responded intuitively. He whirled; and, as his nimble feet carried him to the stove behind the counter and his fingers performed their duties, his mind was in a turmoil.

Lester Lavender, sitting at a common table and ordering ham and eggs like an ordinary hungry customer! And he, Oscar, about to serve them to him! It was quite incomprehensible. How had the man found *The Rosebud*? Why was he eating here instead of at the hotel? What was he doing out alone? Where were his valets and secretaries and manager?

There would be startling news to spread about town to-morrow. It would give *The Rosebud* a certain amount of prestige—and Oscar was not blind to the value of publicity.

Mechanically, he prepared the order, but by the time the ham was sizzling and the eggs were ready to break, he began to recall, unconsciously at first and then more acutely, certain unpleasant incidents of a none-too-remote past. Recalling them, his expression underwent a decided change. The surprise, and perhaps gratification, that had at first stamped themselves upon his countenance faded quickly before the onrush of bitter memories.

With the eggs sputtering in the pan, Oscar turned to survey his customer. Lester was sprawled in his chair, gazing dreamily into space, the curling smoke from his cigarette ascending in wreaths above his slick, shiny hair. As he watched him, a pronounced sneer began to establish itself on Oscar's lips, and a forbidding, hostile light gleamed in the depths of his eyes. Right there before him, he realized, sat the one man he

detested above all others—the contemptible creature responsible for what had happened during the day.

Minute by minute, Oscar's hatred mounted; resentment and wrath and all their synonyms swelled within him. He was almost forgetting the ham, and suddenly was tempted to let it burn or to turn the eggs. Then he would shove the platter under Lester's nose and if Lester complained—well, just let him try it!

But that nefarious plot was not carried out. Oscar took too much pride in his cooking. No matter what happened, his professional reputation must be maintained. So he resolved on other means of revenge.

The order, cooked to a turn and nicely garnished, was whisked to the table and placed before the customer; bread and butter followed, together with a steaming cup of Oscar's inimitable coffee. And upon those common viands the renowned Lester fell with zest, abandon and, to all appearances, a hearty appetite. It must be said, however, he tempered his haste with a certain amount of polish and gracefulness. The food disappeared rapidly, but it was not gobbled.

That mark of culture did not, however, soften Oscar's heart, nor allay the wrath he nursed. He

leaned back against the counter, his eyes narrowed and menacing, while Lester, unaware of the gathering storm, made inroads upon the ham and eggs.

"How do you like it?" Oscar demanded at length, determined to open the conversation.

"Not bad," remarked the other. He produced a glittering case, removed a cigarette and lighted it. Then he sank back. "Not bad at all," he repeated.

"Huh! You never tasted better," Oscar retorted.

"Didn't I?" For the first time, apparently, Lester began to take notice of his scowling companion. His eyes traveled casually from Oscar's yellow square-toed oxfords to Oscar's thick curly hair; then he smiled—a faint, condescending smile. "You hate yourself, don't you?"

Oscar's voice shook. "Better not get fresh with *me*! I'd rather be a good cook any day than a pretty picture actor."

"Don't worry," observed Lester. "You are. How much do I owe you?"

"Sixty-five cents."

Lester produced a fat roll of bank notes, peeled off one and tossed it upon the table. "There you are. Keep the change."

"I don't want a tip. Not from you."

"Better take it." The film star was on his feet now and reaching for his hat. "Take it and buy yourself a hair cut."

"I'll—I'll buy you a couple of black eyes!" Oscar cried fiercely. "Don't get fresh with *me*!"

"Oh, I say," protested Lester, backing toward the door and apparently startled by the other's threatening attitude.

Oscar followed him exultantly. The big coward! Why, the man looked scared to death. When he came within striking distance, Oscar drew back his arm and launched a wicked blow.

Just what happened after that, Oscar never knew exactly. The thing began and ended so swiftly. He did recall making a pass at Lester's nose and seemed to remember that the man stepped nimbly aside. And the next instant a stroke of lightning caught him on the jaw and a second one landed right in the middle of his apron. There wasn't much of an interval between them. He gave a tremendous, surprised grunt, doubled up like a jackknife, and thudded upon the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Manhattan Medley

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It was while sauntering about Paris that Richard Rowland discovered Miss Barr—then known as Nathalie Barrache—on the screen of a projection room, playing a sad rôle in a new French picture. He decided forthwith that such pathos should not be wasted on gay Paree, and signed her up to come to America immediately to make at least one picture and, should success meet her first American efforts, to stay in the country for five years. In a great state of excitement, she packed her Paris models and accompanied the Rowlands to America, whereupon, instead of being presented with a make-up kit and a Hollywood director, she was given a copy of an English-Russian grammar and told to learn the language.

For days on end, she sat in her hotel room, a governess on one side, an exercise book on the other, and a box of chocolates in front of her, and droned, "I have a book," "Thou wilt have a book," "He should have had a book," et cetera. And not until three or four months after her arrival was she given leave to go West and try her luck in the studio.

No Handkerchiefs, Please.

The shower was planned as a surprise for May Allison.

The utmost secrecy was demanded of those invited, and also a vow not to present more than one handkerchief. But dozens of them were given, of course. Mrs. Albert Parker, however, beat round the bush by picking out one of the most exquisite lace-bedizened ones you ever saw—the sort you feel you should use as a collar on your summer-organandie.

The occasion for the shower was May's marriage to James Quirk, and it was a radiant and happy May, eyes glistening with pleasure and surprise, who responded to the cry of "Speech! Speech!" at the end of the dainty luncheon. "Don't spoil it all!" she said. "Who wants to spoil such a lovely party with a speech?"

So it went on record as the only motion-picture party without a speech.

May informed the gathering that she had met a man who had gone to Hollywood, and had *not* dashed madly for the studios. It was H. L. Mencken. The minute he stepped off the train at Los Angeles, he cried, "Where is Aimee? Lead me to her

quick!"—meaning, of course, Aimee McPherson. And they did. He went, he saw, but was not conquered.

Who Was Not There?

It would be easier, in telling you about the Paramount Theater opening, to describe who was *not* there and what the theater does *not* contain. For, on the opening night, there were bankers, brokers, cut-rate ticket sellers, artists, singers, actors, executives both high and low, exhibitors, writers, divas, merchants, interior decorators, doctors, money lenders, Jews, Christians, infidels, materialists. In short, the world at large was invited and accepted, and well-nigh every profession was represented, save the cloistered monks and nuns closed within convent walls.

And even with all those invited, at the last moment there was such a scramble for tickets that two hundred dollars a pair was being asked for and received by speculators. We know of one pair of seats that fell into the hands of a young lady about to be married. She sold them to a speculator for the price of a dining-room buffet and went to see the show with her fiancé the following night for a couple of dollars.

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Gary got work as an extra. The most extra of the extras. He worked in mob scenes so far away from the camera that he wouldn't have known he was in a studio if it hadn't been for the assistant directors. The assistant directors are pretty important people, you bet. They have a little habit of telling extra people just where they head in, and if the extras don't like it they can head out.

"I never would have made a good extra," Gary put in. "I can't stand that 'Hey, you!' talk you get around the sets and the casting offices."

But he hung on to extra work because it was his chief source of livelihood, and besides some one had told him it was great experience. Mr. Cooper is forced to laugh at that—loudly.

"The only experience you get is learning to smear your face with grease paint. Then, when you get a part, you learn you haven't been using the right color."

Finally, Gary learned what every extra knows—there's nothing in mob work. He told himself that by some hook or crook he'd have to pull out of it, and by jerking wires very carefully he managed an introduction to Robert McIntyre, casting agent for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the time.

His interview with Mr. McIntyre was discouragingly brief. It seemed

that there was no work at M.-G.-M. for Mr. Cooper. And so Gary went back to the extra work and a year went by, during which he lent atmosphere to numerous Westerns.

One day the phone rang. It was fate in the guise of Mr. McIntyre, who meanwhile had affiliated himself with Samuel Goldwyn's productions. He told Gary to come out to the studio. Mr. Henry King and Mr. Goldwyn might be able to use him in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Gary went out to Mr. McIntyre's office as fast as the trolley could carry him.

"It's been a long time since we met, Gary," said Mr. McIntyre, "but I hadn't forgotten you. I think we've got something you might be able to handle. They're going to take a test."

They took the test. It wasn't a particularly good test, according to Gary, but something must have registered, because they told him he had got it.

"Got what?" inquired Gary.

But they told him, "Never mind."

He didn't know until he had worked in the picture a couple of weeks that he had been signed for the important part of *Abe Lee*. In the book that is an outstanding character. In the picture it was—cut, but not enough to keep several astute producers from realizing there was a "find" on hand.

Before Gary was back from the desert location he got a frantic wire from a Hollywood agent telling of a contract that was his for the signing. Two days later another wired offer came from a rival producer.

Gary put two and two together. He figured that those offers weren't coming from the goodness of some one's heart. He didn't say "Yes" or "No" to either, but bided his time.

Back in Hollywood, he informed the much-surprised agents that he would consider the offers. He did, very carefully, with full attention to the details, and chose—Lasky's.

There really won't be much more to tell for a year or so. It will be interesting to see how he handles his rôle in "Children of Divorce," his first under his new contract. Western starring pictures will follow.

Above all else he wants to vary his Western characters with a "human being" every now and then—the kind of part he feels that "Children of Divorce" affords him. In that he is a young waster who runs the emotional gamut.

I know I am going to be right down in the front row to cheer him on. How do I know I will?

Because he is a nice kid, and there is bound to be something unusual there. The Lasky people weren't born yesterday.

Is the Gilbert-Garbo Match Really Off?

Continued from page 25

celluloid love react to it either coldly or ardently. It was quite apparent these two reacted ardently.

Jack's fervor swept Greta from her calm. His flashing smile, teasing, blunt speech, rapid changes of emotional pace, dynamited her passiveness. Her heavy eyes, "a thousand years old" in wisdom, were kindled, and glowed.

Whispers commenced to seep through the studio. Those two were playing at love with a realism that impressed.

It was only natural the two should see each other after studio hours, at dinners and parties. Whereas, before, Miss Garbo had been content to remain at home, seeing Mr. Stiller frequently but keeping mostly to herself, she now permitted Jack to devote his time to taking her out.

Motion-picture people considered the Garbo-Gilbert affair the most fascinating love match in years.

Jack pleaded with Greta to set the date. There are those who go so far as to say he actually purchased the ring. But Greta shrank from a decisive answer. The more she thought

of love as an everyday, concrete thing, the further away from it she withdrew herself. Jack persisted. He wanted his answer. Greta put him off, making inept excuses.

One day "The Flesh and the Devil" company went on location. The scenes were going smoothly, when suddenly a vicious dog, mouth drawn back in a snarl, dashed into camera range, growling menacingly. Miss Garbo's gray eyes lit. She walked forward, unafraid, holding out her arms. The others watched, petrified.

"Ah, you sweet, you nice doggie," she caressed.

The animal's snarl relaxed. His tail commenced to wag. He looked at the advancing girl, and, with a sharp bark, sprang forward, leaping on her, licking her face with moist tongue. The company breathed a sigh of relief and the scenes continued.

Perhaps she is attracted to the violence in others that she lacks in herself. Yet sustained violence wearies her, makes her shrink from it, and return to the remote security of her own being.

While Greta and Jack struggled to no agreement, Mauritz Stiller was go-

ing quietly about his own career, directing Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial." He produced in this picture one rated as Pola's finest in this country. Hollywood handed him plaudits by the wholesale. Subsequently he began to see Greta again more and more frequently. In his quiet companionship, humor, and understanding, she found peace from the vigor and turbulence of Gilbert.

Jack eventually wearied of battling against her evasions of his ardent plea to set the date. So he abandoned his cause with characteristic abruptness, and came to New York for a vacation, and to forget—perhaps.

It was here we saw him to ask, "You love her?"

And to hear him answer, honestly enough, "She is a wonderful girl. We were merely very good pals."

"You are going to marry again some day, aren't you?" we persisted.

"Heaven knows!"

In which expletive Greta Garbo may be relegated to the past. Then again—

Heaven knows!

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where she was standing. Norma thought surely that she had shot something.

Everybody on the set of "The Demi Bride" was eating chocolate-covered raisins. It seems that they do that way at the studios—eat something different every day. One day it's peanut brittle, the next day it's marshmallows, and the next salted peanuts. It's quite the custom, but it must be terribly hard on the girls who are on a diet. I know I couldn't keep it up regularly.

Valentino's Prized Possessions

How ironical!

Those two words perhaps best describe the sequence of events that has followed sadly in the wake of Rudolph Valentino's death. Film fame takes on a new and pitiful aspect as a result of the sensational publicity given the so-called spiritual manifestations of Rudy, the exchange of backbitings between Natacha Rambova and Pola Negri, and other unfortunate happenings.

There is solace, however, in the fact that Rudy's memory is deeply cherished by the majority of his fans, who have evidenced this in the many heartfelt letters that they have written to PICTURE-PLAY.

The auction of Rudy's effects was, however, fraught with a depressing sentiment. All of his valued treasures, sold for a fraction of what they had cost him, were scattered virtually to the four winds of the earth. His new home in Beverly Hills, and the one that he had long occupied in

Whitley Heights, were also auctioned off, along with the valuable relics, mementos, and art objects that he had accumulated.

Adolphe Menjou, who is building a new home in Hollywood, was one of the principal film celebrities to make a purchase. He secured an antique cabinet and a Spanish carved screen for a total cost of a little over one thousand dollars. Bebe Daniels bid in four ancient Arab flintlock muskets, out of Valentino's famous collection of weapons.

Valentino's Beverly Hills home, with its rare atmospheric name, "Falcon's Lair," was sold to a New York diamond merchant, and his automobiles, horses, and dogs went to various people not in the profession.

Doug's Plans

Douglas Fairbanks is preparing for his biggest and most spectacular picture since "The Thief of Bagdad." He is engaging all available experts on medieval lore, for the film will be laid in the time of the Crusades, and Doug himself will portray a devil-may-care Mohammedan who becomes converted to Christianity. The picture is temporarily entitled "The Brotherhood of Man."

A Gala Welcome for D. W.

D. W. Griffith received a gala tribute from his old friends when he paid a visit to California recently. He was met at the station by a brass band, the acting mayor, and the

usherettes from Grauman's Egyptian Theater, as well as by a number of the players who were formerly associated with him, including George Fawcett, Seena Owen, Charles Emmett Mack, Josephine Crowell, and others. Lillian Gish was in the East at the time. Douglas Fairbanks was there, however.

D. W. had not been on the Coast for seven years. He had left here shortly after filming "Broken Blossoms." His hair seemed a little grayer, but he exhibited all that finely tempered vigor that was so typical of him in the old days.

She Just Had to Act

Mildred Davis' dream is at last to come true. She has returned to pictures. She is playing in "Too Many Crooks," a comedy melodrama being made by Paramount.

Personally, we don't think this return was Mildred's own dream so much as it was that of her friends. She had been quite happy just being a wife to Harold Lloyd. But everywhere that Mildred went, the talk was persistently of pictures and picture-making, and what everybody was doing, and what they hoped to do. Then every one would look at Mildred and wait for her to speak up and say what *she* intended to do, or, perhaps ask her about her plans. It became so embarrassing finally that in self-defense Mildred decided she couldn't wait any longer, and would have to begin work again.

Hail the Conquering Beery!

Continued from page 30

says, "in a rubber-tired buggy that she owned. She was so much older than I, and so much more sophisticated that, if my father had ever caught me doing it, he would probably have thrashed me to a finish. I came through the experience, though, with some honors, a fair amount of applause, and without any paternal punishment."

After his period with the circus, Wally went into musical comedy. He sang in the chorus first. Like Noah, he had a good natural voice, and a loud one. From musical comedy he progressed eventually to the Essanay studio and short-reelers.

Comedy has really been the dominant thing in Beery's life. It is strange that he ever got switched to villains. But even his villains he made amusing, and it was while playing them that he first acquired his reputation as a scene stealer.

Beery disclaims any particular credit for stealing scenes.

"You see, it was this way," he

explains. "Directors used to hire me because I could inject comedy into the heavy scenes of a picture. It was a cinch. The stage was all set, because of the tension, and the only thing that I had to do was to make the right gesture at the right moment. The audience was ready to laugh at anything, simply to relieve the tension. So, naturally, anything that I did that was of a humorous sort stood out in broad relief against the background of villainy.

"In 'The Sea Hawk,' and other later pictures, I had even greater advantages in this respect—bigger opportunities for comedy. But it's much harder to be steadily funny than just sporadically here and there. Seven reels of comedy, for instance, is no small effort!"

The effort, however, has not disclosed itself appreciably in the hilarious comedies in which Beery and Raymond Hatton have recently scored so heavily. It is regrettable, indeed, that this costarring arrangement has broken up.

"As for actually trying to steal a scene, as they call it, that's utter nonsense," Beery continued. "I've never indulged in any of the so-called tricks of scene stealing, because I don't believe in them. Get in and play your part and forget about the rest of it, is my method."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Beery doesn't simply play Wallace Beery—he characterizes. Consider his portrayal of the bewhiskered, obstinate professor in "The Lost World," if you want proof of this. That was one of his most unique interpretations. Consider, too, the difference between the rookie broadly and grotesquely done in "Behind the Front" and the majestic medieval king of "Robin Hood," if you want further evidence.

Beery has *played* his rôles, and with a vengeance, and he has played them seriously even while laughing, but above all and through all and with it all, he has inevitably been a picturesque, a dominant, a fascinating and a sincere—personality.

Oh, to Be Loved by a Prince!

Continued from page 16

the altar before the Princess Divani was informed by the world that she had not married a Georgian prince, but a day laborer.

The family album, the crested silver, titles to estates refuted the charge, and when tongues had ceased to wag the prince and princess slipped out of Hollywood into New York.

Barricaded behind a fortress of wardrobe trunks, golf bags, and hat boxes, they were hidden from prying eyes in Mae's apartment on Central Park West, but when the doorbell rang, a tall, athletic young man with bronze hair and blue eyes appeared, and through a labyrinth of multicolored garments strewn about in the disorder peculiar to recent arrivals, he led me to Mae's silken couch, where she lay nursing a cold.

"I'm so happy," she called out in response to congratulations, "that I've never known what it was to be happy before."

"In spite of other husbands?"

"But this marriage was in the church. So this is right. David insisted we be married in church. He said he wanted to be sure of me—didn't you, Davie?"

"Indeed I did. I didn't want to run the risk of ever losing you, Cookie."

"Cookie" is his name for her. It is Georgian for something or other. He refuses to divulge what. It is a secret even to Mae, he avers.

Mae Murray frankly adores her new husband, and despite the discomfort of a touch of flu she was a ra-

diant, ecstatic Mae, whose ash-blond tresses, no longer bobbed in the prevailing mode, mingled picturesquely with the pink silk fripperies on which she reposed.

For Madame la Princesse now luxuriates in the ministrations of a considerate husband, who refuses to allow her to run about the streets on rainy days, and insists she shall let her hair grow.

"Cookie," explains her husband, "is so different from every girl in the world that I can't allow her to look like any other girl in the world, and that's why she's letting her hair grow."

"Just because he wants me to," says Mae in a soft, droning voice, turning upon her noble spouse a soft, lingering look.

"You darling," he says and kisses her.

"Davie is such a wonderful man," croons Mae.

"Has he ever been in pictures?" I ask.

"No, indeed, but if he wants to, perhaps he will some day."

"I thought he had a contract at one time with Mack Sennett."

"Oh, dear, no," says Mae. "That's just another of those rumors. He's an engineer. That's how he happened to come to America. His father has great properties in Georgia—that's just near Russia, you know—and though they were confiscated by the Soviet government, Davie wanted to know how to run them when they are ceded back to his father again. And that may be at

any time. Davie's father is in Paris now, waiting for a change of government."

"And didn't you," said I, turning to the prince, "didn't you work in mines or oil wells here?"

"I think we had better not discuss that—don't you, Mae?"

"Oh, yes, Davie, why shouldn't we? Yes, he worked here and worked hard, both he and his brother—learning their father's business. I am proud that he has worked—that is what makes him the fine, wonderful man he is. He is not merely a man of family and position, but a real man—a man who has worked with his hands."

"And do you know," adds Mae, "I simply hated him when I first met him. It was at Rudolph Valentino's. Davie had seen me on the screen many, many times, but when I came into the room he saw only the color of my hair and the back of my neck. They appealed to him, so he came up behind me and kissed the back of my neck. I had never even met him, and I was furious! Such impertinence! When I turned round to scowl at him he recognized the girl he had admired in 'The Merry Widow!'"

"A few days later we were married. And these past months have been the happiest of my life. You see it was a real romance, and romance is the greatest thing in the world."

"We shall always be happy, Cookie," says the husband.

"We couldn't be happier," says la Princesse.

Jinx, Jinx, Who's Got the Jinx?

Continued from page 27

them pick and choose what they wanted to do. A couple of good things drifted by. But Mildred and Helen can afford to wait. Strictly speaking, their careers aren't jinxed—they're just pleasantly suspended.

Bad temper jinxed Greta Nissen. And versatility did the trick for Dorothy Devore. Sounds funny, doesn't it? But when they found Dorothy could do drama as well as comedy they began to alternate her between child brats and neglected wives, but didn't give her a chance to impress the world with either characterization.

Adverse publicity, and too much of it, hurt Mildred Harris' work as an actress.

Mae Busch is another whose art was too big for her. Mae could and can do anything—so she's doing very little.

Of course I hope it is clear by now that these varied and collective jinxes are likely to desert at any time and

let their victims get onto the pedestals they deserve.

Blanche Sweet is a girl who threw off that most fearful of jinxes—bad health. For years her career lay in the balance—with her life. She was away from the screen during the most important period of its development. But with all the new faces and all the new facts to conquer, she rode back and took her place among the best of them. Blanche's hoodoo seems to have forsaken her for good.

Estelle Taylor shook off the curse of reflected glory. For a long time, being Jack Dempsey's wife hurt Estelle's career. She was and is a splendid actress, but when she was offered work they wanted to bill her as "Mrs. Dempsey." Estelle wisely refused. But for a long time it upset her. The spell broke with "Don Juan," and now you ought to count the contracts in her lap.

Being Dolores Costello's sister threatened to jinx Helene Costello.

It began to look as if sister and girlfriend rôles were going to be her lot. But "Wet Paint," with Raymond Griffith, rather made her a thing apart—at least apart from Dolores—and everything is rosy now.

Her lack of "catchy" beauty almost kept Zasu Pitts off the screen entirely. She moped around from studio to studio in the beginning, with nary a word of encouragement. Zasu's persistency must have worn out her jinx, or else that was the time they discovered just how many things can be done with a gesture of the hand or a lift of the eyebrow—because look at her now.

Westerns almost swamped Renee Adoree until she got her "break" in "The Big Parade."

It all just goes to prove that it's a very long lane indeed that hasn't any turning and that the next year may see Priscilla and Virginia and Ethel and all the rest just where they belong—up the ladder.

Chop Suey and Chow Mein

All the stars like to sneak off to an orgy of Chinese food now and then—which may explain why they like to trip around in Oriental garb.



Majel Coleman's conception of a Chinese girl, above, is strictly modern, even to a marcel wave and a French doll, while Blanche Mehaffey, right, prefers to tone down her Oriental enthusiasm to a mere suggestion.



Myrna Loy, above, may always be depended upon to look bizarre, no matter what her mood may be, and her Chinese wedding headdress is quite in keeping, even if her wired skirt isn't.



The inscrutability of the Celestial maid is something Janet Gaynor, left, doesn't bother to assume, but she remains celestial just the same.

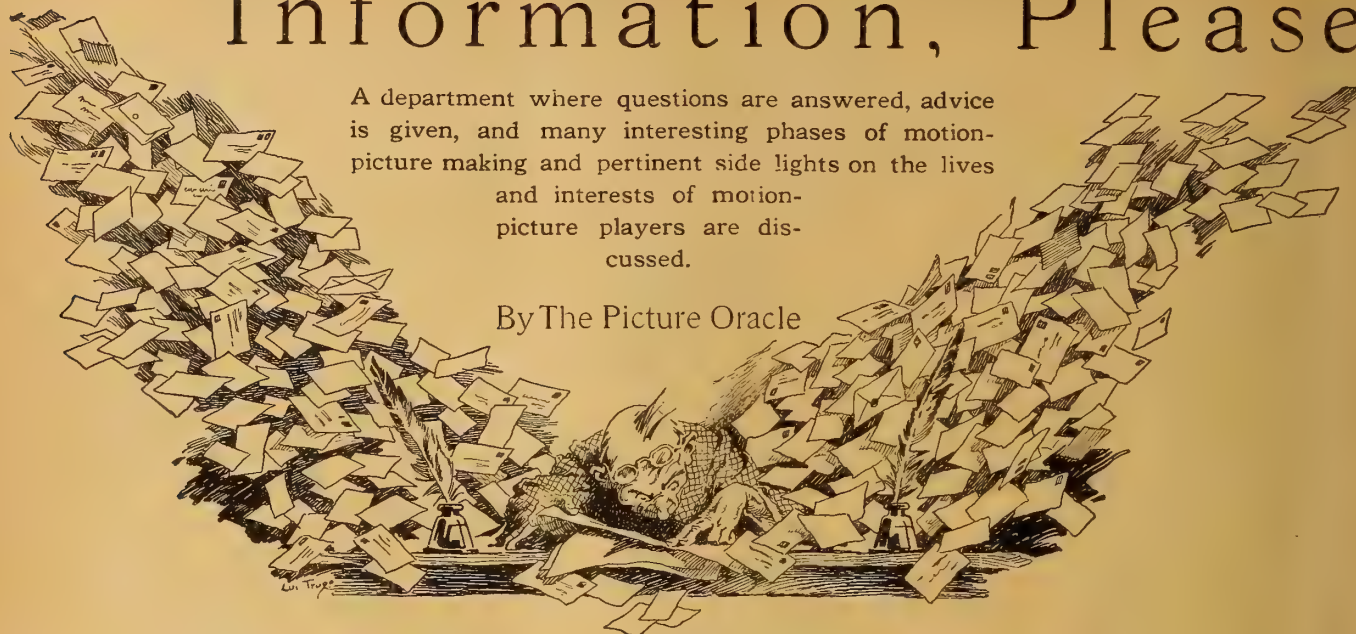


The well-known wisdom of Confucius is kindergarten stuff compared to Jetta Goudal's wise look when she gets herself up *à la Orientale*, and it's darned becoming, too.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



THE GIRL WITH THE BEDROOM EYES.—I suppose that's all right so long as you keep the eyes in the right bedroom. No, I don't mind what you call me if it's nice, but there are some names I could think of—but we won't go into that! Why the difficulty as to where to address me, with the address of PICTURE-PLAY plainly given on the contents page? My address is, of course, the same as that of the rest of the magazine. At this writing, the romance between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo is supposed to be all off, but I shouldn't dare to make any predictions about any romance! I wish you were more specific as to what you want to know about John—I hate to tell you things you already know. In the days when he was working for Fox, and Louis B. Mayer came along and signed him up, predicting that he would be one of the screen's greatest idols, other officials of Metro-Goldwyn thought that was a wild idea. Was it? You know as well as I! John was born in Utah in 1895. He once directed pictures—very bad ones. William Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He is six feet tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Yes, there are two Richard Dix Clubs, one with headquarters in Canada—write to Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. The other is the Dix-Eagle Motion Picture Club, J. Donald Atkins, president, Box 175, Huntington Park, California. For the Norma Talmadge Club write to Constance Riquer, 14207 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio. Your letter was even more interesting than you tried to make it, and I hope my reply is as long as you hoped for.

F. G. B.—Well, I've been thinking hard—that's the reason for the delay in answering your letter—and I've been asking every one, but I can't find out a thing about Paddy O'Flynn. I hate to confess ignorance of any screen personality, but Paddy is news to me. Step up, Paddy, and tell us all about yourself.

H. H. LEONARD.—Of course you didn't see your answers in the "next" PICTURE-PLAY—that was already in print. Magazines are not printed overnight, like newspapers. Corinne Griffith played in pictures for Vitagraph for years before she signed with Goldwyn and made "Six Days." Some of her early pictures were "The Last Man," "Miss Ambition," "Love

Watches," "The Climbers," "Deadline at Eleven," and innumerable others. She was cofeatured in a series with Earle Williams. I suppose little Francis Carpenter grew too old for kid rôles; perhaps we shall see him again when he has finished school and grown up. Darrell Foss has dropped out of sight—I've no idea what he is doing. Frank Mayo, as this goes to press, is quite ill. He has played in a few films in the past year, "Lew Tyler's Wives" being one of his most recent.

AN OLIVE BORDEN FAN AND FRIEND.—Olive is certainly coming along these days, isn't she? I see that you select newcomers for your crushes, don't you? Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires twenty-three years ago. He came to America for the Dempsey-Firpo fight and never returned home. His real name is Alfred de Biraben, Jr. He has brown hair and eyes. Raymond Keane is the son of a Denver jeweler and is about twenty. Richard Dix's starring pictures include "Too Many Kisses," "The Shock Punch," with Frances Howard; "Men and Women," with Claire Adams; "Let's Get Married," with Lois Wilson; "Say It Again," with Alys Mills; "The Lucky Devil," "Womanhandled," and "The Quarterback," with Esther Ralston. Richard's new one is "Paradise for Two," with Betty Bronson.

A WILLIAM BOYD CLUB is inviting new members. The president is Miss Elinor Ward, 33 Nassau Avenue, Freeport, New York; the treasurer, Miss Olive Hingle, Box 155, Freeport, New York. Dues are twenty-five cents a year.

MISS G. LUNDIN.—Your favorites, Allene Ray and Walter Miller, are both married, but not to each other. Allene is Mrs. Larry Wheeler; she doesn't give her age. I believe Walter Miller's wife is a professional dancer, though I don't know her name. They have a son, born last November. Walter was born in Georgia; he doesn't say when and I shouldn't like to ask him anything so personal. I should think you could reach both Allene and Walter at Associated Exhibitor Studio, Mission Road, Hollywood.

MARION HATCH.—I'm afraid you've had a long wait, watching for your answer. But remember, "They also serve who only stand and wait," as some poet said—it isn't part of my job to know who! Yes,

"Down to the Sea in Ships" was the picture in which Clara Bow first attracted attention. She had a secondary rôle, but stole the picture. Raymond McKee and his wife, Marguerite Courtot, played the leads. Eileen Percy played the title rôle in "The Flirt" about four years ago. Jackie Coogan starred in a film called "Daddy." There was also a picture, "Daddies," that was adapted from a Belasco stage production. The latter was a Warner film, with Mae Marsh and Harry Myers in the leads.

CLARA HENDERSON.—I'm glad you're a constant reader of PICTURE-PLAY. That is our favorite kind of reader. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, and they live in Great Neck, Long Island. It isn't customary to answer questions about the religious faiths of screen players, but Thomas has been president of the Catholic Actors' Guild, so his religion is no secret. He is an American of, I suppose, Irish descent. Ronald Colman is English.

LILLIAN.—If your letter was a "whisper from New Zealand," what happens when you shout? Has any one ever suggested that you should try to communicate with Mars? It is almost impossible to sell an original scenario to any of the big film companies unless you are a professional scenario writer. Most of the large companies return unsolicited manuscripts from unknown persons without even reading them, as it has been found that such a small proportion are usable that it does not pay to keep a large staff of readers on hand, just to take care of such contributions. Prices paid for scenarios range from several hundred dollars up into six figures, according to the reputation of the author or the merit of the story itself. Film Booking Offices, Cecil De Mille, Metropolitan, or any of the smaller companies might consider originals. The form in which a scenario is submitted does not matter, but a five-hundred-word synopsis is easiest to read. Gloria Swanson was married first to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Sornborn—I don't know the dates. She became the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye on February 11, 1925. She will not permit publication of her children's pictures until the children are old enough to be consulted. In "The Bandidero" Renee Adoree's father was played by Pedro de Cordoba. The hero was Man-

Continued on page 118

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

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Continued from page 65

Claude Gillingwater and Arthur Hoyt—during his short absence from gay Vienna, where, according to the screen, there isn't a wife not given to skating on thin ice.

This one does, of course, but the ice of propriety never breaks. As if it would—in screen Vienna!

All told, "For Wives Only" is a trifle, prettily produced as these things are, reminiscent of Lubitsch, but with the sly humor of his direction, as well as his sparkle, missing.

A Matter of Taste.

"Stepping Along"* lives up to its title, with the help of Johnny Hines' legs. They are the most active members of the entire cast. What with running all over the place, they also do a lot of dancing, so that neither Johnny nor the picture stands still an instant.

Johnny begins as an energetic newsboy and ends as an assembly-man. Between these two extremes are crowded everything Johnny and his ingenious aids could think of, including hilarious episodes of rough-and-tumble fun in an amusement park with a troupe of midgets, the opening of a Broadway musical show, election night on the Bowery, a fair flower of a heroine with theatrical aspirations, and a villain who is described as a politician in sheik's clothing.

There you have it all, or at least all any one can catch of a Johnny Hines picture as it dashes and leaps along. "Stepping Along" lives up to what is expected of Johnny, but there seems to be too much of it. Mary Brian is the fair flower.

*First known as "The Knickerbocker Kid."

Yes and No—But See It.

In viewing "God Gave Me Twenty Cents" you feel that much of the intrinsic worth of Dixie Willson's story has been lost in transferring it to the screen, but what remains is not dross by any means. Some of the acting is pure gold, notably that of Lois Moran, almost as fine as her *Laurel* in "Stella Dallas;" and Lya de Putti does her best work since coming to this country. However, the picture is unsatisfactory because of gaps in the story, and despite its moments of telling beauty.

It begins when *Mary*, drudging in a New Orleans restaurant, meets the sailor *Steve*, and they fall in love and marry. There is another girl, *Cassie*, of the streets, whose prison term is expiring and who entreats *Steve* to take her with him to Hong-kong, and forces him to match dimes to decide whether she gets her wish. *Cassie* wins, but *Steve* eludes her and boards his ship alone, while the fateful coins are lost in the scuffle.

The bride yearns for her husband and, likening the hovering sea gulls to spirits that follow ships, she decides to drown herself that her spirit may follow *Steve's* vessel. She would go to her death with a rose in her hair but for the money to buy one, when she sees the dimes on the river's edge and believes that God has given her twenty cents to prosper her suicide. *Mary* buys the rose, and—the picture has a happy ending.

All this is worth watching, even though you feel unsatisfied, just as Jack Mulhall falls short of satisfying. He acts the sailor conscientiously enough, but he isn't one. His acrobatic eyebrows stand in the way of that. Nothing stands in the way of

William Collier, Jr.'s, success in a lesser gob rôle.

Four of a Kind.

"Just Another Blonde," which was called "The Girl from Coney Island" while it was being shown in New York, is just another picture.

Every one in it is either a "guy," a "dame," or a "goof," and it's played by actors who would annihilate you if you thought them less than perfect ladies and gentlemen. So you see, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, and William Collier, Jr., are just amiably pretending. The girls work at Coney Island, one as a "hostess," the other as a cashier; and the boys are true-hearted gamblers from the big city who talk a great deal about being pals and going fifty-fifty to the last breath.

An airplane adventure is worked in at the last to foster a climax, but for the most part the preceding reels are quite slow.

Won't the War Please End?

Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, the former an Irish barber-shop manicurist and the latter a Jewish one, start off for the war as entertainers, in the film "Corporal Kate."

Miss Faye dies like a prima donna, and Miss Reynolds loses an arm toward the end of the film. Previous to this, nothing more serious happens to her than being asked by Kenneth Thomson for a kiss, and coyly refusing.

But a great deal happens on the screen, what with bursting shells, marching soldiers, and all the usual war stuff, quite well done. So long as "Corporal Kate" remains a comedy it is tolerable, but when it goes maudlin all hope goes, too.

You Never Can Tell

Continued from page 31

"But he is not in the least foreign-looking. He is too much the typical American youth!" Thus sentence was passed. "We want some one who can look like a Hungarian officer."

Jimmie, remembering he had been born in Dallas, didn't know what to do about it until he grew a small mustache to help along the foreign influence. Still, a few were doubtful. But James fooled them.

For when the hopeful applicant, bedecked in a hussar's uniform, was given a test, he looked more Hungarian than many a native from Budapest! In "Hotel Imperial" his screen work—before then, something of an unknown quantity—was, for a newcomer, who had made only one

picture, and a comedy at that, splendidly done.

Previous to our interview, I had seen "Hotel Imperial" in the solitude of one of the Lasky projection rooms. Even without music to aid it, the picture stood on its own feet. And James Hall struck me as one who is going to make a place for himself, if only by the fact that he went through very dramatic scenes without tearing up the scenery.

Besides being a newcomer, James had great odds to face in Pola's picture. Mauritz Stiller, the director, spoke no English. Every one else in the cast spoke either German or some other European language.

When I saw him last he had just finished work in "Stranded in Paris," his third picture for Paramount. In

a few days he was leaving for New York to make "Love's Greatest Mistake," his fourth.

What more is there to be told?

To me, it seems that James should never heed what others tell him. For, look you, when they said he was not the type of fellow to attract Hollywood girls, was he not seen often enough with Joan? And to attract Miss Crawford one must, first of all, possess a breezy, winning personality. Which Jimmie has.

"But they are not engaged," the skeptics say, "and he has gone to New York."

Even so. But as Jimmie—and you know him by now—has fooled all other pessimists regarding his future, he possibly will, when he returns to Hollywood, fool them once more!

What His Sister Thinks of Richard Dix

Continued from page 88

"There was a striking contrast between Richard and my older brother, who was always very, very serious. You would never have thought that he and the harum-scarum Richard were related at all. Only when attempting to surmount some great obstacle does Richard drop that play-boy attitude of his and show the serious nature he keeps buried under his usual conviviality.

"You saw glimpses of his more serious mind in such splendid pictures as 'The Christian' and 'The Vanishing American.' His present comedies, though so popular with the fans, do not appeal to me so much. I like to see Richard in big dramatic rôles such as he played in those two pictures and such as reveal his real acting ability. If he were allowed to play in dramas, and were able to lose every vestige of self-consciousness he keeps around this hidden personality of his, I maintain that he would be the greatest actor on the screen to-day. Mark that down as boasting, if you like, but it is just what I think.

"The *vox populi*, however, demands comedies of him.

"Success has little effect on Richard. When he first became a member of the Morosco Stock Company, and we came out here to join him, there was a chance for him to lose his head. But no, the Richard who met us at the train was the same one who had left us not so long before.

"About five years ago, when the chance came for Richard to get into pictures—and he had a hard struggle to get in, too, in spite of his stage experience—he looked upon the screen as another field to conquer. On the lot he was always known as 'one of the gang' by the men working with him. He is still regarded as such, even now that he is a star. And you know what stardom does to some people!

"I can't think of Richard as a famous screen star. To me he is still just my big brother. When people meet me and learn who I am, they say, 'What! You are Richard Dix's sister? How wonderful! How I envy you!' Such remarks do give me a thrill, and I feel proud of having such a famous brother—realizing that, to a certain extent, he has vindicated himself for having decapitated my poor doll!"

And so, dear readers, you know now what Sister Joe thinks of Brother Richard, and she hasn't said nearly such bad things about him as she led us to expect.



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He Trains His Babies for Stardom

Continued from page 22

again—and her voice was gay in the first part, then it lowered with fear, and trembled with tears as she came to Johnny's plight. Ever since then anything she reads is real to her.

"I have her read to Sheila and Mary. They are just as intense about it as she. But lately I have noticed that Eileen is developing the player's angle. I see her look up in the midst of a dramatic passage—she's just as excited as the younger two. But when she catches sight of their rapt faces—and realizes that her recital of the story has done it—she is subtly pleased, and will wink at me.

"Sheila is the artist. Our training has rather turned on us there, although she'd be the same anyway, I think. She has a soft little voice which she has taught herself to make pathetic, and gentle eyes she has trained to be wistful.

"She will come into a room almost shyly, 'Mother dear, I just want to kiss you.' Business of oh, such a loving kiss, with arms around the neck. 'Mother dear, I do love you so'—in a low, sweet voice. Then, in an adorable whisper, 'Mother dear, have you any candy?'

"Mary is the roughneck. She may turn out to be a comedienne. She is regular fightin' Irish and would just as soon take a crack at you as not.

Teaching her anything at all is a stormy business, but it can be done. She never forgets a thing once she has decided to accept it.

"Like other youngsters, they obey only when they are in the mood. They 'didn't hear' and they 'didn't understand' and they 'forgot.' That is, when I am just 'daddy.' But when we are at lessons—sometimes with a camera, sometimes without—I am the director, and it wouldn't occur to them to disobey.

"They have all appeared in pictures. I have seen to this so that they will never be camera shy. Eileen used to work at Fox's—she was Buck Jones' baby in countless Westerns. Then she played Laurette Taylor as a child in 'Peg o' My Heart.' In 'My Old Dutch,' a picture I made for Universal, Sheila strutted her stuff, and Mary Kathleen played Sheila as a baby—being just eight months old at the time.

"Unless they exhibit genius I'll never allow them to work steadily before they reach eighteen. I don't want them to be child prodigies—that means very little. But I do want them to be good actresses when they grow up."

From which you will see it is just as well to be on the lookout for Eileen, Sheila, and Mary.

If I Were a Man—

Continued from page 86

LAURA LA PLANTE.—If I were a man, I would *not* wear my hair either fluffy, à la impresario, nor sleeked down with grease. Neither looks natural.

SEENA OWEN.—I would not be careless of my personal appearance, not even around home. I'd ape women in their care of their clothes just a little more than most men do.

VERA REYNOLDS.—If I were a man, I wouldn't make my living at

anything other than something that required physical strength and endurance as well as brain work. I'd rather be Ty Cobb than president of a railroad.

DOROTHY DEVORE.—If I were a man, I wouldn't marry. That is, gazing at men from a feminine viewpoint, that's the way I feel about it. For I envy the freedom that a bachelor has, and if I were a man I should hesitate to surrender it.

If I Were a Woman—

Continued from page 87

viewpoint, I find myself admiring the girl who does a graceful, modest waltz rather than the one who undulates her body and limbs in that Charleston thing.

WALLACE BEERY.—I wouldn't say "My dear!" nor "Don't you just love it!" nor "Isn't it just adorable!"

I'd also not *insist* that my husband have dinner at home when I had a group of my friends at the house. Neither would I make engagements without first consulting him. And last of all, I certainly wouldn't insist that he play chauffeur for me or for my friends when our regular driver was not available.

Following the Blue Print

Continued from page 34

Curled, as the metaphor so often has it, on a damask settee, Dorothy permitted the dull glow of a lamp to pick out the gleaming, golden glints in her hair, while she told me how difficult it was to side-step the banal in the commerce of filming pictures.

"A director can work wonders, of course," she granted. "A good man can take a sap story and reshape it into something almost subtle—you know what I mean? But how many such directors are there?"

"I have found this Lothar Mendes to be a marvel," Dorothy confided. "From Germany, you know. Very dynamic, very much wrapped up in his work. Impassioned. Fervent. He has made me do emotional acting that I had never even suspected I could do—you know? He has hypnotized me into scenes. It has been hard work, but a wonderful emotional training. I think he's one of the few great directors."

At the moment I thought that she was overenthusiastic. I placed little significance in her high estimate of the newly imported director. Three days later, however, I understood all, when the papers blazoned the news of the Mackaill-Mendes engagement. And that it was not a publicity match was shortly demonstrated by a regular, bona-fide marriage three more days later.

Dorothy is slim and pretty—a magazine-cover girl with an added dash that is individually her own. Her hair, as I have hinted, is golden-brown and shimmering, under the proper auspices; her eyebrows arch distinctively; her lower lip is full, but not pouty. This is a trick in itself—to achieve a full lip, yet avoid a pout.

Her weight, I guessed, was something constantly to consider, what with all the publicity blurbs that had swamped the country regarding her 130-pound contract. (If she exceeded that mark at any time, so the legend ran, her fair head was to be chopped off.)

"I do have to watch my weight," declared Dorothy. "That story was true. It states in my contract that I mustn't exceed a certain weight. The funny part of the whole thing is that the same clause is in Doris Kenyon's contract, and the papers were all given the same story about her a year before the one on me, but they didn't play it up. Then when the weight clause was announced in my contract the press leaped at it. Just a lucky break for Dorothy."

Here is one cinema success, however, who has not relied upon what

Continued on page 111



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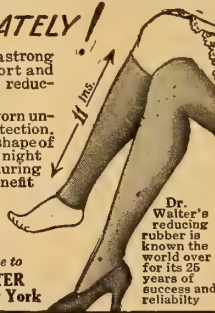
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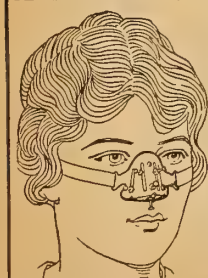
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Hollywood Moves to the Holy Land

Continued from page 47

under the name of Herman W. Wamacher, in the rôle of *Jesus*.

"The play was really beautifully done, I'm told, but narrow-minded bigotry prevailed. It was charged that it was blasphemy for any one to impersonate the Christ, and the play was suppressed. It enjoyed but one performance. It was such a crushing blow to Morse that he took the script of the play in his hand and jumped into the East River."

Which all makes us realize how far we have advanced since then toward a more broad-minded outlook.

It being Saturday night, some of the players of the company who hadn't come to the party had gone off to Avalon for dancing and a concert, while others had gone fishing in the moonlit bay. Still others waited in line to use the one wireless telephone connecting the island with the mainland and Los Angeles thirty miles away. All came straggling home to their tents at about one o'clock, singing and chatting.

One hears amusing tales of life on location. With this particular company there had been a plague of ants at first, before ant paste had wiped them out. They had all been cleared away before I came, but funny anecdotes about them still lingered.

John Prince told how he and another actor had been sleeping in the same tent.

"The ants weren't bothering me especially, but they were troubling my roommate terribly," he related. "He kept the light burning, which annoyed me, so I said to him, 'Oh, let me sleep, anyhow, even if you can't! Stop fussing around so!' I closed my eyes peacefully, but presently I felt a funny itching on my cheek. I opened my eyes and there was my roommate picking ants off himself and dropping them on me!"

Sunday morning at six o'clock the music of a triangle gong awoke the camp, and presently there was the murmur of voices all about, as the film players arose an hour earlier than usual in order to go to church! Father Lord was to say Mass at the carpenter shop at eight o'clock.

Down at the commissary everybody ate a big breakfast. All the biblical characters in their robes presented an odd spectacle. The father of the little child possessed of devils ordered ham, but *Simon* preferred flapjacks.

Then everybody tumbled into the little boats at the wharf, and started for the set.

The Mass, spoken by Father Lord before a little improvised altar on the

veranda of the carpenter shop, under a sunny blue sky, before a congregation of players all clad in colorful biblical robes, with the sea glinting in the distance, was one of the most impressive services I have ever viewed.

After Mass, work started briskly, for a day of idling meant a loss of many thousands of dollars to the producing company. Even Father Lord, leaving his vestments within the carpenter shop, came forth clad in white flannels and a sun helmet, and joined in consultation with De Mille and his staff.

Father Lord was not the only theologian consulted by De Mille. Representatives of the Buddhist and Jewish religions, and of all the Christian denominations visited De Mille on the set at various times during the production, and lent him their aid.

Mr. De Mille started the direction of a scene in which some armor-clad soldiers appeared on horseback. I had just had time to note that the horses were without stirrups, when, bingo! off slipped a dignified soldier to the ground! It seems that stirrups were not used in those days.

Just then a little jockey rode into sight. He alone seemed perfectly at home without stirrups.

"Put a soldier's uniform on him!" commanded De Mille.

"But he is such a little shrimp!" expostulated an assistant.

"Never mind," answered De Mille. "I'd rather have a little shrimp on horseback than a big soldier sprawled in the middle of the road."

Another amusing incident happened that day.

Mr. De Mille was directing a scene of some fishermen mending their nets. Everything was going smoothly down on the shore, when suddenly an assistant let out a yell:

"Ship, ahoy!"

Right square into the "Sea of Galilee," and into the eye of the camera had sailed a rum-chasing government ship!

The ship's officers were hailed and, on being told of the trouble they were causing, courteously withdrew.

The many different kinds of birds and animals used in the picture had been brought over from the mainland on barges—and all without mishap.

Quite miraculously, it would seem, there had been no serious accidents during the taking of big scenes of people and animals together. The only accident thus far had been when Edna May Cooper fell during the making of a Temple scene in which

cattle were stampeding the holy place.

"I thought I was going to be killed," smiled Edna May, "but as the animals came toward me, after I had stumbled and fallen just in front of them, they suddenly parted, so that the only injury I got was from falling."

In the late afternoon my friend and I regretfully left the beautiful location.

"I really believe," she said as the lovely island faded from view, all purple in the afternoon shadows, "that 'The King of Kings' will lead us into the Promised Land of picture-dom!"

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 51

am going to love 'Casey at the Bat,' because it deals with the gay '90s. Wallace Beery and Zasu Pitts are a riot. Zasu had half promised to go over to Fox to make a picture after the completion of 'Casey,' but Famous Players were so crazy about her work in that that they induced her to stay and play the lead opposite Beery in 'Looie the Fourteenth.'

"This has been a lucky week for a lot of girls in films. It brought contract renewals to Sally O'Neil, Renee Adoree, and Mary Philbin. And Lois Moran got a cable over in Paris summoning her home to play the lead in 'Soundings.'

"And while other girls have been working on toward stardom, Constance Talmadge, at her own insistence, has become a bit player. She has always wanted to play *Thais*, and it looked as though the opportunity would never come, so when she learned that there were to be flashes of several famous sirens in Norma's production of 'Camille,' she insisted on playing *Thais*."

Fanny glanced at her watch and gasped.

"What are you late for now?" I demanded.

"Nothing in particular," she answered airily, poised for flight, "but

there are so many interesting things going on I may miss something."

But Fanny rarely misses anything. Following close at her heels brought me to the Warner studio, whither she had gone in the hope of meeting Myrna Loy.

"I'm not quite sure whether I want to meet her or not," Fanny remarked. "No one could possibly really be as unusual as Myrna looks."

But Miss Loy, in the few brief moments between scenes when we talked to her, entirely lived up to her appearance. She is infinitely more childlike and fragile than she appears on the screen, and she seemed quite dazzled by the dominating rôle she was playing in "Bitter Apples." It is the rôle of one of those willful, reckless girls of mixed blood—a combination of Sicilian outbursts and New England repressions—and Myrna looked stunning in a slinky black velvet gown.

"I'm going to like her a lot," commented Fanny, "and I don't want to. I like so many people already that it makes life very complicated trying to find time to see them all."

But that is what happens to a fan who gets an inside glimpse of Hollywood. The best way to cherish prejudices against picture people is never to meet them.

What the "Mc" in McAvoy Means

Continued from page 74

but that he didn't feel he could guarantee her the time beforehand. All other stipulations as to money and publicity were satisfactory, but she refused to compromise on this one point and declined the picture.

Then again she was offered a leading rôle in what will probably be one of the outstanding productions of the year. This time May felt that the character was weak and that the company was trading on the box-office value of her name. Without hesitation she refused, although the financial end of the contract was the most alluring ever offered her.

"I have to take care of myself," she states firmly. "Looking back, I have always been glad in the end

when I haven't given in on any of my stipulations. Of course, if just the right picture should come along, I might make concessions.

"You see, I can't play all types of rôles," she concedes with decent modesty. "It is fun to have a chance to characterize and, when opportunities like this arise, the money and the rest wouldn't matter so much. But I have to take care of my own interests, first and last."

And she does! Show me another girl in pictures who can drive as hard a bargain, to the gentle, feminine accompaniment of soft, beguiling eyes, curly lashes, and an alluring, though set, little mouth.



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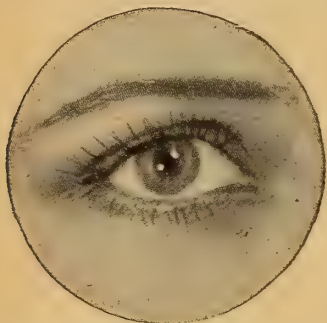
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The Stroller

Continued from page 57

There are others famous locally, of course. But the McPherson-Grauman-Page-Julian-Hellman combination could keep the newspapers in headlines if there were not another soul within the corporate limits.

Movie stars often belie their romantic screen personalities by being shrewd business folk as well.

Many stars have made fortunes in real estate. Lew Cody enhances his large salary by financing cheap Westerns on the side. Viola Dana's garage and Raymond McKee's restaurant have been brought to attention before. Now Taylor Holmes has started a flower shop on the Boulevard, Bertram Grassby has an antique shop, and Lilyan Tashman owns a service station on the road between Hollywood and Culver City.

Malcolm Stuart Boylan is one of the screen's leading title writers, and a very good one; but he is inclined to become too enthusiastic over pictures on which he works.

He recently attempted to persuade me that "What Price Glory," which he had titled, was better than "The Big Parade." I was riding in his car and, doubting him, I sought the opinion of William, his erudite colored driver, who had seen the former picture several times at previews.

"Well," William replied, after some deliberation, "I'll tell you. I'm kinda surfeited with 'What Price Glory,' you might say, havin' seen it four or five times. But I can't agree with Mistah Boylan. It hasn't got the sweep of 'The Big Parade,' nor the depth of feelin'. But it's an entertainin' picture."

Having subsequently seen "What Price Glory," I regard William as a vastly more competent critic than his employer.

They met during "Dangerous Innocence." He courted her during "The Teaser." He saw her as a bride during "Skinner's Dress Suit," and proposed. She married him after making "The Love Thrill." After the honeymoon he is to direct her in "Brides Will Be Brides." It sounds like hokum, but it's really the story of the courtship and marriage of Laura La Plante and William Seiter. And he has another picture on schedule, called "Beware of Widows!"

Carey Wilson, the scenario writer, is as good a citizen and as honest a man, I suppose, as any scenario writer can be, but he has a namesake who

is neither. The other Wilson is an industrious bank bandit to whom the newspapers devoted a great deal of space recently, to the intense embarrassment of the scenarist.

When the desperado was at last convicted and shipped off to prison, the movie man probably thought he had heard the last of it, but he hadn't. A Los Angeles newspaper recently published an article about Wilson, the writer, and to illustrate it, a photograph of the bandit leered from an adjoining column.

I don't know what the moral of all this is except, perhaps, that one shouldn't be named Carey Wilson.

"Chuck" Reisner, who directed Syd Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole," took his young son, who has done some work on the screen under the name of Dinky Dean, to the opening of the picture at the Egyptian Theater. Just as they were entering the lobby, with the eyes of thousands—including the reporters—upon them, the junior Reisner protested in a shrill and carrying voice, "Daddy, I'd rather see 'Don Juan.'"

What does Hollywood talk about? Oh, pictures generally, and new houses, getting married, Aimee Semple McPherson, getting divorced, what he said to me and what I said to him, cars, any movie star who isn't present, golf, books—if there's a highbrow or a flapper present—and Hollywood rumors.

"Personally, I don't think it's good policy for me to do any more small, independent pictures: it will hurt my fan following." . . . "After the contractor had submitted his estimate he wanted to charge me four hundred dollars extra for having black tile in the bathroom." . . . "I said, 'Mr. Bilch,' I said, 'I don't care if you are a director, or who you are, you can't talk to me like that, and if it happens again I'll have you know I'm a very intimate friend of Mr. Thalberg.'" . . . "My dear, I can't see why they give her ingénues; she looks like Mary Carr's aunt." . . . "Right in Tiffany's window, too, any time I say the word."

"Mr. Lasky liked my story very much, but he said it would cost too much to produce, so I'm going to sell it to Universal as a superproduction." . . . "And his car was still there at two o'clock the next afternoon." . . . "You know, I always have all my things made in New York; but, my dear, I was passing by the window and I saw"

Following the Blue Print

Continued from page 107

are known as the "breaks." Arrived from England, she carefully laid out her plans—then followed them. Cautiously, shrewdly, she has progressed, taking each successive step according to the blue print designed years ago.

The "Follies" gave her a liberal education* in poise and worldliness. Then when she played opposite Barthelmess, she received offers to star, which she was canny enough to decline.

"I knew people went to see Dick's pictures," she said, "and I was assured of a large audience every time I played with him. As an unknown, the big idea was to be seen enough to become known. As Dick's leading woman I had far more opportunity than I would have had as a half-baked star of one of those quick, two-week, independent pictures."

Later, there was Dorothy's Paramount contract. As soon as she had subscribed to it, she was cast in "His Children's Children." Dorothy grinned and bore it, believing that better days were coming. Then came "The Next Corner." This was, unlike lightning, striking twice in the same place—two sorry cinemas in succession. Stamping a small but shapely foot, Dorothy shouted "Hey!"

When Messrs. Zukor and Lasky

turned to hear her lament, she indicated that she would like nothing better than to destroy her contract. The Mussolinis of Famous Players decided that destruction was better than dissatisfaction, and accordingly the document became a few scraps of paper. Dorothy was again a free lance.

A minor incident to you, perhaps, it meant much to a young player and, what's more to the point, it illustrates the girl's spirit. Not many actresses are tearing up contracts in this dizzy day and age.

Thus she has passed from company to company. After Famous it was Fox, and from there First National beckoned, until at present she hovers between stardom and featuredom, now starring, now costarring, in pictures that at least promise to be good. No one knows when a film will jell, but at least one can side-step the ones that look bad from the outset, such as "The Savage" and "Paradise," both of which Dorothy eluded.

She talks knowingly and sanely, avoiding the temptation to be cynical. She does not talk about her "art," but she does manifest a keen interest in the sort of parts allotted to her, ever and again letting out a lusty "Hey!" in protest.

Born to the West—and East, Too

Continued from page 55

pheric prologue to "The Covered Wagon" at the Egyptian Theater.

For no one else would the uncivilized Indians have braved the traffic-infested and bewildering streets of the white men's city. He pitched their camp of tepees outside Hollywood, explained to them the importance of the occasion, trained them for their stoic appearance on the stage, made himself up a neat speech for his introduction—and then got stage fright. His only desire at the moment the curtain was raised was to be back on his ranch in Wyoming. However, experience familiarized him with the footlights and he began to enjoy putting on his act.

For seven months McCoy kept his Indians at the Egyptian, taking then another tribe to London and Paris.

This association with the theater amused and interested him highly, though when Hunt Stromberg broached the subject of acting he grinned broadly and said, "I can't act. I'm a modern rancher who understands the Indians, that's all. What have I that would attract the public?"

He had—and has—however, good looks, twinkling blue eyes and a stern jaw, he can ride, and he knows his Indians. Hunt being the sort of fellow whose brain refuses to dislodge an idea once it gets a roost there, he eventually persuaded McCoy to try the movies, in this rather new episodic history of the West.

The first picture of the series, "War Paint," concerned a lieutenant colonel of cavalry who, after being mustered out of the service, investigated Indian life on the reservations. "Winners of the Wilderness," the second, details the adventures of a young man who crosses the plains after the Civil War in search of thrills. Still another will record the early settling of California. The Indians will appear in each, all directed by the sign language of McCoy's articulate fingers.

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You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

Continued from page 93

Good kid, Bill! Atta spirit! Going to clean up the little old war, eh? So saying, they sat back in their chairs and held down their jobs. Another fellow got Bill's at a cut in salary. But Bill didn't worry about it—he was too busy dodging things the Germans were throwing at him to worry much about anything else.

After a couple of years, Bill came back from the war. At the first available opportunity, he dashed up to the home office with the light of love in his eyes. Well, well, well, so you're back from the war, Mr. Howard! Didn't seem to have hurt him any. He looked very well. Very glad to see him, they were. Nice of him to drop in. His job? Oh, yes, his job! Well, to be perfectly frank, Mr. Nitwit was filling it very well and at a much smaller salary—they felt they really had no justification in firing Mr. Nitwit. Perhaps if Mr. Howard would drop around in a month or so, there might be an opening.

Now, at this Mr. Howard saw red. He saw red as crimson as the blood of seventy-seven thousand men who didn't get back to the jobs they wouldn't have had anyway—and then he laughed. The film-corporation people thought he was a bit touched by the war, don't you know—so many of the young men were. He went on laughing and laughing and when he was finished, and not a whit before, he shouted, "If I were a wounded, or a married man and you did this to me, I'd go down on the street, get a handful of rocks, and break every window in this place!"

After that, he left.

He went hiping it down the street wilder in his heart than unexplored Africa. He bumped people right and left and was glad of it. Just as he went around a corner he bumped into a little Jew who grunted, grabbed at his windpipes, and then grabbed Bill.

"Say, I was chust looking for you!"

Taking a look at the speaker, Bill recognized the cigar of the head salesman of a rival film concern.

"I got a chob for you," the little one went on. "We got a set of pictures we want you to sell."

It so happened that a job was what Bill wanted nothing else but, and he was so dog-gone glad to get it that he didn't stop to realize that it came too easily not to have a catch in it somewhere. He didn't realize that until he saw the set of pictures he was to sell. They were, to borrow a word from the trenches—well, to be polite, they were simply n. g.

"You want to sell these or give them away?" asked Bill.

"Well, sell all you can," advised the little one, apologetically. "You've got a tough route to travel and maybe it can't be done."

"You bet it can be done!" put in Mr. Howard. "They'll take 'em and like 'em!"

That's how bad he felt!

And the funny part of it was, they *did* take 'em and like 'em! He made a record-breaking trip through the meanest part of the country selling the worst set of pictures ever released by a film company before or since. It was sort of a sensation at the time. People in film exchanges got to talking about that kid who could sell rotten pictures to exhibitors who weren't, as a rule, interested even in the good ones.

In time Carl Laemmle heard about him, and Carl Laemmle has a warm spot in his heart for young men who can do things that can't be done. The upshot of that was that Bill came to Hollywood to meet Uncle Carl and, the first thing any one knew, he was general manager of Universal City, with his name on a glass door and a waiting room full of callers. Like all general managers at Universal he came—and went. No one knows just what happened there. The Irish are hot-headed, and Bill had never been a yes man.

After that, things didn't go so well with Bill for a while.

He finally got a job as an assistant director. Then, because you can't keep a good man down, he got a job as a director of Westerns and melodramas. He made one picture with Johnny Walker that got a good break—"The Fourth Musketeer." That's when people started saying, "Wait until that boy gets his chance!" And they kept right on saying it up until "Gigolo." Then they didn't have to say it any more.

The nice little hand that everybody gave him as a result of that film has left Bill just where it found him—with an ardent desire to make another good one: He's young enough to be excited about the praise he has occasioned and to want to justify it. He wants to make "A Friend of Napoleon." He has his heart set on it. I hope he gets it.

If he does, he'll go into it just as he went into "Gigolo"—with a funny kind of a persistency in his eye, the temperament of a prima donna, the consistency of a draftsman, and a brand-new suit of clothes. And they'll take it and like it! That's Bill.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

to be able to halt our throbbing motor long enough to say hello to some of my fellow readers of PICTURE-PLAY.

MRS. LOUISE BUCKHOLZ.
Box 351, Osseo, Wis.

No Praise Due Miss Gish.

In a recent interview with Lillian Gish, Madeline Glass remarked on the lack of resentment felt by Miss Gish toward the critics of "La Bohème." In an earlier paragraph she had stated that the fair Lillian had not been aware that her work had been criticized. It seems to me, therefore, that no praise is due Miss Gish, because ignorance has never been a virtue, regardless of how great a blessing it may have proven to some.

Miss Gish has apparently lost whatever popularity she had in the past, for as movies improve, both in acting and in stories, the public is becoming more discriminating. Her gestures are well advertised but tiresome, and I think it would be well for her to retire while she can still do so gracefully.

CAROLYN JOHNSON.
506 Linden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Why Be So Unkind?

Why, oh, why do some people persist in "panning" the movie stars? One kind individual recently said that Lillian Gish was a dumb-bell who didn't know the name of even one cabinet member. Well, well, since when is it a crime not to know the names of the cabinet members? If this is true of Miss Gish, it is probably because she is so busy selecting stories and acting to suit a critical public that she hasn't time to study "Who's Who in the Cabinet."

This, however, is only one of a great number of unkind remarks aimed at the film stars. Why any one should wish to say such uncalled-for things about them is beyond me. They give us entertainment and enjoyment, and into our otherwise drab lives they bring romance and beauty.

As for me, I love all the stars—bless 'em! By this I don't mean that I bow before them in hero worship, nor do I place them upon pedestals as gods and goddesses. My admiration and liking for them is deeper than mere hero worship—deeper and more sincere.

BLANCHE STEVENS.

Morristown, N. J.

Let's Be More Understanding.

I love PICTURE-PLAY because it has such a friendly atmosphere. I always read "What the Fans Think" first—it is so very interesting—but there is one criticism I would like to make of the letters. Who are we to criticize the stars? Surely they must do their best. Rather should we be tolerant and try to understand better.

Certainly the standard of some stars' acting varies, so instead of ruthlessly hurling brickbats, why can we not give softer-toned criticisms full of helpful suggestions?

I cannot but feel that the younger fans are intolerant of the older stars. For instance, of Alice Joyce. She is one of our older actresses; but where would you find another with such dignity, poise, and refinement? It must surely be the outcome of a wealth of experience. Furthermore, she is a distinct type with a personality of her own. Here's hoping the older artists will hold their own always.

Why can't we see more of Alice Lake? Her acting in "The Lost Chord" was splendid.

I have great faith in Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, and John Gilbert. Also Douglas Gilmore—let's have more of him.

I would like to hear from the fans what they think about my sentiments.

BERYL WYLIE.
"Abbeville, Bond Street, Victoria, Australia."

Thanks to Two Contributors.

I want to thank Madeline Glass and John Addison Elliott for their articles in a recent PICTURE-PLAY.

Many times have I read scathing remarks about Lillian Gish—many people saying that she doesn't care at all what the public thinks of her. Although I live so far away, Lillian sent me a sweet little letter a few weeks ago. After I had read some particularly rude remarks about her I had written to her to say how much I admired her, and that I did not believe that she was upstage and haughty, as this particular writer had tried to make out. It was a few weeks later that I received her letter, telling me that she was pleased to know she had a loyal friend in England. Please notice that she called me her "friend," not a "fan." I am indeed proud to be called "friend" by the greatest emotional actress on the screen to-day.

Just because Lillian dresses simply, has not cut her hair, and generally plays in old-fashioned pictures, critics term her proud and indifferent. Shame on them! Lillian has the sense to know that she would look ridiculous in a tale of modern life, such as "Flaming Youth," for instance. She is a refreshing glimpse of the past—a girl of ethereal beauty.

With regard to the article entitled "Novarro—Past, Present, and Future," I wish to thank Mr. Elliott for giving me a peep into Ramon's past. Since seeing "The Prisoner of Zenda" I have been a true friend and admirer of Novarro, and yet I've felt I knew so little about him, but Mr. Elliott has at last given me a chance to know a little more about the greatest actor of all time.

EVELYN JACKSON.
Kew Gardens, Lancashire, England.

To Ramon Novarro.

The qualities of Ramon are far-famed—
They shine e'en in the Hollywood that's
heaven

To us that gaze beneath. He is most blest;
He's shown to us by Metro, and the films
he makes

Are mightiest in the mightiest; he becomes
Of movieland the monarch with most radiant crown.

His throne he holds, but does not flaunt his power,

And we who dub him "Most Ramontic Majesty"

Do scorn to own the lure of other kings.
But Ramon is above this sceptered sway;
Publicity he craves not, and the things
He does are known but to himself.

Our señor's power lies not in the press,
But in our reason's justice. Therefore,
fans,

When "We love not obscurity," you cry,
consider this:

That, in the heart of filmdom, none of us
Should see Novarro. We are content to
praise him,

And that same praise I now do humbly render

To Ramon's Cæsar. I have spoken thus much

And yet a word must say

Which, if you follow, you will see has merit;

Give thanks to Ingram, who put our Ramon there.

BETTIE G. EDWARDS.
7 Belmont House, Candover Street, London, W. I., England.

At Last Betty Is Vindicated.

I have just finished reading for the third time an article in a recent PICTURE-PLAY concerning Betty Bronson. I would like to thank Aileen St. John-Brenon, the writer of this article, for her splendid defense of Miss Bronson, my favorite actress. Betty is the sweetest and most adorable of all actresses, and I resent all the unkind remarks and accusations coming from envious stage hands, extras, would-be actors, and so forth. Thanks to Miss Brenon, their accusations have been fully refuted.

How I admire Betty for her ambitions and her determination to realize them! For her perfect composure and lack of self-consciousness! And for her willingness and unselfishness in providing for the welfare of the family left dependent on her by the death of her father. With such characteristics and with her wonderful talent, Betty is bound to become one of the greatest actresses in movie history.

Three cheers for brave little Betty Bronson, and the best of good fortune to her!

GRACE GABRIEL.

1942 Holloway Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Being Fair to Jetta Goudal.

After all, every one is entitled to his or her own opinion, but I often think that it must be heartbreaking for the players to read destructive criticism of their art, written by people who do not know the first thing about acting.

In a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY I read a fan letter criticizing Jetta Goudal, and I thoroughly agreed with the writer that in the love scenes of "The Coming of Amos" and "Three Faces East" she could have used much more expression and played up to the leading men more than she did. In these pictures, especially in "The Coming of Amos," I pitied the men opposite her, who seemed to get so little inspiration, for in the scenes referred to she seemed to be very reserved and self-conscious.

But did the writer see her in "Salome of the Tenements" or "The Road to Yesterday?" For in those films, to my mind, her work left nothing to be desired, and I think that Miss Goudal would appear to much greater advantage in character rôles only. In her we have one of the strongest personalities on the screen, and even the delightfully "different" creations she wears shriek individuality.

Given suitable rôles and a director who can fit her into the proper niche, she should go far.

SADIE HILLBYUES.

63 Victoria Street, Larkhall, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Advice to Jetta.

I am writing this letter about Jetta Goudal, because I think she could be one of the really great screen personalities if she had the right kind of publicity. I always like a picture if Jetta is in it—but it is usually in spite of myself. I especially enjoyed her work in "Three Faces East."

If only she would refrain from giving interviews in which she talks about her "temperament" and says such things as, "Thank God, I have beautiful hands and know how to use them!" If only she would forget that she is an "artiste" and remember that she is only a moving-picture actress—not yet a star capable of holding her public by sheer genius! Theoretically, of course, a star's private life should have nothing to do with his or her popularity as an actor or actress, but, alas, the public is interested in their private lives—and the public pays at the box office!

Won't you, *petite* Jetta, for your sake and that of the fans who would like to

see you succeed, be a little human and forget to pose? In other words, if I may say so, "be yourself."

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, Calif.

A Fan Visits New York.

I have just returned from New York City, where I saw so many stage plays, films, and celebrities that I thought it would be interesting to write of my experiences while on Broadway.

I saw, among the films, "The Nervous Wreck," "The Better 'Ole"—very amusing—"Don Juan," and "The Last Laugh." The last is interesting, but I cannot understand why fans rave over it so.

"The Sorrows of Satan" was a great disappointment. I expected a wonderful, inspiring film such as "Way Down East," but, no, "Satan" is nothing but a program picture, and I felt that I had thrown money away as I left the theater after the performance. I am afraid Griffith will never reach again the heights he touched in "Way Down East."

To continue, I saw "Ben-Hur" for the second time. The film is wonderful. Ramon Novarro is perfect in his rôle, and his performance has made me his lifelong admirer.

"Beau Geste" is another fine film. Ralph Forbes is great in it.

I also had the opportunity to catch a glimpse of quite a few famous people, such as Gloria Swanson, her marquis husband, Queen Marie of Roumania, Lawrence Gray, Louise Brooks, Frank Tuttle, Luther Reed, Albert Parker, Hugo Ballin, Carol Dempster, Lois Wilson, Lady Diana Manners, Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey, Ann Pennington, Eddie Cantor, Marilyn Miller, Fred and Dorothy Stone, Lenore Ulric, and Fannie Brice.

If all the fans and critics could see how earnestly Gloria Swanson tries to make a good film, they would be more lenient in judging her pictures. I watched her make a scene for "Sunya." She rehearsed one little bit for thirty minutes before she and her director, Albert Parker, were satisfied and finally called for the cameras.

Gloria appears just as she does on the screen, and her voice is one of the sweetest I have ever heard. I have always admired her, and I shall continue to, because in my mind she is the only actress worthy of the name on the screen to-day.

NORMAN NEY.

625 First Street, Huntington, W. Va.

Fans, What's Wrong With You?

What's wrong with the fans that they don't give William Haines more praise, which he so ably deserves? I'd like to read what others think of this most delightful player.

Since seeing him in "Mike," I've watched with great interest for his pictures, and have seen them as often as possible. I can't understand why I didn't appreciate him in "Little Annie Rooney"—the first picture in which I saw him. I guess it was because "our Mary" had the lead.

No other actor has so many delightful mannerisms. I've never before seen such expressive eyes. They seem actually to talk. His personality is captivating. With a few more pictures like "Brown of Harvard," he will be well up among the most popular. I like Charles Ray exceedingly, but he has a real rival in William Haines. I predict for Haines the enviable position once held by Ray.

Here's hoping that his latest picture, "Tell It to the Marines," proves as great as "Brown of Harvard," and that it will secure for him many new admirers.

E. Moss.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

melodramatic "epic" of the steel industry. Inclined to be showy, but has moments of grim and beautiful reality.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinary, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Midnight Lovers"—First National. Respectable and amusing in spite of the title. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone as husband and wife, each suspicious of the other without cause.

"Nell Gwyn"—Paramount. Pleasing entertainment. Dorothy Gish, in the historical rôle of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, displays her well-known talents as a mad-cap comedienne.

"Nervous Wreck, The"—Producers Distributing. Fairly amusing farce of the bloodcurdling adventures of a nervous young man in Arizona. Harrison Ford and Phyllis Haver.

"One Minute to Play"—F. B. O. "Red" Grange makes his screen début in a highly agreeable football picture, with an exciting climax.

"Palm Beach Girl, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in a fast and furious comedy, laid in Florida and crowded with complications and thrills. Lawrence Gray plays leading man.

"Prince of Tempters, The"—First National. Interesting, though heavy, drama of young English duke whose soul is torn between a good and a bad woman. Ben Lyon, Lya de Putti, and Lois Moran.

"Private Izzy Murphy"—Warner. Screen début of the stage comedian, George Jessel. Another mixture of Irish and Jewish characters, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the Irish heroine.

"Puppets"—First National. Love and treachery in New York's Bowery. Milton Sills, as the Italian master of a puppet show, foils all enemies and wins the girl, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Quarterback, The"—Paramount. A wholesome college film, brightly and intelligently done, with the usual football scenes. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

"Raggedy Rose"—Pathé. Successful return of Mabel Normand in a corking good slapstick comedy, dealing with the adventures of a waif who breaks into high society.

"Return of Peter Grimm, The"—Fox. Charming transcription of the play, full of emotional appeal. Alec Francis in rôle of Peter, whose spirit revisits the living. Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling.

"Señor Daredevil"—First National. A Western with Mexican trimmings. Ken Maynard, in silks and sashes, does all that is expected of a Western daredevil. Dorothy Devore is the girl in gingham.

"Show Off, The"—Paramount. Not as funny as the play, but quite amusing. Ford Sterling somewhat too mature for the famous rôle of the show off. Lois Wilson is the girl.

"Silent Lover, The"—First National. Milton Sills exceptionally good as an

irresponsible count who gets into trouble and seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion. Natalie Kinston is the girl.

"Son of the Sheik, The"—United Artists. Valentino's last film. Sequel to "The Sheik," with the star in the dual rôle of father and son. Action, romance, and Vilma Banky.

"Sorrows of Satan, The"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith's latest. Disappointing. Adolphe Menjou is Satan in modern clothes, Ricardo Cortez the youth he tempts, Carol Dempster the distraught sweetheart, and Lya de Putti the siren.

"So's Your Old Man"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in an entertaining comedy of a small-town goof scorned by his fellow townsmen until a bona-fide princess, Alice Joyce, unexpectedly drops in on him.

"So This Is Paris"—Warner. Lubitsch offers another masterpiece of light marital comedy. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, Lilyan Tashman and Andre Beranger, are the two involved couples.

"Sparrows"—United Artists. Mary Pickford is a waif again in a gloomy melodrama of cruelly treated orphans in the midst of a deadly swamp.

"Speeding Venus, The"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean, in a newly invented gearless automobile, races a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

"Strong Man, The"—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the most human comedy he has made. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambling assistant of a professional strong man.

"Subway Sadie"—First National. Unique and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Syncopating Sue"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a sprightly characterization of a gum-chewing jazz player. Lively comedy with laughs galore. Tom Moore as a trap drummer.

"Temptress, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A triumph for Greta Garbo. Ibáñez's tale of a beautiful woman whose tragedy is that all men who love her come to ruin. Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore.

"Upstage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer in a deft, humorous picture of vaudeville life, with a thrilling climax. Tale of a pretty dancer whose head gets turned.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in the leads.

"Waltz Dream, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A charming light comedy from the German Ufa studios. Typically Continental. Excellent cast, though all strangers to American audiences.

"You Never Know Women"—Paramount. Florence Vidor's initial starring film. Novel tale of a Russian vaudeville troupe touring America. Clive Brook is the knife-throwing hero.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Ace of Cads, The"—Paramount. None-too-successful transference of Michael Arlen story to screen. Adolphe Menjou is the self-sacrificing hero, Alice Joyce the lady.

"Amateur Gentleman, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a dull, spiritless picture adapted from Jeffery Farnol's novel and laid in the time of the regency. Tale of a pugilist's son who aspires to be a gentleman.

"City, The"—Fox. Dull film of a once daring and successful play. All about a blackmailing dope fiend. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Walling, and Walter McGrail.

"Clinging Vine, The"—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Leatrice Joy. Silly film, that might have been amusing, of mannish business girl who blossoms into cooing dove. Tom Moore also wasted.

"Devil's Island"—Chadwick. Pauline Frederick and a good idea wasted. Turgid melodrama involving the prisoners on the small penal island off the coast of South America, whither certain French criminals are sent for life.

"Diplomacy"—Paramount. Only mildly interesting. Adapted from the well-known play dealing with international intrigue. Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton.

"Fig Leaves"—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with ancient and modern sequences, of what happens to a wife who cares too much for clothes. George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"For Alimony Only"—Producers Distributing. Unrealistic attempt to show the evils of alimony. Leatrice Joy and Lilyan Tashman are the successive wives of the alimony slave, Clive Brook.

"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"Great Deception, The"—First National. A feeble melodrama of the late war, with Ben Lyon as a supposed spy and Aileen Pringle as the girl.

"Her Big Night"—Universal. Laura La Plante in a long-drawn-out film of a shopgirl whose resemblance to a movie star puts her in the way of a thousand dollars.

"Her Honor the Governor"—F. B. O. Again Pauline Frederick ably plays a tense, emotional mother rôle. A melodrama of political intrigue, somewhat too theatrical and heavy handed.

"Into Her Kingdom"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a far-fetched film based on the theory that a daughter of the late Czar of Russia marries a Bolshevik and comes to America to keep shop. The Swedish Einar Hansen is the Bolshevik.

"It Must Be Love"—First National. Colleen Moore as a delicatessen man's daughter who tries to rise above her hated surroundings. Not as sparkling as her best films. Malcolm McGregor is her hero.

"It's the Old Army Game"—Paramount. Starring W. C. Fields. Amusing only up to a point. Louise Brooks is the pert and provocative girl in the case.

"Last Frontier, The"—Producers Distributing. The pioneer days again. William Boyd, as a stalwart young scout, and Marguerite de la Motte, as a flowerlike Southern girl, are the pair of lovers.

"Lily, The"—Fox. Belle Bennett in a complicated, old-fashioned film of a young woman who sacrifices romance for the sake of her father, and grows old a slave to duty.

"London"—Paramount. Dorothy Gish in a feeble film of a soubrette of the London slums who is adopted by a rich old lady.

"Marriage Clause, The"—Universal. An unreal, unoriginal film of stage life, with Billie Dove in the rôle of a star who is torn between a career and marriage.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow and a little dull.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is the tippler, George Lewis and June Marlowe the youngsters.

"Padlocked"—Paramount. Absurdly improbable tale of a stern, bigoted father whose self-righteousness is the death of his wife and the ruin of his daughter. Lois Moran, Noah Beery, and Louise Dresser.

"Pals First"—First National. A sentimental, complicated film featuring one of those Southern plantations with a missing heir, the latter being at last discovered in a gang of crooks. Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

"Paradise"—First National. A mistake from the beginning. Milton Sills and Betty Bronson are miscast as sweethearts in a story that shifts from the Broadway footlights to the South Sea Isles.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the rôle of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.

"Road to Mandalay, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Unworthy of Lon Chaney. Confused story of a repulsive sea-raider of the Far East whose dainty daughter does not know him. Owen Moore and Lois Moran.

"Sunny Side Up"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds' first starring picture. A pert waif in a pickle factory rises to wealth and fame as a prima donna.

"Take It from Me"—Universal. Not up to Reginald Denny's usual standard. Escapades of a reckless young man who assumes charge of a department store. Blanche Mehaffey is the girl.

"Three Bad Men"—Fox. Fine picturization of the West of the '70s, though the plot is thin and slow. Besides the "three bad men," there are George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"Tin Gods"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan as a silently suffering builder of bridges in South America who turns to drink, but is redeemed by Renee Adoree. Aileen Pringle is the ambitious wife.

"Under Western Skies"—Universal. Unconvincing film of rich young idler

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who goes West and proves himself a "man." Norman Kerry and Anne Cornwall.

"Whole Town's Talking, The"—Universal. Rough-and-tumble farce, fairly funny, but often just silly. Edward Everett Horton and Virginia Lee Corbin.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Paramount.

Raymond Griffith, in a subtle but rather tedious satire on mystery stories, is a dapper coroner called to the scene of a smart society murder.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Joseph, form the royal family, and Bessie Love is the American girl.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

uel Granada—now known on the screen as Paul Ellis. I believe both Pola Negri and Enid Bennett live in Beverly Hills. Enid plays occasionally in pictures for some of the smaller companies. "Woman's Heart" is her latest. A one may join a fan club by writing to its secretary or president. Nita Naldi has been in Europe for some time; she was living in Paris at the Ritz last summer. Lucille Ricksen died in Hollywood last year, of pneumonia, I believe. A letter addressed to Dorothy Manners in care of PICTURE-PLAY would be forwarded to her. A letter would reach Agnes Ayres if addressed merely to Hollywood, California. The same is true of most of the stars. Perhaps First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, would send you a photo of Barbara La Marr.

OVERCURIOUS.—Perhaps you will get over that when I answer your questions. Carol Dempster, I believe, is not to play in "The White Slave" with Richard Dix, after all, because of the termination of the contract between D. W. Griffith's company and Famous Players. Malcolm McGregor is in his late twenties; there is no present indication of his being starred. Yes, Dolores Costello is being starred in "The Third Degree." Ruth Clifford doesn't give her age. I suppose Mary Brian will continue for a while longer as a featured player before she attains stardom.

MARY CURTIS.—If answering questions shows my appreciation of letters, what an appreciative person I am! Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. She is a blonde. Charles Ray and William Haines are of the same general type, certainly, but I don't see much more resemblance between them than that. I don't know whether it is possible to get photos of Valentino—you might write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

ME.—I'd never guess who you are from that signature, would I? Vilma Banky is five feet six. Her address is given in the list at the end of this department. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is Doug's son by his first wife, Beth Sully, now Mrs. Evans. Valentino was five feet eleven in height. Madge Bellamy is about five feet two.

A PHOTO FIEND.—Where do you write to get one of my photos? Try the Rogues' Gallery. Pauline Garon has more or less retired from the screen since her marriage to Lowell Sherman. I don't know her home address. Kenneth Harlan free lances. The Warner Studio, Los Angeles, is as good an address as I have for him. See answers to ME and LILLIAN.

E. R. B.—Too bad you didn't hear from the Richard Talmadge Club—perhaps the club has disbanded. There are several Bebe Daniels clubs. Miss Evelyn Bode, 2745 Myrtle Avenue, Glendale, Long Island, has one, and Miss Dorothy Lubon, 2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City, has another. Both these clubs are several years old, but I hope they are still active.

I'm afraid some of these fan clubs are organized in a moment of enthusiasm, and then, when the novelty wears off, they fall to pieces. I am not, of course, referring to all fan clubs, but just describing what may happen to some of them. There is a Colleen Moore Fan Club—write to Dorothy Mae Thompson, 13 Fifth Avenue, Aspinwall, Pennsylvania. There is no Lloyd Hughes club that I know of, and, strangely enough, I see no Ramon Novarro club on my list. PICTURE-PLAY published a gallery picture of George O'Brien in the issue for October, 1926, and an interview in the August, 1926, number. George O'Hara's photograph appeared in the number for May, 1924, in "Among Those Present."

ANGELINA.—I'm glad I haven't a name like that; it must be hard to live up to. "The Four Horsemen" was first shown in 1921. Dorotes del Rio is about twenty, Alice Terry in her late twenties. Olive Borden is still in her teens; Madge Bellamy in her early twenties.

MARIE FROM PRAGUE.—Thanks for the bouquet—in this chill weather, too! Of course PICTURE-PLAY likes to be considered the best movie magazine. James Hall is very much of a newcomer on the screen. He was playing on the stage last winter in "The Matinée Girl" when a friend induced him to take a screen test. Now he is considered a "find." His real name is James Hamilton. Besides having played in "The Campus Flirt," he played opposite Bebe in her new picture, "Stranded in Paris," and with Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial."

C. L. B.—A list of all the pictures Valentino played in is a difficult undertaking, as he played in so many back in the old days when he was just an extra and was not listed in the cast. I will do my best, however—"A Rogue's Romance," "Frisolous Wives," "Eyes of Youth," "Passion's Playground," "The Wonderful Chance" and, I think, "The Bride's Awakening." Then, when he became well known, "The Four Horsemen," "Camille," "The Conquering Power," "The Sheik," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Beyond the Rocks," "Blood and Sand," "The Young Rajah," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Sainted Devil," "Cobra," "The Eagle," and "The Son of the Sheik." If you think Ricardo Cortez will come closest to replacing Valentino, don't fail to see him in "The Sorrows of Satan." No one had ever dreamed before that he was such a good actor. Ramon's pictures since "Ben-Hur" have been "The Midshipman" and "Lovers"—the latter was first known as "The Great Galeoto."

A DORIS KENYON CLUB has been started in England. Interested fans may write to Miss Evelyn Jackson, "Finchfield," Kew Gardens, Southport, England.

A WARNER BAXTER CLUB, with Mr. Baxter himself as president, has been formed. The secretary is Robert Allen, Wisecarver Apartments, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

CLARENCE KOVACK.—You people who will ask questions want lists of pictures that take up more room than I can spare for one person! A list of Valentino's films appears in the answer to C. L. B. The other important rôles in Clara Kimball Young's "Enter Madame" were played by Elliott Dexter, Louise Dresser, Arthur Rankin, and Mary Jane Sanderson. Emil Jannings played the male lead in "Passion." "The Affairs of Anatol" included in its cast nearly all the erstwhile Famous Players celebrities—Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Agnes Ayres, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, and Theodore Roberts.

EVE J. ROBINSON.—So you think I deserve a raise? You can imagine what I think, but it's more important what the editor thinks! I believe James Hall is now under contract to Famous Players. See the answer to MARIE FROM PRAGUE. The Paramount school was discontinued after one class, so no wonder you received no reply. A William Boyd club is announced in this issue. I'm sorry about Arthur Rankin—his screen appearances are only occasional, and I have no idea what his home address is.

NANCY.—How nice of William Haines to donate a gold-and-onyx vanity case as a membership prize for your club. I should think you would be proud to be its president! (Fans who want particulars of this club, write to Nancy Lilly, 225 Boone Street, Bluefield, West Virginia.) William Haines' pictures include "Three Wise Fools," "Wine of Youth," "The Denial," "A Fool and His Money," "Fighting the Flames," "Little Annie Rooney," "A Slave of Fashion," "Memory Lane," "The Tower of Lies," "Sally, Irene, and Mary," "Mike," "Brown of Harvard," "Lovey Mary," "The Little Journey," "Tell It to the Marines," and "Slide, Kelly, Slide."

J. E.—If you are a Renee Adoree fan, who can blame you? Aren't we all! She was born in France—I don't know in what city. Her birthday comes in March, I believe. May Allison was born in Georgia; Jacqueline Logan, in Corsicana, Texas; Louise Fazenda, in Lafayette, Indiana, and Aileen Pringle, in San Francisco. The only address I have for Emily Fitzroy is a home address several years old—Cummings Apartments, 1348 Ingraham Street, Los Angeles. Kathleen Myers free lances, but perhaps you might reach her at the F. B. O. studio.

E. C. P.—Thanks for the bouquet and your wishes for the best of luck for this department. It takes more than luck to answer all these questions. Hard work is responsible for my success, if any. Ramon Novarro was christened José Ramon Sameniagos. I don't know of any correspondence club for him. There is a Marion Davies Fan Club—write to Miss Eleanor Jacobus, 18 Elm Road, Caldwell, New Jersey. Marion's real name is Douras. Yes, I think Ramon Novarro would send you his photo free of charge.

LOUISE LEBLONDE.—Thanks for the invitation to come to Sherbrooke if I ever go to Canada. So it's only forty-two miles from the American line? Perhaps if I ever do go to Canada, I'll have to get farther away than that! John Gilbert was born in 1895. The Elinor Glyn picture with Lew Cody and Harriet Hammond was "Man and Maid." Doris Kenyon was born September 5, 1897. She weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.



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Behold, Watch

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an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

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75c

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GINGER.—Certainly Ginger is a snappy name! Many is the ginger snap I've eaten! William Haines' screen history is given in the answer to NANCY. The first film in which William Haines played the male lead was, I think, "Three Wise Fools."

MISS MACBETH.—If *Macbeth* was all Shakespeare said he was, I'd rather miss him than not. What a lot you want to know—you must have kept your school teachers working hard. The Dolores Costello Club has its headquarters with Francis C. Wilson, Blountstown, Florida. She is in her late teens. Dolores del Rio is about twenty. Pauline Starke's latest film is called, at this writing, "Women Love Diamonds." I'm not the one to argue on that question. Natacha Rambova has not revealed her future professional plans. There has been some confusion as to who will play opposite Richard Dix in "The White Slave." Carol Dempster was scheduled for the rôle, but D. W. Griffith and his entire unit, including Carol, are no longer with Famous Players. A new leading lady has not at this writing been found. No, the Paramount junior stars will not make another film together. Only half of them have had their contracts renewed. Ivy Harris has the leading ingénue rôle in "The Potters," with W. C. Fields, and Josephine Dunn plays in "Love's Greatest Mistake." PICTURE-PLAY published stories about the players you ask about in the following issues: Mary Brian, August, 1925; Betty Bronson, November, 1926, and December, 1925; Esther Ralston, August, 1925, and Dolores Costello, September, 1925, and June, 1926 ("The Sketchbook").

TO J. WARREN KERRIGAN FANS.—ELISE, of London, was kind enough to send me the information that Mr. Kerrigan is not considering making any more pictures at present, although he has many offers. ELISE received a letter from him in answer to one of hers which appeared in PICTURE-PLAY's "What the Fans Think" department. No, ELISE, I have not seen Louise LaGrange's name in any casts since "The Side Show of Life." Thank you for the information you sent.

A BEN LYON LOYALTY CLUB has been organized, and any one interested may write to the club's secretary, R. I. Fischer, 136 Clyde Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

JANE.—Every time any one suggests that my picture be published in PICTURE-PLAY, I remind them that the post office is particular as to what is sent through the mails. Also, the editor has something to say about what appears in this magazine! Walter Goss played the part of Gloria's brother in "Fine Manners." He's a graduate of the Paramount school, and you will undoubtedly hear more of him in the future. Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice. Lon Chaney's wife is the former Hazel Bennett. William Boyd's new pictures are "The Last Frontier," "Her Man-o'-War," "The Yankee Clipper," and "Jim the Conqueror." If you're really going to write again, the answer to that is, "Hooray!"

CECELIA GALLOWAY.—Thank you for the information—I stand corrected. Why, I wonder, does no one ever sit corrected? So much more comfortable. I know that George Hackathorne played Norma's son in "The Lady"—the question I answered recently was who played the son as a child. Alice Joyce has worn bobbed hair for several years.

GIRL GRAD.—CECELIA writes for your benefit the names of additional actresses who have never bobbed their hair—Mary

Pickford, Mary Philbin, Jobyna Ralston, Dolores Costello, Dolores del Rio, and Vilma Banky.

ROMANTIC.—I should say you are a "bit of an oracle yourself!" You should be able to "encyclopede"—that's a new word!—for a living. Gertrude Olmsted played opposite John Gilbert in "Cameo Kirby," and John Ford directed the picture. "St. Elmo" was produced so many years ago that I am unable to find out whether Barbara La Marr played in it or not. I'm afraid it would be impossible for the editor to republish the key to the composite caricature of Hollywood celebrities by Robert Godfrey Quigley. You see, other readers of PICTURE-PLAY, unaware of your request, might resent the magazine's using the same material twice. Why don't you write in for the issue of PICTURE-PLAY in which the caricature and key appeared? It was the issue for November, 1925. Thanks for the information about Louise Lovely.

FANNIE THE FAN.—How did you get out of "Over the Teacups?" Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Missouri, November 1, 1904; she is five feet two inches and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. So far as I know, she is of American parentage. Laura's latest picture scheduled, at this writing, is "The Cat and the Canary." Walter Pidgeon played opposite Anna Q. Nilsson in "Miss Nobody." No, Blanche Sweet and Agnes Ayres are not Finnish girls; they were both born in Chicago. My instinct tells me you're a blonde—you're so interested in all the other blondes.

A MARY BRIAN FAN CLUB wishes to make its debut. Any one interested may write to Miss Clara Fochi, 53 Villa Avenue, Yonkers, New York.

A MARY PICKFORD CLUB has been organized, with her permission, by Mr. Martin Jacobsen, 912 Peck Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin.

KID BOOTS DEMPSEY.—I hope the kid is big enough to get away with that. I'd hate to try it myself. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio—he doesn't say when. A fan club for him is announced in this issue. There are no correspondence clubs that I know of for Lawrence Gray. Two for Ronald Colman were announced in the August number.

Addresses of Players.

Buster Collier, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Betty Compton, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathryn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Seastrom, Lewis Stone, Teddy Sampson, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Ro-

mano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, Richard Talmadge, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Carol Dempster, Lois Moran, Louise Brooks, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Alberta Vaughn, Adamae Vaughn, Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, 1762 Orchid Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Charles Emmett Mack, 10442 Kinnard Avenue, Westwood, Los Angeles, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3826 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

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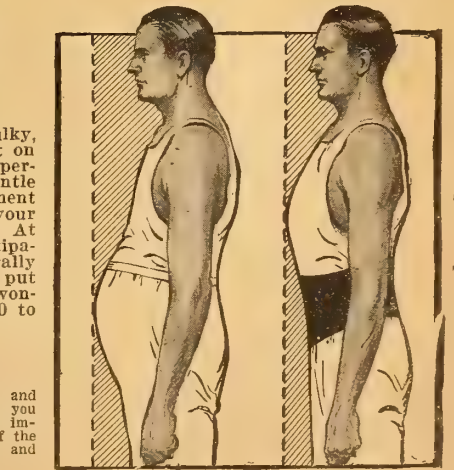
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One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but didn't have! I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially:

"Hello, Dick, glad to see you."

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It doesn't happen very often," I answered.

"Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said: "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

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Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here. What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up: "I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

Quickly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more! Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

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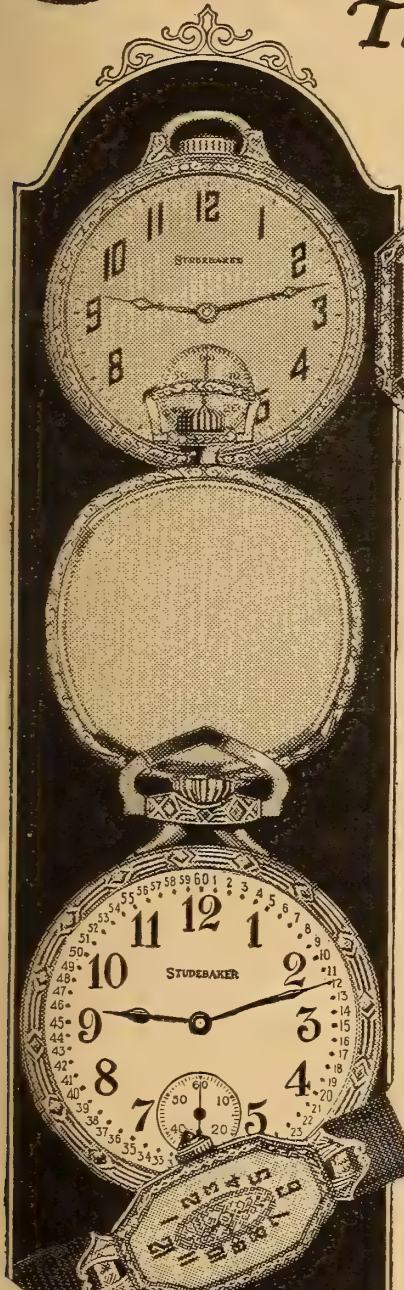
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Picture-Play

Volume XXVI

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Watch for these great Paramount super-productions coming! The pictures below and those in the Guide you can see now or very soon. Ask your Theatre Manager.

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"Liberty" Serial Story

FROM the story by Fred-
eric Arnold Kummer,
appearing in "Liberty." An
Edward Sutherland Pro-
duction with Evelyn Brent, Wil-
liam Powell, James Hall and
Josephine Dunn.

Casey at the Bat

Starring
Wallace
Beery

"There was ease
in Casey's man-
ner as he stepped
into his place,
there was pride
in Casey's bear-
ing and a smile
on Casey's face"—just
picture Wallace Beery
with a role like that!



With Ford Sterling,
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An Elinor Glyn-
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Production

IF you don't know what
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Read the story in Cosmo-
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demonstrate what you can
do when you have "it." Even
her wealthy employer, An-
tonio Moreno, falls for "it."



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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and
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TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
LOVE'EM AND LEAVE'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland. Directed by John Waters.	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring Florence Vidor. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring Richard Dix. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. Fields. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring Adolphe Menjou. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
LONDON	Starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Her- bert Wilcox.	
SORROWS OF SATAN	Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster. Directed by D. W. Griffith.	
THE KID BROTHER	Starring Harold Lloyd. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation.	
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor. Directed by Luther Reed.	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring Pola Negri. With James Hall and George Siegmann. Directed by Mauritz Stiller.	
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Hollywood's Husbandless Homes



NOWHERE in all the world are so many luxurious homes maintained by women as in the movie capital. What is more, the homes are supported by the earnings of their occupants, and not by inherited incomes. The flag of independence flies high, for these *châtelaines* have careers to occupy them, with motor cars, jewels, and all the material advantages of achievement and prosperity. What is more, they possess youth and beauty. They have *everything*—except husbands. They are bachelor girls of the new age, and the movies are responsible for them.



Who are they, and what chance have they of finding greater happiness in marriage?

In next month's PICTURE-PLAY an absorbing article by A. L. Wooldridge deals with this unique subject, in which these highly eligible feminine bachelors are listed, their homes described, and their independence analyzed. Don't miss this striking feature,

ONE OF MANY

in PICTURE-PLAY for May. Among other stories, is one by Myrtle Gebhart which dispels the odium attached to "movie mothers" by telling just what the maternal parents of Alice and Marceline Day, and Dorothy Dwan, have done to advance their daughters' careers without losing the respect of the studio world and bringing ridicule upon themselves, as many overzealous mothers have done. Harold Hall gives excerpts, amusing and otherwise, of some of the most unusual fan letters received by the stars. Malcolm H. Oettinger contributes a shrewdly brilliant interview with John Gilbert. These stories, however, represent only random selections from what will be found in the next PICTURE-PLAY. There is a wealth of other captivating stories as well.



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What the Fans Think



A Valentino Memorial Guild.

I WAS very touched by the many beautiful tributes in letters and verse which appeared in December PICTURE-PLAY, and I feel that I should like to thank all the loyal followers of our beloved Rudy for their fidelity.

M. D. V. suggests that Rudy's fans unite to defend his name and keep his memory alive. May I assure her that this has already been begun by my Memorial Guild which, started but a short time ago and entirely unadvertised, already has over twenty members, and these are rapidly increasing.

This Guild is not a fan club. The dollar subscription—five shillings in England—does not bring any prizes with it, but just goes toward making the Guild a recognized, dignified institution, extending all over the world, and binding Rudy's friends together in a great, unforgetting band. We shall do all in our power to put down lying rumors; we shall agitate for reissues, and see that they are given with good music; every year we shall send a laurel wreath, which Mr. Ullman has already this year laid on the resting place of the world's best beloved.

Later, when we are large enough, we shall endeavor to start a memorial in England, so that we who loved Rudy over here may have somewhere to take our tributes. We shall also have a Guild room, where there will be a shrine with his photograph, and where flowers will bloom all the year round. Even now many of us have our own little shrines, where we keep vases of flowers in fragrant tribute to his memory.

I should be very, very grateful to see this letter printed, because I want readers of PICTURE-PLAY to know that there is a way in which they can do something in memory of the dear boy who has left the world so empty.

I wish you fans had been at the London première of "The Son of the Sheik," when thousands of men and women sat in reverent silence to pay their tribute to Rudy, and when tears dripped unashamedly down the cheeks of women who had come in automobiles to witness the triumph of the "Prince of Romance."

His pictures are being shown again and again, all over Great Britain, and the cinemas are packed to their fullest extent. One picture house had to change its program because the audience clamored so for one of Rudy's reissues.

The bookings run well into 1927, and show no signs of falling off.

How can they? There will never be another Rudy. Such a one is only given to this world once in a century, and then we aren't allowed to keep him long.

I was among the fortunate ones who knew him personally, but that only makes the loss more heart-breaking, because when one knew the real Valentino one realized how impossible it would be to fill his place.

"God loved him, and gave him a beautiful soul."

And it was that soul which, looking out of his eyes, brought comfort to countless hearts which life had bruised and left without dreams.

While he lived we were diffident about fighting for him, lest it embarrass him, but now we can defend him as we wish, and the Valentino Memorial Guild has put itself into the position of champion. The larger it becomes, the more powerful will it become, and I ask every man and woman who loved and loves Rudolph Valentino, be they persons in private life or film stars—we are all equal in our affection for him—to write to me and join, so that the Guild may become such a band of fellowship as has never been known before, and Rudy's name live forever.

Our motto is simple and easy to remember: "*Toujours Fidèle.*" And "forever faithful" we shall be—we who saw and recognized the spiritual beauty as well as the genius of the greatest actor the screen has ever known. I should like to thank Miss Francine Pyle Robinson for her beautiful poem, and offer the lines I wrote just after he left us.

To Rudy.

The laurel wreath is set upon thy brow,
And none can ever tear it from thee now,
For death has given that which life withheld,
Glory immortal, glory unexcelled.

And we who lately wept upon thy tomb,
See now the sunlight breaking through the gloom,
Knowing that thou art happy and at rest,
Thy weary head upon thy mother's breast.

We still shall see thee in the days to come,
And read thy message, though thy lips are dumb;
The passing years shall never gray thy hair,
Nor steal from thee thy grace beyond compare.

Continued on page 10



The Most Popular Girl In Town!

SHE wasn't beautiful. Nor college bred. Nor wealthy. Yet everybody liked her—from the butcher boy to the bank president. She had more suitors than any other girl in town. For she knew how to smile—her laugh was as contagious as the measles!

If you want people to like *you*, smile more. Laugh more. See one of *Educational's Comedies* once or twice a week and treat yourself to a whole flock of laughs. You'll be so bubbling over with good nature that your friends will think you've discovered a diamond mine. And you *have*!

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Continued from page 8

Dear lad! Within our hearts live on for aye,
In majesty which ne'er can pass away.
Through death thou hast been saved all
earthly strife,

And by that death hast gained eternal life.

MERCIA STANHOPE.

"Highcroft," Warltersville Road, London, N. 19, England.

In Defense of Connie.

When I read the letter, in the January issue of PICTURE-PLAY, knocking Constance Talmadge, I wondered what poor Connie had done to cause this person who terms himself "Anti-Constance" to have such a grudge against her. This fan is convinced that only through the lovely Norma did Constance get on the screen, but if he would read the movie magazines more closely he would discover that Connie was a D. W. Griffith discovery. Even if it were through Norma she got on the screen, Norma could not keep her there. She has become a star on her own merits as an actress.

Who could conscientiously say that Connie has neither beauty nor talent? If this is the case, why is she among the first twenty-five box-office attractions? The seventeen million persons who attend picture theaters daily must have a somewhat different opinion from that of "Anti-Constance." After seeing Connie in "Her Night of Romance" and "Her Sister from Paris," who can say she is not a fine actress and one of the best comedienne on the screen?

He also names a number of other stars who puzzle him as to how they got into the movies. Among these are Richard Barthelmess and Eleanor Boardman. Dick is also one of the best box-office attractions. Why? Because he is a splendid actor. Of late he has been a victim of poor picture material, but give him a good picture and see him run away with it. Eleanor Boardman can always be depended upon for a good performance. I, for one, never miss any of these stars' pictures.

RALPH MARTI.

Windsor, Missouri.

In Spite of All.

I know a man in the movies.

He isn't a Latin type; he isn't dark and handsome.

He is very ordinary; was even born in that very unromantic State of "Ioway," I believe.

He is married, and has one child.

He is even happily married, and it's his first and only marriage, too, I am told.

His name has never filled front pages connected with scandal nor thrilling achievements, to my knowledge.

I don't know this man personally, but his pictures I *never* miss.

He is *blond*—a handicap for a man, I think.

His ears are a little prominent.

His hair isn't very thick.

But say! This man somehow thrills me as much as Valentino ever did, in spite of the fact that I adored Valentino to the *n*th degree.

I admire dark, Latin men. I detest blond men, ordinarily; but this man, in spite of all his handicaps, wins my heart every time I watch him on the screen. He makes love with a sweet, sincere passion, and it sweeps me willy-nilly off my feet. He can dance, too, and looks perfectly wonderful in a uniform.

His eyes are beautiful, and he has a handsome mouth and nose, with a high, broad forehead.

His name is Conrad Nagel, and he is my movie hero, first, last, and always.

THE BOOKKEEPER.

Union Meat Market, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Taking Miss Lipke to Task.

This letter is a protest against some of the unfair and untrue statements made by Katherine Lipke in her article, "Jackie Startles Hollywood," concerning the choice of Jacqueline Logan for the rôle of *Mary Magdalene*.

Among other things, Miss Lipke says that Jackie has appeared "only in program pictures, in uninteresting rôles." Does she call *Bessie Broke* in "The Light that Failed," *Nettie Vollar* in "Java Head," the French dancing girl in "Burning Sands," and the native girl in "Ebb Tide," uninteresting rôles? Does she call the first two mentioned, by Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Hergesheimer, unimportant stories? Again, Miss Lipke states: "During years in pictures of little or no dramatic purport, she had not been able to awaken producers, directors, critics, nor fans, to a realization of her emotional possibilities." This is exaggerating greatly, for any one who follows the reviews knows Miss Logan's work in the four pictures I have named was praised by the critics, not to mention many other pictures for which she has been praised. As for directors, George Melford must have thought something of her to feature her in every picture he made for years. As for fans, Jackie has her fans, just as any other player has, and they believe in her future. Why such a sweeping statement from Miss Lipke?

Before I close, I should like to inquire just *who* is Miss Carmelita Geraghty, and what great things has she done on the screen to warrant the space she gets, month in and month out, in PICTURE-PLAY? I believe I have seen her in one picture, "Through the Dark," in the merest bit, and have heard of her in one or two Westerns and serials. Yet she is dragged into "Over the Teacups," "Hollywood High Lights," and "Manhattan Medley," as though she were a celebrity. It does seem a bit unfair when so many hard-working and deserving young players get scarcely any mention at all. However, I suppose next month I shall see in "The Teacups" that all the girls, including Carmelita Geraghty, Julianne Johnston, and Virginia Valli, dropped in for a thrilling game of tit-tat-toe!

GEORGE PATTERSON.

100 Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

"Yvonne" is Challenged.

There are one or two things on which I wish to express my opinion. I have read this department for some time. Some of the letters are most interesting and of general appeal to the fans, but I have noticed many that have shown a lack of common sense.

The people in the profession, I am sure, read the department. Not from mere curiosity, but on the chance that some one might have sent in a constructive criticism. I feel, however, that there has been too much destructive instead of constructive criticism. You can't improve matters by attempting to destroy an established institution, but you can work wonders by showing the little flaws and defects so that they may be rectified. We aren't helping any one, ourselves least of all, by slinging mud. The use of a figurative broom would be much more to the point.

There are one or two things expressed in the department of the January issue to which I wish to add.

"Yvonne" suggests that we "ring out the old and ring in the new." I wonder if "Yvonne" realizes that without the guiding hand of the "old" the "new" wouldn't be worth as much as it is. Personally, there are a few of the "old" ones I should prefer seeing to some of the "new" ones. Is

it the veteran's fault that he must play support and atmosphere for the overpublicized and commercialized newcomer? I have nothing to say against the newcomers. I like a number of them very much, but there are so many of the older players that I should like to see given something more than just support to some of the newcomers, who don't know half of what the older one has forgotten. So let's not "ring out the old and ring in the new." Let's give justice where justice is due, and help the others to have justice done unto them.

Elsie Larson made a nice little remark at the end of her letter. "If they give good performances, that should be sufficient." The knockers of foreign actors on our screen would have a hard time trying to prove themselves pure-bred Americans. So far as the present race of man knows, the pure-bred American is none other than the American Indian. Please, folks, remember your American history a little better, or the "foreign invasion" will bust itself laughing at you. Have you forgotten the Puritans and Cavaliers in New England and Virginia, the Dutch in New York, the Spanish in Florida and California, and the French in Louisiana? The "foreign invasion" is neither "foreign" nor an "invasion." The war is over. How many of us "Americans," whose fathers and fathers' fathers were born here, can count just one nationality in our lineage? Not many. If there are foreign actors and actresses who are good artists, let's have them and make Americans of them. Don't let's make fools of ourselves; we're crazy enough as it is. Remember, the other fellow is just as good as we are until he either damns our country or insults our flag. Then it is time to spank him and send him home. Nine chances out of ten he'll become a good American citizen, and we always have room for one more contributing citizen.

RACHEL BARNETT.

731 Edgewater Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

A Letter to the Wampas.

I have followed with interest the annual choosing of thirteen Wampas "baby" stars. Some are rather overaged babies, we are afraid. But the choice has always seemed wise in the main, and the awarding of the gold cup to Colleen Moore one year, and to Eleanor Boardman in another year, met with my approval.

And now, dear Wampas, the purpose of this note is to ask you why you neglect the male newcomers? It appears that the shortage of capable leading men and juveniles is much more serious than the feminine side of the situation.

As charming as Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone, and Richard Dix are, to accept them as romantic lovers and college freshmen is asking a great deal of credulity from the fans.

Pick a baker's dozen of young men to run in the race along with the girls.

AN APPRECIATIVE FAN.

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

I believe in constructive criticism, not destructive. One can have his likes and dislikes, but why express the latter in a magazine?

It seems to me that producers, directors, and stars who have given their lives, one might say, to creating pictures that entertain the world, ought to know talent when they see it.

It's the same way in one's own city. People don't like every one. Many persons do things of which others do not approve, yet is that any reason why one

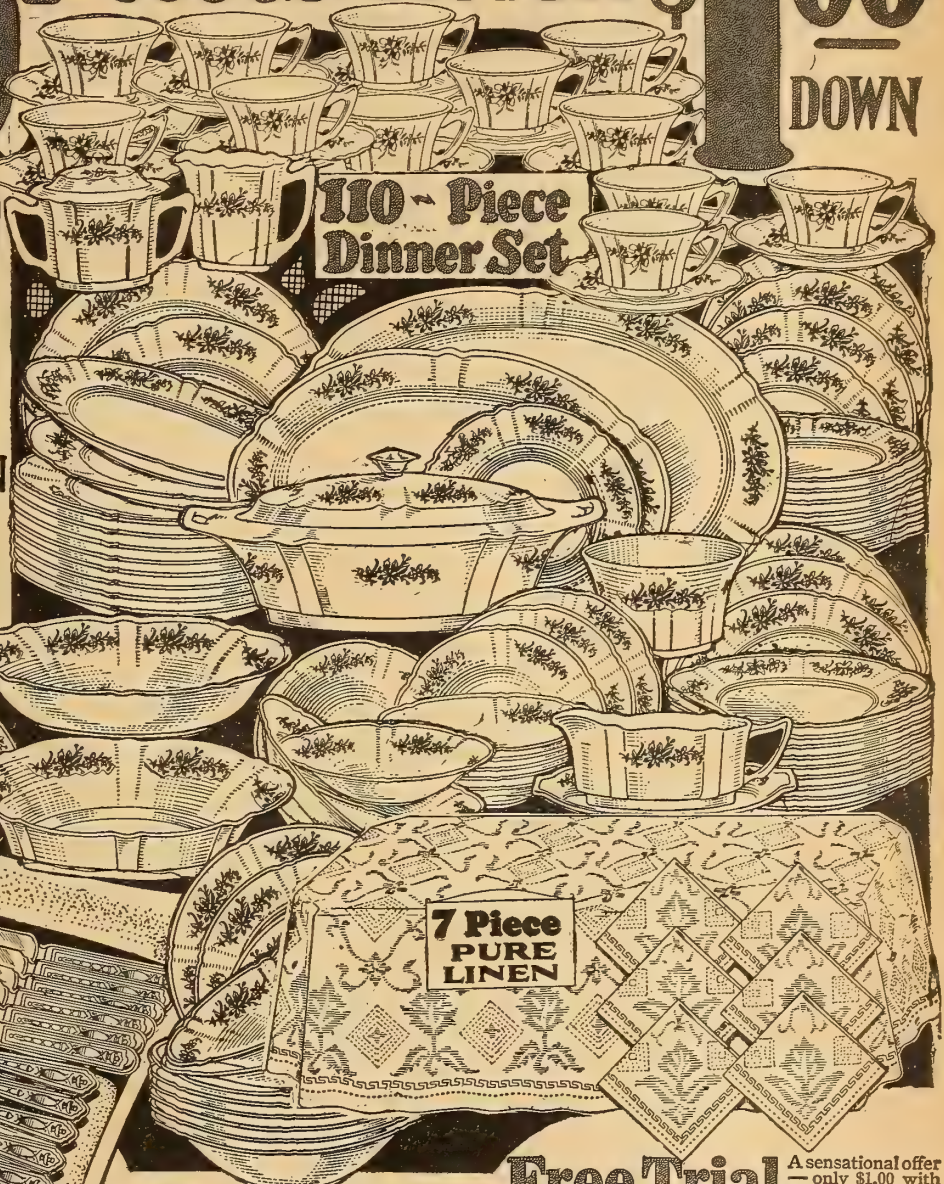
Continued on page 12

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DO you get excited easily? Do you become fatigued after slight exertion? Are your hands and feet cold? Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble? Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams? Have you spells of irritability? Are you often gloomy and pessimistic? Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?



These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves?

In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations. In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes on suddenly. In fact, it is a very gradual development that deceives scores of men and women who appear to be in the best of health. Yet all the time their nerves are in a constant state of upheaval, slowly undermining their entire organism.

How To Strengthen Them

No tonic or magic system of exercises can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

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Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous Nerve Specialist, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nervous vitality.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

should knock Tom, Dick, and Harry in the public prints?

If you don't like certain persons, avoid them. The same thing applies to the movie people. If you don't like Connie Talmadge, for mercy's sake don't go and see her. I can't see why one should make oneself sick over the fact that Connie is on the screen, when all that person has to do is stay away from the theater.

I think there are too many cranks who go to a movie every day in the week. Yet if you ask, "Was the show good?" all you get is that it was "rotten." I go just the same. It usually is just great.

Why stars should "roll away" because they are "older" I can't see. If they are good actors, what matter if they are twenty or sixty years old? I often wonder if these writers of criticisms have a father who is getting older. Would they like to see him fired from his job because of his age? Some day we shall all be much older.

If you don't like the movies, stay away, but don't *spoil* the show for folks who do.

Fans, for 1927, let's say *nice* things about the stars, and if we can't say nice things, let's say not a word. Are you with me? Let's go!

Hurrah for every star, big and small. They give us many hours of pleasure. God bless 'em, one and all. WISCONSIN.

Fears for "The King of Kings."

The picture of Jacqueline Logan as *Mary Magdalene*, which appeared in December *Picture-Play*, makes me fear that Cecil De Mille will put so much imagination into "The King of Kings" that he will portray characters which are not true to the biblical narrative. In the Bible, Mary Magdalene came as a sorrowful woman asking forgiveness. The kind of woman De Mille pictures is the brazen type, whose aim is seduction, not forgiveness.

For the sake of the young people of today, I wish also that pictures like "The Merry Widow" and "Flesh and the Devil" would never be shown. Why cannot a pure, ennobling love be portrayed, instead of a degraded emotion? I have seen the destructive effects of such pictures on young people. There is a wholesome quality in all Richard Dix's pictures. They are never a menace. I should like to see all the talented players who are in sordid pictures use their powers to uplift, not debase.

JOSETTE BEEBE DENNIS.

376 East College Street, Meadville, Pennsylvania.

The Stars and Stripes Forever.

E. Hilton, writing in a recent issue of *Picture-Play*, stated that English pictures are being forced from the British colonies by American film interests. That is quite wrong. As I am residing in one of those colonies and know many of the others well, I can speak with more knowledge than can E. Hilton.

Certainly, only a comparatively small number of English films are shown here in New Zealand. A large percentage of those that are shown are distributed by American concerns. That there are so few English films is due to the fact that picture-goers don't want them and won't patronize them. If English producers think, as judging from their productions they must, that a few murders, a couple of suicides, half a dozen criminals, and an eternal triangle or so, all indiscriminately mixed together, make a picture that is likely to appeal to any one, they are wrong. We, like every one else, want the best we can get in the way of pictures, and if

America provides that best we are anxious to take it, and quite willing to pay for it.

That British films do not enjoy a larger market is due to the fact that they are not worthy of it, for every product put on the world's markets gets the share it deserves. And it is due to their own poorness, not to American film interests, that they cannot get a foothold, while the virtual monopoly that America has in the film market is due to the fact that her product is so very much superior to that of any other country. And if there were perfectly free competition, America would have an even greater share of the world's film market.

EILEEN RYAN.

126 Valley Road, Auckland, New Zealand.

A Helen Ferguson Fan Writes.

After many years of picture-going, I find myself puzzled by various angles of picture producing. I plead to be enlightened.

Why, oh, why, do such comedians as Richard Dix and Dick Barthelmess, in his lighter moods, invariably choose simpering blondes or ga-ga baby-doll brunettes for their heroines? The two Dicks are intelligent performers, but evidently they prefer to do all the acting, themselves. I have in mind Helen Ferguson, who, possessed of a gorgeous sense of humor and intelligence superior to many, in addition to the requisite good looks, would make a splendid foil for any comedian, though at present she is best known for her work in dramatic productions.

A player can be no greater than the story. One would suppose that a good or great performance, given in a mediocre picture, would serve to attract attention to the actor, but such doesn't seem to be the case in the chaotic world of motion pictures. I recall John Gilbert in some old Fox pictures. No less handsome, no less finished an actor, but who cared? It took the big theme of "The Big Parade" to match the acting of Gilbert.

Helen Ferguson had her test in "Hungry Hearts," and was a marvelous success. But portraying a character rôle, that of an immigrant Jewess, played with all the deep sympathy and understanding that is the very essence of Miss Ferguson's nature, the single-track-minded producers gave her nothing but character rôles for a long time afterward.

At last Helen is beginning to emerge from the unattractive rags, and appear as her own youthful and vivacious self.

Why doesn't some one "discover" Helen? In the words of Milt Gross, "Is diss a system?" I ask you!

DOROTHY LUBOW.

2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City, New York.

She's Up in Arms.

In the January issue, under this column, there was a letter headed, "Is This Fan Too Severe?"

I should say that this person, who doesn't sign his name and calls himself a fan, should be ashamed. Just because this so-called fan likes Madge Kennedy, an old-timer, who wasn't capable of keeping her place among the stars, she knocks, slams, and criticizes some of our youngest and best-loved stars of to-day.

The first thing our dear friend had to say was how on earth did Constance Talmadge ever get on the screen? Certainly not through looks or ability.

On the contrary, Connie is one of our most beautiful and talented young actresses. Any one who saw "Her Night

of Romance," "Learning to Love," "Dulcy," "The Goldfish," "Her Sister from Paris," or "The Duchess of Buffalo," will vouch for that.

This person also says that only through Norma's influence does Constance appear on the screen.

Well, Norma plays her parts fairly well, but I should any day rather go and have a good laugh with Connie.

Again, this person says, "Can you imagine Constance Talmadge in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'?" Why not Laura La Plante, Katherine MacDonald, or Esther Ralston?"

In the first place, Constance's hair is the only natural-looking hair of the three mentioned. The rest are all too flaxen to be natural in any way. As a matter of fact, I have seen Miss Ralston in person, and her hair is a bright yellow, which is a most annoying color to look at.

Again, this person asks, "How did Vera Reynolds, Eleanor Boardman, Richard Barthelmess, Lawrence Gray, Malcolm McGregor, Alberta Vaughn, and Dorothy Sebastian ever get in the movies?" My answer is: through good looks, hard work, and outstanding ability.

All those named are big drawing cards at any box-office, as anybody who keeps his eyes half open can plainly see.

Come on, fans! Are you going to let this person slam all these favorites?

MAVIS WILSON.

Forest Hills, New York.

"The Wise Guy" Does Good.

They say one can't be hanged for thinking. Well, that's a help, because what I think about De Putti—

But then, "when the world is so full of a number of things," nice ones, and speaking of some of them—

Have you seen "The Wise Guy?" Not that I would exactly call it *nice*! It surely leaves a bitter taste in your mouth! Take along plenty of candy! You'll need it. It is superficial, and yet it gets you. It makes you want to go home and read the Bible! I read over the twenty-fourth Psalm and then felt better. Poor little picture, so crudely told, yet you did have your mission. And to sit down and read the Bible is a good thing to do in this mad, old world of to-day, don't you think?

But to turn back to the picture for a moment. A bouquet should be given to Miss Compson for the very human and very understanding way she portrayed her rôle. One could simply *feel* her love for the man, and her jealousy of the girl. That was *real* acting, Betty, cut from the cloth of *life*, not from the tinsel of make-believe. And I won't soon forget it!

I should also like to say how much I enjoyed "The Family Upstairs," or rather, Virginia Valli as the daughter. No one, even in his wildest dreams, could call it an unusual story, but somehow Virginia seemed to brighten it up till it actually shone. It surely seemed as though the part had been written for her. She wasn't acting—she simply *was* sweet and good. When there are more girls in *real* life like this, the old world will be a better place.

ADELE L. SIMONDS.

Hotel Ritz, Flower Street, Los Angeles, California.

All Is Illusion Here.

Although I have been laughing over Mrs. H. H.'s amusing letter in a recent PICTURE-PLAY, isn't she rather severe on the poor little hero and heroine worshippers who see "pink icicles," "white muffs," and "belching volcanoes" in their favorite stars?

The movie world is a dream world, where every quite ordinary young man be-

comes a gallant knight, and every pretty girl a divinely beautiful princess.

The stars whom I happen to have seen in the flesh, and actually met, were certainly in no way more remarkable than the everyday human beings of everyday life!

Gilbert Frankau, writing of his experiences in America—"My Unsentimental Journey"—says it would shock the female fan could she see in the Coconut Grove at Los Angeles "that the heroes of the silver screen, once they have donned their tuxedos, are very like other gentlemen once they have donned their tuxedos—only rather less so than more."

It is all an illusion, but without illusions life would lose nine tenths of its joys. Dreams are the salt of existence. And also, writing comparisons is good exercise for the imagination. I've been guilty of it myself!

DOROTHY GRACE SHORE.

11 Drayton Gardens, London, S. W. 10, England.

No Mercy for Gerald Hamm.

I have read Mr. Hamm's impressions of the stars, and I am convinced that he does not know what he is talking about. Of course, he is only a boy or young man who does not know anything about feminine beauty. But the way he "razzes" the stars is enough to make any one sick. I agree with him that Gloria Swanson is talented, but Betty Bronson is not her closest rival, and we don't want to see Pola Negri in more "Passions" or "Gypsy Bloods." We want to see her in more pictures like "Good and Naughty."

Thomas Meighan is a victim of poor stories. Ramon Novarro is aristocratic. Richard Dix is a great favorite; so are Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. I'm not so crazy about Charlie Chaplin, but I loved Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney." Douglas Fairbanks is a good actor, and Lillian Gish is a good actress.

But how can Mr. Hamm say that Florence Vidor cannot act, and that she is not beautiful? I saw her in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," "Sea Horses," and "You Never Know Women." She is a great favorite in Buffalo, and I know some people who would like to tell Mr. Hamm to "freeze his teeth and give his tongue a sleigh ride." I think she is the most beautiful woman in the world, and she *can* act. I have many pictures of her, and my boy and girl friends all love her, too.

Here's to Florence Vidor, and may she have all the luck that's going on the Paramount lot.

A FLORENCE VIDOR FAN.

Buffalo, New York.

A Mexican Fan in Hollywood.

Two weeks ago I was visiting my brother in Los Angeles, who, knowing I am goofy about the movies, took me out Hollywood way the evening following my arrival.

It was just my beastly luck not to see any of the bigger stars rambling along Hollywood Boulevard, although I caught a glimpse of Bill Boyd as he was turning into Cahuenga Avenue. There was a girl with him, and since he's still happily married to Elinor Fair, I surmised it was she. He's big and blond, while she's petite and dark.

Then I was taken to the Egyptian Theater, where John Barrymore was "out-Fairbanks-ing" Doug. "Don Juan's" a great picture, though. Coming out of the theater, we saw Edward Earle leading a huge dog. He's so-so in looks.

The following day, Sunday, we went to the church on Sunset Boulevard. It was there I saw some of my favorites—

Continued on page 114

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The very name of Cecil B. De Mille stands for pictures that realize the dreams of mankind. Over and over De Mille has opened for us the gates that lead to adventure, mystery and romance—has made it possible for us to escape from the humdrum facts of existence into an exciting new world. His very name has come to have a magic meaning. To the initiated it is a guarantee of gorgeous, soul-satisfying entertainment.

It is fitting that these screen masterpieces should be shown in America's finest theatres. And so, from the famous Hippodrome in New York clear across to the magnificent Hillstreet theatre, Los Angeles, Keith-Albee-Orpheum theatres everywhere twinkle with the names of De Mille-Metropolitan great films. And, just as the Hippodrome in New York has become a national institution, each one of these theatres has become a community institution—a place where unsurpassable programs can be taken for granted.

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Supervised by F. McGREW WILLIS
Directed by E. MASON HOPPER
Produced by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation

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JOHN C. FLINN, Vice-President and General Manager

Picture-Play

APRIL, 1927

Vol. XXVI Number 2



Joan Crawford and Tim McCoy, in "Winners of the Wilderness," add another picture to the series of historical subjects brought, in several instances, to the screen for the first time by Colonel McCoy, new M.-G.-M. star. The latest one deals with Revolutionary days, with Miss Crawford as the daughter of the French governor of Canada, Tim McCoy as *Colonel O'Hara*, and Chief Big Tree as *Pontiac*, the Indian menace who saves *O'Hara* from execution.



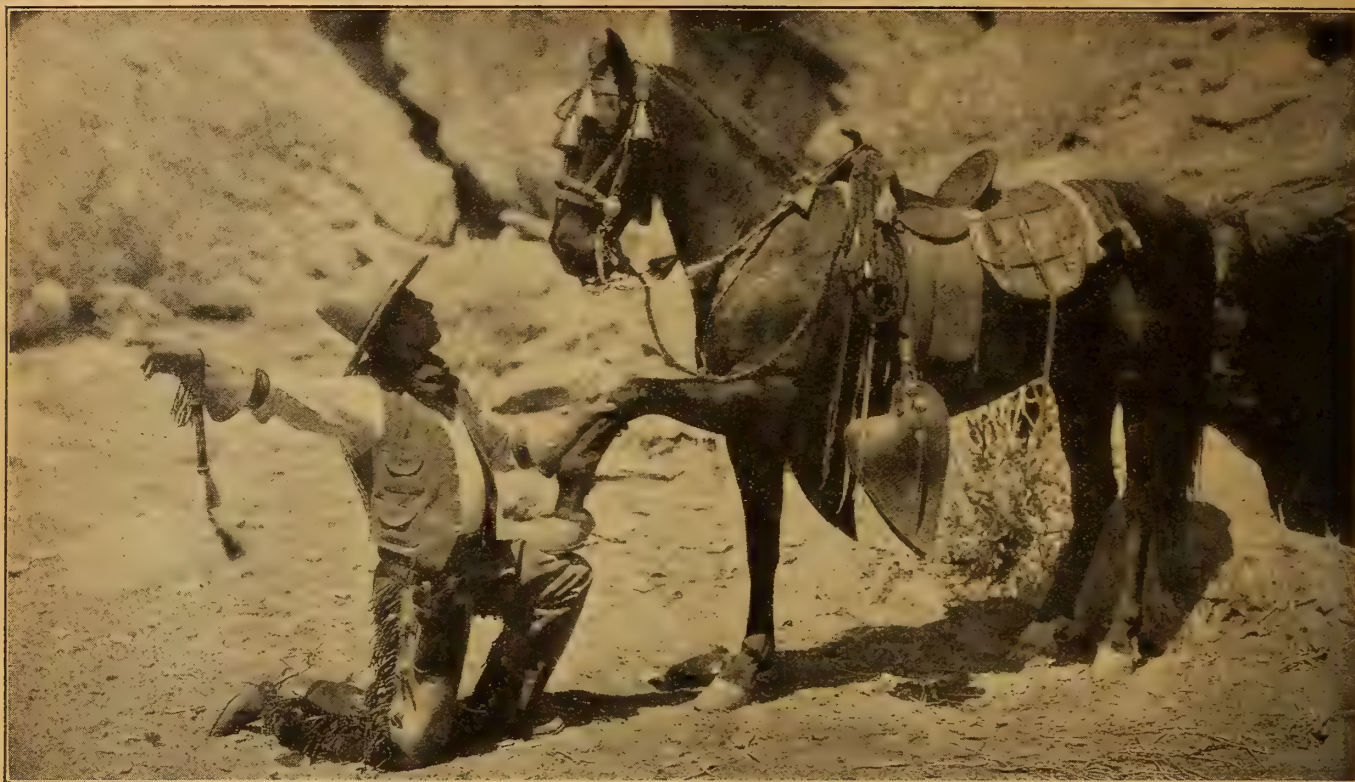


Photo by Neelson Smith

Rudy and his favorite little gelding, Yaqui, which sold for \$425 at the auction.

When Rudy's Belongings Were Sold

Rich and poor came, seeking to buy one last memento of their dead idol. All his treasured possessions, which he had collected from all over the world, were put up at auction and scattered to the four winds.

By A. L. Wooldridge

EARLY one day last December a lone woman walked along a street off the main thoroughfare in Hollywood, scanning house numbers. Her clothing was cheap, in spots almost threadbare. Her shoes were run down at the heels. She carried a hand bag, worn from long usage.

When she reached 1753 North Highland Avenue, she stopped before the heavily curtained door and tried to look in. She thumbed the latch.

It was fastened. She heard voices within. Presently, she espied a sign which read, "No Admittance." So she leaned against the wall, to wait.

After a while, another woman came—and another. By noon a little knot had gathered.

"Starts at one o'clock, doesn't it?" one asked.

"I believe so," another replied.

An automobile drew up to the curb and a smartly dressed matron alighted.

"Is this where Mr. Valentino's things are to be sold?" she inquired.

"Yes," some one said, "this is the place."

More cars. More pedestrians. A detail of police arrived. Before long, a solid string of motor cars was lined up on Highland Avenue, each trying to reach the Hall of Art Studio.

The little lone woman who had come in the early morning still stood next

the door, and behind her was a crowd numbering more than a thousand. Not the jostling, chattering crowd which usually attends auction sales, but a silent assemblage speaking in subdued voices.

Across the street, held within a hurriedly constructed framework, was a 31-foot power boat, *The Phoenix*. In an adjoining building were several dogs.

All that was left of Rudolph Valentino's worldly goods was up for sale.

Falcon Lair, the star's splendid home, had already been sold for \$145,000. Jules Howard, a New York jeweler, had been the purchaser. It had cost \$175,000. Five automobiles, two of foreign make, had netted \$12,532.50. Firefly, the horse used by Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik," had been knocked down to a bidder for \$1,225. The steed's value had been placed at \$3,000. Yaqui, the favorite little black gelding Rudy used to ride in the hills, brought only \$425, while Haroun and Ramadin brought \$600 and \$1,000 respectively. The first day's auction, which had included Valentino's home, his motor cars, horses, saddles, harness, and three dogs, had netted \$182,073.50. But those sales had not interested the little crowd which was now gathered at the Hall of Art Studio, a stone's throw from Hollywood Boulevard. Possibly

Valentino's ingenious "calendar" watch, by which he could tell not only the time of day, but the day of the month, day of the week, and transits of the moon.



not a dozen persons there had even thought of attending the real-estate auction. What they wanted was little trinkets, books, candlesticks, or possibly one of the quaint little graven gods which had stood on the mantelpiece in Valentino's home—had stood there beside the expensive things done in ivory and gold and jade. Just something to show to friends in memory of their former idol.

True, there were those among them who could spend thousands for tapestries and rugs, for antique chests and cabinets, for scarfs done in gold and silver, and not miss the money. Rudy had collected the furnishings for his house from the far corners of the world. There were beautifully carved cabinets and canopied chairs, tables representing the art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the days of the Florentine Renaissance, the Tuscan Gothic, and so on. There was a wonderful collection of ancient firing pieces, besides rapiers, daggers, dueling pistols, scimitars, swords, helmets, and armor from varying periods, some as far back as the time of the Crusaders. There were paintings, rich in color, which had helped make famous the furnishings of Falcon Lair.

But these were for the wealthy. They were not for the simple young girl of modest income, not for the widow who had seen and loved all of Valentino's films, nor were they for any of those who had come to buy from sentiment. The screen star's following had been greatest among women, and women now made up the greater part of the crowd at this final auction sale. And few had large sums to spend.

When the doors of the studio were at last opened,

at one forty-five, policemen were almost swept off their feet as the women surged into the building. The thousand chairs were quickly filled.

"That's all!" a police sergeant ordered.

Still they came. The crowd gathered in the doorway, blocked the sidewalk, pushed out into the street. Women stood with their faces pressed against the windows, while others strained to hear the voice of the auctioneer as the precious possessions of Valentino were put up for sale.

Catalogues showing pictures of the former star, together with his home, his horses, dogs, stables, house furnishings and the like, were sold for two dollars, and many bought them to keep as souvenirs. When the auctioneer explained the terms of the sale, an almost awed silence settled over the place.

First to go was his membership in the Edgewater Club, an organization with a beautiful establishment at the beach. The membership had cost \$500. A man bought it for \$210. Twenty shares of stock in the Hollywood Music Box Theater, representing an investment of \$2,000, went for \$500.

A portrait of Señorita Gaditana, European dancer, painted by Beltram-Masses, which had formerly hung in Falcon Lair, was brought under the hammer. The man who had purchased the house had sent his representative to buy the picture for \$1,900, so that it might be put back in its place.

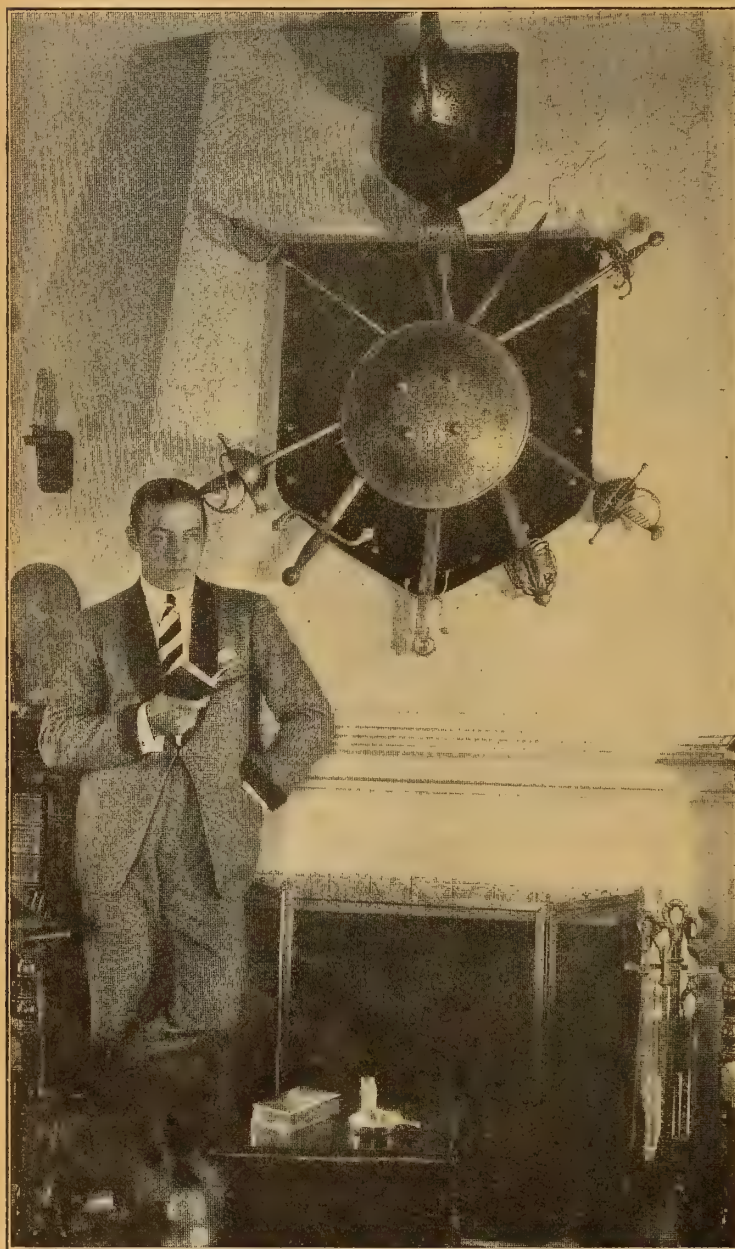
Adolphe Menjou paid \$390 for an antique cabinet and \$750 for a Spanish screen.

Maurice du Mond, president of the Breakfast Club, bid \$300 for an antique French throne, and got it. He

Firefly, the \$3,000 stallion used by Rudy in "The Son of the Sheik," was knocked down to a bidder for \$1225.



When Rudy's Belongings Were Sold



One of the last photos taken of Valentino in his new home. There are seen some of the valuable collection of ancient swords and armor that were put on the auction block.

bought, too, a portrait of Elizabeth of Foscari, by Tintoretto, for \$435.

Three humidors went to Allen H. Ratterree, of Beverly Hills, for \$40, \$50, and \$35. He also paid \$50 for an East Indian wine bottle. H. Bertillotti bought an Oriental rug for \$875. There were several antique chairs sold, one to Mrs. Morton Castor for \$95, and a fifteenth-century canopied one to W. F. Schuyler for \$415.

Two pairs of field glasses brought \$34 and \$85 respectively from Mrs. W. A. Newcomb, of Redwood Park, and Mrs. William McGee, of Los Angeles. A pair of book-ends went for \$25 to Mrs. C. L. Latty of Lynwood, Ohio. Mrs. E. J. Ryan bought a walnut humidor for \$25.

Miss Olive Wall, of Beverly Hills, paid \$810 for an antique Ligurian walnut cabinet that had stood in Valentino's dining room.

Through the afternoon and evening the sale continued. Most of the things brought but a fraction of what Valentino had paid for them. A player piano brought \$2,100, and a silver-mounted whisky keg and

stand, \$27. A Spanish shawl for which Valentino had paid \$2,000 was purchased by F. W. Vincent for \$350. A gold-and-silver tapestry which had cost \$20,000 was sold for \$2,900. The \$8,500 power boat went for \$2,910. Valentino's bedroom set, for which he had spent a small fortune, was sold to Mrs. Frank McCoy, of Los Angeles, for \$875. Theresa Werner, aunt of Natacha Rambova, and an heir under the terms of Rudy's will, purchased a book on Chinese costumes for \$300. Eleanor Boardman paid \$9 for an album. Valentino's sterling-silver dinner service of two hundred and twenty-five pieces was bought by Mrs. Tom Santschi for \$515.

Far into the evening of that first day, the auctioneer's voice droned over the late star's precious belongings. The sale was not expected to be completed for two weeks, so there was no attempt to hurry it.

A Venetian flower bowl of amber, flaked with gold, was coveted by scores. A bronze incense burner made by the Moors in the seventeenth century, a little Chinese god seated on a dragon throne of gold, a curious, spiked silver ring used in a bishop's ceremonial, as well as a carved-ivory hunting horn, all brought suppressed bursts of admiration. Valentino had collected well.

A hush fell over the crowd when one of Rudy's most prized possessions was carefully laid on the table. It was the sculptured hand of Valentino, done in white marble and mounted on a block of black, showing in its palm the broken life line. The hand had been made by Prince Troubetzkoy, a great friend of Valentino. The index finger pointed upward, as though the spirit of the dead had returned to halt the scattering of the things he loved so well.

The bidding for the marble hand did not start briskly. It was as though every one feared it might be an ill omen—that broken life line, that warning, protesting gesture! It was, however, sold to a woman for \$150.

When Valentino's jewel case was opened, a glittering array of almost priceless gems was disclosed. Fifteen rings, ranging from an Oriental band set with a cat's-eye weighing twenty carats to a diamond set in platinum which weighed six carats. Scarfpins, cuff links, and shirt studs, set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pear-shaped pearls, and diamonds. There were wrist watches

and pocket watches, cigarette cases, card cases and a slave bracelet which Valentino had designed and which he had worn constantly. Then there was a cigarette case, match case and cigarette holder combined, made of platinum and white gold. On the front of the case were finely cut diamonds in a cobra design, and on the back Valentino's monogram was similarly inlaid.

One article which elicited admiration was a calendar watch, which told not only the hours, minutes and seconds of the day, but also the month, day of the week, and the transits of the moon—a masterpiece of modern craft. Valentino had bought this in Paris.

That he had prized certain reminders of his first successes was indicated by the wardrobe he left in his house. There were, for instance, the two Argentine sombreros he had worn in "The Four Horsemen." Keepsakes they had been to him of the time when the world first rose to give him acclaim. Then there were the toreador costumes, beautifully brocaded, that he had worn in "Blood and Sand." Besides these there were the coat, breeches, and waistcoat he had used in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Falcon Lair, the late star's new home in Beverly Hills, was bought by a New York jeweler.

The personal wardrobe of Valentino was the most extensive, perhaps, of any in all Hollywood. At the time of his death he had sufficient clothing to stock a moderate-sized store. But S. George Ullman, his manager, closest friend, and now the executor of his estate, demurred to placing the garments on the auction block.

"I just can't do it," he said. "Those clothes nearly talk to me. Rather than let any one else have them, I'll buy them myself."

Here is the clothing Valentino possessed at the time of his death:

- 30 business suits
- 4 riding coats
- 7 Palm Beach suits
- 3 red riding coats
- 13 assorted riding vests
- 6 white flannel pants
- 8 sweaters
- 60 pairs of gloves
- 1 black-and-red scarf
- 16 pairs of gold hose
- 6 pairs of silk knit garters
- 10 pairs of suspenders
- 28 pairs of assorted spats
- 2 white duck yachting pants
- 3 pairs of silk golf hose
- 6 pairs of garters with tassels
- 12 belts
- 22 white vests
- 9 gray felt hats
- 8 white felt hats
- 3 cork helmets
- 4 caps
- 1 yachting cap
- 6 silk hats
- 1 bathing cap



The two Italian mastiffs, Shaitan and Shila, which Valentino prized so highly, were sold at a low price, along with his other dogs.

Photo by Neilson Smith

- 7 dressing robes
- 2 blue yachting caps with white covers
- 2 green velour hats
- 2 derby hats (1 gray, 1 black)
- 1 black velvet English riding hat
- 1 large sombrero
- 10 complete dress suits
- 2 Palm Beach coats and vests
- 4 lounging suits
- 2 long chamois riding vests
- 10 assorted riding pants
- 1 gray corduroy hunting suit
- 2 white rubber raincoats
- 3 blue stock ties
- 10 black tuxedo ties
- 110 silk handkerchiefs
- 59 pairs of assorted shoes
- 18 boot straps
- 4 pairs of tennis slippers
- 13 assorted canes
- 7 white stock ties
- 111 assorted ties
- 26 white full-dress ties
- 146 assorted pairs of socks
- 6 pairs of boots
- 1 set of boot horns, hooks, shoe horn, etc.
- 1 pair athletic shoes
- 66 white silk undershirts
- 6 Japanese colored pajamas
- 124 assorted shirts
- 10 assorted overcoats
- 3 pairs of slippers
- 1 aviator's helmet
- 3 aviation hats
- 1 bathing suit
- 17 white silk drawers
- Assorted fancy collars and cuffs
- 109 collars
- 4 pairs of white wool socks

[Cont'd on page 112]

We—Want—Hokum!

The voice of the small-town movie fan rises in protest. *Down* with these new, "arty," highbrow pictures! he cries. Give us Westerns, give us slapstick, give us thrillers! Take back your German works of art! Take back your highbrow comedies! Take back your symbolical drama! We—want—hokum!

By Virginia Morris

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



The small-town moviegoers yearn for the good old days of slapstick, when Keystone cops and custard pies made the whole family hysterical.

FADE in on the plush office of the president of any big film corporation. You won't be long in seeing that life isn't all velvet for the poor crumpled figure behind the glass-top desk.

He is munching a headache tablet and trying to figure out just what in the world the movie fans want, anyway—what kind of pictures to make next season. Does the average fan really like all these big, supposedly artistic films that are being made for him nowadays, or wouldn't he much rather see a good old-fashioned melodrama, slapstick comedy, or rip-roaring Western film?

It's no easy thing to decide. A picture that packs the houses in the big cities may be jeered off the screen in the smaller towns. And what the country folks like may be high-hatted by their city cousins.

Mr. Steinbaum—we'll assume that's our producer's name—just doesn't know what to do. He would like to play around with artistic productions, but there are profits and the stockholders to think of. At his right are a pile of critics' opinions cut from the big city newspapers, at his left are the exhibitors' box-office reports clipped from the leading trade journals. It's tough to be the punching bag for Art and Profit at the same time.

A magazine with class circulation has written a horrid piece of sarcasm about his latest hokum melodrama, "The Fire of Hell," yet the gross profits from that film scaled the million mark last week.

The same magazine has rhapsodized over an expressionistic bit of film manufactured in Montenegro that Mr. Steinbaum saw in Europe and brought home for a souvenir. But an exhibitor in a small Indiana town

has named Steinbaum the defendant in a suit to recover damages for injuries received when he charged his customers ten cents apiece to see this subtle importation.

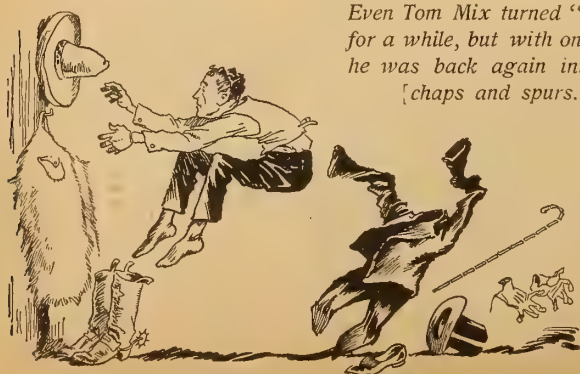
It's hard when you are trying to do bigger and finer things. However, the facts must be faced—the small-town movie fan, who has been the industry's best cash customer since "The Great Train Robbery," refuses to go highbrow. A rip-snorting Western, full of action, a knock-'em-dead melodrama featuring a foreclosed mortgage, a fire, a flood, and a clinch at the finish—that's entertainment. If the big cities prefer a psychological drama in which the whole cast commits suicide in the last reel, it can't be helped.

Movie houses in towns of less than 50,000 population took in about \$293,000,000 in dimes and nickels last year. In other words, forty-five per cent of all the gravy comes from what are derisively known by the critics as the "sticks." But to Mr. Steinbaum \$293,000,000 is just that, and not a cent less.

While he is wrestling with his problem, sneak a glance at the records on his desk. Right on top is a list of "The Ten Best Pictures of the Year," the choice of our foremost critics from coast to coast. The first choice of these critics is Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." Next to this list is a compilation made by theater owners and entitled "The Best Money Makers of the Year." "The Gold Rush" is seventy-fifth on this list. What few champions it had were the owners of theaters catering to metropolitan sophisticates who never thought of laughing at Charlie's slapstick tricks until some highbrow magazines discovered them to be profound pantomime.

The baggy trousers, the wisp of a cane, the stunted mustache and the monstrous shoes used to induce nothing short of hysterics in the great mass of the American public when Charlie was appearing in lowly two-reelers. But then he read some place that the high art of his comedy lay in his ability to bring tears to the eyes. So he went in for eight reels of throwing pathos, when the bigger half of his public would much rather see him hurl custard pies.

This, at least, is the evidence of small-town exhibitors who got a big bill but small patronage out of running "The Gold Rush." An exhibitor in Tawas City, Michigan, asserted that his customers paid to see Charlie in comedy, not drama, while another in Villasca, Iowa,



Even Tom Mix turned "arty" for a while, but with one leap he was back again into his [chaps and spurs.

deplored "the biggest loss since 1908." A third, in Crossett, Arkansas, made it unanimous by saying, "Charlie is through here. His idea of comedy and my patrons' idea aren't the same."

Charlie and others thought they saw a lot of latent art in a picture called "The Salvation Hunters," so they highly indorsed it. A large part of the footage in that film was devoted to a dredge lifting mud out of a river bed. This was supposed to be symbolic of something or other but it was not explained in time for the small-town folks to be warned. "The Salvation Hunters" established many a box-office record—for no attendance. In the archives of the trade-journal reports, where the tearful history of the film is told, there isn't one redeeming experience recounted. An exhibitor in Pasco, Washington, relates how he tried to save the day by putting on a dog-and-pony show along with the film, but when word got round about the emoting dredge, nothing in the way of business happened.

Remember the huzzahs with which the critics greeted "He Who Gets Slapped?" That marked another dramatic incident in the lives of the country exhibitors. To them the film wasn't such a much. Carlinville, Illinois, Crosby, Minnesota, and a lot of places of like size proclaimed that the farmers didn't get it at all.

The home-townners for years had cheered D. W. Griffith. He could always be depended upon for a thrilling battle, a heroine who went out into the night, a breathless ride of a thousand Ku Kluxers, or some other cheer rouser. Then along came "Isn't Life Wonderful?"

New York and kindred cities bowed reverent heads before this beautiful account of two young lovers, somewhere near the Rhine, whose romance lived through the direst post-war privations. But—the Opera House, McConnelsville, Ohio, wrote with candor, "They don't make 'em any worse than this one. Ten reels of Germans eating potatoes are too much for one picture." An exhibitor in Monticello, Indiana, gave vent to a more vulgar statement of the case, announcing that his patrons had "walked out and held their noses." Another exhibitor asserted that although his town was full of Germans he didn't take in a nickel. "Heaven help a theater in a Swedish neighborhood!" he added.

In the great centers of American culture there's a director acclaimed as one of the mightiest. As soon as the United States could reestablish diplomatic relations with Berlin, Hollywood hired Herr Lubitsch, and paid him in dollars instead of marks. "The Marriage Circle" and "Three Women," his first American films, immediately took their places beside the best of his European achievements. But—the moviegoers in the hinterland did not open their hearts to receive him. When his fine transcription of Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was released, an exhibitor in Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, dismissed it with the condemnation, "Too fancy and not enough action." Another Lubitsch masterpiece, "Kiss Me Again," "broke all records for flops" at a theater in Pierre, South Dakota, and was judged by an exhibitor in Bogota, New Jersey, "All right for high-brows but rotten for the small town."

Do you think John Barrymore is a histrionic deity in the little gray homes in the West? Not if we are to believe an exhibitor in Chico, California, who confesses

his experiences with "The Sea Beast," the screen version of "Moby Dick." This wily theater owner knows his public, and asserts that not two people in the town had ever heard of Mr. Barrymore. When he was ready to announce the showing of "The Sea Beast" he realized that John's perfect profile wasn't going to be any selling argument. But he remembered that animal stuff always went big with his customers, so he exploited the talents of "the wonderful whale who behaves like a human being."

It was a great day for the critics when James Matthew Barrie was taken to the bosom of scenario editors and his charming fantasies transferred to the screen. However, out where the West begins, "A Kiss for Cinderella" was pronounced "just plain apple sauce," to quote an exhibitor in Wooster, Ohio. And another, in Bellaire, Ohio, observed, "Fairy stories are all right on the radio at six thirty but not for night crowds at the movies."

In fact, seldom are costume pictures of any kind welcomed by small-town audiences. "Romola," "Don Q," and countless others that registered wonderfully in larger cities fell down disastrously in less populated sections.

The recent importations from Germany that are the star of hope to those who clamor for "art" in the movies leave our country relations cold. In critical circles, "The Last Laugh" is generally considered the finest film that has ever been on view in this country. But it has not received a single favorable word from village exhibitors. A theater in Utica, Kansas, throws out the warning, "Don't run it, brother, unless you want to make a large subscription to art. Condemned by my people as the rottenest picture they ever saw." "No subtitles," writes an exhibitor in

Las Vegas, Nevada. "My patrons didn't know what it was about."

"The Waltz Dream," another finely conceived cinema story from Germany, was described by a theater in Pittsfield, Illinois, as "good only if you like imported cheese." "Variety" has not reached many of the small houses yet but, so far, it is clicking only about one to three, according to trade reports. This in spite of the fact that it was considerably pruned of its sex theme before it was shown outside New York—the folks back home are easily scandalized. A theater in Parker, Illinois, makes "Variety" the occasion for rushing to the defense of American studios by saying with indignation, "To make art in this country, we do not have to be vulgarly sensual."

Now don't get the small towns wrong and think,

Continued on page 104



Lurid sexual drama is a complete washout with the folks back home—they simply won't have it.

If you want an empty house, give the home-townners a gloomy but highly artistic symbolical film with a hidden lesson in it.





Photo by Spurr The modern vamp, says Lilyan, is satisfied with a few little jewels, but the ancient siren was not content until she had toppled thrones and swayed whole nations.

IF I seem to be a bit tardy, it's because Cleopatra arrived in town this morning and I just had to see her," Lilyan Tashman flung at me when she arrived breathless, only an hour late, at our luncheon rendezvous.

"I'm making a mental collection of vamps," she explained, after we had got settled. "Just for the fun of it, stop and compare our various screen vamps with the famous sirens of history, and you'll find there's a counterpart for nearly every one of them."

"This sounds interesting," said I. "Go on."

"Well, take Lya de Putti, for instance. Call it reincarnation or what you will, but if Lya isn't Cleopatra I'm Betty Bronson. The oblique, mystery-latticed eyes, the clear-cut chin, the straight black hair. Not to forget the imperious will, the vivid personality, the storms of temperament accredited to both. Students of history, to stamp upon their visions a definite picture of Cleopatra, have but to see Lya on the screen.

"Peggy Joyce is a glittering personification of *Helen of Troy*. Every noted vamp of history has a double in the movies, a counterpart who resembles her either in appearance or personality or both."

Vamps of

Lilyan Tashman compares our various screen covers that nearly every one of them is a reincar

By Myrtle

Mentally I pictured passing before me a parade of the various charmers of previous centuries.

"The modern screen vamp," said Lilyan, "has put the traditional tiger skin in moth balls and kicked over the incense. As a result of the influence of Lubitsch, Monta Bell, Mal St. Clair, and other directors versed in human nature, she has acquired a sense of humor, which only proves her kinship to the vamps of history—for I imagine they had many a secret chuckle over their power over men.

"But in the evolution of the vampire," Lilyan continued, "she has narrowed the sphere of her activities. Women have lost something with the passing of the ages. Whereas the ancient siren swayed whole nations, the modern enchantress is petty in her desires. True, as *Lorelei Lee* says, 'A diamond bracelet lasts forever,' while a dynasty is easily overthrown; but those wily women of old who used their charms to topple thrones and maneuver political machines were so magnificent in their power. Such petty things as jewels were merely side lines with them. Their minds were set on wider fields of conquest. Nowadays the women who might rule so gloriously waste their time on trivial gains.

"Catherine the Great, with her sweep, her regal air and dominant spirit, might live again in Nita Naldi.

"Pola Negri, the living likeness of Du Barry, could, if she thought it worth the candle, exert great influence in the picture world. She has the magnetism, the cleverness, the brilliant wit, to make of her salon

a sort of court, where she might with great glee handle the reins of behind-the-scenes intrigue."

Look over Lilyan's list of historical charmers and their movie-actress counterparts, and see if you agree with her.

"Nell Gwyn, the sprightly, red-haired spitfire," said Lilyan, "is reincarnated in Clara Bow. 'Pretty, witty Nell,' reckless and piquant, who delighted even the irascible Samuel Pepys.

"Lucrezia Borgia? Estelle Taylor's performance in 'Don Juan' stamped her as Lucrezia. It was a jewel of diabolic cleverness.

"Sappho, the Greek



Carmel Myers is the reincarnation of the Egyptian Isis.
Photo by Bull

Every Vintage

vamps with the famous sirens of history, and dis-
nation of some noted charmer of another century.

Gebhart

poetess, whose physical enticements were coupled with intellectual nimbleness and a gift for satirical repartee—Theda Bara.

"Salome? Mae Busch, in one of those unique wigs that she alone can wear, with that enigmatic, cold glint in her half-closed, ironic eyes, and with the sinuous curves of her beautifully shaped figure writhing in a crescendo of dance fury.

"Hypatia, the cold-white, beautiful leader, the mathematician and lecturer, who lashed adoring youths with the razor sharpness of her mind—I see her in Aileen Pringle.

"Carmel Myers—the Egyptian Isis, of barbaric splendor.

"Betty Blythe—the Queen of Sheba.

"Dolores del Rio might easily be Lola Montez who, though English by birth, masqueraded as Spanish.

"Anne Boleyn—Rosa Rudami.

"Louise, for whom Napoleon gave up his Empress Josephine, the Louise who so loved an elaborate display—Jetta Goudal.

"Vivacious Dolly Madison? Who could be she better than Connie Talmadge?

"Clare Eames will not soon be forgotten by those who saw her in the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth* in 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.' The vitality and spirit of her performance was splendid. You say Elizabeth was not a vamp? Of course she was—the cold, intellectual vamp. My saying so may produce a war with England, but that's what I think, just the same.

"I shall probably get myself into a peck of trouble with these observations." Lilyan's blue eyes twinkled and her husky voice rippled into a laugh. "So I might as well go the limit." Whereupon she let fly her thunderbolt. It takes a brave actress to criticize the star whom she is supporting.

"Camille? Norma Talmadge? Well, frankly, Norma is not exactly my idea of *Camille*. She will of course give a very good performance in the rôle, for she is a skilled actress, but I don't think she's naturally suited to it. Norma is too calm and

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is a
glittering reproduction of
HELEN OF TROY



Photo by Pach Eros.

Catherine the Great, with her regal air and dominant spirit, lives again in Nita Naldi.

well balanced for such an impassioned rôle. But Greta Garbo! Ah, she would be ideal as the flaming *Camille*!"

A few evenings later, however, when I ran into Lilyan at a party, she made a partial recantation and whispered to me that Norma's performance was turning out most gorgeous and effective.

I was curious to know which type of vamp Lilyan preferred.

"A composite," she said. "Lilian Gish's eyes." I was startled. "Angelic, yes, and very wide, but narrowed at the corners. Trustful eyes are a vamp's best weapon. Nita Naldi's coal-black hair, drawn straight back from a white forehead. Claire Windsor's perfect, patrician nose. Personality?"

I suggested that of a languid lady whose manner, with its orchidlike aloofness, seemed to fit the picture.

"No!" said Lilyan firmly. "Pola's personality, in her quiet, more mysterious moments. I would be a languid Lorelei with the face of an angel and Rabelaisian inclinations. And I would get any little thing"—she intoned the words with a delicious lingering upon their elasticity of meaning—"that my heart desired. But alas, and a couple of oh dears," she sighed, "I am just an ordinary wife, with a husband whose moods I more or less humor—when I'm in the notion.

[Continued on page 98]



An interesting curiosity is found in this reproduction of Ray's salary check at the time he made "The Coward."

Bucking His Hoodoo

Charles Ray, whose bad luck has amounted to a hoodoo and reduced him to bankruptcy, survives defeat because he has never acknowledged himself beaten—not even now, when he pays rent for the home he once owned.

By Grace Kingsley

OLD MAN HOODOO is a funny guy—especially when he mixes up with the stars.

Take Charlie Ray, for instance. Remember how Charlie dashed into your ken and mine in "The Coward," that day so long ago? How we loved him, how we acclaimed him!

Now Old Man Hoodoo has been claiming Charlie as his own this many a day. Yet Charlie is an infinitely finer actor now than he was before.

For Charlie, in his patient, quiet, thoughtful way, is learning a whole lot from the old man. He may have taken from Charlie his Rolls-Royce, and his home, and a whole fortune or two, but in the still darkness of his night of hard luck somehow the hoodoo has handed Charlie back a lot of gifts in exchange—gifts of a greater artistry, of courage, of fine philosophy, deeper understanding of life, and control of his professional fate by giving him a chance to choose his rôles. But perhaps greatest of all is the knowledge that he stands alone in his particular line of work. That's the way with Old Man Hoodoo. He very often takes with one hand while he gives with the other.

Charlie Ray is never going to be beaten, because he is never going to believe in his own bad luck! For such the old man wears a smile. For such he has gifts.

We talked about it, Charlie and I, in his dressing room not long ago. I noticed he was wearing a three-year-old

topcoat. That means a lot. He is paying off his old debts, thriftily, honestly, with self-sacrifice.

"I have had an experience that I wouldn't give up for worlds," said Charlie, "although I never would have had the courage to undertake it as a matter of choice. I didn't get bitter. I used to wonder how people get bitter. Now I know. It is when they accept bad conditions. I never would believe in my bad luck, you see. Accepting or rejecting one's luck is the business of living. And refusing to accept bad luck has given me so much courage that now I have no fear of lack of money, or of failure."

With that rare, whimsical, and charming smile of his, Charlie quoted James Whitcomb Riley—"My money isn't gone. It's just away!"

It's not losing money that hurts the most.

"People thought it was because I had lost money that I looked so bad in those dark days. It wasn't the lost money. It was the lost ideals, the not finding in people the qualities I thought were in them, that hurt me most. The money wasn't so much.

"I saw New York with a million dollars, and later I saw it with a little less than twenty dollars in my pocket—all the money I had in the world. My wife and I had looked out from a front window of an exclusive hotel—and we looked



Ray has sacrificed his beautiful home in order to pay some of his debts, and lives in it as a tenant.

out, four years later, on a brick wall from a cheap room. Between the two extremes was a long, hard fall."

Charlie first bent the knee to the hoodoo, according to the world's judgment, when he left Thomas H. Ince, some six or seven years ago. Later, "Miles Standish" was a real tragedy, according to the same world's judgment. But Charlie feels otherwise about both things.

"I always wanted to do something besides the pattern rube kid, but I had to go broke in order to do it," he said. "I left Ince because I had to do twelve pictures a year of the same kind. I had thought out something different, because I wondered if the American country boy was appreciated. I had set out to express myself in a different way from anybody else, and I had accomplished it. But scenarists would always write in jumps over wheelbarrows for me. Antics were what I hated to do. When a meaning can be put over by the eye, or a shrug, or a dragging foot, why overact? I had become so natural that people thought there was nothing in it. A lot of people who overacted, and made great mistakes from an artistic standpoint, grew in popularity."

But nobody has ever been able to equal Charlie in his type of work. That is the justification, the entire proof, of his artistry.

"I was getting to be like a circus, only I didn't come around every year; I came around every month. The circus doesn't try to get anything new, because it knows there will be enough children born every year to keep it going, and there are lots of side shows.

"Ince wanted to keep me doing those flimsy things in which I jumped over wheelbarrows, but I wanted to do *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and better things. I left him with the sole desire to accomplish what I wanted to do. And I did. It cost me a fortune, though, but I did show people that I could do something besides repeat a type. Gradually, I tried to do dress-up parts, but the public wouldn't accept me that way. My pictures commenced to slide down and down."

I asked Charlie why he felt prompted to make a change, just when he did. "Why not have waited?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "the reason I did it was because people were saying that audiences were morons. I thought I would give them what they declared they wanted. I worked in good faith. 'Miles Standish' wasn't light in any one moment. But it was true to historical reality. There was in it only terror and death, just as in the lives of the colonists there was little but fear and hard work. Burying their people by night so that the Indians wouldn't find out, following their troubles and sorrows aboard ship—this was not entertainment, but it was realism. I thought the public would want a historical narrative. It seems I was wrong. But I accomplished what I wanted by making a better class of picture."

A glimpse of the Charles Rays' drawing-room, once the scene of many a brilliant gathering.



Charles Ray's boyish idealism cost him a fortune, but he is a finer artist for the experience.



Photo by N. Lennes

Ray has indeed done a great deal for the screen. He aided in paving the way for authentic historical drama. He gave us such superb pantomime and character study in "The Girl I Loved" that it is remembered still. He aided materially the now general economy in the use of subtitles by making "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole" with none at all. He set an example of courage and faith that must be felt throughout the industry. He lost a couple of fortunes in doing it, but the hoodoo was a good thing—for the world!

"There is a slogan about 'Try, try again,' and another, 'Don't give up the ship,'" remarked Charlie, with an ironic smile. "But as soon as a person has a run of bad luck, the sloganers, all the time gazing at the mottoes over their desks, will merely remark, 'He's through.' As soon as you begin to practice the do-or-die stuff, they don't give you any moral support at all.

"But there's another funny thing about human nature: people wait until you've touched bottom, and then they begin to help you up.

"When I was wondering how I was going to pay my grocery bills, along came people offering me the use of expensive cars. Finally I borrowed a quiet, modest one.

Can't you imagine what people would have said if they had seen me riding around in a showy car? In fact, I had one such experience. Bob Leonard took me out one day on location in a studio car, and I heard afterward that people had said, 'Here Charlie Ray is in bankruptcy, yet we see him riding around in a wonderful car all the time!'

"Why, there was
Continued on page 98

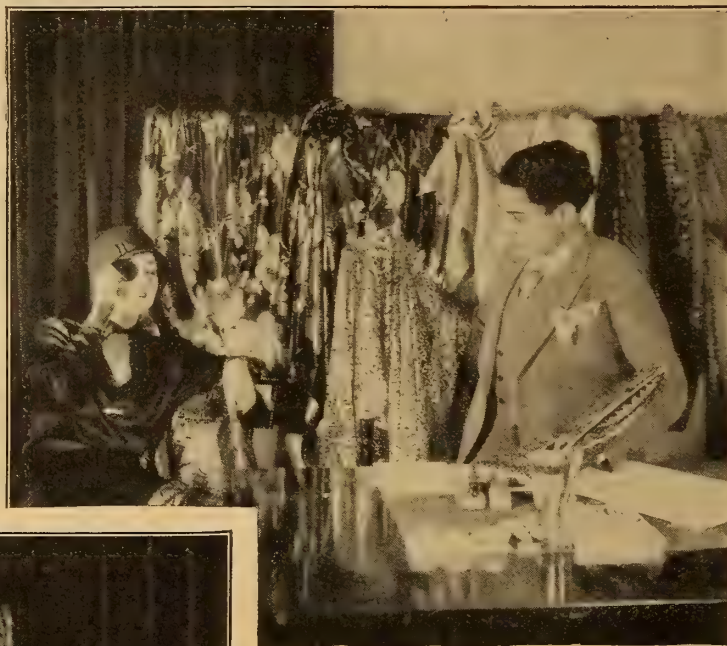
The Evolution

Showing the many steps
creation of a single cos



Imagine yourself in the Metro-Goldwyn studio. A production is under way featuring Gertrude Olmsted. "What will I wear?" she wonders. So she and Joe Rapp, head of the wardrobe department, get together, left, and go carefully over the script to see exactly what is needed for her in the way of costumes.

Next, Miss Olmsted goes to Andre-ani, right, head designer for M.-G.-M., and looks over all his materials. She does this through a blue glass, which shows her just how the various materials will photograph.



Between them, she and Andre-ani decide, below, that pink tulle shall be used for the frock she has in mind, and Andre-ani makes a sketch of the dress as it should look when completed. In the lower left-hand corner, Gertrude compares the tulle with the sketch.



of a Dress

that are taken in the
tune for the screen.

Then needles and thimbles and scissors and thread are put to work, and the actual making of the gown is begun. Scissors slash, needles fly, sewing machines buzz, and the pink tulle dress gradually takes shape, while Gertrude stands by and superintends.



At last the frock is almost ready—nothing remains but the final fitting. These last-minute adjustments are made, lower left, and behold, the gown is finished! Gertrude stands before the mirror, below, and waits only to be called to the camera.





The rôle of the old music master is laden with sorrow and offered Mr. Francis unusual emotional opportunities. Lois Moran is seen as the long-lost daughter.

AN old man in a shabby black cape and a broad-brimmed hat shambled down the aisle of a shoddy little theater. Gaudy lithographs advertised "Costello's Medicine Show." Standing on the garish stage were two voluptuous burlesque queens, curved in keeping with the fashionable hourglass silhouette of the gay '90s. They looked like the bouncing wenches who used to grace the grocery-store calendars. Vivid-pink tights emphasized the full curves of their hips and wasplike waists. The hair of each was a mass of curls and puffs and artificial flowers.

"My Gawd, I can't breathe," came from the smiling lips of one, as she lumbered into a labored dance step.

"Can you beat it?" agreed the other. "Imagine any one goin' through life in a strait-jacket like this. Just imagine!"

The old man sat down at the piano. The light of the gas lamps hanging over the stage fell on his white head like a benediction. For a moment his long fingers caressed the stained keys wistfully. A fragment of Chopin was startled into life. Then the expressive fingers stopped. When they moved again, the lively strains of "Ta-ra-ra boomdeay" filled the little theater.



Neil Hamilton and Lois Moran were well cast in "The Music Master" as young people of a generation ago.

Gray Hairs

The starring of Alec Francis in "The Peter Grimm" brought a belated re had for years been quietly taking sec

By Elizabeth

As though the music was a signal, a crowd of people swarmed down the single aisle, fighting for possession of the wooden benches. There were Jewish patriarchs with long white beards, old women in shawls, and girls in wide skirts, short jackets, and enormous leg-of-mutton sleeves. There were ragged urchins and swaying men. They were the same types that abound in New York's Bowery to-day—starved bodies and bleak faces. Only the clothes were different.

A man in a black-and-white-check suit, whose hair was as smooth and shiny as patent leather, leaped to the stage. Holding aloft a bottle of the *Costello* magic cure, he launched into a verbal eulogy. His every gesture was superb, even if he merely flicked the ash off his cigar.

Two girls who had not found seats in the crowded hall stood in the rear and watched the speaker with the bored expressions of those who had heard him many times. Their eyes swept the audience appraisingly as they chewed their gum nonchalantly and with finesse. One of them toyed elegantly with a feather boa.

The old man at the piano played on. Unwillingly his fingers moved swiftly over the keys. Suddenly his brooding eyes met the wide gaze of a child. A new look swept over his face, a smile softened his mouth. The strident strains of the popular song faltered into silence. There came instead the crooning lilt of a lullaby. The old man's head nodded—gently, caressingly.

The girls in the pink tights missed a step, the audience jeered derisively. A tired old man looked about in the dazed manner of a dreamer suddenly awakened. Then he remembered. Once more his fingers leaped over the keys. "Ta-ra-ra boomdeay! Ta-ra-ra boomdeay!" The girls sashayed back and forth—one, two, three, skip; one, two, three, skip.

and Stardom

Music Master" and "The Return of ward to this skilled elderly actor, who ond place to more youthful players.

Benneche Petersen

And so ended one of the big scenes of the film, "The Music Master."

When William Fox had bought the Belasco plays that had been David Warfield's great stage successes, there had been a mad scramble for the leading rôles. And when Alec Francis had been chosen for the lead in two of them, everybody had felt that there must be such a thing as a law of compensation after all. For years Mr. Francis had been merely supporting youthful stars, often making interesting otherwise mediocre pictures. At last, "The Return of Peter Grimm" had given him stardom for himself. And now came "The Music Master."

"I loved *Peter*," Mr. Francis told me, as we sat on the deserted benches of *Costello's* medicine show. "But somehow I think that *Anton von Barwig* may prove to be an even more dramatic character. There's great drama in the old music master who once conducted the symphony orchestra in the Royal Opera House in Vienna and now has to play in the terrible little theater in the Bowery, everything lost except the hope that some time he will find his child.

"The story is laid in the '90s. I suppose you'll brand me as hopelessly old-fashioned when I tell you how charming I think the girls looked in the old dresses with the puffed sleeves and wide long skirts, and with their hair massed on top of their heads.

"It is a joy to work under the direction of Allan Dwan. He was caught the spirit of the period so well. Sometimes he fusses for hours over some seemingly unimportant detail that another director might leave to chance. For instance, those are real gas flames in those old lamps over the stage. Few directors would have bothered to have gas pipes put in the studio just for a few scenes, but Mr. Dwan insisted on having the real thing. It's little things like that that mean so much in a picture.

Helen Chandler and Howard Cull in a scene from "The Music Master."



Mr. Francis found great drama in the old man who had once conducted a symphony orchestra and now was forced to play the piano in a cheap Bowery theater.

"He handles his people with the same care. For that scene you just saw he went over each person's business separately, so that when the scene as a whole was rehearsed each little group fitted into its place as snugly as though part of a jig-saw puzzle."

Mr. Francis rubbed the bowl of his pipe against his cheek.

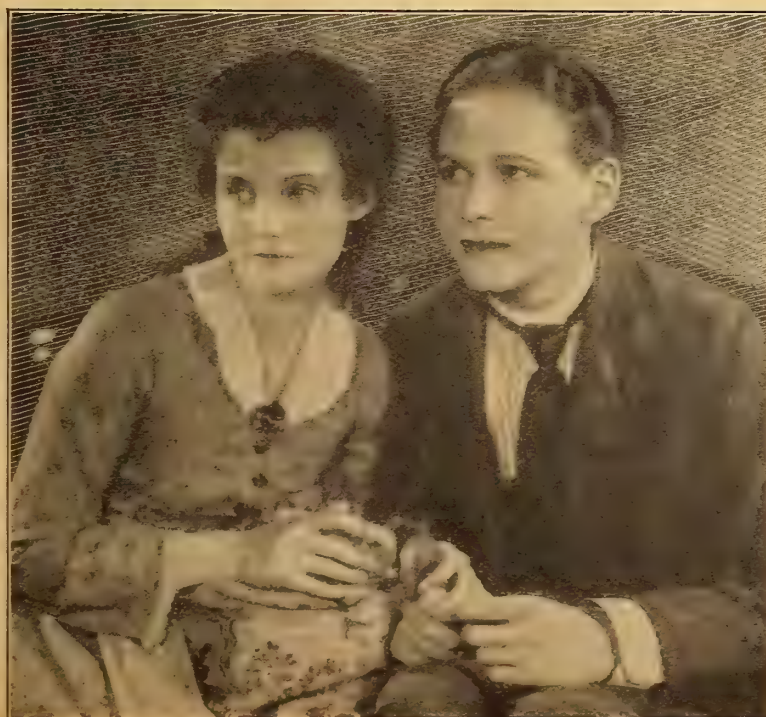
"I enjoy playing with Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton

so much. They both have a charming reserve that is seldom seen nowadays—they are ideal as the young people of a generation ago.

"Mr. Dwan picked the cast with a sure eye. Walter Catlett, the well-known stage comedian, plays the barker in the medicine-show scenes. He is immense. I told him that Coney Island lost an excellent spell-binder when he went on the stage.

"The butler is no less a personage than William Tilden, our former tennis champion, and Dore Davidson plays the Bowery pawnbroker. Howard Cull does an excellent

Continued on page 109



From Foreign Lands

Still they come—those actresses from abroad, eager to make themselves known on our screen.



Maria Corda, above, was imported from Hungary by First National. It was she who played with Victor Varconi abroad in the Italian production of "The Last Days of Pompeii."

When Natli Barr, below, who is Russian by birth, came to this country, she was Nathalie Barrache, but the powers that be, at First National, just had to abbreviate her to Natli Barr. Natli had been acting on the French screen.



Lil Dagover, above, was brought over from Germany by Paramount to play opposite Emil Jannings.

Nathalie Kovanko, below, the Russian actress who attracted the attention of Metro-Goldwyn and was put under contract by them, has been sitting in Hollywood waiting for her first rôle in an American film to be assigned to her. She played the lead abroad in "Michael Strogoff."



Yola d'Avril, from France, has been on the American screen for two or three years now. She started as a Christie comedy girl and has advanced to small parts in First National productions.



Film Struck

The second installment of the entertaining novel of the movies which is creating so much favorable comment among readers of "Picture-Play."

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER IV.

TOO MUCH REVENGE.

THINGS jiggled queerly before Oscar's eyes and any number of colored lights went on and off. Once in a while, too, everything was black. He was quite certain, however, that he had been up at once, intending to rush at his assailant; but when finally he got upon his feet and blinked a few times to get the world about him in focus again, the store was empty.

His chin seemed crumpled in like a fender and there was a distressing throb in the region of his solar plexus. Somehow it was hard to get his breath. He wobbled uncertainly to the door and looked up and down the street.

In the distance, faintly revealed under the soft moonlight, he saw a couple moving slowly toward the little park. But that surely couldn't be Lester Lavender. By this time, of course, the man had beat a hasty retreat—had taken to his heels probably scared to death. If he had been anywhere in sight, Oscar would have gone in pursuit. No pretty actor that smoked perfumed cigarettes and wore a wrist watch could treat him this way and brag about it. Why, the man must have used a club of some sort, probably the butt end of a revolver. It was a dastardly thing to do.

Seeing that pursuit was out of the question, Oscar turned into the store again and helped himself to ice water. He felt much better, physically. Mentally he was a total wreck. His very blood seethed. He resolved to go down to the station the first thing in the morning and have it out with his cowardly assailant. Right before all the crowd. He would teach the man a good lesson.

There would be no end of excitement, he supposed, with women screaming and the police interfering. It might get him a ride in the patrol wagon for disturbing the peace and perhaps assault, but that was nothing. One couldn't stop to weigh consequences at a time like this. At any rate, all the men would be for him. They'd clap him on the back and wring his hand, and he could just hear some of them say: "Good boy, Oscar! Pretty work! You did what we hadn't the nerve to do!"

Now that that was settled, he felt more cheerful; and when his regular late-hour customers drifted in, he greeted them with his usual smile and banter. Never a whisper, of course, slipped out regarding the affair with Lester.

He knew, if he so much as hinted at it, particularly to Joe Cotton or "Slew" Tuttle, there would be trouble. The men worked nights in the Bon Ton garage; they were warm friends of Oscar, and the chances were

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

One of the prime attractions of the town of La Belle, in Iowa, is the Rosebud delicatessen and lunch counter. And the Rosebud's great attraction is Oscar Whiffle, its young chef, whose sandwiches, salads, and salesmanship have made him a shining light in the community. He is unspoiled by success—so much so that he never dreams his simplicity causes traveling men to laugh at him.

His eventual marriage to Gladys Padgett seems certain, even though they disagree on one point—the movies. She is a rabid fan, even to the point of wanting Oscar to go into the movies, but Oscar scoffs at the screen and her enthusiasm. Rather than have her escorted by another, however, he goes with her to the personal appearance at the local theater of Lester Lavender, Gladys' favorite screen lover. After the show Oscar and Gladys quarrel because of his refusal to heed her urgings for him to enter the ranks of screen lovers himself, and they part in anger.

Back again behind his counter later that night, Oscar is amazed when the great Lester suddenly saunters in and orders food. Hating the whole tribe of movie actors, he taunts the star until he provokes a fight. The effeminate Lester knocks Oscar out and leaves him prone.

they'd insist upon pulling Lester right out of the hotel and administering a sound thrashing. That's how hot-headed and reckless they were. So Oscar maintained a discreet silence.

When he put Cotton's order before him, he thought the man regarded him a bit queerly, and instantly he wondered if his jaw were swollen or discolored, and, if so, how he was to account for it. But a swift, stolen glance in the mirror disarmed those fears. Still, he noticed Cotton continued to eye him.

"Say, Oscar," the man spoke up at length, "you and Gladys had a fallin' out?"

"What makes you think so?" Oscar asked, surprised.

"Well, I seen her up near the park when I came by just now," Cotton stated, "hangin' on to some fellow's arm."

Oscar stiffened, amazed at the news. He felt sure Gladys had gone into the house at the time of his dramatic departure from the Padgett yard. What had brought her out again—and at this late hour? And whom was she with? Almost instantly a paralyzing suspicion clutched at his heart and chilled his blood.

"What—what sort of fellow was he?" he asked, trying to keep his voice normal.

"I didn't get a good look at him," Cotton explained. "I thought it was you at first, till I seen he was smokin' a cigarette in a long holder, and—"

The plate Oscar held slipped from his numb fingers and crashed to the floor. He stooped quickly to rake up the pieces, thankful that his face was hidden. What he had heard, stunned him; but after a perceptible effort he pulled himself together and managed somehow to address Cotton.

"It wasn't me, I guess," he declared, forcing a laugh. And for fear of too much questioning, Oscar turned to wait on another hungry customer at the far end of the counter.

But his mind was in a panic, racked and torn. He moved about, filling orders, like one in a trance. Gladys and Lester Lavender together! It *must* have been Lester! How had they met? Was it prearranged? Had the man stopped off at the Rosebud on his way to the Padgett home? Would that explain why he had been alone? Oscar suddenly remembered the couple he had seen strolling off in the moonlight. It *had* been Lester after all!

Oscar tried to convince himself the girl no longer meant anything to him. Not now. She had told him good-by a few hours before, very coldly. So why should he care? Still, he reasoned, meeting this film star, to whom surely she had not been introduced, and walking with him in the park, was wrong. It was actually bad. Gladys ought to have known better.

As these devastating thoughts raged within him, Oscar grew hot and cold by turn. He scarcely heard the orders, and became hopelessly muddled. The patrons kidded and scolded and wanted to know what in thunder he had been drinking. They never had seen Oscar in this condition before—so absent-minded, careless.

Cotton may have suspected he was responsible, being in love himself; but he had no more to say. Soon he paid his check and disappeared, whispering to Tuttle, who trailed beside him. The other customers dwindled away; and it was nearly twelve o'clock when Oscar pulled off his apron, turned out the lights, and after locking the door, started along the quiet street.

After a prolonged mental session, he had made up his mind to forget what was told him. Why should he be disturbed? If Gladys really wanted to sit on a park bench in the dark with a scoundrel like Lester Lavender, it was

along the street, for his prying eyes had discovered a couple sitting on a distant bench, half concealed among the shadows.

Something told him he shouldn't be doing this, but he kept on just the same, his heart pounding, his fists clenched. And presently a new thought reached him. Gladys should be protected. She was irresponsible and foolish and quite blind to consequences. It was any man's duty, he reflected, to rout this film scamp, whose purpose must be anything but honorable, and make certain the girl reached home safely. Besides, he had a score to settle with Mr. Lavender.

Oscar stopped in front of the bench, whose occupants he instantly recognized. The two were sitting close



In the dread crisis that confronted him, Oscar's mind refused to function. He opened his mouth and nodded, striving despairingly to conjure up a name.

her affair, and she would hardly thank him to interfere. He supposed she was thrilled, listening to her companion's slick, honeyed words. It probably would lead to trouble and much gossip. Such things did.

Oscar lived on the opposite side of town, but he discovered, before he had walked far, that he was making directly for the park; and in another moment he was passing it, his footsteps lagging, his eyes searching every path and bench.

A little fountain played beyond; the winding paths among the trees were dotted with benches. The place seemed quiet and deserted in the moonlight. He turned and walked toward the fountain, instead of continuing

together—too close; and he thought they were holding hands. That suspicion filled him with ungovernable rage, and for a moment his world was ablaze with green and crimson lights.

At sight of the newcomer, Gladys broke into a surprised little cry and drew apart from her companion, while Lester glared belligerently at the intruder.

"You ought to be home, Gladys," Oscar found himself saying. "It's pretty late and your folks will be worried."

Before she could respond, Lester was on his feet; and when he had peered closely at Oscar, an exclaima-

tion escaped him. "Hello! If it isn't the chesty ham-and-egg boy! What are you looking for now?" he queried, grinning. "More trouble?"

"You better make tracks," Oscar flung back, his voice husky. It was all he could do to hold himself in check.

"Oscar!" the girl reproved quickly. "This is Mr. Lavender—Lester Lavender!" As if that knowledge would square things! "I happened to meet him as I was coming to the store. I wanted to tell you——"

"I guess you didn't have so much to tell," Oscar retorted bitterly. "Not from what I can see now."

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry about our quarrel, Oscar," she cried. "Honest, I am."

"Yes; I can see you are—sorry a whole lot. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Glad!"

"But you don't understand! Mr. Lavender——"

"I understand all I need to," Oscar broke in. "You don't have to do any explaining."

The other laughed contemptuously. "So you're still on the warpath, eh? Coming back for another licking, are you? The fighting chef! Hot from the kitchen! How about this?" he asked, turning to the girl. "Do you wish me to go, or am I to send 'Awful Oscar' back to the sandwich counter?"



"Oh, please—please—both of you——" she protested, alarmed.

"You can't talk to me like that!" Oscar cried, enraged. "I'm going to settle with you, you big ham actor! And this time you better not try using a gun on me."

"A gun?" Lester echoed, chuckling. "Why, I merely tapped you on the chin with the back of my hand. I'll do it again if you don't cool off."

"Try it!" Oscar challenged, stepping forward. He was blazing mad now. But his eyes were open; he was cautious despite his rage.

The film star, listening to the repartee, decided to make himself heard. "Who asked you to horn in here?" he demanded.

"Nobody asked me. I just did. Maybe I've got a right to. You better move along before you get hurt."

Without arguing the matter, Lester squared off and landed a short jab to Oscar's ribs. It jarred the Rosebud champion; but an instant later he got his balance and waded in joyously. His long, powerful arms began to operate like pistons. He was a little surprised to discover that the film star could fight so well. The man was swift as lightning and his defense nothing to be ashamed of; but Oscar was heavier, had the advantage of a longer reach, and what he lacked in science was made up in strength.

Although Lester got in the majority of punches, because of his cross-fire and nimbleness, they failed to land in vulnerable spots, and Oscar, insensible to the pummeling, stood up like a stone wall and managed, more than once, to slip in an effective wallop.

He heard Gladys cry out several times and felt her tugging at his coat, but it merely spurred him on to greater endeavor. When a few sledge-hammer blows had crashed through Lester's defense and landed on his pink-and-white countenance, when Oscar's skinned knuckles had left their imprint upon his chin and nose, the celluloid celebrity suddenly wilted.

No doubt Lester had taken part in any number of fistic encounters, under a battery of lights and the eye of a grinding camera, but they had been fought according to script and megaphoned instructions, and naturally enough his antagonists had been careful not to damage the classic features of a handsome star under a long-term contract.

However, on this occasion, under the moonlight and the frightened eyes of his feminine companion, Mr. Lavender passed out of the picture, spilling himself headlong upon the grass. And when he lurched to his feet once more, choking and sputtering, Oscar promptly knocked him down again. This time, after a convulsive shudder, he sighed and lay still.

"You—you've killed him," Gladys whimpered in a thin, hysterical voice.

"I hope so," replied Oscar, flushed and breathless.

He gazed down upon Lester's bruised and crimsoned face; smiled almost happily. "He don't look so handsome now," Oscar remarked. "Guess this will be a lesson to him!"

The girl clung to his arm, sobbing. "Oh, what have you done? You—you've k-killed him. You'll be arrested."

"I don't care," said Oscar. "Let 'em arrest me. It was a fair fight and I licked him proper. The big stiff!"

Gladys, at his side, was crying and wringing her hands. He turned upon her resentfully. "It was all your fault," he charged. "The way you treated me! And making a monkey out of yourself—and me, too—over this fool actor! What do you suppose your folks would say, if they knew?"

"But—but I didn't mean anything wrong," the girl quavered. "Honest, I didn't, Oscar. I was coming down to see you, because after you left I was sorry the way I'd talked and wanted to apologize. And right outside the store I met Mr. Lavender."

"And so you forgot all about me, didn't you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," she explained brokenly. "When I saw it was Mr. Lavender and he spoke to me, why—why—I got queer all over, and the next thing we were walking off together. He was awful nice to me and said I was the most interesting girl he'd ever met, and——"

"Sure. Leave it to him to say that. And you were thrilled to pieces, I bet. Just the idea of being with Mr. Lavender. Walking with him and holding hands and maybe you let him kiss you! You got a big kick out of it, and me—me laying almost dead in the store!"

"Almost dead?" she echoed faintly.

"That's what. This fellow came in for something to eat and started to get ugly, and when I called him for it he pulled a club or something and struck me down."

"Oh, no, no! Not Mr. Lavender!"

"You bet he did. The big coward. Then he took to his heels and must have met you." Oscar stopped, breathing hard. "Well, I've paid him back. He won't be prancing in front of another camera very soon."

Almost roughly he seized the girl's arm. "You come along now," he ordered. "I'm going to take you home. Maybe there'll be trouble and you mustn't get mixed up in it. A fine thing, if the town heard!"

Gladys, apparently dazed and thoroughly frightened, suffered herself to be led away. "What—what about Mr. Lavender?" she faltered presently, turning to peer back.

"Oh, he'll keep," Oscar prophesied indifferently. "I'll come back and look after him. Chances are he'll be gone by then. He'll run to hide his face."

The Padgett home was but a block or so away. The girl was trembling and crying when Oscar left her at the gate. "Stop making so much noise," he remonstrated. "Want to wake up the whole neighborhood? Go inside and get to bed. If your folks say anything, tell 'em you were out with me."

"But you, Oscar?" she cried, clinging to him.

"I'll take care of myself," he assured her, and strode off with something of a swagger.

CHAPTER V.

SELF-ACCUSED.

Oscar found, when he returned to the little park, that Lester had not taken to his heels. Apparently, he had not moved from the spot where he fell the last time; and he lay sprawled on the grass, his slick hair mussed, his face very pale in the moonlight, except where the bruises stood out clearly and the blood mottled it.

Oscar surveyed the result of his victorious encounter with unusual calmness, but with an abundance of self-satisfaction. He had made certain resolutions, and he had carried them out. Any one who interfered with his love, life, and pursuit of happiness, could expect the same severe treatment that had befallen Mr. Lavender. It would be extremely dangerous for meddlers to cross his path.

The park was deserted and ghostly quiet. For that matter, the whole town was asleep. La Belle retired early; and now that it was considerably past midnight, few citizens would be abroad. Perhaps a policeman or two, making their rounds. Oscar knew most of them. To find one of the officers and tell him exactly what had happened, would be the decent thing to do, he reasoned. Lester could be taken to his hotel and patched up.

For a time Oscar contemplated that move, his brow corrugated and his mind active. When he bent down, presently, it was to discover that his victim's wrist was clammy cold and its pulse barely perceptible. As that alarming revelation pricked him, Oscar stood up quickly, with a queer, sickish feeling in the region of his stomach.

It was singular, he reflected uneasily, how long the man stayed out. It did not look right or normal, unless—— He cleared his throat with a nervous cough. Now that the recent unpleasantness had passed into history's halls and his temper was on even keel, Oscar's mind began to dwell on a new phase of things.

Never, in all Oscar's twenty years, had trouble of any magnitude perched upon his shoulder or croaked



Photo by Harold Dean Carney

Apologies should be offered for every photograph of Vilma Banky, because her soft loveliness is never more than suggested in any of them, and her charm not at all.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Whether she is *Mélisande* in "The Big Parade," or the Chinese daughter of Lon Chaney in his new picture, Renee Adoree rivets attention upon her unique individuality. We wager she will do so again in "The Gray Hat."



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

"The Night Bride"—doesn't that sound like Marie Prevost? It's the title of her next picture, of course, and no one will dispute her right to the gay insolence and pouting sulkiness of her sophisticated heroines.



Lillian Gish is one star who has withstood the craze for bobbed hair and the temptation to array herself in metallic brocades. Her simple frocks and simpler coiffure command respect.

"Don't Tell the Wife" is the name of Irene Rich's new picture, and from the look in her eyes it goes without saying that she is a wife who, if told the truth about hubby's peccadillos, will forgive him.





Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Mildred Davis is coming back to the screen after several years' absence, when she preferred to be just Mrs. Harold Lloyd and the mother of Gloria. She isn't weary of being either—or both—now, but she did grow a bit weary of hearing all her friends' plans and not having any of her own to tell. So she listened to the plans of Paramount to find a suitable rôle for her, and when it came in "Too Many Crooks" no one was happier than Mildred.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Ralph Forbes, the English actor, made such a marked impression in "Beau Geste" that it seemed a shame for him to go back upon the stage and be lost to the fans. At least Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer argued this way, and he saw the error of his ways to the extent of signing a contract, settling down in California—and falling in love with a Chinese girl! She is the daughter of *Mr. Wu*, and happens to be Rence Adoree in the new film of that name.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

After only three years in pictures, Marceline Day, at eighteen, is John Barrymore's heroine in "The Beloved Rogue," but takes the honor calmly, as you will read in the story opposite. —

Marceline Keeps Cool

It takes more than success in the movies to thrill Marceline Day. Though she is rapidly mounting the stairs to fame, she takes it all quite coolly and looks upon her film career as merely a very pleasant job.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE courtyard is in a bustle. Officers with gleaming swords keep the ragged, surging peasants back. The king and his train move restlessly about, impatient, bored. Monarch and subjects alike wait, wait, wait. Hours drag by, and tired but faithful ladies in waiting sigh.

At last a tatterdemalion figure shambles in, kicks a stone out of his path, and stands under the glare of the studio lights while they are most minutely adjusted for the scene. There are shouts, a great scurrying about, and a rearrangement of groups.

Amid all this bustle and clamor, one figure has preserved a quiet calm—*Princess Catherine*, now standing serenely unperturbed by the side of her ragged poet-lover, *François Villon*.

It would take a great deal more than the excitement of a movie scene to ruffle the composure of Marceline Day, even though that scene was being made for John Barrymore's "The Beloved Rogue" and Marceline was playing his leading lady.

Marceline was but fifteen when, three years ago, she followed her sister Alice into the movies. From the trials and tribulations of an extra she progressed to leads with Harry Langdon, thence to "hoss operas" at Universal. Whether she played wistful or spirited heroines, there was from the beginning an assurance about her performances that caught the eye and held the attention. Finally, "The Barrier" definitely established her and won her a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

The past year has brought Marceline out as a very distinct personality. She had seemed for a while to be merely another edition of sweet little Alice, whose wide-open gaze appears to be forever searching for a looking-glass to jump through. In fact, the resemblance between the two sisters had often been the cause of their being mistaken for one another.

However, Marceline had not at that time attained her full growth. In a twinkling, it seems, she has shot up several inches. Her manner, too, has changed. Shyness has given place to a surprising frankness in speech, irrespective of persons. "That sap!" she remarked witheringly of a very important star of whom she just didn't approve.

Sister Alice is like a baby that you want to pet, with

her round, childish face, her drawling voice, her snugly little figure, all bundled in furs, and her brown curls, escaping from under her woolly tam. But Marceline is tall and slim, and over her blue eyes a smoky grayness drifts. She clowns with spontaneous naturalness. Her conversations are italicized by the fleeting expressions that wash over her mobile face like quicksilver.

Alice's words linger; Marceline's are crisp, with a bluntness that matches her boyish swagger. You would think that their positions in the movies should be reversed—that Alice should be the sympathetic heroine, Marceline the comedienne. But no, the producers say—and they must be right for Alice is certainly adroit at comedy and Marceline's work has recently revealed a growing emotional power.

"Red, White, and Blue," a film of the training camps, will next engage Marceline's attention, according to plans at this writing.

"Don't know yet who will be the man," she raised her face from a huge box of chocolates to inform me, in that cool, even voice of hers. "Oh, mother dear, *must* you take all the marshmallows? Darling, wouldn't you prefer a nice, crisp chip?" Her hands already full of marshmallows, she dived into the box for more, and thence her words came, somewhat muffled.

"You know, this thing they call publicity is simply wonderful," she said. "The things the press agents pub-

lish about you give you a thrill whether they're true or not. Like when they said I'd had all my gowns for a certain picture designed in Paris. I said to my studio-wardrobe frocks, 'Now, try to look like you have Paris labels tacked on you,' and enjoyed parading them almost as much as if they had actually come from Paris."

That's Marceline. Her imagination is used to enliven the present, not wasted in idle dreaming of the future. Wary, unwilling to risk being disappointed, the enjoyment of the moment suffices. Self-confident, she is hampered by no fears. She has shrewdly summed up a film career as a thing for which you have to be reasonably pretty "and then plug."

Continued on page 107



Not even the lead opposite John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue" was exciting enough to stir Marceline's calm composure.

Over the

Fanny the Fan complains
tions of Hollywood's social
adjectives on one of the
esies a glowing future

By The



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe.

The San Francisco earthquake plays a big part in Bebe Daniels' new film.

THERE ought to be a law," announced Fanny, with unusual vehemence even for her, "against building any more theaters in Hollywood. Here we are, nice, quiet, home-loving people"—that one drew a laugh from the next table—"who moved out to this town to get away from the endless distractions of New York. And now hardly a week passes that a new refuge for the spoken drama doesn't come to life. There is simply no chance of spending a quiet evening at home."

There is no law forcing her to go to theaters, as I reminded her, but that harmless observation brought on a sputtering explosion about taking an interest in one's friends and their work that quite convinced me that Fanny is an incurable fan. And if she is ever found in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard aping the antics of a whirling dervish, it will be because she is trying to go a dozen places at once.

"It would be quite all right if just ordinary stage players appeared in the productions out here," Fanny declared, "but you don't think I could stay away when my old film friends are making stage débuts, do you?"

"Imagine missing the thrill of hearing Helen Ferguson grow articulate for the first time—professionally, I mean. She is going to play the lead in a local stage production of 'Alias the Deacon.' Glenn Tryon and John Sainpolis are playing in 'The Son Daughter.' Glenn and John, however, are old troupers of the speaking stage, so one feels no nervous pangs over them for fear they will forget their lines. Still, it's fascinating to hear them for a change, after having just seen them for so many years. Leslie Fenton is about to open in a local production of 'An American Tragedy,' and I hope his performance is so glorious that he will get to play the rôle on the screen. *There's* a boy who has never had the chance he deserves in pictures.

"Mrs. Charles Ray has been playing the lead in 'Captain Applejack' over at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. I missed seeing her, but Carmelita Geraghty and Julianne Johnston

went over, and they say she is delightful on the stage. She has a lovely voice, and her exquisite taste in clothes is reflected in her stage costumes. Effective as she is on the stage, though, I think she would be doing a greater service to dramatic art if she just spent her time selecting costumes for all the local productions. For something should be done about the way some of the people dress on the stage out here. Many of the costumes have that indefinable dowdy touch that bespeaks home talent and loving hands.

Joyce Compton stood out so in "Syncopating Sue" that Fox borrowed her from First National for an important rôle in "Ankles Preferred."



Photo by George F. Cannons.

Teacups

of the growing complicate-life, exhausts her store of latest pictures, and proph- for a young newcomer.

Bystander

"You'll simply have to have a bright idea for a congratulatory telegram for Helen Ferguson's first night. She'd be disappointed if people sent her just conventional good wishes. If you don't help me out, I'll have to steal Patsy Ruth Miller's idea—'Your creditors are wishing you great success and a long and profitable run.'"

"I think flowers are nicer than telegrams," said I. "Send her a bunch of paper roses with the message, 'Like your performance, these look almost real.' It's perfectly safe to kid Helen, because you can be sure she'll be good. I bet her voice, on the stage, will have that fascinating quavery quality of Francine Larrimore's."

"I want Helen to have a tremendous success, of course"—from Fanny's tone, it was open to doubt—"but I don't want her to be such a success that she develops ideas about going away from here—to New York, for instance. She's the type that will look gorgeous behind the footlights."

"Will you ever forget how dazzling Lila Lee was when we saw her on the stage in New York? And that reminds me—somebody told me Lila had signed a contract with Cecil De Mille, and I hope it's true, because Lila is just dying to settle down to the grind of working steadily."

"There aren't many really important players left free-lancing any more. May McAvoy was queen of the free lances for a long, long time, and now she has signed a three-year contract with Warner Brothers. They must have promised her marvelous vehicles, because mere money doesn't tempt May."

Fanny feels a party should be given for Jacqueline Logan—she has been so hard at work for so long on "The King of Kings."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Sally O'Neil is feeling very proud of her kid sister—now known, by the way, as Molly O'Day.



Photo by Childnoff.

I heard on very good authority that in the last three months she had turned down engagements offering her as much as seventy-five thousand dollars, simply because she thought the rôles weren't suitable for her. Imagine ever having that much money offered to you! The thought of her turning it down makes me look at May in awe and wonder.

"Just about the time that May signed her contract with the Warners, her old chum, Lois Wilson, broke hers with Famous Players. Every one was simply stunned, because Lois had been with Famous ever since she started in pictures years ago. Maybe she will take the place May has vacated as the free-lance player most in demand."

"The break came because Lois refused to come West and play in a Western called 'The Deer Drive.' She thought she had graduated from Westerns. Her revolt gave Betty Jewel a lucky



Photo by Nicholas Muray.

After having been queen of the free lances for many a year, May McAvoy has signed a three-year contract with Warner Brothers.

break, because now she has inherited the part.

"Alberta Vaughn's contract with F. B. O. expires in June, and she is pretty sure not to renew it. There are all sorts of rumors going around about the marvelous offers she has had from other companies. No one will say definitely who she is going to sign with, and I can't guess, unless it is First National. Famous Players has Clara Bow, so it doesn't seem reasonable that they would want Alberta, too, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Sally O'Neil, so *they* would hardly have a place for her. And come to think of it, she would have tough competition on the First National lot, too, because they have put Sally O'Neil's kid sister Sue under contract—who, incidentally, has changed her name to Molly O'Day.

"And *there*, by the way, is a girl who is about to have the greatest opportunity a young player ever had. The first part she is going to play is opposite Dick Barthelmess in 'The Patent Leather Kid,' and it is one of those magnificent acting parts. There are one or two situations in the story that are so big that if she brings any feeling at all to them, she is likely to be a sensation.



Photo by Gene Kornman.

Jobyna Ralston wasn't even given time to see her fiancé.

"Any player who hasn't an entirely distorted idea of his own importance will tell you that ninety per cent of his success depends, not on acting ability, but on the situations he plays. And that being the case, little Miss O'Neil—or O'Day—ought to thank a kind Providence for Adela St. Johns, who wrote the gripping scenes that are going to give her her wonderful chance."

There really was nothing for me to do, after an impassioned speech like that, but burst into applause, but as I haven't Fanny's love for being conspicuous, I didn't. Besides, I was too busy watching the door. I had just heard that Betty Blythe had returned to Hollywood after more than two years' absence, and I felt sure she would come rushing up to Montmartre for luncheon that first day. Hollywood ought to seem quite strange to Betty. There are so many new people in the limelight—so many youngsters have grown up amazingly in the last two years. And the whole industry has grown so much more reasonable and dignified than it was.

"Did you hear about the lovely present Helene Costello got when the Warners loaned her to Fox to play opposite Tom Mix?" Fanny broke into my reverie about Betty. "Her associates thought that something should be done to commemorate the occasion and show her they were thinking of her, so they got a huge box, filled it with oats, and packed a tiny pair of silver spurs in the middle

of it. That didn't seem quite enough, so they added a bottle of horse liniment, and a piece of sheet music—'Horses, Horses, Horses,' of course. Helene has sent no answer as yet, but when it comes, it will probably be good.

"Helene is a refreshing sort of person. She is very serious and ambitious but she never talks about it. She always seems more concerned with the next college prom she is going to. It's something of a tragedy to her when her picture work interferes with her social plans.

"Pictures certainly have a terrible way of interfering with such things. Look at Jobyna Ralston. She finished her contract with Harold Lloyd and rushed off to Texas to see Dick Arlen, her fiancé. But she had no more than got on the train when it was decided that she was to play the lead opposite Eddie Cantor in 'Special De-

livery.' A telegram awaited her at her destination when she got off the train, and she had to turn right around and come back."

All the while she was talking, Fanny was trying to disentangle her wrist watch from the collection of slave bracelets on her wrist. Finally, she took it off and hung it in front of her on the sugar bowl.

"I must remember to leave in plenty of time, even though I dread it," she moaned, leaving me as usual to guess what she was talking about. It developed finally

that she was going to see Mikail Mordkin dance, though why she dreaded it demanded some sort of explanation.

"Oh," she wailed, "I shudder when I think of the little groups that are going to go in seriously for dancing after seeing his troupe. I haven't yet recovered from the crippling effects of the soft-shoe dancing lessons I took with Janet Gaynor. And from the gleam in Colleen Moore's eye when she spoke of Mordkin I know that *she*, now, is going to hanker after expressing herself in leaps and bounds. And I know her enthusiasm will sweep me off my feet——"

"Onto them rather, I hope," I corrected, without, however, disturbing her monologue.

"Ever since the Denishawn dancers appeared here weeks ago Patsy Ruth Miller also has had the urge to get a crowd together to take dancing lessons," she continued. "Everybody is growing so ambitious that it is getting so that you can't go anywhere just to enjoy yourself. There are no mere spectators any more, just imitators.

"When I went to the Lenglen tennis match and saw about half the picture colony there—most of them brought by Marion Davies—I knew that we were in for a feverish season of tennis matches. And Hollywood didn't *need* any revival of interest in tennis—already it had threatened to engulf all other activities. Even Kathryn Perry has taken up the game, though every one thought that she would never be distracted from her devotion to golf.

"Lenglen influenced more than our tennis games—no one could resist copying her sports outfit. Not one sweater, but layer on layer of sweaters, does the lady wear. When she comes out onto the court, she casually tosses off the top sweater—a gorgeous affair of fuchsia silk. Under that there is another, slightly paler in hue. I quite lost count as she by degrees tossed off one after another, but the general effect is of a gradually unfolding rainbow or a dance of seven veils. On any one less thin than Lenglen is, the effect would be barrellike, but she looks beautifully trim, no matter how many sweaters she wears. The slogan of all the girls who are going in for this multiple-sweater costume will have to be, 'We who are about to diet, salute you.'"

Tennis is all very well for these ambitious girls, but I was born to be a spectator, and my idea of a good time is a comfortable seat in a theater where there is a good picture.

"Haven't you seen any good pictures lately?" I asked Fanny querulously.

She looked at me in amazement.

"That's always the way," she answered breezily. "When I've made a really startling discovery, I quite forget to mention it. I have seen a picture that is not only good, it's great! It's a simple, unassuming little picture that is so utterly lovable

Hedda Hopper is one good reason for visiting the "Naughty Carlotta" set.



Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

Fanny has made up her mind that she really should know Virginia Brown Faire.



Photo by Bull.

that when you see it you just hate to think it is going to end. You'll be crazy about every one in it, and you won't realize until it is all over that there weren't any beautiful sets or great scenic vistas, that there were no big physical conflicts nor onslaughts of nature. You will be held so enthralled by it that you won't be conscious of the drab sets and unpretentious people."

"You might let me in on the secret of what picture it is," I finally interrupted her.

"Oh," she ejaculated, as though I should have known all the time, "it is John Ford's latest. 'Upstream' it is called, though why I don't know. The original title, 'The Matinée Idol,' seemed much better to me. Earle Foxe plays the leading rôle and gives a splendid performance. Grant Withers, whom I confess I had never seen before, and who is quite charming, is in it, as are Ted McNamara, Sammy Cohen, and Raymond Hitchcock. But the part that just tears at your heartstrings is played by dear old Emile Chautard, who gives a magnificent performance as an old Shakespearean actor.

"Almost the entire action of the story transpires in a theatrical boarding house, and it is a simple little tale of how adulation went to the head of a young actor. There is a love story, of course, but it isn't particularly important. Nobody but an Irishman with a gorgeous sense of humor and an innate scorn for ham actors could have directed it.

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Claire Windsor, Pauline Starke and Renee Adoree hold their dogs on the mark, in a race on the M.-G.-M. lot.

Make Way for the Hollywood Whippets!

The exciting sport of whippet racing has taken the colony by storm.

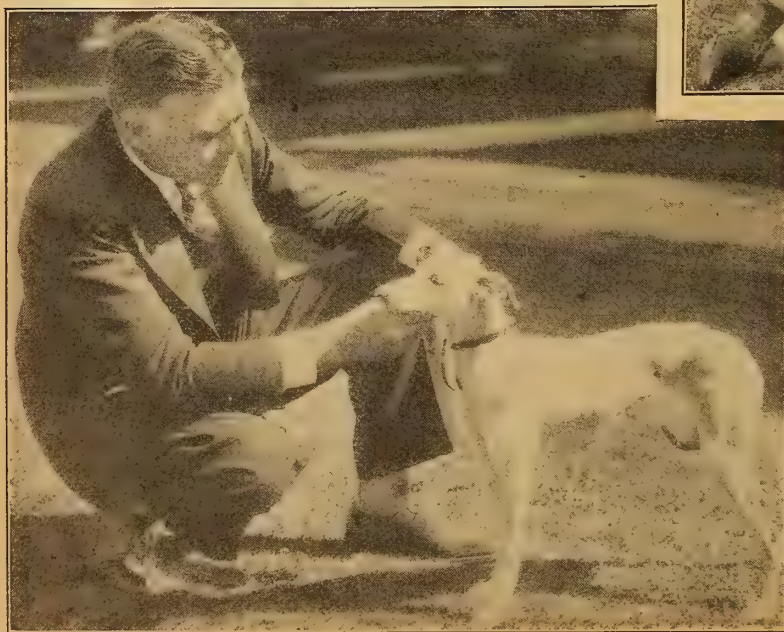
WHEN Hollywood takes a thing up, it doesn't do it by halves. Take whippet racing, for instance. One or two players decided some time ago that it would be rather fun to buy some whippets and race them, and the next thing you knew, every one in the colony was buying whippets, and races were being staged all over the place.

There were Pauline Starke's Flash, Lew Cody's Zip, Clarence Brown's Swish, and Lon Chaney's Unholy. And you should see those dogs go! The crack of a pistol, a streak of gray, and it's all over. One race takes only a few seconds, but for real excitement there's nothing like it.

The sport originated in England, among the Cornish miners, whose Sundays are often devoted to it. Subsequently, it was taken up by the fashionable sets of England, and its vogue then spread over Europe, and



Pauline Starke takes charge of the score board.



Clarence Brown and his little speed demon, Swish.

eventually to this country. It has been popular in the East for three or four years. And now, more recently, it has taken Hollywood by storm.

It's no wonder, for these sleek, slim, miniature greyhounds are about the fastest four-legged animals in existence. They don't weigh more than eighteen or twenty pounds, and they cover two hundred yards like a flash of lightning.

Several heats were run on the M.-G.-M. lot during the noon hour not long ago, and the entire studio turned out for the event. Claire Windsor, Pauline Starke, Renee Adoree, Jack Gilbert, Marion Davies, and Clarence Brown all had their dogs entered, and the betting soared. Harry Rapf fired the gun, and Pauline Starke kept score.

From Pillar to Post

Marian Nixon has been borrowed and lent so often in the course of her progress from extra to leading rôles, that she doesn't know where she belongs nor what she wants to do. Perhaps you can tell her.

By Ann Sylvester

THERE is a little club of fifteen or twenty picture girls in Hollywood to which I belong. It's quite a lot of fun. We meet at some one's house every Monday night and eat and gossip and mull over current topics of interest in—and sometimes out of—the movies. It is also revealing. Of several things. For instance, of the girls themselves.

Take Esther Ralston. You might never think from her drowsily lovely screen presence that Esther is the one who is always thinking up radical things to do. Jules Verne had nothing on her imagination. She is always up-and-at-'em about something, and while that may seem funny it is quite true.

Then there is little Jobyna Ralston who can't help laughing at the wrong time, and Virginia Brown Faire who can't help laughing with her; Alice Day, with long brown curls, and Duane Thompson, who would rather do the Black Bottom than breathe.

There's Dorothy Devore who never quite gets to a meeting, and Anne Cornwall who usually eats too much and wishes she hadn't come. There's the bridey Florence Gilbert and the even more bridey Ena Gregory; the lovely blondes, Andree Tourneur and Pauline Curley; Lucille Hutton, of the lovely figure; the Bonner sisters—Priscilla, of the wistfully sweet face, and Marjorie who looks and acts like a little peri; and Isabel Johnstone who casts important people in Fox pictures.

And last, only because I have a lot more to say about her, there's Marian Nixon.

She's a funny little kid, this one. Different. No matter how much you "bunch" her, she manages to seem quite apart from the others. She isn't the prettiest girl in the club. Not by a couple. She has a steady, firm little face with a placidity reminiscent somehow of the Oriental. Her coloring is conservative, her features daintily rather than classically etched, and her expressions are as delicate as April moods.

When she first started out in pictures, and worked with Jack Gilbert, he used to call her, "My little dove—my little mouse." She isn't the wittiest girl, either, nor probably the best read, if it came to a show-down, but I wager if some clever analyst paid us a visit one Monday night he would look twice before he took his eyes off Marian.

There is something about her not to invite envious



Photo by Wm. Mortensen

Though very small, Marian Nixon commands attention because of her steady voice, few gestures, and secretarial efficiency.



Apparently all the stars like to trifle in the kitchen, but few handle the homely cauliflower as tenderly as Marian does.

scrutiny but to command attention. It is in her steady voice, her succinct, energy-saving gestures. If she had been a boy she would probably have grown up to be an executive. As it is, she is a girl in her early twenties who has put her career on a paying basis, brought all sorts of nice things to her family, and who meets the world eye to eye, shoulder to shoulder.

It took me quite a while to realize there was another side to Marian than this secretarial efficiency of which I speak—a side of wistful appeal that exhibits itself when she is a little tired physically and mentally.

On these occasions she discusses people and things with a calm insight surprising in a girl so young. Of her unhappy marriage she has no regrets. If she had it to do over she would do it in spite of the outcome. Or, perhaps, because of it. She looks on it as a bittersweet experience rather than a mistake. She regards her career in something of the same light—to take what comes, come what may.

"It isn't that I am not ambitious," she confided over a country-club luncheon table where we had gone to escape the crowds of the popular Hollywood rendez-

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The Stroller

Astute observations in lighter vein
on the film colony and its people.

By Carroll Graham
Illustrations by Lui Trugo



IF a sandwich is named after you in a Boulevard café; if you are listed as among those present at the first night of every new show; if your portrait has been grotesquely reproduced in the advertisements of divers manufactured articles; if you have been engaged to Patsy Ruth Miller; if your name is posted on the delinquent list at the Writers' Club—

Then you have won your place in Hollywood aristocracy.

You are eligible for mention in society-gossip columns; reporters hold open season on your affairs of the heart; your marital difficulties are heralded to the world and it is regarded as bad form for you to attempt to withhold any details; you are apt to be named as correspondent by your most casual acquaintances.

And your conduct, as befits royalty, must follow strict custom. You must make a down payment on a Rolls-Royce. You must build a home in Beverly Hills. You must buy a police dog. You must engage a press agent. You must remove your number from the telephone directory.

Private gossip will weave national legends about you—that you are upstage; that your wife or husband is leaving you; that you are really forty-seven years old; that your real name is Abernathy; that you are addicted to narcotics; that you are illiterate; that you are a dipsomaniac; that you are a genius; that you earn \$17,000 a week; that you refuse to devote a penny to your aged and invalid parents, who are State wards in an Eastern poorhouse.

Then you will have attained the highest pinnacle of movie success, and there will remain for you only lonely nobility, mysterious death, garish burial and an unwarranted investigation into the causes of your demise.

No one, so far as I know, has ever risen to the defense of the American director, so here goes.

Every train arriving in Los Angeles in the past three years has brought at least one foreign master of the movie, equipped with derby, stick, and dialect, ready to conquer America. Each one in turn is heralded as the greatest director in Europe.

Every studio must have many of them by this time. They are given every consideration. Their American brothers are treated like visiting cousins while the Europeans are clasped to the heaving

bosoms of the producers and given everything they desire in the way of stories and stars.

Despite all this consideration, the American films of these foreigners have been an almost unbroken succession of duds. Lubitsch and Seastrom are the only ones I can think of who have lived up to their advance notices and justified any one's bringing them to Hollywood from any point more distant than Santa Monica.

While the foreigners have been given the consideration and the publicity, the Americans have been making the pictures. King Vidor, a boy from Texas, devoid of pose, accent or temperament, has made as many good pictures in the past three years as the whole foreign legion put together. Mal St. Clair, a gawky youth with a background as a cartoonist and a Mack Sennett extra, has easily matched the sophisticated comedy of the Continental Lubitsch. And Raoul Walsh hasn't done so badly, either, with "The Thief of Bagdad" and "What Price Glory" to his credit.

You may sneer at this and reply that there are hundreds of bad American directors, too. True, but then I am saving my deadliest argument. I will reply that there is also Dimitri Buchowetzki.

It distresses me to differ with the film reviewer for this magazine, but I feel that I must challenge his critical comments on Raymond Griffith's picture, "You'd Be Surprised."

He was not alone, however, in his cool reception of this picture. No one in the audience with which I saw it liked it at all, and my mirth was so uproarious and so conspicuous that, had Mr. Griffith been present. I probably could have borrowed money from him at the conclusion of the picture.

"You'd Be Surprised" violated all rules of comedy. It was illogical, absurd, and often completely mad. And yet it delighted me. I have a feeling that Mr. Griffith's sense of humor is too highly developed to appeal to every one. This, of course, tickles my vanity, as it enables me to feel that I am above the mass.

Also the picture was quite remarkable from a technical standpoint. There were no lapses of time, no explanatory subtitles, no "came downs," nor cuts from one bit of action to another, which is a common artifice among directors to keep audiences awake by surprising them with unexpected changes of scene.

According to a statistician, if all the scenario writers were laid end to end—most of them would not have the energy to get up again.



Felix Fothergill, famous motion-picture statistician and end-to-end layer, has collected, at a great deal of personal trouble, a new set of statistics which will be given the public exclusively in this magazine.

1. If all the scenario writers in Hollywood were laid end to end, most of them would not have sufficient energy to arise.

2. If the several Warner brothers built all the theaters, produced all the pictures, signed all the stars and completed all the mergers they have announced, the Rockefeller fortune would be insufficient for the job.

3. If all the actors in Hollywood really received the offers to star in pictures they say they have, there would be very few actors left in Hollywood.

4. If all the five-year contracts reported to have been signed by actors and directors really lasted for that period, there would be fewer re-possessed automobiles for sale on the Boulevard.

It's the fashion for everybody to start a club in Hollywood. Inasmuch as there are by this time few clubs left unformed, I suggest, for the benefit of those born organizers who can't take clubs or leave 'em alone, that a "Men Who Have Been Engaged to Clara Bow Club" be formed. The Hollywood Bowl would make a cozy little clubhouse, large enough for the present membership, and an annex could be built if the eligibility list continues to grow at its present rate.

The softest job in Hollywood belongs to Leo Deigel, who holds some golf championship or other. Deigel is reported to receive \$15,000 a year just to play golf with Joseph M. Schenck. The producer is a notoriously bad golfer and has engaged the expert to help him with his game. The year's contract expires soon, and Schenck has offered his instructor a bonus of \$5,000 if he can manage to make him shoot the course in less than one hundred strokes before that time.

"He'll shoot it," says Deigel confidently. "Because I'll hire the caddy that keeps score."

The comedies get them going and coming.

Almost every star, big or little, started in two-reelers and later climbed to feature rôles. Now, as the light of some of them is beginning to fade, they fill in the gaps by playing in Hal Roach's two-reel "star" comedies. Theda Bara, Mabel Normand, and a lot of others, have appeared in Roach's two-reelers "just for fun."

Hollywood isn't the only place where marriage mix-ups occur. Emil Jannings, as you all know, arrived here recently with Mrs. Jannings, to star in Lasky pictures. Conrad Veidt, another German star, who was here for a while and then returned to Germany, has come back, bringing Mrs. Veidt with him.

The present Mrs. Veidt is Veidt's third wife. The present Mrs. Jannings was Veidt's second wife.

Jannings and Veidt have been good friends for years and have shared honors in a number of foreign pictures. I am not informed whether the same friendly feeling is shared by the wives.

The Lakeside Country Club golf course adjoins Universal City, and Carl Laemmle consequently loses a lot of money in wasted time.

Every train to Hollywood brings a fresh supply of foreign directors—each the greatest in Europe.



The author was conspicuous for his mirth at a showing of "You'd Be Surprised."

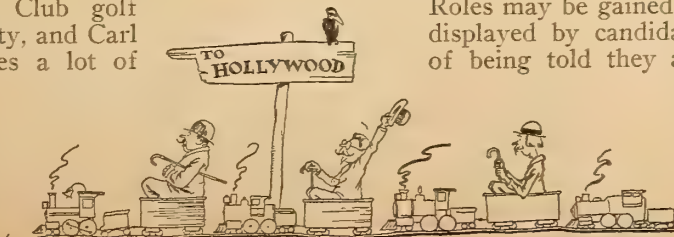
Golf bugs who work at Mr. Laemmle's film factory have figured out a splendid scheme for spending the afternoon on the links and being at work at the same time. They pop into the boss' office at noon to register an appearance and then dash over to the clubhouse. The ninth hole is just a step from the studio, and so at this point the golfers leave their clubs on the green, sprint back to the studio, answer a few telephone calls, again impress their presence on the boss and return to the links to finish the round. If any of the big executives make personal calls to their offices, their associates protect them, and if a really important summons arrives, an office boy is dispatched for the golfers.

For genuine cynicism toward motion pictures no one can equal the theater owners. If you want to get the real opinions of these gents, who are the guys who actually collect the money for the movie fortunes—or sometimes don't—I suggest that you read their reports on pictures in the film trade papers. Almost every such journal conducts a department wherein exhibitors may tell their fellow sufferers of all the good pictures they have shown, or issue warnings about the lemons.

Here are a few reports taken at random from one journal:

"'Silver Treasure' . . . good acting, but picture awfully dark." "'Trip to Chinatown' . . . This thing is goofy." "'Say It Again' . . . I thought it was the bunk, but they seemed to like it." "'Drifting Through' . . . Not as bad as it has been reported." "'Three Faces East' . . . I paid too much for it." "'Chasing Trouble' . . . Pete Morrison, you are a fine-looking chap and just the kind to make friends, but your Westerns are no good." "'The Love Hour' . . . Another bunch of junk." "'The Beautiful Cheat' . . . Properly named. The poorest picture I've played this year." "'Wet Paint' . . . Were I in the position of Paramount, I would junk it in the deepest part of the first river I came to." "'Into Her Kingdom' . . . It's the bunk. The only good feature of it is that it's beautiful, but you can see beauty in a news reel." "'The Best Bad Man' . . . Wish to heaven Tom Mix would scrap his white clothes and get a hickory shirt and some overalls and look like a cow-puncher again."

The cultivation of elongated finger nails has been carried on by our feminine film stars with such success that it has become more than a fad. It is open rivalry, now, and there is no telling where it will end. Rôles may be gained or lost by the length of nails displayed by candidates—or lack of it. Instead of being told they are too fat or too thin, too young or too old, too tall or too short, conditions point to the day when nothing will count so much as nails, and how much have you?



Through the

Informal kodak shots of the

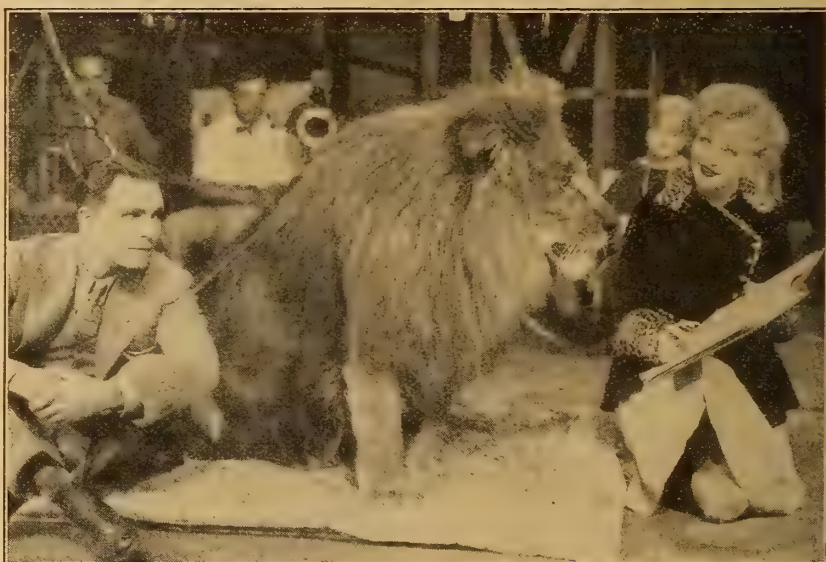


The foursome at the left was surprised on the lawn of the Clive Brook home. There are Clive, Mrs. Clive, Clive, Jr., and Faith Evelyn.

The small girl in curls, right, was found in the family album of Alma Rubens. Yes, it's Alma herself—at the age of ten.



A little thing like a lion strikes no terror in the heart of Phyllis Haver, below. She blithely teaches Numa his alphabet while Harrison Ford listens in.



When Leatrice Joy's vim, vigor, and vitality simply get the best of her, and she can't hold it in any longer, she dashes out and works off steam in the gentle little occupation of rolling the tennis court.



Camera's Eye

players in and out of the studios.



Behold *Tillie the Toiler*, alias Marion Davies. Poor *Tillie*, as you can see, is just worn out from all her "toiling." Miss Davies brings this comic-strip character to life in the film, "*Tillie the Toiler*."

Those stars of the baseball diamond, Bob and "Irish" Meusel, break into the movies in "*Slide, Kelly, Slide*." Above, Sally O'Neil, the rah-rah heroine of the film, shows the brothers how to put the grease paint on.



Karl Dane, above, crack pitcher in "*Slide, Kelly, Slide*," tries to get into the spirit of his rôle by surrounding himself with baseball atmosphere.



Norma Shearer is called upon to do some fencing in "*The Demi Bride*," and proves herself an expert with the foils.



Photo by Koshiba.

Gilda Gray's capacity for work during the filming of "Cabaret" almost reduced her associates to a state of exhaustion.

CONSIDER the case of Lois Wilson! She put her little foot down and cried, "I won't!" And the answer was, "You will!" And Lois cried again, "I won't, and you can send me my release papers, too." And Famous Players did.

Some will tell you that it is all Gloria Swanson's fault, because Gloria disagreed with Famous Players, lives in the same house and is chummy with Lois, and that Gloria literally gloried in the chance to further rebellion at her former studio.

Others will inform you that if Lois had only seen Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, who adore her, it never would have happened. Again, you will hear that Walter Wanger is at the bottom of it all, and that a little tact and compro-



Photo by Talbot.

Manhattan

A gay and accurate chronicle of happenings

By Aileen St.

mise on his part would have cleared the situation.

And Lois, sitting adamantly in her drawing-room, looking like a little girl who has had her first quarrel, says that it was not a fight for independence, exactly, but a fight for life itself. She isn't trying to be a star, nor is she eager to play sophisticated rôles, but she just simply won't play Westerns, one after another, and erase herself consciously from the celluloid map.

In the parlance of studio folk, Westerns spell death to the average feminine player; that is to say, unless you were born rolling a cigarette with one hand and with a gun belt around your waist, you might just as well say good-by to fame and fortune in first-run theaters. At least, that is how it is to-day. You never know to-morrow. But it is a popular belief in the studios that the moment you take to the great open spaces you are what is commonly termed finished. And that it is time for your friends and enemies, particularly your enemies, to pick themselves out a loud church bell and toll it for you, mournfully.

There were those who feared for Lois when she cast aside her homespun gowns and came to town; who thought that perhaps the brittleness and artificiality of Broadway might, as the saying goes, "get" the wholesome Lois, and spoil her individuality. For Lois is not a brittle person. She will tell you so herself: how she is far more concerned with the business of developing into an interesting woman than in seeing her name in electric lights along Main Street.

But let her tell her own story—how, when Walter Wanger told her she must play a Western heroine in "The Deer Drive," she gave herself her walking papers right out of the studio she had been connected with for eight years.

"To begin with," says Lois, "I have never wanted to be sophisticated. I've never tried to be, I've never *thought* of being. I didn't change my personality with my hair cut, and I didn't want to cut my hair. I had to. I couldn't have had the rôle of the wife in 'The Great Gatsby' if I

Mary Brian's popularity with the masculine stars won for her the rôle opposite Richard Dix in "Knock-out Reilly."

Medley

among the film personalities of New York.

John-Brenon

hadn't. And I wanted that part. I wanted to throw the rubber stamp away. I wanted critics to stop saying, 'Lois Wilson was her usual wholesome self.' I was tired, in other words, of being ignored. And good or bad, in 'The Great Gatsby' I was *not* ignored.

"What I am fighting for is to play human, likeable, everyday parts—real, honest-to-goodness American women and girls. I don't want to be the scenery for a lot of cattle, simply because they have been photographed and need a girl to make them into a picture. I've worked too hard to be leading lady for deer, at this late day. Especially when I realize that to make a series of Westerns is tantamount to going right in the middle of the studio and committing suicide. Don't think for a minute I have ambitions to become a Greta Garbo. I know my limitations.

"When you come right down to it, I am far more serious about becoming a really fine and interesting woman than anything else. That is the most important thing in life to me." (Hurrah for our side, Lois!) "I don't care a whoop for night clubs and cocktail parties. And as for standing up and fighting for my rights, I simply hate it. I could sit down in the middle of the room and cry, I feel so unhappy about what has happened. But I know I am right, and if you are going to be the right sort of woman you have to stand up for what is right, don't you?"

Just here Diana Kane, her sister, rushed in. "We're going to California in a week! How about a party?"

"I am having some people in for tea to-morrow," answered Lois.

"Oh, let's combine the two!"

"Yes, let's!" So Lois got out a pencil and started to prepare a party.

"We mustn't forget anybody, and I'll engage the apartment next mine." So she began to cudgel her brains. And the list was made.

To begin with, there were Alice Joyce, Clara Beranger, and Gloria Swanson and her husband from the floor above. At least they tried to get there, but Albert Parker insisted on one of those motion-picture conferences when titles are passed on, so they sort of gasped in at the last minute. And dozens of little girls and

Thomas Meighan reminisced most interestingly about "The Miracle Man."

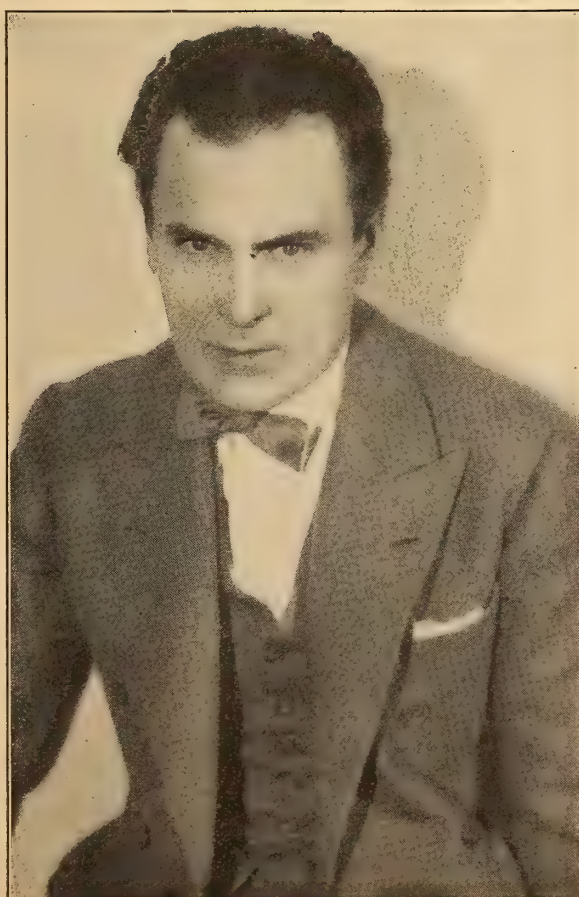


Photo by Russell Ball.

Photo by Autrey

Olive Borden is scheduled to pay her first visit to New York to play the title rôle in "The Joy Girl."

boys from the press romped in, and Adam Gimbél and Diana Kane stopped skating for the occasion. Also, a slogan was coined.

For the New York film set has turned social. It used to be that the players lived in solitary splendor during their sojourns in New York. Hardly anybody ever saw anybody else save, perhaps, on first nights when the film world, as well as everybody else, turns out *en masse*. The slogan was, "Good-by—I'll see you later at Herbert Brenon's."

Herbert Brenon Admits a Birthday.

For our favorite director had a birthday party, and his wife arranged a buffet supper for "any time after ten." Everybody who had been at Lois' party, and everybody

ledley

costumer's to ye booterie, and from ye booterie to hairclipper's, the frog footman who had issued the imitations, à la "Alice in Wonderland," gave up the job as a bad job. Alice, it developed, had been making preparations for her next film.

And a remarkable thing about the party was that despite the preponderance of picture folk, one even thought of talking shop, and a game of cards in the coat room, played with cakes of marked cards, was so amiable that the winners refused to collect when it was over.

Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan, in the midst of their current productions, didn't attempt to go until the wee, sma' hours. All of which reminds me of Tommy, in looking for a gypsy type to play opposite him in "Blind Alleys," has chosen Greta Garbo for the honored post, and Richard Dix by way of variety has little Mary Brian with him in "Knockout." We mustn't fail to mention that Gilda Gil Boag, her husband, and her director, Bob Laemmle, forgot all about having to punch the clock at a next morning, and while Gilda didn't dance she did.

Three Ladies in Revolt.

Murray and her husband were on their way to Hollywood when the party took place. For Mae Murray joined hands with Lois Wilson and Dorothy Dandridge, and was taking part in the players' revolt against the celluloid angels. Miss Mackaill insisted that she was sent West by First National to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Shoes" and when she didn't get the part she refused to play at all. Mae didn't pout and she didn't argue any more than a woman has to. She merely refused to go on with her next picture. For Mae had completed "Valencia" before she decided that life with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was just one humiliation after another no longer to be endured. With a handsome, gallant, and willing husband to protect her, and a long bank account, and offers pouring in, she merely tossed her flaxen curls and silently, like the Arabs, stole away.

Almost as silently, one might say, as Tony and Mrs. Moreno slipped into town one morning and embarked for England, where Tony is playing with Dorothy Gish in her new British creation, "Madame Pompadour."

A Conscientious Prima Donna.

One would think it would be easy for Meighan to find a leading lady when, as it were, all the world is willing. But Evelyn Brent had completed her work in "Blind Alleys" before there was even talk of another leading lady joining the cast. Many tests were made but none was chosen.

And when at last all the Famous Players officials were rubbing their hands with pardonable pride over a new find, a bomb exploded—fired by no less a person than Mary Ellis, of the Metropolitan Opera, and more recently of "Rose Marie" and "Dybbuk"

Photo by Waxman

Evelyn Brent, after establishing herself as one of our best actresses during her stay in the East, hurried back to Hollywood to play in "Underworld."

else in town, trooped over to Park Avenue and had a piece of birthday cake. There were the Messmore Kendalls, Malcolm St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Gilda Gray, Richard Dix, Sam Hardy, "Bud" Fisher, Gregory La Cava, and Allan Dwan, who couldn't bear, he said, for Herbert Brenon to get a year older without being on tap—it's a good word—to witness it.

Roxy threw aside the cares of his new theater long enough to say, "Hello, everybody. Happy birthday." And Lois Wilson sported a new bob for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Block were also among those present, with Hale Hamilton, Grace La Rue, Tom Burke, the Irish tenor, Mrs. William Anthony McGuire, and no end of representatives of the stage and screen, as well as the host's sisters, his cousins, and his uncles and aunts—all of whom joined in the merry chorus, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Among the missing was Alice Joyce. But after she had been traced from the Plaza to a costumer's, from



Ed Wynn, the noted stage comedian, began his first picture, "Rubber Heels," with appropriate seriousness.

fame. She refused to play opposite the popular Tommy Meighan.

Every one was perturbed about it except Tommy himself who, though he was put to no end of inconvenience, refused to get "het up" or feel slighted or put out. But others did, and the word "snip" came again into constant use.

"There's the vanity of an actress," said one. "Thinks she knows more than Mr. Lasky, who has been in the business for years." "Never made a picture in her life," said another with a shrug, "and believes she knows better than the experts." "Pits her knowledge—ha! ha!—against the greatest minds in the industry." "Spoils her chances forever at one clip." And so forth, and so on.

It all came about after Mary Ellis' test had been made. They had stopped counting them weeks before, but this one was sure fire, at last. For years, people had been telling Mary she ought to go into pictures, and save for a certain embonpoint—diet, please—the test disclosed her a perfect screen subject, *à la* Renee Adoree. She was offered the job at her own price. But she rejected the rôle when she had read the scenario. Not because she thought it too small. Not because she thought she ought to be starred, but because she didn't think it suitable. She believed that but for one tiny sequence, she wouldn't do it well. And she stuck to her guns, while Tommy selected Greta Nissen to be his gypsy. And they tell me a wig has done the trick.

A Leaf from the Past.

Meighan will tell you that next to "The Miracle Man" his favorite picture is "Tin Gods," because for the first time in many moons he had a chance to act.

Speaking of "The Miracle Man," it may be interesting to recount the history of a subtitle.

We were reminiscing with Meighan about George Loane Tucker, the late director of "The Miracle Man," and how the picture happened to be made at all. It was a play by George M. Cohan, you remember. Meighan, through whose interest it was transferred to the screen, always looks upon it as a sort of long-lost son, and whenever he gets a bit discouraged with life and histrionic achievement, he takes it out of the archives and runs it in his projection room. You may recall a title in it: "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his girl." That is Meighan's own particular title, for he wrote it himself. But let him tell you how.

"You know," he begins, "I had a very pious Catholic mother—a saint she was, and all of us who knew and loved her knew that, too—a veritable saint on earth. To her the theater was a world of great temptation. She worried about me when I left home and went



Photo by Cladnoff

'Alice Joyce was so busy selecting gowns for her new picture that Herbert Brenon couldn't find her to invite her to his birthday party.



Ben Lyon forsook New York for the first time in two years to play opposite Billie Dove in "The Tender Hour," in California.

on the stage. While she lived, she wrote to me regularly, always ending with the words from the Bible, 'What does it profit a man if he gains the world, and loses his soul.' And the thought she had given me so many times I used for a subtitle, with the necessary variation."

Overheard Midst Wealth and Fashion.

Possibly the smartest and at the same time the most sophisticated audience of the season, dotted largely with film stars, welcomed Yvonne Printemps and her distinguished husband, Sacha Guitry, to America. Mae Murray and her prince sat in the first row, Alice Joyce and her husband, James B. Regan, were in a box, and Raquel Meller attended many performances of her distinguished contemporaries

of the Parisian stage. Sam Shipman and Richard Rowland and their respective parties listened attentively to the lilting strains of "Mozart" as the two artists displayed the gifts that have made them famous.

Continued on page 105

One Chance in Thousands

Frank Hopper had been hearing for years that he looked like Theodore Roosevelt, but it took a stranger to see in that resemblance a chance for him to play the great American in "The Rough Riders."

By Caroline Bell

FAIRY godmothers are all right in their way—but it does seem too bad that they play favorites. Now, of course, it is very lovely for them to wave their magic wands over young girls with the result that contracts and success and everything just seem to fall their way, but why should springtime and beauty always be the chosen pets and recipients of such gifts? There are in the world so many weary men and women whose youth has faded under the grueling struggle for existence, characters chiseled by experience into a strong and sure firmness, talents that have not been smothered but instead have been developed by life's battles and but await mature expression. Abilities, theirs, ready for the command to present themselves.

Now the fairy godmother has redeemed herself in my eyes. I shall no longer crab against her prejudice for Peter Pans. For she woke up to the situation not so long ago, and scanning the crowd of commonplace, middle-aged folks, waved her wand over Frank Hopper.

Because of his startling resemblance to Theodore Roosevelt and the latent gift for acting which tests revealed, Hopper was chosen to impersonate the idol of America's boyhood in "The Rough Riders," the story of the late soldier-president's activities in the Spanish-American War which Paramount has filmed on a scale meriting attention.

For years and years Hopper had plodded along in a narrow, grooved rut, having long ago closed his eyes to the glitter of theatrical fame which once had lured him.

Then, by a quirk of fate, he was suggested to Paramount as the living double of Roosevelt and chosen for the coveted rôle from among four hundred candidates. And practically without any effort on his own part! Which proves something or other that my brow isn't tall enough to meditate upon, so I shall merely give the credit to the fairy godmother.

Several months ago a wide search started for a man resembling Roosevelt and possessing acting

ability sufficient for the demands of the rôle. Hermann Hagedorn, biographer of Roosevelt and secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, Lewis Maverick, vice president of the Rough Riders Association, and Victor Fleming, Paramount director, were appointed as a committee to interview aspirants. By the hundreds they stormed the studio, those men who had been told they "looked like Roosevelt"—men with bristling mustaches, with pugnacious jaw lines, with prominent teeth.

By a strange chance, Hopper was brought to the committee's attention. And a Los Angeles woman is five hundred dollars richer for having obeyed an intuition.

An item, offering an award to the person who should send in the name and photograph of the man adjudged best suited to the rôle, appeared on the screen of a Los Angeles theater. As Mrs. Dorothy Dodd, who manages an apartment house, left the theater, she noticed a man walking down the street whose likeness to Roosevelt startled her.

Overcoming her hesitation, she accosted him, asked his name and address and requested a photograph that she might send in.

Thus brought to the committee's attention; Hopper was summoned to the studio and given a screen test. The result: he was chosen.

Prior to this sudden opportunity he was but one of thousands of middle-aged men who found life mildly pleasant despite the hardships of rearing a family on a mediocre salary. Had the fairy godmother not turned her attention from the ingénues

to consider the careworn ones of riper years and focused her gaze upon him, he might have continued in that fair degree of comfort which is neither the ease of wealth nor the biting pinch of poverty.

True, as a youth he had aspired to thespic glamour, and appeared on the stage, his achievement most meriting mention having been in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, in which he sang sec-

Continued on page 104



Judging from this photograph it is Theodore Roosevelt himself who rides with his men over hill and valley, so convincing is Frank Hopper's presentment of him in "The Rough Riders."



As an Artist Sees Gloria

HUGO BALLIN, the gifted artist who designed the settings for "Sunya"—now called "The Love of Sunya"—was invited to sketch Gloria Swanson expressly for PICTURE-PLAY, and this exceptional study is the result.

Graciously reflecting the strength and delicacy of Gloria's distinctly individual features, it also captures the qualities of determination and conscientiousness that have played so large a part in her success.

It is a pleasure to offer this rare likeness to Gloria's fans, who will be further interested to learn that she considers it her best portrait.

Hollywood High Lights

The most interesting bits of the news from the town where the movies are made.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

ERNST LUBITSCH has finally embarked on his supreme effort. He has turned his back on light and frivolous comedy and is now in the throes of directing the deep heart-interest story of "Old Heidelberg." It needs no long-bearded prophet to venture an opinion that this will be one of the great pictures of 1927.

The film brings together Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer. It is the first in which they have jointly appeared, and their rôles of *Prince Karl* and *Kathie* are most sympathetic. Jean Hersholt will be seen as *Doctor Juttner*, and Chester Conklin is playing *Lutz*, the valet. The cast is as thrilled a group of actors as have ever been assembled, particularly Norma, who was highly excited over this new big opportunity.

We saw the filming of some of the earlier scenes, which portray the boyhood of the *Prince*. Little Philippe de Lacey, the Belgian war orphan, was playing the rôle of the boy, a youngster at the mercy of the cruel discipline of court life.

Philippe was required to cry pitifully in several of the scenes. At times getting him in the proper mood entailed a certain amount of difficulty, even though he is a very dependable little actor. His foster mother had a secret recipe for inducing the tears, but nobody could discover what it was, and one day she was absent. Philippe simply couldn't become properly tearful, hard though he tried. Lubitsch was wringing his hands in his anxiety to get on with the shooting.

"Is it not possible," he exclaimed, "to do something to make the boy cry again?"

"I'll try," responded the assistant director.

There was a whispered talk between the man and the boy, and Philippe's face suddenly grew cloudy. He burst into tears which were almost impossible to stop, even after the shooting was over.

"My goodness! What on earth did you tell him?" asked Lubitsch.

"Just a little story," replied the assistant. "I told him about a little girl who had a beautiful Christmas tree, all gorgeously decorated with a lot of dolls and toys and tinsel and lighted candles. She was terribly happy and excited over them, and clapped her hands and danced about, and then, just when she was going to pick the wonderful sleeping doll from the tree—she was struck blind!"

After which nobody can accuse film children of lacking susceptibility.

Pola and Rudy.

Every one expected Pola Negri to buy the full-

Joseph Schildkraut is stumped—and by his own wife. Elise Bartlett outwits her husband at chess, between his scenes in "The King of Kings."

length painting of Rudolph Valentino that was sold at the auction of the star's effects, but Pola didn't do it. Instead, she filed a claim for \$15,000 against the Valentino estate, an amount she asserted she had lent Rudy when he was building his home, Falcon Lair. No one had been aware of this debt of Rudy's to the woman to whom he was reported engaged.

Pola still gives evidences of deeply mourning the death of Rudy.

Tom Forsakes the Briny Deep.

Tom Mix is going to quit being a seaman. He has just about decided to dispose of his yacht, the *Mixit*, and purchase instead a big tract of land which he means to develop into a gentleman's ranch. The Mix yacht and the Mix establishment at Catalina Island have long been familiar in filmland, and the light trim craft will be much missed at the famous California pleasure resort.

Tom has kept the boat primarily for the enjoyment of his wife and little daughter, particularly during the summer. Now, however, Tom says little Thomasina is old enough sufficiently to enjoy other forms of adventure, and he feels that ranch life should be the next step in her young career. So he's going to have a great big place where she may roam and ride to her heart's content, or at least as far as her parents may judiciously permit her to roam and ride.

In any event, the Southern California real-estate agents have been hot on the trail of the famous cowboy star, trying to interest him in all kinds of available ranches.

Festive but Dignified.

The second Mayfair Club party, the new and very exclusive dinner-dance club, was a great success. It was held on New Year's Eve, and was one of the most dignified affairs ever held in the film colony on so festive an evening.

Many of the most prominent film stars were present, and particularly noticeable was the fact that all the belles were attended by their favorite beaus.

Constance Talmadge danced very frequently with Buster Collier. We predict that they will wed yet. Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Hill were together, although they have both denied any engagement. Miss Hill is the wife of a prominent New York photographer, but divorce proceedings are under way. Norma Shearer was escorted by Irving Thalberg, and May McAvoy by Bobby Agnew. Joan Crawford looked very radiant with James Hall, who played the lead in "Hotel Imperial," as her partner.



A distinct impression was made by such attractive married folk as Dolores del Rio, Gertrude Olmsted, Laura La Plante, Estelle Taylor, and Enid Bennett.

The merry widows of the occasion were Hedda Hopper and Anna Q. Nilsson. The latter, we expect, will soon be included among the wedded. The man in the case, as you perhaps know, is not of the films but of another rich industry—real estate.

Dick Barthelmess was present. The divorce suit filed against him by Mary Hay, by the way, has only recently been made final in Paris.

Dick is now filming the most pretentious picture that he has made in a long time, "The Patent Leather Kid," a story dealing with war and prize fighting. The fact that it is so much bigger than usual will be good news to many fans who have lately been disappointed in Dick's offerings.

More Holiday Celebrations.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, and Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, also John Roche, held open house on Christmas Day.

And on the day after Christmas, Patsy Ruth Miller gave one of the gayest parties of the season, with practically everybody in the colony present. Patsy, with her bright mind and savoir-faire, is always a capable hostess, and her mother and father shared the duties of the occasion with her, making everybody happy and comfortable, which is quite a task, considering the differences of temperament that exist in film-land.

The principal cut-ups at Patsy's party were Douglas MacLean, Robert Leonard, the director, and Donald Ogden Stewart, the writer, which sounds more like the personnel of a film production than a group of social *virtuosi*. MacLean and Leonard made themselves particularly amusing by assisting in the serving of the buffet supper and pretending to make the guests pay for their food. This was all impromptu, as was the response of the guests, who offered I O Us, diamond cuff links, first mortgages on mansions, and even promises of ornate and expensive bridge work, in payment for their food. Charles Ray, however, refused to make any payment and simply returned his plate—not, however, until he had pilfered a turkey leg from Colleen Moore's plate.

A Comedienne's Transformation.

May Robson, best known on the stage for her performance in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," was one of the last of the prominent people to assume small parts in "The King of Kings." She was cast as the mother of the bad thief, a rôle of sorrowful degradation. Strange fate for one who has long been hailed for her comedy!

The portrayal of the good thief is done uniquely. His fate seems to excite no sympathy from the on-lookers at the Crucifixion, and he is left quite alone, until the dog that belonged to him comes and lies at the foot of his cross.

Who Cares for Close-ups?

The first "natural vision" picture is now being completed. This description, "natural vision," needs a lot of explanation, so we will not go into it here. We will just mention briefly that instead of a screen of the present standard width, one several times as wide will be used for the showing of these productions. This will give the effect more of a stage play, and will reduce the number of close-ups needed.

The first picture being made by this new method is called "The American," and Charles Ray and Bessie Love are the leads.

A Phonetic Complication.

Conrad Veidt promises to be one of Hollywood's ablest entertainers as soon as he learns to speak English. He has been studying during his trip back to Europe, from which he recently returned with his wife and child, and can now say much more than "O. K." and "Yes, yes."

Veidt has told a story on himself several times that will bear repeating. His name, you know, is pronounced with an "f" instead of a "v" sound. He was at a prize fight at Vernon one Tuesday night, and the fans were on a rampage because a couple of the boxers appeared to have taken a sleeping powder. They were yelling, "Fight!"

Conrad looked dazed for a moment. Then, "What is it?" he exclaimed to his companion in German. "They don't want me to go into the ring, do they?"

"No," answered his companion. "They just want you to bow."

But Veidt had got the point by then.

Wally Up in the Air.

Wallace Beery is going to keep right on doing his bit for the war department. His next picture will be an aviation comedy. It will probably be a sort of burlesque follow-up of "Wings," Paramount's new air epic. We assume, at least, that the latter is an epic, because it has been fully six or seven months in the making.

Wally's partner in his future comedies of this type will probably be Ford Sterling. The two were together in "Casey at the Bat," and more recently in "Looie the Fourteenth." Ford is one of the cleverest comedy-relief men in the movies. His pantomime in certain pictures has been wonderful.

Lya Revolts.

Lya de Putti has joined the "sympathetic heroine" club. She left Famous Players-Lasky because they in-



Ethel Shannon sits on her doorstep in balmy California and has her portrait painted by Herman Amlauer. Ethel is engaged, by the way, to Joseph Jackson.

Hollywood High Lights

tended using her in a vamp rôle to which she objected. She has since been doing a "nice girl" for the C. B. De Mille organization, with Joseph Schildkraut playing opposite her. The picture is called "The Heart Thief."

We met Miss de Putti at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Erich Pommer, and there is no doubt that she is a striking personality. Her hair is cut in the Japanese-doll fashion, which style suits her petite stature very well, besides making her look all the more interesting.

Most foreign stars who come to this country are somewhat shy nowadays about the sort of parts they play in pictures. They feel that Pola Negri's unfortunate experience with poor rôles is something to consider. So they are all pretty cautious about what's offered them in the American movies. Even the fact that the "sympathetic" rôles she demanded have not turned out so well for Miss Negri doesn't seem to have altered their determination to play such characters themselves during their sojourn in America. In Miss de Putti's case, however, this attitude may be understood, because she is really not so terribly vampish.

Alice is Again a Bride.

Alice Calhoun has apparently settled her marital future happily at last. She has wed Max Chotiner, a Los Angeles theater owner. Alice's first marriage of about six or eight months ago was annulled by her first husband.

Another Pair of Comedians.

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur have been teamed up in comedy. Dane, as you know, was *Slim* in "The Big Parade," and Arthur has played comedy rôles in many pictures, including "Irene," "Her Night of Romance," "Bardelys the Magnificent," and others.

Every company in filmland seems to feel the need now of having a male comedy team, since Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton made such a hit together. And we rather think that Karl and George will make a very amusing team.*

Gladys the Terrible.

The rôles that Gladys Brockwell plays are getting meaner and meaner. Her latest is in "Seventh Heaven," in which her main object consists of inflicting a number of fearful beatings on Janet Gaynor, as the poor little suffering heroine.

Ever since Miss Brockwell played in "Oliver Twist" some years ago, she has been making a distinct impression in pictures by playing rôles of cruelty and oppression.

Incidentally, she is wearing a boyish hair cut these days, and is much slimmer. She looked most stunning at a party recently.

A Resilient Fun Maker.

Assurance that the fans will soon see some new and perhaps very funny short comedies is given by the re-opening of the Sennett studios, which were closed for

four months during the fall. Sennett invariably furnishes a goodly portion of substantial laughs each season. One of the funniest he made during the past year was the one called "Hubby's Quiet Little Game," in which Billy Bevan was starred.

Sennett has a new player, whom you perhaps already know, from whom much may be expected in the future. His name is Eddie Quillan, and around the studio he is called "Elastic." He has a grotesque and rather sad countenance, and great facility in twisting his mouth into funny expressions. Eddie was an acrobatic comedian on the vaudeville stage. His ability to withstand punishment during the making of slapstick scenes, as well as his skill in stretching his face into odd grimaces, has been responsible for his nickname.

The New Wampas Stars.

Martha Sleeper, who has appeared in many Hal Roach comedies, finally won listing for herself as a Wampas star. She took the place of Jeanne Navelle, a screen newcomer signed with Paramount, who was taken ill, and had to undergo a severe throat operation.

Miss Sleeper had the unqualified approval of everybody, because of her progress during the past year and because of the definite personality she flashes on the screen. She is a sensitive, wistful type.

The other girls chosen were Patricia Avery, Rita Carewe, Helene Costello, Barbara Kent, Natalie Kingston, Frances Lee, Mary McAlister, Gladys McConnell, Sally Phipps, Sally Rand, Iris Stuart, and Adamae Vaughn. The nominees numbered thirty and, in addition to the thirteen elected, and Miss Navelle who withdrew, included Priscilla Bonner, Myrna Loy, Ann Rork, Isabelle Locke, Lois Boyd, Betty Boyd, Nancy Nash, Gwen Lee, Majel Coleman, Jean Arthur, Yola d'Avril, Barbara Worth, Marian Mack, Ruth Taylor, and Eugenia Gilbert.

The Wampas, as you know, is the organization of publicity men who for six years have made a yearly selection of thirteen girls who they think give the brightest promise of

having successful careers in pictures. They also award an annual cup to the girl among those chosen in former years whom they believe to have achieved the most progress during the year.

Many of the girls who have been picked in the past have become very successful. Last year's selection included Mary Astor, Marceline Day, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Dolores del Rio, Dolores Costello, Vera Reynolds, Joan Crawford, and Sally O'Neil, all of whom have proved their worth during the past year.

More Professional Marriages.

Church weddings are becoming all the fashion. Gardner James and Marian Blackton were married at the Church of the Angels in Pasadena not long ago. James is a star with *Inspiration*, and Miss Blackton is a



Every one has heard of, if not seen, the famous Duncan sisters in their characterization of TOPSY and EVA. And now Rosetta and Vivian are to bring the two characters to the screen.

*Their first teamwork is in "Red, White and Blue."

scenario writer. Percy Marmont, Mary Astor, and Patsy Ruth Miller were among those identified with the wedding ceremony.

The blonde Ena Gregory and Al Rogell were also recently married. They managed to keep their wedding a secret for a time.

And by the time this is in print, Jobyna Ralston should be the bride of Richard Arlen.

That O'Neil Family.

Sally O'Neil's success in pictures seems to have made everybody in her family ambitious, and as she has no less than nine brothers and sisters the ambition is something worth talking about.

Sally's sister, Sue, has been signed up by First National, and has changed her name to Molly O'Day, just so that she won't be traveling along on the reputation of Sally.

Isabelle O'Neil, another of the girls, has been doing an extra part in "The Mob," King Vidor's new production. Jack, a brother, is also bent on having a movie career. He goes by the family name of Noonan. There are five other boys and one girl in the family who have not yet made known their intentions, but most of them are quite young.

The children's father was a judge in the East, and the family moved to California only a few years ago.

Providing for the Future.

Really staggering are the figures of the insurance that some of the film people have taken out for themselves. In a list which was printed in an insurance publication, it is shown that Jesse L. Lasky is insured for \$2,000,000; Will Hays, \$2,000,000; Gloria Swanson, \$2,000,000; John Barrymore, \$2,000,000; Joseph M. Schenck, \$1,250,000; Norma Talmadge, \$1,250,000, and Erich von Stroheim, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Constance Talmadge, Will Rogers, June Mathis, the scenarist, and Mary Pickford, each for \$1,000,000.

Following the death of Rudolph Valentino, there was quite a rush in some quarters to obtain policies.

Politics in Beverly Hills.

Now they are talking of building a wall around Beverly Hills, the exclusive residence section of the stars. It isn't that the famous people of the movie industry want to be exclusive, but simply that if they don't use precautionary measures, people will soon be unable to distinguish Beverly from Los Angeles, as the two cities are growing so close together.

There is a tremendous interest on the part of the stars in the local politics of Beverly, albeit some of this may be for publicity purposes. Will Rogers recently became honorary mayor. In his speech of inauguration Rogers said, "I won't promise an honest administration, but I'll promise to split fifty-fifty with you."

Fairbanks, William S. Hart, and

Tom Mix headed the reception committee which greeted the famous humorist. Rogers has always been a hero in the colony, and though he has been absent for long periods during the past few years, he still maintains his home in the realm of the studios.

Insanea Becomes Reflective.

Dear, dear! Life is so disappointing, and yet I refuse to be disappointed by it. There doesn't seem to be a thing exciting to tell this month, and yet I have been on the go every minute. I wonder if I am becoming blasé.

Stars certainly fool people off screen in their appearance. One day recently a relative of mine was introduced to Mary Pickford and didn't know it. She didn't catch the name, and didn't become the least bit excited about the introduction. After she learned who it was that she had met, she nearly died of disappointment.

I think that the high spot of my life lately was going to the Masquers' Revel. It sounds very New-Yearish, but was really much later. The Masquers don't wear any masks—they are just a club of Hollywood actors who give a big performance every year in a downtown auditorium that is lots of fun and that everybody goes to.

I was very much interested in the girls who acted as hostesses. They were all so young and charming, and so prettily dressed—so different from people who are usually called hostesses that I have met the one or two times I have been out in society.

Although The Masquers is a men's club, they do invite the girls to participate in their entertainment, which I think is very nice of them. There were such a lot of girls, too, at this affair, but I think my own eye was attracted the most by Virginia Valli, who is looking lovelier every day, and Jobyna Ralston, who is always so ravishing when you see her off screen, and Patsy Ruth Miller, whom I like exceedingly because she looks so bright—and is bright, too. I met her that night and liked her even better, because she shook hands so warmly. I am sorry that all I had a chance to do was say how-do-you-do to her.

The show was awfully funny. Some of the men dressed up as girls, and they looked too grotesque for words, except Julian Eltinge, who knows how to wear women's clothes quite as well as most women, even if he isn't so good at keeping his figure trim and up to date.

I didn't see so many men players that we know on the screen in the show, but everybody who did appear was awfully good. Douglas MacLean is president of the club, and made a very nice speech of greeting. Jack Mulhall, who is becoming one of my favorites, took part in a musical comedy that they put on. Walter Pidgeon, whom I remember seeing in several pictures, sang very cleverly. He has a very good voice and is tremendously popular in the colony.

You have no idea what a very wonderful, unassuming person Harold Lloyd is until you meet him. I was introduced to him at a preview of his picture, "The Kid Brother," and I absolutely loved him. He talks intelligently, too, about how he makes his pictures, and told us a lot about the "mechanics" of his comedies that I thought was very interesting, even though I had thought before that "mechanics" was something connected only with automobiles and such things. But it seems that in comedies mechanics means something different, and has to do with the way the producers scheme and build a picture up for laughs.

My life is really running to comedians lately, for I have also met Harry Langdon, who is very quiet, and Buster Keaton, who is reserved, as you might expect, but at times quite a cut-up, and Wallace

Beery, who has more pep than anybody I have ever known, and who is so very original. Sometimes I think I might even live in the hope of becoming a leading woman in comedies, because the stars are all so nice, and a job as a leading woman with some of them is more or less steady. I'm just going to have to do something some time, or else die of ennui.

Ernst Lubitsch and Ramon Novarro christen the camera at the start of the filming of "Old Heidelberg," which Lubitsch is directing and in which Ramon, of course, has the leading rôle.



Those New Wampas Stars

Here they are—the thirteen girls that the Wampas organization chose this year as showing the most promise of having successful movie careers ahead of them.

Sally Phipps, left, was visiting in Hollywood when she was invited by a Fox director to have a screen test. She was straightway signed up, and is now being featured.

Iris Stuart, right, was posing for magazine advertisements when discovered by Paramount. Her latest rôle was in "Stranded in Paris."



Patricia Avery, left center, is the girl who was a stenographer for M.-G.-M. when some one decided that she would look well in films. She has the second lead in "Annie Laurie."

Jeanne Navelle, right center, danced her way into the movies. Famous Players were so pleased with a specialty number that she did in one of their productions that she was given a five-year contract.*

Frances Lee, left, has been making you laugh for many months. She used to dance in vaudeville. Now she's a leading lady in Christie comedies.

Two-reel Westerns and comedies paved the way for Gladys McConnell, right, toward a contract with Fox and leading rôles in feature films.



*Because of Miss Navelle's illness, her place among the thirteen stars was later assigned to Martha Sleeper.



Patience is its own reward. Natalie Kingston, left, quietly acted as a foil to comedians until at last her chance came to play in more serious rôles. She is under contract to First National, and recently appeared opposite Milton Sills in "The Silent Lover."

Last year it was Dolores, this year it is Helene Costello, right, who is one of the Wampas stars. Success simply pursues that talented family.

Rita Carewe, left center, is Director Edwin Carewe's daughter. She has been in several First National films, and now has an important rôle in her father's production of "Resurrection."



You have no doubt seen Barbara Kent, above, in many of Universal's Westerns. So did M.-G.-M. see her, and liked her so well that they borrowed her for "Flesh and the Devil."

Mary McAlister, right center, began her screen career as a child star in the old Essanay company. Then she turned to the stage. Now she's back in the movies, with many leading rôles to her credit.

Adamæ Vaughn, left, is Alberta's sister, but is of a more sedate type than the vivacious Alberta. She has attracted much attention in F. B. O. films.

Sally Rand, right, is one of Cecil De Mille's "finds." She has a distinct flair for comedy.





"The Fire Brigade" has more downright thrills than any picture in a year or more.

HERE is a picture to delight the hearts of those weary of sophistication, repression, symbolism, and all that tosh. I refer to "The Fire Brigade."

This is the very essence of the movies as we knew them ages ago, plus the skill and feeling developed by the years. There are more thrills to "The Fire Brigade" than any picture of recent vintage, and they are not responded to at the cost of dull intervals, either. Moreover, the picture has beauty, and glorious acting. Best of all, it is warmly human. Yes, you guessed it: "The Fire Brigade" is great.

Put the story in cold type and it reads like hokum. See it on the screen and it becomes a different thing—genuinely fine and honest. So I shall content myself with the merest hint of what it's all about.

There's a family of fire fighters, the O'Neils—Terry, and Joe and Jim, with old Captain O'Neil and the mother of the boys. Terry is the recruit, just receiving the finishing touches to rank him with his brothers. Also, there is an unscrupulous millionaire interested in substituting inferior building materials for what the law requires, and he has a daughter who is attracted to Terry. The millionaire's unmasking comes about through Terry's efforts to trace the man responsible for endangering the lives of children in an orphanage, and the picture reaches its supreme thrill with a fire the like of which has never been seen on the screen.

While all this may be set down as propaganda for the fire department, it must be admitted that it is highly informative. Why shouldn't we know all about the fire department? A picture that informs while it entertains comes pretty near reaching the highest estate possible to the screen.

As for the acting, Charles Ray has never given us any character surpassing his Terry. All the awkward charm of his bucolic heroes of a bygone day is recaptured in this wholly lovable scion of the heroic O'Neils. And considering that Ray is about thirty-five years old and weighs one hundred and eighty or so, his simulation of youth is extraordinary, to which must be added credit for soundest acting.

For that matter, the entire cast comes in for the bestowal of gold stars. You won't see anything finer than Eugenie Besserer as Mrs. O'Neil nor Holmes Herbert as the wicked millionaire. May McAvoy, Tom O'Brien, Warner Richmond, Bert Woodruff, Vivia

The Screen

The latest offerings of the silver sheet

By Norbert

Ogden, De Witt Jennings, Dan Mason, Irwin Connelly—all render distinguished service to the cause of a fine picture.

A Gypsy's Bride.

If you believe in romance, and if beauty enthalls you, the spell of both will sweep you from this mundane sphere while "The Night of Love" is on the screen. And keep you in the realms of fancy after you have left Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in each other's arms and the organist has begun to whine, "Bye, Bye, Blackbird." Delectable is no name for this picture, nor is there any word at all for the wondrous lady—a new Vilma Banky—who is called *Princess Marie*.

She is a proud daughter of France in the Middle Ages, who is brought to Spain as the loveless bride of the sinister *Duke de la Garda* and falls a victim to a gypsy bandit's diabolic revenge. The gypsy is *Montero*, whose girl bride was torn from him by the *Duke*, and who patiently awaits the time when his great wrong shall be avenged by his abduction of the *Duke's* bride on their wedding night. *Montero* succeeds—and loses, too. For *Marie* falls in love with him, and he with her. But the story has only just begun. It is the stormy course their love takes that develops the thrill of the unexpected all along the way.

A strange tale it is but true to the spirit and tradition of the period, and laid in scenes of such splendor as will make you gasp. Vilma Banky as the *Princess* gives an amazing performance. Her acting is the incarnation of poetic fervor and plastic beauty, with a depth of feeling not revealed in any previous rôle. Montagu Love's *Duke* is rich in characterization and bold effectiveness not possible of betterment by any actor on the screen, and Natalie Kingston is a blazing figure as *Dame Beatriz*, his jealous mistress.

Ronald Colman's legion of fans will get a big thrill out of his *Montero*, and because the legion is so overwhelming in numbers and enthusiasm it is beside the point for me to go into the matter of his limitations as a romantic actor, according to my viewpoint.

All that matters is that "The Night of Love" is a big night for romance.

The Good Old Days.

In its way, "The Music Master" is a rare and beautiful picture, a genuine triumph for the director, Allan Dwan, and, in turn, the cast he assembled to interpret the old play made famous by David Warfield.

This happens to be my opinion. But there are some, I fear, who will view it otherwise. It all depends on whether the period of 1900 means anything in your life, or is just a date. If the latter, the story of the old piano teacher's search for his wife and daughter, and his discovery of the latter as the supposed heiress of the man who despoiled his home in Vienna, will seem just a story and not a particularly vital one.

But if the mauve decade, as the '90s have been called, holds memories for you, you will want to see "The Music Master" again and again. It is the only picture

in Review

are analyzed for your guidance.

Lusk



Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman give lavishly of their talents in "The Night of Love."

to bring this period to the screen. And how it has been brought! The Gibson Girl lives again, and likewise the Florodora Sextette, with their feather boas and trailing ruffles! But, alas, they may mean nothing more to you than caricatures. However, ask dad—he knows. And take the old bozo to see the picture.

But period or no period, it is acted with fine feeling. Alec B. Francis brings to the proud but tear-stained rôle of *Von Barwig* a warm, compelling sympathy, while Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton lend themselves to the tender love-making and gentle reticences of a less hectic day as no other young players could. Miss Moran is, of course, *Von Barwig's* daughter, who employs him as her music master with no knowledge of their relationship, and Mr. Hamilton is her aristocratic fiancé. The dénouement, bringing about *Von Barwig's* unmasking of the villain and his demand that his daughter be told the truth, paves the way to a happy ending—sentimental, perhaps, but wholly in keeping with the period which saw the birth of the play on the stage. It was shrewd judgment on the part of Dwan to keep the picture there instead of modernizing it.

The Fate of a Siren.

However striking a picture "Flesh and the Devil" is, it will be thought unpleasant by many for much the same reasons that "Variety" proved distasteful, while remaining very nearly a great achievement. But those that like the new picture will rave over it, and this contingent will be in the majority.

There is no similarity except that the story centers around a very naughty lady, scheming, unscrupulous, alluring. She is Greta Garbo who, you know full well, can be all that—and then some. She is magnificently effective as *Felicitas*, her best rôle so far. In her hands, this unabashed siren becomes a genuine character study, replete with light and shade.

The story is an adaptation of Hermann Sudermann's novel, "The Undying Past," and Clarence Brown, the director, has retained the German locale in its entirety. In doing so he has achieved a triumph for himself. The production is a marvel of technical accuracy and fine imagination.

Leo, John Gilbert, and *Ulrich*, Lars Hanson, have been friends since childhood. They are united in a bond of blood-brotherhood—until *Felicitas* comes between them. Though married to the elderly *Count von Rhaden* she lures *Leo* on until, on being discovered, he is forced to fight a duel with the *Count*, whom he kills. Banished from the country, he returns to find her married to *Ulrich*, but eager to ensnare *Leo* again. Despite his loyalty to his friend, she succeeds; and when the moment of discovery comes she causes *Ulrich* to believe that *Leo* tempted her. Again there is a duel, this time between the former friends, and *Felicitas*, hastening across the ice to prevent it, is drowned. Nevertheless, neither is killed, because both are too overcome by memories of the past to fire, and there is an indication

of a happy ending in the willingness of *Leo's* boyhood sweetheart, *Hertha*, to forgive.

John Gilbert as *Leo* will prove irresistible to his admirers as he was to *Felicitas*, but I hope they will not be blind to the fine performance of Lars Hanson in the secondary rôle of *Ulrich*. Finer, in my opinion, because less histrionic. Barbara Kent as *Hertha* holds the promise of a more notable career than any of the new crop of "Baby Stars," among whom she is listed.

Spice, But No Salt.

"Hotel Imperial" simmers and sputters a good deal without ever coming to an honest boil, but it gives Pola Negri opportunity for an arresting performance in a rôle that promises to be unusual but really is not far removed from routine. It is that of *Anna Sedlak*, chambermaid in a hotel—the Imperial—in Galicia. The time is 1915, so it deals with the war, but instead of presenting our late allies the Russians in their usual heroic guise, they are villains of deepest dye, and the Austrians, once hated, are made heroes. Not that it matters if a good story hangs in the balance, but times have certainly changed since the Liberty Loans—if you remember them.

Anna is a bona-fide servant, not a grand duchess in disguise, and is in love with *Paul Almasy* who, disguised in the dress suit of a waiter, serves tea to the Russian *General Juschkiewitsch* in order to learn his secrets. The *General* meanwhile has cast an amorous eye on *Anna* and decks her in fine feathers that she may further please his eye. Most of the action is given over to *Paul's* maneuvers to get the plans and *Anna's* simultaneous efforts to checkmate the *General* while seeming to encourage him, and the ending is a happy one.

There are many interesting shots and on the whole the camera work is excellent, but it seems to me that neither Miss Negri nor James Hall as *Paul* achieve convincing characterizations. Miss Negri, with a shawl over her head, is still Miss Negri, and Mr. Hall is a leading man in evening clothes, but with a black waistcoat instead of a white one. Surely he could never have passed as a waiter before the suspicious eyes of enemy Russians. But he does.

The Screen in Review



"The Kid Brother."



"Hotel Imperial."



"Flesh and the Devil."



"The Masked Woman."

It's All a Dream.

"The Lady in Ermine" is a foolish creature and her story the essence of piffle, double-distilled. She is mixed up in a war story, too, this time the period being 1810, with the Italians in the right, and the Austrians as bad as they make 'em. What the rising generation must think of the history it sees on the screen is beyond me, for every other picture nowadays harks back to a war. Perhaps it doesn't matter, particularly as it's hard to remember what the pictures are about, anyway.

This one has Corinne Griffith as *Mariana*, who is a countess, a duchess or some such highfaluting lady. She has just been married to *Adrian*, when the Austrians swoop down upon the castle and, as usual, *General Dostal* gives *Mariana* a look that bodes no good.

Whereupon this bride, instead of keeping out of his way, carefully explains to him what happened to her great-great-grandmother whose portrait, in an ermine cloak, hangs on the wall. A general demanded that she visit him at night, clad only in ermine, as the price of her husband's life, and when husband was told of her sacrifice he killed her. So the bride slowly wends her way upstairs, and the general, falling into an alcoholic doze, dreams that *Mariana* follows the example of the lady in ermine, and next day goes away quite gayly.

It is all too absurd, and vaguely offensive as well. It must have been chosen because Corinne Griffith fancied herself walking down the marble stairway. Francis X. Bushman and Ward Crane seem to enjoy their musical-comedy uniforms. In the midst of all this nonsense Einar Hansen contrives to be eloquent and sincere, but Miss Griffith acts as if the war debts of the world had become a personal obligation.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer!

The training of the United States marine is the reason behind the picture aptly named "Tell It to the Marines," as one might have guessed, and the result is straightforward, melodramatic entertainment of the "cheer, boys, cheer" order. It will delight admirers of William Haines, for the rôle of *Christopher "Skeet" Burns* puts over his ingratiating impudence in fine style, and Lon Chaney as the hard-boiled *Sergeant O'Hara* proves—to those who doubted—that he can create a convincing character quite as well without a particle of make-up as he has in the past when masked by a baffling disguise. However, "Tell It to the Marines," with all its stirring fights and gun play, is hardly a world beater for heart interest or imagination. But if you accept it as propaganda for the marine corps, and just that, you will give it a big hand.

Skeet Burns begins as a flippant youth who has applied for enlistment in the marine corps for the purpose of getting a free trip to California, expecting to pass up the barracks and go on to Tiajuana and follow the races. He ends as a full-fledged soldier of the sea. But the way has been hard and his setbacks many, his discipline coming chiefly from *Sergeant O'Hara* and his recompense from *Norma Dale*, a beauteous nurse, in the person of Eleanor Boardman.

On the whole, "Tell It to the Marines" is well worth a place on your list.

The Sister of "Flaming Youth."

"Summer Bachelors," my innocents, are gentlemen who go in for high old times while their wives are vacationing out of town. Now that you have the meaning of the title, you can guess the rest, more or less. And when you know the story was written by Warner Fabian, who did "Flaming Youth," you need only a little thought to tell you that the picture pretends to be very naughty indeed, but meets all the requirements of censorship just the same. The result is rather lively entertainment—trashy, if you think twice, but amusing if you think not at all. And that is the way to approach "Summer Bachelors."

Madge Bellamy is *Derry*—short for *Desiridia*—Thomas, somebody's secretary who makes a business of brightening the lives of men of means who are temporarily minus feminine partners. There is much cocktail shaking to bring this about, many parties, a rather complicated plot involving *Derry's* friend, *Willowdean*

French, a young actress, and quite a bunch of assorted men. The amatory adventures set forth on the screen end with a real love match for *Derry*, so there is no agonizing price of a good time for her to pay; nor is there a moral. The Epworth League will frown on all this, but I'm afraid the young people are going to like it hugely.

Madge Bellamy carries the picture on her shoulders, and gives an intelligent, skillful performance of a rôle totally devoid of sympathy. Allan Forrest and Matt Moore are the principal males.

Playing With Fire.

Sly, mischievous farce has never been better done on the screen than in "Blonde or Brunette," Adolphe Menjou's latest. And if Richard Rosson, the director, does it again he may justly don the mantle of Lubitsch, doffed while the latter is turning his hand to sentimental romance in "Old Heidelberg."

The picture is beautifully produced and paced with nice skill. Laughs come faster and faster, yet never does the story step outside its proper sphere. It begins by showing us *Henri Martel*, a jaded Parisian bachelor who goes to the country to escape the boring frivolities of the city, and there meets an angel of a girl, demure, beautiful, blonde. What a refreshing change from the artful charmers of the city!

He marries her and introduces her to his set, whereupon she becomes gayest of the gay and more artful than Cleopatra. They are divorced and he marries a brunet siren who, thinking to hold him forever, transforms herself into a home girl with a penchant for playing a harp. But the blonde is not out of his life.

There you have the spirit of this trifle, but hardly a suggestion of the fun that follows. Greta Nissen is a dream of provocativeness as the blonde, and Arlette Marchal a gorgeous brunette. Mary Carr does a grandmother you'll not soon forget.

A Masterpiece in Miniature.

If you can forgive "A Little Journey" for being rather slow you will enjoy it. Deft direction, quiet acting, restrained effects, are its merits. Little else could be expected of a picture whose scenes are laid almost entirely in the aisle of a sleeping car, and whose principal characters number but three. But good taste and absolute naturalness are never absent from this light comedy which, for all its simplicity, brings about moments of dramatic tension, too.

Julie, an everyday sort of girl, is traveling to San Francisco to wed *Alec*, a middle-aged millionaire, when she meets a young man of the go-getter type, *George Manning*. Their flirtation grows from light fancy to strong love, and something of a surprise is brought about when *Alec* unexpectedly boards the train midway in the journey to see *Julie* the sooner. The high light of the story occurs when *George* tells the truth to *Alec*, and it is acted superbly by William Haines and Harry Carey. For that matter, both are splendid throughout, and the picture will be rated another triumph for Haines, although necessarily less showy than "Tell It to the Marines." In my opinion, Claire Windsor's *Julie* is the best rôle she has ever played. She is vibrantly eloquent.

Whipped Cream and Kisses.

Leatrice Joy in "Nobody's Widow" is delightful enough to be everybody's wife, and then some. It is feathery farce, so light that it threatens to blow away into nothing at times, but Leatrice's vivacity is unflagging, and Charles Ray and Phyllis Haver keep up the sparkle.

The story? Well, if you must. *Roxanna Smith* impulsively marries *John Clayton*, only to discover him a few minutes after the ceremony in the arms of another lady. Whereupon *Roxanna* flees back home and tells everybody her husband has died. Then she blossoms out as a gorgeous widow and steals her best friend's sweetheart. When her husband comes on the scene and threatens to expose her she puts him on probation while he tries to woo her back. And of course there are complications.

Charles Ray as the husband is irresistibly amusing, and Phyllis Haver is the spirit of champagne. "Nobody's Widow" is a lady decidedly worth cultivating.



"A Little Journey."



"Twinkletoes."



"Jim the Conqueror."



"Blonde or Brunette."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Mare Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôles.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, acrobatic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Battling Butler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good picture, with Buster Keaton really funny as a rich and timid young man who tries to masquerade as a prize fighter. Sally O'Neil is the mountain-maid heroine.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter. George O'Hara, Viola Dana, and Ralph Lewis.

"Blonde Saint, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in an entertaining film of a cynical author who abducts a lady to Sicily and meets with plenty of melodrama.

"Canadian, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan is a man of the soil in his best rôle in some time. Slow-moving but interesting film of gingham dresses and khaki shirts.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor, Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Corporal Kate"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, an Irish and a Jewish manicurist, join the war as entertainers. Comedy and tragedy mixed.

"Duchess of Buffalo, The"—First National. Constance Talmadge in another gay comedy of the Continent. An American dancing girl poses as a Russian grand duchess, with entertaining results.

"Eagle of the Sea, The"—Paramount. Ricardo Cortez as a gallant pirate in a picturesque costume film laid in New Orleans in 1815. Florence Vidor is the lovely rescued heroine.

"Everybody's Acting"—Paramount. Pleasant story of the romance between a young actress and a wealthy young man whose mother opposes the match. Betty Bronson and Lawrence Gray.

"Fine Manners"—Paramount. Made interesting by Gloria Swanson's expert performance as a hoydenish chorus girl who tries to become a lady. Eugene O'Brien is the necessary rich man.

"Flaming Forest, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Stirring story of the Mounted Police in the lawless western Canada of 1850. Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree.

"For Wives Only"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a giddy light comedy of a young Viennese wife who skates on thin ice. Victor Varconi is the husband.

"Gigolo"—Producers Distributing. Best acting of Rod La Rocque's career. Tragic experiences of a young man who, after being battered up in the war, becomes a scorned *gigolo* in a Paris café. Jobyna Ralston and Louise Dresser.

"Great Gatsby, The"—Paramount. Excellent acting in a none-too-pleasant story of society intrigues on Long Island. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, and Georgia Hale.

"Her Man-o'-War"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal's starring picture. Entertaining, but not entirely suited to her. Tale of Alsatian peasant girl and American doughboy—William Boyd.

"Hold That Lion"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in a diverting comedy of a young man who pursues a girl around the world, and is unwittingly inveigled into a lion hunt.

"Kid Boots"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor's screen début. Sometimes funny, sometimes not. Thrilling climax. Clara Bow, Billie Dove, and Lawrence Gray.

"Kosher Kitty Kelly"—F. B. O. Really entertaining. Another case of entanglements between the Jews and the Irish. Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Vera Gordon, and Nat Carr.

"Ladies at Play"—First National. Riotous escapades of a girl who, to inherit a fortune, must marry in three days a man who won't have her. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, and Louise Fazenda.

"Lady of the Harem, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous Oriental spectacle, featuring Greta Nissen, in a glamorous, seductive rôle, and William Collier, Jr.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—Paramount. Unexpectedly good. Tale of two sisters in a department store, the disappearance of some funds, and one sister's sacrifice for the other. Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Lawrence Gray.

"Magician, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rex Ingram's latest. Gruesome film of girl who comes under the spell of a

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A Pot of Gold for Billie Dove

For five years she has followed a rainbow of dreams that, it seemed, would never be realized. At last she has won her reward.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE "rainbow girl" they call Billie Dove, because of her pastel tints, which reproduce so exquisitely in color photography.

"A panchromatic subject," a camera man put it, meaning, in plain English, that she is color sensitive.

I prefer the first sobriquet, however, for two reasons—Billy is invariably happy-spirited and smiling and, secondly, she has followed a rainbow of dreams that has led to the promised pot of gold.

Since the very commencement of her career—in the "Follies"—she has harbored large yet sensible ambitions: she would marry happily and she would also be a success as an actress, and life would then be very serene, with naught to wish for and naught of friction to mar its contentment.

Even in certain times of discouragement, when the mists almost obscured her high arch of dreams, she clung to them with a quiet obstinacy. She was willing to wait for their consummation.

And now she has found the pot of gold, gloriously full.

For a long while one disappointment in particular rankled, though she did not bewail it. That was that no one seemed to share her belief that she could act, not until she met and married Irvin Willat, whose faith in her gave her more confidence.

But feminine charm is coming back in, so Billie now has a contract with First National. She and Lloyd Hughes are happy newlyweds in "An Affair of the Follies."



Billie Dove was edged off the screen by the influx of flappers. Her womanly type was no longer wanted.



Lois Weber's "The Marriage Clause" was Billie's answer to her critics, followed by the same director's "The Sensation Seekers,"

in which her ability was still further manifested. Owing to a happy combination of circumstances, these two pictures proved to be the turning point in her career. She played interesting, womanly characters in both films, and the sympathetic understanding of the woman director, Lois Weber, made her feel more at home, at ease, in her work than ever before.

Of a sudden, after having been rather ignored for a couple of years and regarded only as a pretty lead, companies started bartering for her services. Three contracts were offered her. First National's she accepted. Her first film for them, in which she appears with Lloyd Hughes and Lewis Stone, is entitled "An Affair of the Follies." It hasn't much novelty in its plot, being the fluffy tale of a dancer who is loved by two men.

"But it has such true little home touches," Billie defended it, when I scoffed. "The cooking, in the early scenes, when we're just married——" And she elaborated the details that had engendered her enthusiasm.

A Pot of Gold for Billie Dove



Billie shows her studio card to the First National gateman to prove to him that she belongs there.

That very womanliness that has been her hoo-doo on the screen has made Miss Dove an ideal wife and homemaker. She and Irvin Willat, the director, have been married for three years.



Five years has the rainbow girl spent on her quest for the pot of gold.

"Remember our first chat?" Over the luncheon table in her green-tinted dressing room we reminisced together. "Four and a half years ago—I had just come West to star for Metro."

Of course I had not forgotten. Beforehand, I had envisioned her, the first "Follies" girl I was to meet, as a resplendent creature, somewhat startling. But I found that the "Follies" earmarks were missing. She was merely pretty, and she didn't pose or scintillate, and I wasn't thrilled at all. I liked her, though, immediately, and the years have not changed that first impression.

"And remember 'The Wanderer of the Wasteland,'" she went on, "when you came with us on location. Irvin and I were honeymooning——"

"You certainly were! One morning at breakfast you emptied a whole sugar bowl, one spoonful after another, into his coffee, while you were gazing at each other. We all held our breath and waited for his grimace when he tasted it. But he drank it all without taking his eyes from you."

"Why, I—he—we did not!" she gasped.

"Did so. The rest of us got cheated out of sugar. And we all decided that love must be great!"

"It is," she said. Her blue eyes—that blue of a peaceful sea—stared past me, out onto the rain-whipped lawn, and I knew it wasn't the dreary day that was softening them with dreaminess. "We like each other better every day. We live quietly and never go out when we're working. Besides, Irvin studies and reads a great deal. Companionship—that explains our happiness."

Her success as a wife is due, I believe, to the fact that she is so essentially feminine. But her very womanliness is also the reason why, after her series of fluffy Metro pictures, you did not see her often in films. For when the flapper flung her way onto the screen, she edged out the Billie Doves. The boyish figure, with its flat chest and swaggering strides, became the vogue; the pert kid with a mania for the Charleston, cocktails and cigarettes, held the center of the stage.

The womanliness of Billie, her delicately rounded curves, her quiet charm, which is so much more receptive than eruptive, the innate sweetness of her, found no screen market save in Westerns, in which she acted under her husband's direction.

The word "sweet," which is so characteristic of Billie, has been applied to her in irritation, even in mockery. Can Hollywood, I wonder, ever be pleased? One player is denounced as temperamental, another as conceited. A girl so sweet can't be genuine, Hollywood argues, and accuses her of being insincere.

I have seen this sweetness of Billie Dove's tested under conditions that would have sorely tried a less serene disposition. But never have I seen in her the slightest sign of ill feeling or resentment. She is always the same—charming, considerate, calm, and sweet.

When with girls, her chatter of clothes and furniture and pictures is voluble; she sparkles. With men she is the receptive listener. By some this attitude is practiced as a subtle flat-

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Norma Talmadge's New Leading Man

But instead of being wildly excited over his big rôle in Norma's "Camille," young Gilbert Roland was much more interested in showing "Picture-Play's" interviewer how to fight bulls.

By William H. McKegg

AN infuriated bull galloped across the arena and stood, head lowered, front feet apart, ready to make a rush at the *torero*. Picadors rode here and there. Banderilleros jumped all over the place. The banderillas they hurled flew hither and yon, some sticking into the bull's neck, which did anything but pacify him. The matador, holding the *muleta* and sword, waited for the bull to charge.

"If the bull holds his front feet apart that will close his shoulder blades," it was explained to me, "and the matador won't be able to pierce the sword to the heart."

I shuddered, praying the bull would conduct himself as any well-mannered bull should if he wants to be killed, and would hold his front legs close together. Otherwise, if he persisted in being obstinate, I had visions of seeing the matador flung into the air and caught, on his return toward earth, on the horns of the bull. The fight was fast and furious.

"That," said Gilbert Roland, the matador of the above scene, which he had enacted on the carpet of his apartment, "is how to kill a bull."

"You don't say?" My words, like myself, were faint. "Do you mind if I get a drink of water?" I weakly added.

Thirty minutes before, when I had entered the apartment, I had been prepared to hear a stereotyped story from Roland about having been chosen to play *Armand* to Norma Talmadge's *Camille*. But instead of finding him full of excitement over this great event, I had found him wildly enthusiastic over something entirely different—bullfighting!

"Don't you start soon on the picture?" I sputtered from the kitchen, swallowing a mouthful of water and hoping to divert my companion from the sport of sunny Spain.

"Next week, I think," Gilbert carelessly called back as he fondly handled two gayly colored banderillas, the red-and-gold ribbon bindings of which scarcely hid the ugly darts that stuck out at each end. "Now when you see the bull rushing toward you—"

He was off again! Exclamations were the only words I had a chance to utter, and before I could make another comment about "Camille," I was once more flung into the arena.

That Gilbert Roland, whose entire thoughts *should* have been wrapped up in the great rôle he was getting, has a passion for bullfighting is only natural. His



Though the rôle of ARMAND in "Camille" will probably spell success for Gilbert Roland on the screen, he still insists he'd rather be a bullfighter.



The son of a Spanish matador, Roland grew up in the atmosphere of the arena.

father used to be a well-known matador in Spain. From an early age Gilbert was taught by him the rudimentary technique of this highly diverting sport. A goat was used in place of a bull. Thus the fighter of the future often found himself sitting on the ground.

Since his earliest days, Roland has traveled with his parents to many places. From Spain across the ocean to Mexico. From the Argentine up to Chile and Peru. Finally his father met with an accident in the arena. He was gored by a bull. His left side has been paralysed ever since. And yet his son still wants to follow the same career!

But if he has inherited a passion for bullfighting from his father, Gilbert has inherited a love for acting from his mother. The latter bequest he is realizing; the other he saves for the future.

"This," he enthused, waving the two banderillas at me, "is life! It's part of me—the procession, the stirring music, the vast sand-covered arena, the cheering crowds—I'll never rest until I face a raging bull, waiting for him to charge."

To which I replied, "Bosh!" Whereupon, the appointed *Armand* loomed over me, like a menacing god, and stormed. "It's the truth! I've been brought up on bullfighting—it's in my blood!"

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Well, Sir, He's a Scream

Harry Langdon, a comparatively recent entrant in the ranks of the snicker snarers, receives his just due in this critical analysis of his technique.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AS one who is weary of the more or less somber leading men—the Norman Kerrys, the Rod La Rocques, the Thomas Meighans, the Milton Sillses; as one who would willingly give these and other pictorial gents a long vacation, I am all for comedy. Comedy has been coming into its own: nothing suits me better.

Give me a soft-enough seat, and show me a "dead-pan" artist with wistfulness, whimsy, and a bag of gags, and I'll stop saying all those nasty things about Ramon Novarro, "Bull" Montana, and Rin-Tin-Tin. Give me, for instance, Harry Langdon.

This little fellow with the baby face and oversized trousers has been growing slowly, serenely, surely, into one of our leading laugh producers. He has become the Belasco of the giggle, Frohman of the guffaw, Griffith of the belly laugh. He has developed an original style, nurturing it under the watchful eye of Professor Sennett, cultivating it evenings among his books, I dare say, until to-day he is blossoming gradually, gracefully, into a dominant star of snicker epics.

First, Chaplin ruled alone. Then a smart young man stepped out of the split reels and joined his select group. That was Harold Lloyd. Then, another sprightly jester ambled into view, also graduating from two-reel snacks into six-reel banquets: the droll Keaton.

The others have made comedies—Lloyd Hamilton, Larry Semon, Neal Burns, Lige Conley—run of the mill, sorry attempts for the great part. For the past two or three years Lloyd and Keaton have sat at the foot of Chaplin's throne. Charlie has remained pre-eminent even with a single picture a year, but Lloyd has made consistently appealing, briskly paced pictures. And Buster Keaton has occasionally turned out a model mirth maker—"The Navigator," for example.

Meanwhile, a fourth figure has been hovering about the horizon, almost timidly knocking at the doors of our theaters, shuffling uneasily onto the screen. A shy, wistful miniature, with the gift of pathos and a sure touch in expressive pantomime—this is Langdon.

From grammar school Langdon found his way back stage to do odd chores. Before many years had passed he was a member—unimportant, but still a member—of an itinerant troupe that called itself a vaudeville act. Sometimes, when fortune smiled, they actually played in vaudeville theaters. At other times, which was oftener, they disported in side shows, in carnivals, in the minor circuses.

It was from this gypsy life that Langdon sprang into variety halls with his own act. He called it "Harry's Car," and played it up and down the country for six years or more. He wasn't what is technically known as a headliner by several hundred dollars, but his was a standard act, good for a booking every season. Managers found that audiences welcomed his act again and again.

When he was playing in Los Angeles one summer, Mack Sennett idled into the Orpheum one afternoon, clapped eyes on the diminutive comedian, and his doom was celluloid.

The series of comic strips that Harry made for the raucous Sennett ran what a more pretentious chronicle might term the gamut. Some were fairly Alaskan in locale, others tropical, some Manhattan, others Bronx.

Now Harry was a noble white wing, now a humble bartender. This week he impersonated a traffic cop, next week a carefree tramp. Almost all these were funny pictures; some were hilarious. One of the best was a burlesque of "The Girl of the Golden West."

Throughout these two years of apprenticeship at the giggle and guffaw foundry, Langdon progressed steadily, ever showing promise of what was to come. Many of us watched for the Langdon "added attraction," hurried to see him, and made our get-away before the super-superfeature, super-superfeaturing Mae Murray or Colleen Moore, began unreeling. Many theaters billed the brief Langdon comedies over the main picture.

Other producers became interested. When the Sennett contract expired Langdon was signed by First National to make feature-length pictures. The first two were howling successes, and howling is the word.

In "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" pathos was permitted to creep in ever so gently, to be whisked away before the thing grew serious. The timing in this first ambitious effort was always right, the gagging was spontaneous, the characterization never forgotten.

Of course, Langdon depends upon situation to a large extent, but his is the gift for interesting subjectively, as Chaplin does, rather than objectively, as Keaton and Lloyd do. You laugh at what the latter do, but your mirth at a Langdon or Chaplin film is inspired by what happens to them.

The one school depends almost solely upon outside aid—breakaway ladders and fall-apart suits, and chases—while the other school holds your attention with a hundred, two hundred, feet of quiet, adroit pantomime.

Who will forget the severe cold that afflicted the patient Langdon in "The Strong Man?" Who will forget the eloquent love scene played to the girl on the billboard in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp?" Who will fail to recall, in that same picture, his attack of insomnia? Or his flirtation in "The Strong Man?" All four of these sequences were based upon a genuine talent rather than a shrewd gag.

Langdon's curly mop of hair, his plump face, curiously devoid of expression save it be sadness, his china-blue eyes, his artful hands, all serve to build a strong, sympathetic bond between him and his audience. Just as Lloyd personifies the up-and-doing young man we all know, so does Harry Langdon remind us of the little boy across the street. Indeed, in the final, amazing scene of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," he reminded us of the baby next door, so genuinely did he counterfeit the tremors and twitchings of infancy.

Although one is tempted to call him a dead-pan comedian, the appellation is erroneous. Keaton, of course, is a dead-pan artist, relying upon his wooden expression to get across many gags.

Langdon employs the witless gaze only occasionally. As a rule, he uses facial expression, aided by his extraordinary hands. He has taken a leaf from the great Chaplin by learning the effectiveness of hands in pictures. Only one other comedian uses them to effect, and he is the erratic Lloyd Hamilton, whose very bad comedies serve to offset his rare good ones.

Langdon combines the ludicrous and the pathetic in a single continuous gesture—a sweep of the hand, per-

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Harry Langdon, with his baby face and his china-blue eyes, draws laughter and sympathy from us at one and the same time, says Malcolm H. Oettinger in the story on the opposite page. His very pathos is the thing that is making him such a howling success as a comedian.

"Women Love Diamonds"



Above are shown Miss Starke as the spoiled and pampered *Mavis Ray*, and Dorothy Phillips as *Mrs. Flaherty*, the taxi-driver's wife whose troubles awake the latent good in *Mavis*. Below, Miss Starke and Cissy Fitzgerald.

Pauline Starke gets a chance in "Women Love Diamonds" to play the sophisticated type of rôle she has long wanted to do—at least for several reels, but she turns into a sweet young thing before the film ends.



Above, Constance Howard, as the sister of *Mavis'* sweetheart, gives *Mavis* a message from her beau. Below, Gwen Lee and Miss Starke, as the two blasé sisters, *Roberta* and *Mavis*, have a high-hat chat with each other.



Let Lois Be Your Guide

As Lois Moran is just about the age of the average young feminine movie fan, her taste in clothes may suggest some ideas to those girl fans in their late teens who have an eye for style.



Photo by Koshiba



For dinner Lois frequently wears the dainty, filmy dress above. It is of black chiffon, with flouncing and Bertha collar of Chantilly lace, and is worn over a slip of silver lamé. Right, is an evening gown of flesh-colored chiffon worn with a lamé wrap of silver and rose, trimmed with silver fox. The gown at the left is of ivory-colored lace, with insets of ivory antique satin. In the upper right-hand corner, Lois wears a gray krimmer coat, and opposite it is a simple two-piece frock—blue velvet jacket and satin skirt.



Lois Wilson has put her foot firmly down. When she warned Famous Players some time ago that she was tired of playing sweet but colorless heroines, she meant it. So when they had the audacity recently to insist that she play another such rôle—in "The Deer Drive"—she picked up her contract and tore it in two. Result—after an eight-year sojourn with Famous Players, she is now a free lance.



Photo by George F. Hommel

Lots of people laughed at the Paramount school and prophesied that its graduates would never amount to much, but Josephine Dunn has thrown the laugh back at them. She, one of the maligned graduates, has the feminine lead in "Love's Greatest Mistake."



A Chinaman's

Scenes from Lon
gruesome melo

The above scene may look like a perfectly peaceful tea party, but in reality the darkest of trouble is brewing. In the scene are Gertrude Olmsted, Ralph Forbes, Louise Dresser, Holmes Herbert, and Renee Adoree. Renee is seated at the right, in the middle.



Lon Chaney impersonates an embittered Chinese mandarin in the film. His daughter has been wronged by a young Englishman. To save her honor, he kills her, then plots a terrible revenge against the English family.

Right, Holmes Herbert and Louise Dresser as the English parents, and on the landing, Gertrude Olmsted as their daughter, on whom *Mr. Wu* plans to wreak his vengeance.



Revenge

Chaney's latest
drama, "Mr. Wu."



Above, Renee Adoree, as *Mr. Wu's* daughter, mourns in the garden over her suddenly shattered romance, while Anna May Wong seeks to comfort her.



Above, Gertrude Olmsted, in a blond wig, and Louise Dresser impersonate the sister and mother of the English lad whose love for the Chinese maiden ends so disastrously. Left, a scene between the two lovers—Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.



Victor Varconi, whose rôles have shifted during the past year from *Prince Dimitri* in "The Volga Boatman" to the lightest comedy, here assumes the imperious mood of *Pontius Pilate* in "The King of Kings"—and the picture is perfect.

Too Fat? Just Speak to Louise Fazenda

By following Louise's instructions, the rotund author of this tale succeeded in losing fourteen superfluous pounds in six weeks—by safe and sane methods, too.

By A. L. Wooldridge

YOU'RE getting fat!" Louise Fazenda simply threw it at me. We were dining at the Writers' Club—Louise, Hal Wallis, my wife, and I.

Louise has a way of going straight to the point of a thing but, somehow, I wished she had taken a little detour this time and approached me under greater control. To slam me squarely in the left ear with a visible, annoying truth, when I could not rise and lie like a gentleman, was very disconcerting.

"F-f-a-t?" I sputtered, getting all red in the face. "Who, I?"

"Your vest pocket soon will be a couple of feet in front of your hip," she added. "If you want to see New York, you'll have to go via the Culebra Cut in the Panama Canal. First thing you know, you'll be as big as the international debt. How much do you weigh?"

"Hundred and seventy-one," I said weakly.

"Twenty-eight pounds too much," she chirped, cheerfully. "Five feet six and one hundred and seventy-one pounds! It's scandalous!"

When Louise told me I was getting fat, however, she knew she was not breaking any news. Hadn't Dorothy Dwan said to my wife, just a few days previously, "How's the ball and chain? Is he losing any weight?" And hadn't Mrs. W. replied, "The only thing he has lost is discretion!" And hadn't my tailor, when he made me a new suit under my old measurements, turned white when he saw the result? Yes, I knew I was getting hefty.

"Taking off twenty pounds of weight, heavy as you are, shouldn't be difficult," Louise continued, soberly. "You just follow the system of dieting and exercise used by us motion-picture folk and, in a very few weeks, you will look human again. The fat will be gone!"



"You're getting fat!" said Louise to Mr. Wooldridge one day at lunch, and that's how it all started.

"Yeah!" I replied. "And so will I!"

"It won't hurt you a bit," she insisted. "You'll feel better than you have in ten years. Only, you'll have to adhere *strictly* to schedule after you start. When some of that gang of yours come galloping along headed for a midnight party, you can't join in the festivities. You can't stand beneath any lamp-post at two a. m. and sing those 'Hail! Hail!' songs, and expect to get thin.

"I'll write you out a nice little dieting chart and to-morrow you come out to the country club where I'm on location and I'll show you the exercises that will remove that convex appearance from

"This is how we movie stars do it," said Louise, and she proceeded to put him through the most strenuous course of exercises he had ever known—but they WORKED.



Too Fat? Just Speak to Louise Fazenda

your shirt front. Now, *promise* me that you will!"

The above conversation occurred six weeks ago. Since then I have taken a sightseeing trip into the borders of that region Dante wrote about. I have stood in front of Spanish kitchens trying to inhale a bit of sustenance. I have eaten more spinach, raw cabbage, uncooked turnips, and naked tomatoes than I ever believed grew in California. And I've tried to lick the chocolate cake off an advertisement in a magazine.

I have stood on the nape of my neck, flopped about on the foot of the bed, rolled on the floor, jumped the rope, and twisted my body till I got one knee in my eye and pushed my nose into the rug. If I had acted in public the way I have in the privacy of my home, the police would have rushed me straight to the psychopathic ward for close observation. And all because of an insulting remark made to me by Louise Fazenda!

But I have lost fourteen pounds in six weeks!

If there is any other man whose figure is beginning to take on the shape of a barrel, he may profit by the instructions given me by Louise. He may think the treatment will kill him, but it won't. Miss Fazenda's system is used by countless other motion-picture stars. It is purely mathematical and is based on the number of food calories one consumes each day—and upon one's willingness to make a contortionist of oneself on a well-nigh-empty stomach.

"To find out how much you should weigh," Miss Fazenda said, as she looked me over, "multiply the number of inches you are over five feet in height by five and one half and add one hundred and ten. How tall are you?"

"Five feet six," I replied.

"All right. Five and one-half times six equals thirty-

three. Add one hundred and ten. That makes one hundred and forty-three pounds. That's what you should weigh. But you're puffing around at one hundred and seventy-one. And your principal exercise consists in hammering the keys of a battered old typewriter.

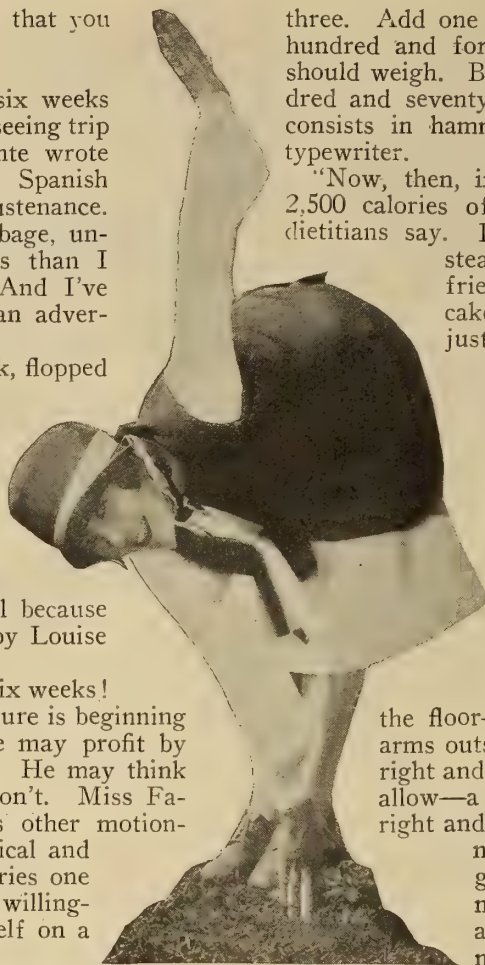
"Now, then, in your occupation, you need about 2,500 calories of food per day. That's what the dietitians say. I'll bet you consume 8,000! Beefsteaks smothered in onions, French-fried potatoes, coffee with cream, pie, cake, puddings, and the like! Well, you just bid them a little fond and loving farewell for a while. You have an experience coming to you."

There being no honorable escape, I consented to her treatment. And I began learning some of the privations young women undergo to acquire boyish figures. Under Doctor Fazenda's instructions, on arising I drank two cups of hot water to which had been added a little lemon juice. Then, for ten minutes, I strenuously exercised. Knees together, I bent and touched the floor—or tried to—fifteen times. With arms outstretched at the side, I swung to the right and to the left as far as my spine would allow—a dozen times. Then I bent to the right and to the left, revolving my body upon my hips—fifteen times. Next I grasped the sides of a chair, pushing my feet as far behind me as possible, and raised and lowered my body till my abdomen touched the seat. Then followed a few minutes of rope-skipping, after which came a hot bath and a cold shower.

Brother, that was the beginning!

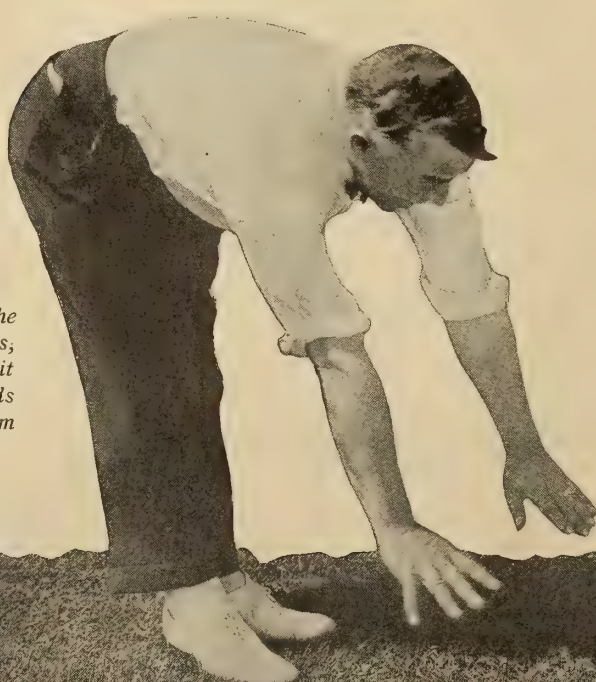
I came through puffing like one of those donkey engines used in the lumber mills. I fairly wheezed. But the worst was yet to come.

"You may eat anything you want," Louise said. "You may eat any time you are hungry, day or night. But," she added, "you must cut
Cont'd on page 100



But the treatment didn't consist entirely of doing contortions like this—there was a lot about counting calories, too

As you can see, Mr. Wooldridge couldn't even begin to touch the ground when Louise first took him in hand, but at the end of six weeks, he could touch it with his hands tied behind him—almost.



What a Man Should Not Wear

John Bowers, one of the most correctly dressed men in Hollywood, tells exactly what a man should and should *not* wear on certain occasions, and points out many mistakes in dress made by men who may think they are being very fashionable.

By William H. McKegg

JOHN BOWERS was explaining to me the difference between really correct form in wearing apparel and what was *supposed* to be smart and up-to-date fashion. "That," he pointed out for example, "is considered by many what a fashionable man ought to wear."

I looked in the direction indicated and became nearly color blind at the sight of a most hideously hued sweater, worn by a young extra. His golf knickers and stockings—the colors in the latter outdazzling those of a tropical snake—stood out in grotesque contrast to each other. The youth, however, was obviously quite unconcerned about the striking effect of what he considered his fashionable attire. One of his companions was dressed in similar style but in quieter colors. He looked more—correct.

"Many believe," said Bowers, "that being well dressed simply means wearing the latest fads. I myself do not care for anything ultrafashionable." He was wearing a plain white suit and a silk shirt of the same color, open at the neck. "A conservative taste in clothes gives a man a better appearance than if he is decked out in exaggerated modes, which, though they happen to be the craze of the moment, suggest the Winter Garden chorus. For sports—such as golf, tennis, yachting—nothing looks so becoming as plain white. I wear golf knickers and a sweater myself—but not the loud variety."

"A blue serge, double-breasted jacket goes well with white flannel trousers, a white straw hat, a dark tie and black shoes, or a light tie and white shoes. Just a matter of taste. Some go even so far as to wear white in the evening—believing it to be correct."

I had an uneasy recollection of having committed a similar offense once or twice in my own young life.

"And brown shoes," my criterion went on, "should never be seen on a human being after six o'clock in the evening." Another inward gasp of dismay from me. "Out here in Hollywood, however, correct form in dress is disregarded more than in any other place. The climate is partly to blame for that."

My choice of John Bowers as the right person to discourse on what a well-dressed man ought to wear had resulted from several incidents. The first occurred some time ago when, as I was coming from a showing of "Confessions of a Queen," in which Bowers played the part of a prince, my companion—a former young noble under the late czar's régime, now working in pictures, but still a great connoisseur of exact form in dress—remarked that Bowers wore his clothes correctly.



An example of John Bowers' adherence to correct dress was given in this scene with Priscilla Dean in "The Dice Woman." The locality being the Orient, John wore the white Oriental evening jacket.



As a matter of fact, I could easily have formed that opinion myself, even though Bowers plays mostly in parts that give him little opportunity for fashionable dressing. Such pictures as "Rocking Moon," "Laddie" and "Pals in Paradise," for instance, all belong to the great outdoors. But there is no one who looks any better or dresses more correctly than John Bowers does in society rôles, or when at such places as the Montmartre or the Ambassador.

Perhaps the fact that he has always been used to wearing the proper kind of clothes, and that he has a very large wardrobe of suits, explains why he doesn't care whether or not he plays "dressy parts" in pictures. But in private life Bowers is a stickler for correct form.

One evening he came home late from the studio. Some friends called to pick him up on their way to the Montmartre for dinner. Not having the time to change into evening clothes, Bowers refused to join the party. His friends

A stiff shirt, not a soft one, and shoes, not pumps, should be worn with the tuxedo, says John.

urged him to come as he was, but he wouldn't. Many a man in movie circles would not have hesitated about going in an ordinary business suit, but to John



Loud-colored sweaters and sport stockings are in very poor taste, says John, whose own sport outfit above is in quieter tones. The picture shows Marguerite de la Motte and himself in their new home.

Bowers it would have been bad form—a breach of etiquette.

"I believe in wearing the correct thing for the place you are going to," he says. "If you have worked hard all day and feel too tired to change, you ought to remain home and not make yourself conspicuous by going somewhere where you would look out of place.

"Once, while dining out, I sat at a table next to some picture people I knew, among whom was a director who was looking very uneasy in his ordinary day clothes. We all joked about it. But he remained out of sight as much as possible by keeping his chair close to a palm tree. His wife and his friends had literally forced him to join them just as he arrived home from the studio. I am sure he wasn't enjoying himself. He knew that his attire was distinctly out of place.

"Not long ago, at another café, where every one was in evening dress, a young man in sports clothes got up and danced with a young lady in a beautiful evening gown. Yet he paid no attention to the contrast he was creating, though I thought the young lady he was with seemed somewhat embarrassed by it.

"When you make an engagement with a young lady, you should remember that she takes it for granted that you will be dressed correctly for the occasion. Possibly the young man I saw was kept late on the set. That often happens in the studios. Yet even so, I do think he should have had sense enough to keep in a secluded corner and not have made himself so conspicuous by getting up and dancing.

"Since the war, it has been customary and correct to wear a dinner suit in the evening for all social functions. But you often come across a person wear-

ing the wrong kind of hat or coat with the suit. With a tuxedo, for instance, you should never wear a high hat. Yet even in New York I have seen men arrive at the theater looking very fashionable in their European cloaks, white gloves, silk scarfs, and opera hats, who, on taking off their cloaks, have revealed tuxedos underneath. For full evening dress that kind of outer garment would be correct, but with a tuxedo a black fedora is worn and *not* a top hat, not white but gray gloves, not a cloak but a coat. A cane, however, is quite correct.

"I personally prefer to wear a full evening suit whenever there is an occasion to don one. I don't consider it good form always to keep to the dinner suit. It takes a little more time perhaps to change, but in my opinion, it's worth it.

"I think it is very bad taste, though it is often done, for a man to wear a soft shirt front with a tuxedo. A stiff shirt front, with one stud in the center, looks far better than a flimsy soft silk shirt. Recently, the white waistcoat, with no points at the bottom, came into fashion as being correct with a tux. Now the black waistcoat with pointed ends has returned. I think the white looks better, however, as it relieves the blackness of the *tout ensemble*.

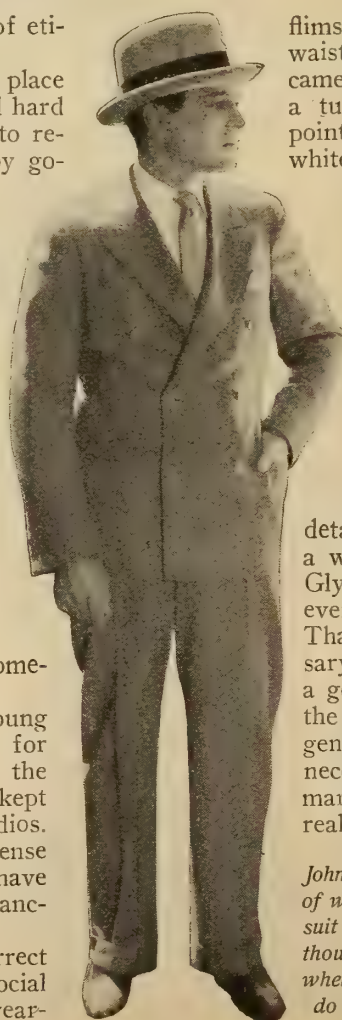
"Another mistake you often see men make is to wear black patent-leather pumps with a tuxedo. Pumps should be worn only with full evening dress. Black patent-leather shoes are correct with a tuxedo. These little things may be just details, but they do make a difference.

"Possibly that is why, in pictures, more so to-day than ever before, great attention is paid to correct detail and proper form in clothes. It is a well-known fact that Madame Elinor Glyn insists on exact habilitation for every man and woman in her pictures. That may or may not be entirely necessary, yet in the finished film it does give a good effect. You feel, when viewing the production, that you are seeing the genuine thing. And I think it's just as necessary in real life for us to pay marked attention to correct form. It is really no more trouble.

"Von Stroheim goes so far as to demand that the slightest cord or knot of braid on every military uni-

John wouldn't dream of wearing a business suit out to dinner, though many men, when pressed for time, do that very thing.

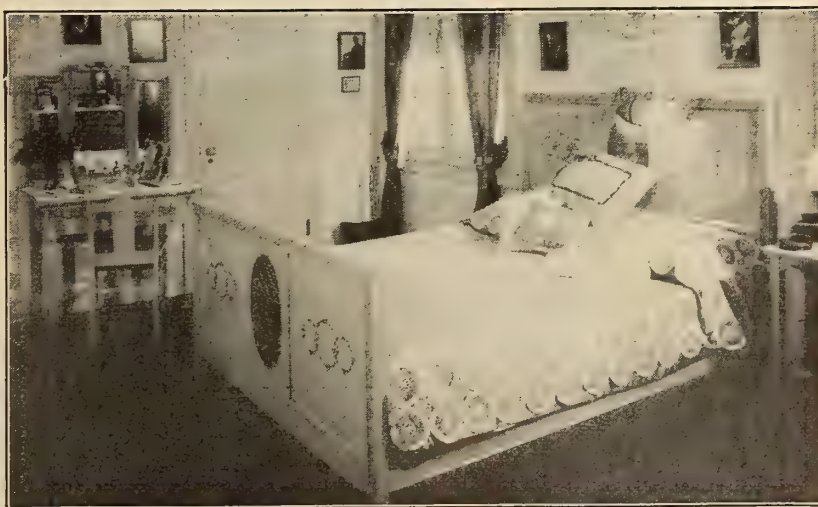
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Where the Stars Sleep

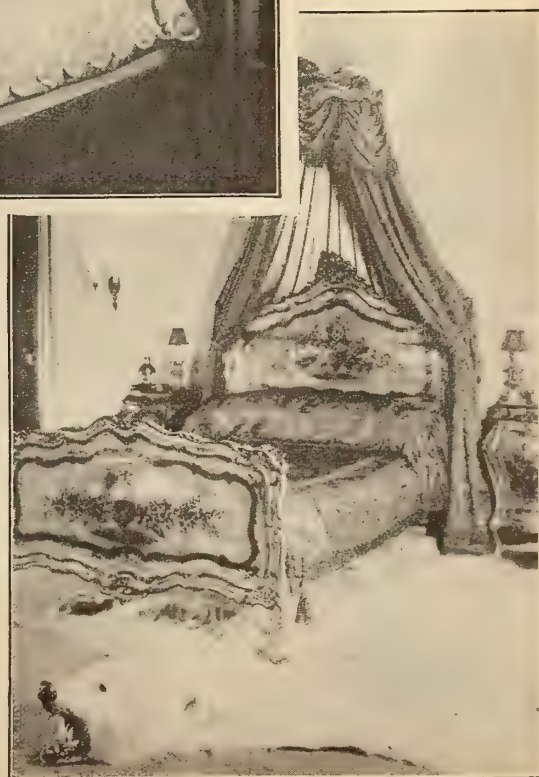
The poor little movie stars! See what lowly cots they have to sleep on. How depressing it must be for Colleen Moore to have to repair every night to such a bleak-looking room as the one above.



And behold Pola Negri's Venetian bed below. Isn't it a shame that she can't have one better than that? What sad dreams she must have when she lays her weary head down on that rough, bare pillow.



Now, Lois Wilson's bed, above, is something like, with all its rich canopies and curtains and things, but just look at the hard couch that Marian Nixon has to rest on, at the left—so cheerless and somber and gloomy.



Petting Parties

The pets in this case being dogs—those lucky dogs that belong to movie stars and live in swell homes in Hollywood.

We'll bet you can't guess what kind of a canine that is that Clara Bow is clasp-
ing, below. Uh-huh! we knew you couldn't! It's a papillon—we never heard of it before, either—French, we guess.



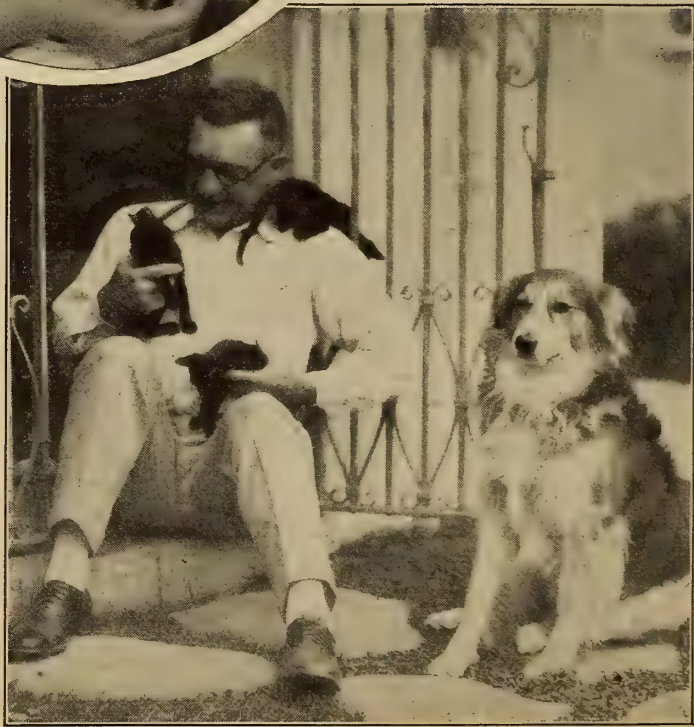
But, of course, you know the little German fellow, above—our old friend the dachshund. Fritz is showing his master, Arnold Gray, how to look military.

And, then, there's George K. Arthur's Scottie, down below, and, says George, you can't put a thing over on that dog. They're the greatest of pals.



Every man's a hero to his dog—not that Monte Blue isn't a hero, anyway, but not every one is so demonstrative about it as is his collie.

It seems funny to see Walter Long, below, bad man of the screen, playing with a lot of kittens, but they're his prize pets. That's his collie, too.



The Whole World has Laughed at Him

There are few spots on this earth that W. C. Fields has not visited in his long, and sometimes very exciting, career as a star comedian.

By Dunham Thorp

WHO is this guy W. C. Fields that every one makes such a fuss about?"

Are you, too, one of the ignorant few who happen not to know?

Very well—step up, and be introduced.

Every one was born at some time and place, including Mr. Fields, but not until the age of sixteen does he engage our interest, when he shuffled lazily upon the stage.

"It was at sixteen," says he, "that it first became necessary for me to get a job—and acting seemed the easiest."

And comedy the cheapest branch of acting—for he was possessed of a tramp's costume (his "Sunday-go-to-meeting"), and the price of a tragedian's wardrobe is the true tragedy of that character's life.

So, in 1897—a shaft of light pierces to the furthest gloomy depths of the dark secret of his age—he joined the cast of "The Monte Carlo Girls." As everything is merely a matter of relativity, it was hoped, perhaps, that the girls might seem more beautiful through his presence.

But hopes are not reality, or perhaps the girls were beyond the help of anything but the subtraction of a few score years. Anyway, the show was not a wow, and but for his saving grace of never worrying, our hero's sleep might have been just a bit uneasy.

One incident will tell the tale.

"I don't know how he was tipped off that we were broke," says Mr. Fields, "but at three o'clock of a zero morning, the manager of the hotel routed us out of our beds and told us to 'Begone!'"

"But we were actors, and his heart had one soft spot—he grumbled, yet allowed us to sit in the office."

But, as the temperature outside dropped steadily lower, even this "spot" froze to the flinty texture of the whole.

"He was afraid to leave us alone for fear we'd steal the fixtures, and he wanted to go to sleep."

"So what did you do then?"

"Walked the streets, of course."

It was the same story throughout the first year. With

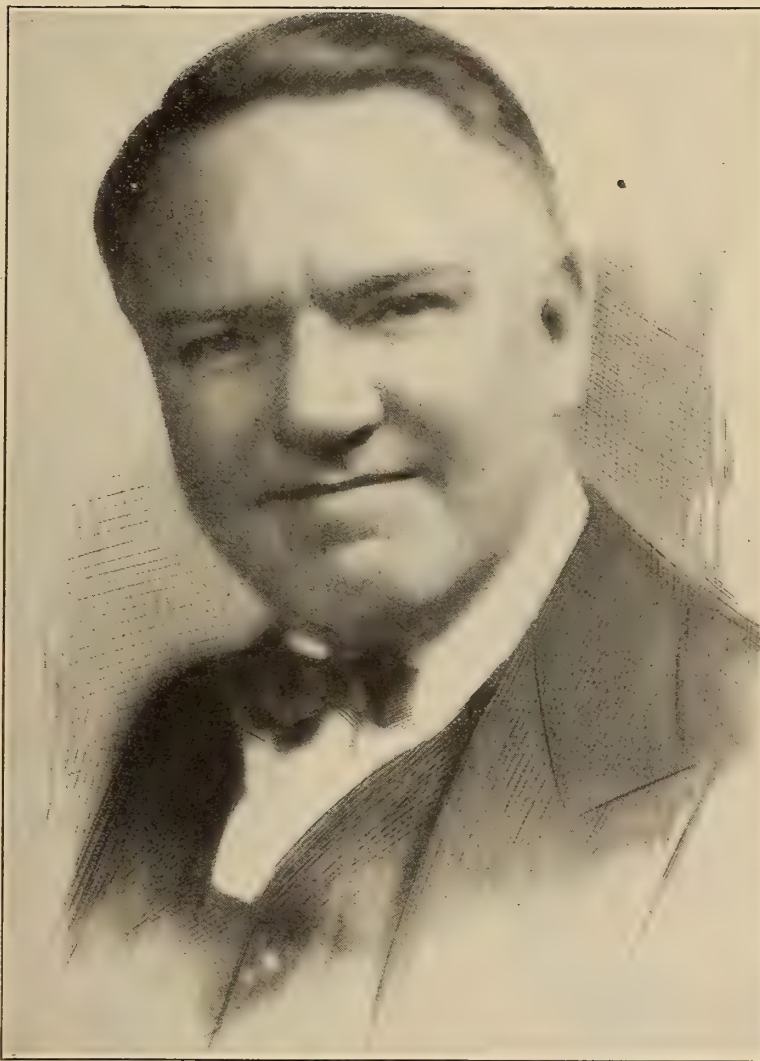


Photo by M. I. Boris

W. C. Fields is one star who refuses to own a home—he says he has grown too used to wandering.

the dawn of his second year, Fields joined another show—and the story changed.

He was engaged as the opening act—the worst position on the bill—of the "Irwin Brothers' Show." But not even the poor position could kill his bubbling mirth, nor its counterpart in the audience. He got his laughs.

Laughs in a vaudeville show give one as much power as does money in business. He kicked for a change of his position on the bill, saying he'd quit if he didn't get it. He was told to hand in his notice. He did so.

He got the change he wanted.

In the new position, his act went even better. So he kicked for a raise in salary. Again, threats and ultimatums—but, again, he *got* it.

He grew so cocky that his act improved still further and, before long, was the chief attraction of the show. When it reached New York, he attracted the eye of certain big managers.

They visited the show a second time to search for flaws in his work.

And they came a third time to sign him up!

He was to go to San Francisco on the Orpheum circuit! The highest pinnacle of vaudeville aspirations at that time—and at the age of eighteen, after only two years of experience!

The second period of his career was ended. Or rather, perhaps, this might be considered a continuation of that period, for his rise had started and mounted steadily from the first day he had joined the Irwins' troupe.

Nor was it to end now. On his return to New York, he was engaged to play at Koster & Bial's, the largest house of that time. A good job had led to a better—and that to a better still—and that—

To the Winter Garden in Berlin. This last engagement assured him of a secure place in Europe whenever he wanted to play there. So, at the age of twenty he had found a throne among the stars.

During the winter months, he played in America, and during the summer, in Europe. If, as sometimes hap-

The Whole World has Laughed at Him

pened, he tired of this, there were Asia, Africa, and Australia to be explored. And so his life went peacefully on its way—with an occasional interruption such as a stranding in Durban, South Africa—until the outbreak of the war in 1914.

When the war broke out, he was on a ship nearing India, and the German raider, *Emden*, was reported to be off Colombo, Ceylon. Also, aboard his ship, there spread a rumor of America's siding with Germany, so he decided he had better quit British soil, ships, and waters as soon as possible.

So he landed at Freemantle, western Australia. And the very first thing he did was to change his paper currency into gold.

"You see, I didn't know just where I stood. But I did know that anybody's gold is good anywhere."

He had about three thousand dollars, and this he carried in three gold-filled belts about his waist.

"I'd always heard that gold was heavy, but I certainly was surprised at the weight of those three belts!"

In those days, there was no railroad to connect western Australia with the rest of the commonwealth, and the trip from Freemantle to Sydney had to be made in a small coaster.

This sea trip which might have been a pleasure, was spoiled by two very disagreeable facts—the gold, and the presence of hordes of German refugees fleeing the country, people who were leaving at less than a moment's notice and were therefore penniless—and quite ready to slit a throat for the price of a meal.

"So I had to keep those three belts on me, and under cover, every moment of the day and night. I couldn't even bathe—or undress fully to go to bed at night. And the weight! By the time I reached Sydney, I had sweated off nearly twenty pounds—actually."

But eventually Sydney was reached, and from there a large liner to San Francisco was quite safe.

From Sydney he had cabled Charles Dillingham that he was returning, and in San Francisco he received word that a part had been held for him in "Watch Your Step." So he opened in this play in Syracuse, New York, and got the most favorable press notices of any one in it. But Dillingham had decided that the revue was a bit too long, so deleted the act in which Fields appeared!

In again, out again—and in again!

For Gene Buck, Ziegfeld's right-hand man, had seen the show. He signed Fields up for the "Follies." And in the "Follies" he stayed—for nine years.

At the end of that period he entered a new phase—through the door of D. W. Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust." At last he was in the movies!

Since then, he has been featured in "That Royle Girl" and been starred in "It's the Old Army Game" and in "So's Your Old Man."

So much for the past.

Though many ladies have come within the orbit of this star, he is still footloose and free, and intends to remain so, even to the extent of refusing to own a home.

"I've lived in hotels all my life, and see no reason to anchor myself now," he says. "At present, I have rented a furnished house in Bayside, Long Island. My landlord spent a lifetime building a home, and I can have the benefit of his labor for as long as I wish.

"When I tire of my present house, it'll be easy enough to find another. Here, or in Nice, or in North Africa—I can find a ready-made home anywhere I want, for as long as I want—and no longer! When I feel like moving, there is nothing to tell me, 'Stay!'"

Which, when you think of it, is pretty conclusive proof that he is not worn out.

"I intend eventually to live aboard a boat," he says, "preferably a yawl of about a hundred feet."

"Have you ever done any small-boat cruising?" I asked.

"No. The smallest ship I've ever been on was three thousand tons. But that's a great deal smaller than one who doesn't know boats would think! We were coming from the Cape of Good Hope and went way down into the antarctic circle in the hope of finding a following wind—but got nothing but head winds, for all that.

"And I saw on that trip one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen in my life—albatrosses flying. One would seem to hang motionless way above, and then he'd bank, and dart to one side with the speed of light.

"I want to see more of that sort of thing."

"Would you take a few reels of Times Square along on this prospective cruise to keep you company?" I asked.

"No! I'm sick of crowds! Crowds going to the theater—crowds in it—crowds coming out—always crowds!"

"Are there any prospects of the trip actually materializing, or is it only a dream?"

"It will happen as soon as

I'm familiar enough with picture making, and the picture public," he answered. "I'll take a camera and a few congenial actor friends along and make pictures as I go. I mean to use the pyramids, the South Seas, India, as background for comedy.

"With the ship, acting, and writing, to keep me busy, I won't be bored."

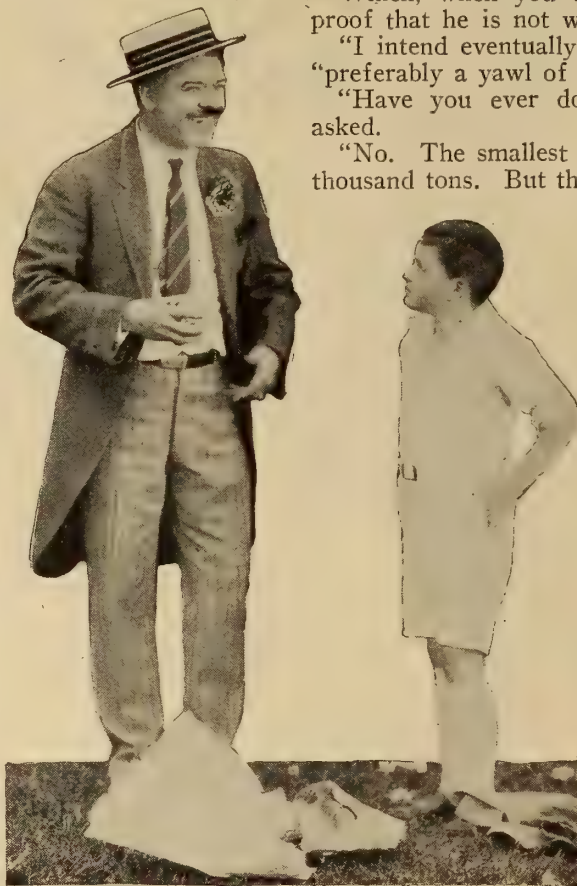
"Writing? Do you mean the scripts for your pictures, or things for publication?"

"Both. I'll write little sketches of things seen—or maybe give them a head and tail, and make them into stories. I don't know until I see what I have to write.

"I've always wanted to write," he concluded.

So, it seems, the final phase of his career has not been reached.

Meanwhile, he's playing the henpecked rôle of *Pa Potter* in the film version of "The Potters" that Paramount is preparing for the screen.



Mr. Fields in a typical attitude. This shows him in a scene with Mickey Bennett in the film, "It's the Old Army Game."



MARION DAVIES in "TILLIE, THE TOILER"

YOU'VE seen Tillie in
HER inimitable, rib-bending
COMIC strip of the newspapers.
NOW she's on the screen
WITH all her jolly pals,
COME and see Mac, Simpkins
AND Bubbles and the rest!
MARION Davies, as Tillie, plays a
RHAPSODIE of blue-sky romance.
TILLIE tingles a dozen
THROBBING heart-strings in this
COMEDY—you'll scream—of complications!

Directed by
HOBART HENLEY

Story by
A. P. YOUNGER
Adapted by
AGNES

CHRISTINE JOHNSTON
and
EDWARD T. LOWE, JR.

Based on the Comic
Strip by
RUSS WESTOVER,
Copyright by

KING FEATURES
SYNDICATE



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

A Prize To Test Your Eyes!

HOW keen are your eyes? How sharp, quick, alert, receptive are they? Do you really *see* all that we strive to put into our portrayals? You ought to, it isn't enough merely to look. I, for example, strive to put more and more into my pictures for I want you to get more and more out of them. You can't realize how much it will increase your enjoyment and appreciation of all motion pictures—simply to sharpen up your observation a bit! To encourage this, I have prepared five questions for you to answer. They give you an idea of what I mean by actually seeing the performance you attend. I hope they won't prove difficult for I'd like every one of you to have a chance to win a prize; anyway I think you'll enjoy this test.

To the man who submits the best list of answers I will present the dressing gown I wore in "Slide Kelly Slide". But if the fortunate one is a lady, Sally O'Neil will give her the sports sweater she wore in the same picture.

In addition, fifty of my favorite photographs are all autographed and ready for those who send in the fifty next best sets of answers.

You can win one of these prizes, I'm sure. Here's luck!

(Signed)

William Haines

William Haines' Five Questions

- 1 What is the most famous haircut in screen history?
- 2 What is a "taxi dancer" and who is the M-G-M star featured in the picture of that name?
- 3 With what type of production is Tod Browning identified and what star appears frequently in his pictures?
- 4 In what M-G-M picture featuring William Haines and Claire Windsor does most of the action take place in a Pullman train?
- 5 What in your opinion has been John Gilbert's most powerful characterization? Tell why in not over 75 words.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by April 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

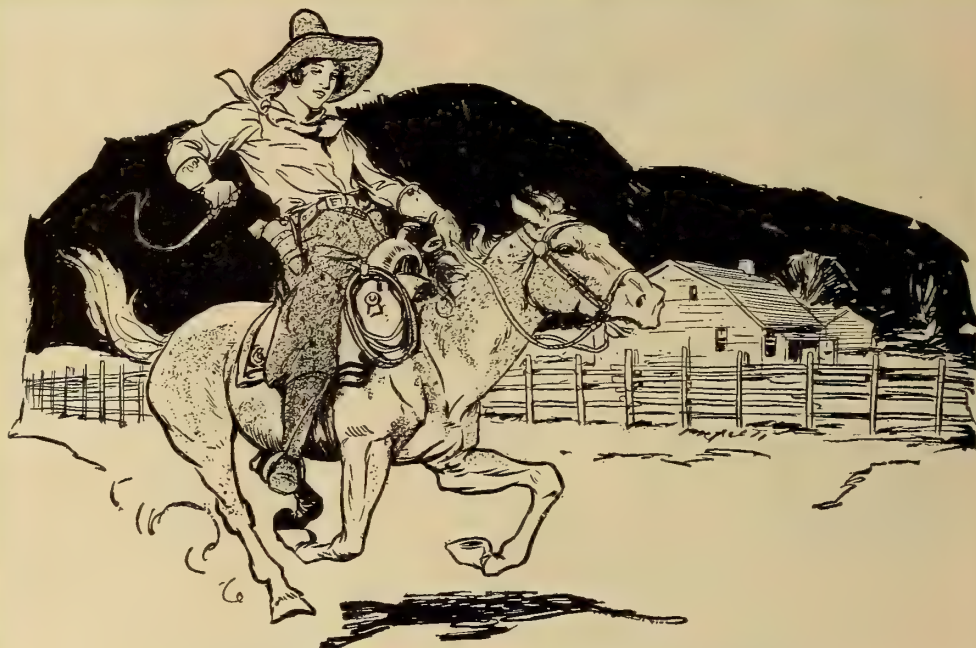
NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Marion Davies Contest of January

MISS CLARA FOCHI
53 Villa Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

MR. AL JUGHES
229 S. Main St., Gibsonburg, Ohio

Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



For Sheer Excitement Read This Rollicking Western Story

It's the story of "Red" Conners, who eased himself out of a job as a movie cowboy to get employment on a real ranch run by a very real personality.

There's not a dull page, not a static moment in

TWO-GUN GERTA

By C. C. Waddell and Carroll John Daly

From the moment that "Red" set foot on the ranch he found it to be a place of mystery. There were wild cries of agony in the night, bullets fired out of the darkness—but you go to your dealer and ask him to give you your own copy of "Two-Gun Gerta." It isn't right to spoil the thrills of such a good yarn by telling too much of it here.

Remember that this is a CHELSEA HOUSE publication and that means that it's guaranteed reading of the best sort.

Ask your dealer for the full list of novels published by

75 Cents



75 Cents



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Anything May Happen in Hollywood

If you doubt it, consider the case of James Murray. Trudging home from work one evening, he signaled a passing automobile for a lift—and lifted himself into a contract.

THOUGH the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce warns boys and girls that the road to success in the movies is strewn with starvation cases, the good luck of James Murray will probably serve as a beacon to lure them on.

For he was merely an extra—and had been for three years—until, finding himself far from his Hollywood one night, he set about trying to promote free transportation in the informal manner prevailing out there.

He raised his arm to a passing automobile, in which sat King Vidor, who, naturally, had no intention of

stopping—until the light from a street lamp showed him James Murray's face.

But then it was too late. Another car had picked the boy up and was bearing him to his destination. Yes, a chase followed. That fortunate flash had revealed just the type for which Vidor had been searching.

His car overtook the other, James Murray was asked to report at the M.-G.-M. studio next day, and the rest was easy—a test, a contract, and a promised leading rôle in Vidor's next picture, which is based on the humdrum life of an office worker.

Continued from page 34

in his ear. Until to-night his life had flowed on as smoothly and uneventfully as a creek through a salt marsh. Romance, adventure and all their attendant complexes, were as remote to him as the canals of Mars. Therefore, the situation that suddenly confronted him, or seemed to at any rate, had his heart pumping thickly.

It was possible that Lester was badly hurt, although Oscar did not see how that could be. Simply a punch or two on the jaw. Nevertheless, evidence pointed that way. He had expected some little excitement when the facts leaked out, as they probably would in time. Nothing to be alarmed over, however. But suddenly, with his thoughts galloping along a fresh trail, his viewpoint changed—and not for the better.

Lester Lavender was a prominent figure and known to millions; and whatever happened to him was news. Big, vital news. His activities on and off the studio lots were clarified from ocean to ocean. A stubbed toe or an aching molar was front-page copy; and a cough plunged the fan world into throes of deepest anxiety. What, then, might be expected when to-night's affair became public?

Oscar's victim was no ordinary individual. He must have powerful friends, influence, and wealth. What sort of a story he would tell once he had recovered consciousness, was a thing that Oscar, with the lust of battle upon him, had failed to consider. It would be damning enough, that much was certain.

The celluloid hero, writhing under the ignominy of a damaged countenance that would bar him from near-future appearances, personal or otherwise, was not likely to let the affair slide. And once the news had been broadcast, every outraged feminine worshiper in the land would utter anguished shrieks of despair and insist that the heinous crime be avenged, the guilty wretch punished.

Oscar realized all too well that he should have tempered his wrath and given some thought to inevitable consequences; but he had failed to do so, and the present was too late. Although the night was cool, he suddenly became clammy with perspiration; and to render his agitation more acute, he heard slow, measured footsteps approaching.

He leaped among the shadows, and peering forth he made out, in the distance, the stalwart form of an officer. It was, he knew at once, Elmer Huggins, the genial patrolman, making his usual rounds. More-

over, Elmer, swinging his club in leisurely fashion, had turned into the park and was coming along the very path beside which lay the battered, dream-shrouded form of Mr. Lavender.

The fair thing to do at this crisis, Oscar reasoned, was to step boldly from concealment and explain the circumstances. Nothing should be withheld. He felt justified in what he had done. It had been a fair fight and a clean knock-out, regrettable perhaps, but unavoidable. Decidedly, a full confession was the only course.

Elmer continued to approach. In another minute he would spy the outstretched form. It was time for Oscar to make his entrance upon the scene. But in another minute, Oscar, scurrying like a frightened rabbit and hugging the friendly shadows, his feet making no sound upon the thick carpet of grass, was nearly a block away.

Something had, like a blow struck in the dark, torpedoed his honorable intentions and filled his heart with sudden panic. He had forgotten Gladys! Overlooked the part she had played in the distressing affair.

Just what Mr. Lavender would do was uncertain, and whether he would drag the girl's name into the happening was a question. Oscar shrank from the very thought of that base act. Therefore, any explanation he might hope to make to the authorities would be unavailing. The absence of motive, or the attempted evasion of it, would entangle him in a network of lies and subject him to greater suspicion. So flight was, to him, the one remaining solution.

Reaching the far side of the park, Oscar darted along the quiet street, walking as fast as he dared and taking little heed of the direction his footsteps led him. His breath became labored; perspiration bathed his body. Feverish at one moment, the next he was goose-fleshed as if touched by an icy blast. But not until the park was left far behind did his limbs cease their swift motion.

Then he slowed down and halted in the shadow of a billboard. There were no sounds of pursuit—nothing except the low throb of a pump at the waterworks. Abruptly, however, he heard the faint blast of a police whistle. Another answered it. Elmer must have found Mr. Lavender and was calling for help! Oscar was almost certain, a moment later, that he heard the far-off clang of an ambulance.

Terrified, he plunged on; ran on and on, exerting every ounce of his

strength, dimly aware that he had passed the outskirts of town, that he crossed a familiar bridge and that after an endless time he was panting like a spent dog along a dirt road far into the country.

Presently his knees gave out, breath left him, and he stumbled exhausted, into a clump of willows alongside the road. He felt reasonably safe now; and when, after a time, he began to survey his refuge and its immediate surroundings, the moon unusually bright, he was dumfounded. Goosecreek Hollow was six miles from the post office. That he had run so far without stopping, amazed him.

He had no conception of the hour, and somehow he did not care. So much had happened in so incredibly short a time, with his world turned topsy-turvy, that nothing really mattered except that he must stay concealed like a hunted creature.

He was too stricken to think clearly or marshal events in sequence; but later, when he saw the lights of a car at the end of the road, he started and shrank back, wondering if it could be the police.

The car, bowling along, stopped no great distance from where Oscar crouched. A man got out and stepped around in the glare of the headlights: a man instantly identified as Jeff Tomilson, deputy. Moreover, he carried a shotgun.

Instantly, Oscar's mind filled with unpleasant conjectures and disquieting suspicions. Jeff made no attempt to go on, but leaned against the radiator, the gun in the crook of his arm. He remained there, a grim and forbidding image, until the lights of another car, sweeping out of a side road, bore down upon him.

The deputy planted himself in the middle of the road with uplifted hand and the shotgun prominently displayed. The oncoming car came to a halt with a great shudder of brakes, and its driver projected his head around the windshield.

"Hello, Jeff! What's all the trouble?"

Apparently recognizing the newcomer the deputy's vigilance relaxed and he walked up to the car. "Good thing you stopped, Sam," he announced. "I'd 'a' plugged you if you hadn't. I'm set here to watch the road. Lettin' nobody pass unless I know 'em. Them's orders from the chief. There's been some ruction in town; murder maybe."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the other. "What was it?"

"Didn't get no particulars," Jeff returned. "Chief just phoned out to my place for me to watch this

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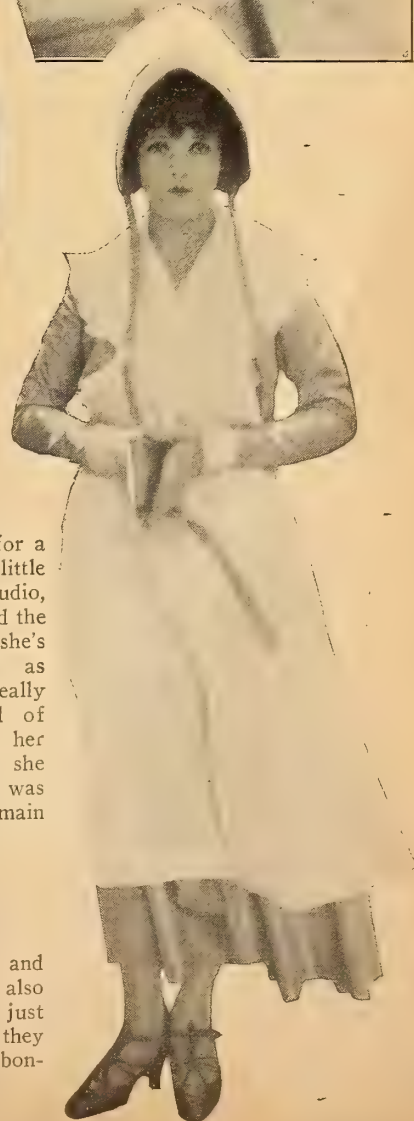
Quaker Maids from Quakerland

Philadelphia isn't such a slow place after all! Not if it can produce such girls as these—and they all claim to have come from that town of the Quakers.

Philadelphia is really a very up-and-coming community. Benjamin Franklin discovered the lightning rod there, the Sesquicentennial was held there, the Declaration of Independence was signed there, and now all the movie stars are being born there.

Eleanor Boardman, right, is another boost for Philadelphia. The home town swells with pride whenever her name is mentioned.

They call it a Quaker town, but if Jane Winton, left, is a Quaker, we'll eat her swagger stick. Or if the modern Quaker girl really does look like Jane, Quakerism should by all means be encouraged.



Janet Gaynor, above, was for a long time called the "little Quaker girl" round the studio, but now that she has reached the eminence of playing leads, she's respectfully referred to as "Miss Gaynor." She really didn't spend a great deal of time in Philadelphia, as her family moved away when she was very young; but she was born there, which is the main thing.

Mildred Davis Lloyd, left, and Dorothy Dwan, right, were also Philadelphia children, and just to show their Quaker spirit, they have put on their Quaker bonnets for you.



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road and anybody who looked suspicious, particular if I don't know 'em. Seems like a fellow was bad beat up and likely to die and we mean to get whoever's guilty."

The voices of the two lowered, and Oscar, straining to hear further details, found himself shaking like a leaf. Murder! The thought was terrifying.

Finally the other car went on and Jeff resumed his lonely vigil. Oscar, peering through the willows with wide, frightened eyes, tried to piece together what little he had heard. Lester had been badly hurt; perhaps fatally, according to the deputy. It seemed incredible. Just from a fist blow. But he supposed such things did happen. He had seen stranger things than that in the movies, only there it didn't look so bad and everything always came out all right in the end. He didn't see how it could possibly work out that way for him.

His mind painted a dismal future. Perhaps, if Lester died, no one could connect him with the crime. Surely Gladys wouldn't tell, when telling meant conviction—the hangman's noose. Still, Joe Cotton had seen Lester and the girl together in the park, and might let something drop. Besides, his disappearance would arouse discussion and place him under instant suspicion. The whole country would be talking and no doubt the finest detectives in the business would be employed to unravel the mystery.

And even if Mr. Lavender did survive, Oscar's position was hardly bettered. The world would know then exactly what had happened. From any angle, it seemed, he was mired in grave trouble.

Oscar realized his predicament without undue mental effort; saw clearly that safety, however short its duration, lay in flight. From now on, he would be a fugitive, a hunted creature, with a price on his head. He had left La Belle behind, forever; the Rosebud counters would know him no more; he had seen the last of Mr. Glotz—and Gladys.

That realization was almost stupefying; yet once he faced the issue squarely, aware that his very life depended wholly upon his cunning and resourcefulness, his ability to thwart capture, Oscar began to take courage. Plans began to formulate, his mind functioning slowly.

So far he had outdistanced pursuit, was ahead of the hounds; but it wouldn't last. Every minute was precious. He knew the region about him, for it had marked the confines of his little world; knew every road and hill and outlying village. Three

miles west lay Bridgetown. It was not much of a place, but it was on the main line of the railroad. Long freight trains rumbled through there at night, after taking on water; and one of them would find him a passenger.

Just where he was bound, made little difference at the moment. One place was as good as another, so long as it was far away, farther away than he had ever been before. And he had more than three hundred dollars in his pocket. It certainly was a stroke of luck, having drawn his savings from the bank that day. He wasn't sure, but he thought that sum would take him far, keep him until he found a job. It was rather hard, beginning all over again; a tough break when his prospects with Mr. Glotz looked so bright. But it couldn't be helped.

Oscar slipped cautiously through the willows and struck off toward the west without any difficulty, leaving Jeff guarding the road. Once beyond earshot of the deputy, he broke into a run, guiding himself by the familiar landmarks and giving wide berth to the farmhouses.

He did not overtax his strength, but covered the ground at a fair, steady trot, and reaching Bridgetown, he dropped among the long shadows beyond the water tank. There he waited, nervously, starting at every sound.

When a long freight rumbled in and drew to a clanking halt, Oscar edged stealthily from the shadows and hoisted himself through the open door of an empty box car. The train moved on again presently, with much noisy labor, carrying its unexpected passenger into a new world.

CHAPTER VI.

ALIAS OSCAR WATT.

Oscar considered himself extremely fortunate, or else the stories he had heard so often were pure invention, for no one disturbed him, no one came poking into the empty car. In fact, he neither heard nor saw any of the train crew.

They went swaying and complaining through the darkness, stopping at intervals, jolting on again. Occasionally he dozed off; and finally the sky began to show pink. The country that rolled past, viewed in the early dawn, was strange. He judged he had been riding for a number of hours—four at any rate—and must be many miles from Bridgetown. The thought was comforting.

He decided to drop off at the first fair-sized town, as strangers might be too conspicuous in the smaller ones, wash and get something to eat;

but it was well into the forenoon before the train drew into a place that met with his approval. He watched his chance and jumped, landing without mishap.

After crossing a number of tracks he reached a street and walked along it, apparently unnoticed. By that time he was famished and exceedingly weary. Never before had he missed a meal, never to his recollection had he remained up all night. They were new experiences, perhaps a sample of what lay in store for him. They were not enjoyable; but everything was topsy-turvy, including his thoughts, and he was beyond complaining.

Oscar breakfasted, and after he had eaten, his spirits rose. So long as he was a fugitive, with his description probably wired broadcast, he decided to purchase a new outfit, including a cheap suit case and a few toilet necessities.

That done, without making too great a raid on his resources, he engaged a room, scrubbed and shaved and donned his new clothes. A glance into a mirror rather startled him; he hadn't thought a change of wardrobe would work so magic a transformation. He looked dressy; like a traveling man.

The coat was snug and trimmed with many buttons, the vest double-breasted and the trousers tight, with deep cuffs. The clerk had called it a snappy model, just what the younger men were wearing this season. Oscar liked his bright, tan shoes that buttoned instead of laced, and was proud of his straw hat, with its narrow brim and gay band. The salesman described it as distinctly collegiate. It gave its wearer a rather jaunty air, although it did seem a trifle large.

All the while, concerned with his physical appearance, Oscar's mind was at work. He discovered a timetable in his room and fell to studying its map. The heavy, black lines, marking the course of the railroad, seemed to spread Westward. He supposed that was as good a destination as any; remembered in stories and the films that most of the wronged, hunted men went in that direction. The pictures of the country looked attractive: the wide, open spaces where men were mostly cowboys if they weren't bandits, and spent much of their time riding and shooting at one another.

To Oscar, firearms and horses were mysteries, but he imagined he would soon get the hang of them. One usually did, he noticed, after the first few reels. Besides, there might be an opening for a good chef in a delicatessen store, although he

could not recall seeing one in the movies.

It came to him presently, almost like an inspiration, that a man he knew in La Belle had gone West some time before, had written him several letters about the country. In Arizona, he thought; and after a profound mental session, Oscar recalled the name of the town. Sapphire!

At dusk that night he swung aboard a train: a big, thundering, brightly lighted limited which barely stopped at all. He established himself comfortably in a day coach, with a ticket in his pocket that entitled him to transportation as far as Sapphire, Arizona. It never occurred to him to take a Pullman. And after a busy, eventful day, after his ticket had been scrutinized and punched, Oscar curled up in his seat and went to sleep.

He woke up at dawn. Another day and night followed, full of wonder and amazement. He was rushed through a strange, unreal world that awed and bewildered him. It was hard to understand at times that he should be where he was; and the farther he left La Belle behind, the more he pondered on what the end would be. It was like living a fairy story, only it wasn't so cheerful as it might be.

Everything was new: the ever-changing scenes from the window, the people, their conversation and actions. The country became more open, and more desolate, with painted hills against the horizon; the sun brighter, the skies a vivid blue, the air bracing.

Then some one said they were in Arizona, and Oscar's interest mounted swiftly. A few sprawling towns, and always sand, dazzling, uninviting. Once he saw a cowboy streaking alongside the track, who waved. Oscar waved in return, but somehow he felt disappointed in it all.

His car companions were excited and talked a great deal because there was little else to do. Oscar listened, mostly. The majority of the passengers were bound for California, he learned; and two younger men chattered continually about the movies.

Oscar watched them closely, ears alert, his mind peopled with haunting recollections. He wondered if the two men had known Lester Lavender and if they had heard of the affair in La Belle; what they would think, or do, if—

It occurred to him, then, that he had forgotten to look at the newspapers. But when he bought one

from the train butcher and scanned the pages with dread eyes, nothing of interest rewarded him. That discovery calmed his fears.

There were times without end when thoughts of Gladys weighed heavily upon him. What had she done or said? Would she be implicated? And how had she taken his disappearance? Oscar's mind conjured up many pictures, none of them pleasant. He had done all he could do; could only hope for the best.

It was late afternoon when they neared Sapphire. He had followed the stations on the map and consulted his time-table with eager, tremulous fingers. Tired and cramped and grimy from his long hours in the day coach, he welcomed the thought of getting off, of putting his feet upon earth again. And when the brakeman came along the aisle to announce Sapphire as the next stop, Oscar picked up his bag and walked out to the rocking vestibule.

The train rumbled to a stop, the door opened, and he stepped down to a long wooden platform. The name of the town was painted on the side of a desolate, sun-bleached station; but as far as he could see, looking expectantly about him, there was no town; nothing but vermilion and ocher hills, cacti, Spanish bayonet, and endless, glaring sand.

As his train pulled out, another drew in from the opposite direction, and from it, as the vestibule doors opened, passengers began to alight, dozens of them, it seemed to Oscar: men and women and children, all chattering and laughing. The platform became heaped with baggage. The train that brought the newcomers rushed on, stirring up a miniature whirlwind of sand and smoke. Oscar found himself in the midst of a babbling throng.

Amazed by the situation, the sudden peopling of what had been, until a moment before, a lonely station platform surrounded by emptiness, Oscar stared wonderingly into the faces about him, dumfounded that so many visitors should stop off at Sapphire. He was elbowed and jostled and spoken to by the newcomers—men shabby and well-dressed, with beards and without, tall and short, of all ages. Women and girls, rather amazingly clad, lent color to the scene. All were good-natured; but the conversation that went on was somewhat strange, incomprehensible.

Oscar wondered if he had been, all unsuspectingly, dropped into the vortex of a boom. He had heard of them: mining booms, gold rushes, or

oil, or land to be homesteaded. Such things happened in the West.

He removed his hat and mopped his damp, begrimed face. The sun was blistering hot. No one seemed to pay him much attention; but one man, at his elbow, spoke to him presently.

"Say, this is a fine spot to light in, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Oscar agreed. "Where's the town?"

"Oh, it's probably over the hill." The man waved vaguely across the sand, looked up at the name on the station. "Sapphire! Huh! The bird that christened this had some tall imagination. Ought to called it 'Jump-off Junction.' The buses ought to been here by now. Hope they don't keep us standing around like a bunch of cattle."

That was news, Oscar thought—good news, about the buses. He supposed the hotel would be sending them over; but, surveying the crowd, he wondered how they all were to be accommodated. He didn't relish the prospect of tramping off through the sand, lugging a suit case, although his was not particularly heavy.

"What's all the excitement about?" he ventured to ask of the man who had spoken to him.

"Excitement? Where?" The other seemed mystified.

"Why, here. All this crowd. Is it a gold rush?"

The man laughed and others near by joined him. "Sure is," he declared. "A rush for gold, all right enough. That's what we're all after. It's a hell of a location, but ten berries a day—with cakes—sort of takes off the curse."

"Berries?" Oscar repeated.

"Sure. Smackers, iron men, washers! That's the princely stipend for the boys and girls of the atmosphere. You'd never get me this far from the bright lights for a penny less. Two-week stand. That ought to give a fellow a bit of a bank roll."

Oscar was still in doubt; but a sudden cloud of dust appeared over the hill before he had a chance to ask other questions. Some one shouted.

"Here come the chariots!"

The crowd began to move spiritedly toward the end of the station platform, Oscar included. The chariots referred to turned out to be huge buses. They came churning and snorting through the sand like tanks; and in a moment the rush was on.

Oscar politely stood back and helped some of the girls aboard, boosting them up the high steps.

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A Boy Detective Makes Good.

If mystery melodrama is to your liking "The Perfect Sap" should qualify as entertainment. Ben Lyon is *Herbert Alden*, a youth who wants to be a detective and who goes about preparing himself for that noble calling by reading all he can find on the subject, in true small-boy fashion. By accident he falls in with a gang of crooks and in love with Pauline Starke, a beautiful lady crook who turns out to be none other than our old friend the girl reporter out to nab the gang.

A lot of other characters are mixed up in the proceedings, notably Virginia Lee Corbin, who is very good indeed, and little Helen Rowland, a peach of a child comedienne.

Never Trifle with a Turk.

The strip of black lace that masks Anna O. Nilsson in "The Masked Woman" is symbolic of the picture itself. Both are transparent and deceive no one.

Miss Nilsson is *Diane Delatour*, wife of a young physician gallivanting on the Riviera. *Diane* comes to the attention of *Baron Tolento*, and the rest of the picture is given over to *Tolento's* elaborate and crafty schemes to add *Diane* to his harem. That is the word, for *Tolento* is, in a manner of speaking, a Turk. Finally, under the pretext that *Delatour* has met with an accident, *Tolento* lures *Diane* to his "palace" where she scorns his advances and escapes, leaving him in the throes of a heart attack—but not too weak to cry out that he will get even.

When he dies it is discovered that he has left his fortune to *Diane*. The inference is that she is hopelessly compromised. *Delatour* runs true to form by doubting her, but when a mysterious witness turns up and clears her they decide to devote the money to war orphans.

"The Masked Woman" is a wasteful picture, for the fine talents of Holbrook Blinn and Einar Hansen go for naught.

A Plea for Fathers' Day.

"The Potters" hasn't anything to do with the crockery business, but is the name of a family. One of those families of the kind called typical. In the realm of fiction that means awfully middle-class and a bit vulgar.

W. C. Fields, the star, is *Pa Potter*, who is overruled by his children, *Mamie* and *Bill*, and, on occasion, by *Ma* herself. He calls himself a failure and no one rises to dispute him. He loses his savings in an oil investment, but by a lucky break comes

out a rich man, dances a jig, and says he always knew, et cetera.

It is mildly entertaining, with Fields giving a straight performance rather than his usual gagged one, and Mary Alden lending admirable support.

A Pert Cinderella.

The preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl are set forth, *Cinderella* fashion, in "Man Bait," with Marie Prevost as the star. This is a far cry from her sophisticated comedies, and it's a pretty faint bleat of entertainment. However, it is, unfortunately, the sort of thing a star loves to see herself doing: detecting a woman shoplifting a pair of gloves because her children are starving, and giving her a dollar, all in full view of the store. The star fondly believes this establishes sympathy.

The formula is further carried out when she slaps the face of a masher and knocks him prone before the counter, thus upholding her virtue. Again, in a Mack Sennett bathing suit she battles with the breakers to rescue a rich nincompoop and emerges quite dry, thereby putting over sex appeal, I suppose, and physical bravery at the same time.

Later, in two thousand dollars' worth of spangles and false flowers she may be said to pay her respects to spectacular appeal, and in a final "big" scene where a jag is simulated by means of cold tea, she bawls out her hosts and their guests from the grand stairway, and no doubt faces the final close-up in the belief that she has done some great acting and made a good picture.

A Limehouse Fable.

"Twinkletoes" is Colleen Moore's most appealing picture in a long time. It is less of a romp, and more of a characterization.

It's a Limehouse story, which means fog, sordid villainy, virtue in a trap, and a pure, pure love. But in this instance it also means Colleen.

She is *Twinkletoes*, who dances in the ballet of a Limehouse theater and against her will falls in love with "Chuck" *Lightfoot*, a prize fighter—with a wife. *Twinkletoes* has a father, too, who is caught in the toils of the law, so that altogether there's quite a mix-up before *Twinkletoes* is seen hoeing cabbages for the final fade-out.

Colleen wears a blond wig in the new picture and it proves to be enormously becoming. Kenneth Harlan is *Chuck Lightfoot*.

Frittering in Spain.

Mae Murray's swan song for

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer happened to be "Valencia," and I am sure no one is sorer than Mae that it wasn't a stronger note of farewell.

Valencia is a dancer who makes merry in Barcelona, Lloyd Hughes is *Felipe*, a Spanish sailor, and Roy D'Arcy is the governor of the city. It is needless to say that both gentlemen woo Mae, and it is still more needless to tell you which one finally wins her and bears her away. What is amazing may be found in the fact that neither of the men shows the slightest originality in his methods, nor is Mae resourceful in holding them at bay. All this makes for a picture almost totally devoid of suspense, and wholly without thrills. Yet it fairly drips beauty, every scene being an optical poem.

Perils of a Big City.

If "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" had been filmed as a burlesque or a satire on the old stage melodrama from which it was taken, an amusing picture might have been born. It is amusing enough as it is, but in the wrong places.

Bertha, beginning in a sweat shop, stitches her way out of it into a lingerie manufactory, where she begins as a telephone operator but soon qualifies as a model, and eventually attracts the baleful eye of the manager who—need I tell you?—has a seagoing yacht! *Bertha* is decoyed there, only to learn that she and the manager are bound for a little cruise to South America. Struggle, chase, rescue by devoted young shipping clerk who—hold your breath—is the real owner of the factory.

In spite of all this, some excellent performances are to be seen. Madge Bellamy plays the unbelievable rôle of *Bertha* with finesse and authority.

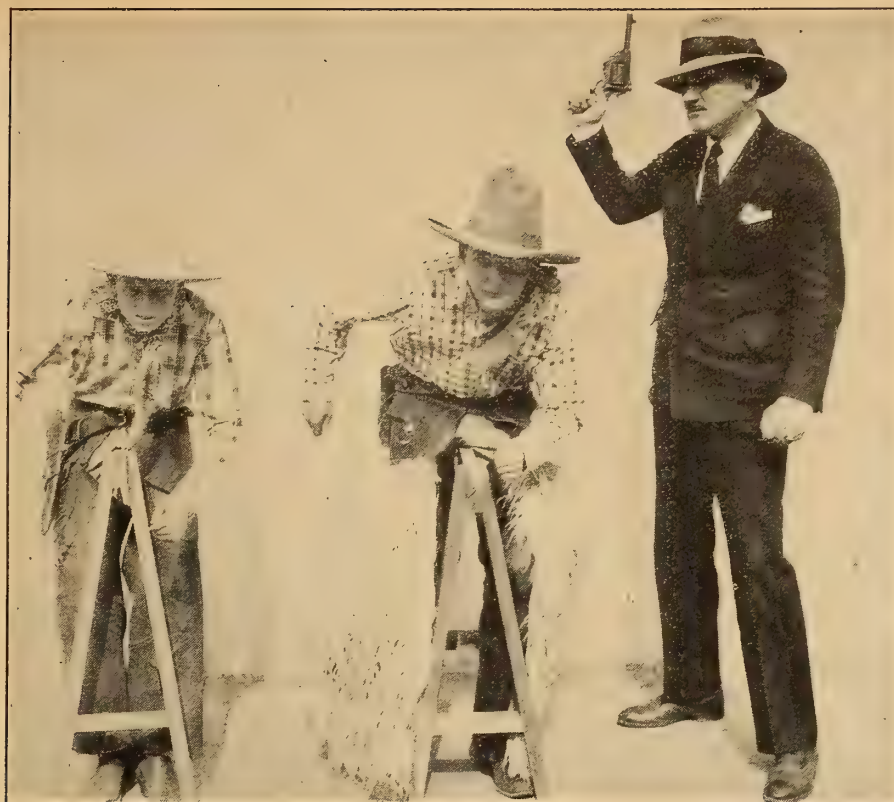
Less Than He Deserves.

The cattlemen and the sheepmen are still having it out on the screen, and now William Boyd is mixed up in the feud, via a picture called "Jim the Conqueror." For the sake of novelty it begins in Italy where he meets a girl he likes, but can't learn her name. In America he encounters her again and this time goes so far as to kiss her without taking time to find out who she is. They meet again in the open spaces of the West where he is ranged on the side of the sheep and the girl is heart and soul with the cattle, but eventually sheep and cattle are one so far as *Jim Burgess* and *Polly Graydon* are concerned.

William Boyd is earnest and sincere, gay and menacing, and always first rate as *Jim*. The girl is Elinor Fair.

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If any one thinks that cow-punchers are passing away, and that the wild and woolly West is growing tame, just glance at this group of two-gun men and women, fierce defenders of the wide open spaces.



At the left, Will Rogers, Jr., and John Henry Seiter are all set for a mad gallop across the plains as soon as John's father, William A. Seiter, pulls the trigger on that gun.

The West is Saved!

No danger of the "bad men" getting away with anything with these young cowboys and cowgirls growing up.



Above, Tim Holt, son of the famous Jack, demonstrates that he can bust any broncho going. Tim had a rôle in his dad's "Forlorn River."

At the left is Maxine Jones, hard-riding daughter of Buck Jones, and at the right is Thomasina Mix, who can do almost as many tricks in the saddle as her father Tom.



Bucking His Hoodoo

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a time when I couldn't even get a job," said Ray.

Charlie Ray and his wife are merely renting their beautiful home in Beverly Hills—the home they built in the heyday of Charlie's popularity.

"Everything was taken away from us except our trunks and old clothes," explained Charlie, with his delightfully humorous smile which always has a little sadness behind it, somehow. "For three or four years my wife had no new clothes. She had given me her jewels to sell, to help me. We had been gradually sliding down and down. I always thought that next year things would come my way. Any good business man would have said, after he saw that 'Miles Standish' was not popular, 'Don't let's throw good money after bad.' But that's what I did. I made 'Standish' for six hundred thousand dollars, and spent another four hundred thousand dollars to bolster it up with advertising. We were just good gamblers, my wife and I. A lot of people at that stage would have been careful and withdrawn to do sure-fire, commercial pictures." But startling things happened. When I thought everything was over, a man lent me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, though I hadn't even asked for it. That was a wonderfully encouraging experience. I gained strength from it, and hope."

But having bad luck and accepting it are two different things, said Ray.

"When we lost our home, I thought we would just take a little house and buy a Ford. We went out, Clare and I, looking for such a house. We couldn't find a suitable one. As we came home, the phone was ringing and I hurried in to answer it. My attorney was on the line, and told

me we didn't have to move as soon as we had feared. 'In fact,' he said, 'you may be granted sixty days.' Then he went on, 'I don't know that you need to move at all, if you care to expend the amount of rental for the house.' 'That sounds promising,' I said. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that to go to some little house would make me feel I had accepted defeat. And we decided that that would not be best.

"It will look funny, our still living here while going through bankruptcy and everything," I said to Clare. 'But I can't help what people say. They will say things, anyhow. If we moved into a little bit of a house they would say we were trying to get sympathy. We might as well stay right here.'

"We discharged all the servants. My wife cooked and I helped wash the dishes. Really, we were quite gay at times, and it was almost a relief not having servants around all the time—just to be by ourselves, as we were when we were first married.

"In the peace of that house, I regained my courage and equilibrium. If I had gone into a little house and had people pitying me, I'm sure I should never have been able to mold my plans, nor to come back."

One can picture the sensitive Charlie Ray, sitting brooding, pacing his garden, reading, in that big house, alone, save for his plucky, cheerful wife, who has stuck by him through everything.

"Now Clare is planning to go on the stage," said Ray. "She has been studying for two years, and has appeared in two or three good plays.

"A lot of people have lent me money without even taking notes, and this I am striving to pay back. I mean, too, to repay the people who lost through my bankruptcy."

Charlie smiled bravely, but the next minute he leaned his head on

his hand, as though the debts were a physical burden.

"Oh, but I've learned a lot!" He straightened himself courageously. "I learned to think of the lost money and say, 'Well, there it goes!'"

"And I learned something else when I went out on tour with 'Standish.' I watched audiences in the little towns. They came hoping to get some fun out of the picture. They had to go back to their factories next day, and they wanted some jolly memories to take with them. Harold Lloyd played on Monday night—a poor show night—and I noticed that the people who had come to see my picture on Saturday came again on Monday. They were just crazy to laugh. Those people needed to laugh."

Just as Charlie seemed about to have hit the last rock on a downward career, he managed to bounce back. They began to put him into all-star casts—which means "out" for any star who isn't really a star. But this only showed up Charlie's talents and skill the more.

From that moment on, he began to go up. And his splendid characterization in "The Fire Brigade" has reestablished him like nothing else in years.

He was recently offered two good contracts, but he says that he wants to free lance.

"I can pick and choose the parts I want now," he said. "Under contract I couldn't do that. I get my greatest joy, and I think my greatest success, from playing a diversity of parts. I get an excellent salary, and I am gradually paying my debts.

"Best of all, my life is full of rich experience.

"And as for my fortune, as I said before, with James Whitcomb Riley, 'My money isn't gone. It's just away!'"

Vamps of Every Vintage

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"The vamp," she summed up, "must be distinctive, magnificent, dynamic, compelling. She must have that intangible 'It.' Never submerging herself for love—that would be fatal—she must keep her emotions well controlled. Her personality must be opalescent, irradiating gleams and carrying a warning note of fire. She must have stage presence. She must be able to gauge her victim's mood and to temper her own to suit it. Taste, yes—a little extreme. But she must have the poise to carry it off—though she shouldn't,

of course, deck herself out like a bootlegger's bride.

"Heart? Yes, but no sentimental weaknesses. The vamps of history played with men, with countries, as a banderillero plants darts in the bull, teasingly, then cruelly. With the traditional cape play over, they got down to real business and quickly had their prey subdued.

"The vamp of to-day is the golden-haired baby girl who opens her eyes very wide and whispers, 'What does that mean?' with a delicious little shiver of a thrill, and is properly horrified when it is explained."

The talk turned once more to

"Camille," in which Lilyan plays *Olympe*, a very well-cared for woman, not distressed with having to pay for her own sables and jewels.

"I imagined," she said, "how I would show them that I could wear costumes, picturing myself in billowy silks, stiff brocades, and one of those exquisite white wigs. And then they had to modernize it, for no perceptible reason! Though, to be sure, *Olympe*, expressing the new idea, has a sense of humor, with a mocking irony twinkling just back of her postures, so she bears more kinship to the vamps of history than any I've played on the screen."



So This Is Where Aileen Lives

The camera man discovers Aileen Pringle in her Santa Monica home.



No California home would be complete without a patio, and no patio would be complete without a star in it. So at the top of the page, Aileen is seen gathering poinsettias from her patio flower bed.

Above, she is shown in her kitchen preparing to do something with an egg—possibly make a cake or something equally tricky.



We look from the dining room into the living room, in the picture above, and at the left, may be seen another side of the living room, with Aileen taking it easy on the sofa.

Continued from page 84

your total calories down to 1,200 a day!"

Ah, *there* was the joker! When she showed me that a cup of ice cream contained 600 calories, an ordinary helping of tenderloin steak 285 calories, and a little half-inch slice of bread 100 calories, I saw myself taking food in capsules!

When I sat down to breakfast on the first morning, I faced the task of rationing the day's meals in such proportions that I would have at least a few self-respecting calories due me at sundown. The little chart Louise had given me showed that three cubes of sugar contained 100 calories and one tablespoonful of cream 50 calories. So, if I had coffee with cream and sugar, 150 calories would pass into eternity, and if, in addition, I had one slice of buttered toast for my breakfast, only 850 calories would be left me for the remainder of the day. Brilliant outlook!

"After a while," Louise had said, "you may return to your 2,500 a day, but until you reduce your weight, all you get is 1,200, and you mustn't cheat."

Now if any one wants to know just how small an amount of food it takes to supply 1,200 calories, let him examine the following list.

	Calories
1 small strip bacon.....	25
Boiled ham, slice.....	250
Fried ham, slice.....	400
1 pig sausage.....	60
Roast beef, small slice.....	150
Chicken, small slice.....	180
Sardines, salmon, average helping.....	260
1 egg, poached.....	80

	Calories
1 pat of butter.....	120
1 banana.....	100
1 small cup berries.....	100
1 orange.....	100
2 slices pineapple.....	100
3 prunes.....	100
3 tablespoons baked beans.....	300
2 tablespoons canned corn.....	100
3 tablespoons green peas.....	100
1 medium-sized potato.....	100
1 medium sweet potato.....	200
1 slice white bread.....	100
1 cut cornbread.....	100
1 French roll.....	100
24 oyster crackers.....	100
5 pretzels.....	100
3 griddle cakes.....	300
Pie with top crust, one fourth of ordinary slice.....	350
Pudding, average helping.....	300
Ice cream, average helping.....	350
1 slice of cake.....	350
10 peanuts.....	100

What really made life seem worth living was the existence of such things as spinach, tomatoes, celery, lettuce, turnips, carrots, squash, cauliflower, and the like. In the average helping of spinach, there are only 25 calories. In one large tomato, only 50. In six stalks of celery, there are only 15 calories, and in the average portion of lettuce, only 5 to 10 calories.

With all the skill of an efficiency expert, I succeeded in working out a system whereby I got for breakfast half a slice of toast, which cost me 50 calories, and a quarter of a square of butter, which cost 25 more. With this I had black coffee, unsweetened. Thus, as there is no food value in coffee, my breakfast took only 75 of my allotted 1,200. For luncheon I squandered 400 calories, and for dinner absolutely reveled in what I had left. Then I retired at night to

dream of beefsteaks dripping with gravy, of fried chicken, of apple pie with cheese, and so on. And I was awakened in the morning by my wife saying, "My dear, it is time for your hot water and lemon juice and your exercises. After that, you may take your little slice of toast and cup of coffee and go to work. And don't growl about it, please."

There were times when I felt faint from hunger, and times when I did eat more than my allowance. There were times when I felt that life was fading fast away. Once, when I wandered down to the beach in the late afternoon, a fellow with a great big hamburger sandwich came and sat down beside me and opened a bottle of beer. I moved away. Another time I was invited to a chicken dinner, and again to a powwow where barbecued beef was served. Seemed like every one I met was planning a feast of some sort.

However, I have drawn these conclusions: Your weight is regulated in absolute proportion to the amount of food you eat. Cut down the food and you will cut down the tale that the scales tell. It is better to spend a little time watching your calories than to go wheezing around with all the appearance of a puffed-up sausage.

Louise Fazenda is not a professional reducer, but if any one very much overweight will follow the simple instructions she gave me, I'll bet my galoshes that excess fat will disappear like garlic at a Greek banquet. And that amounts to *some* disappearance!

A Pot of Gold for Billie Dove

Continued from page 72

tery. But it is not a pose with Billie. On location, in a Pullman-car compartment piled high with magazines, fluffy lace pillows and candy, in a small-town stuffy hotel room, in a sand-floored tent on the desert, or in her charmingly furnished Italian villa in Hollywood, Billie is ever the same. Talkative when the subject is shows or modes or films or the new novels, silent when the conversation takes a deeper turn.

"Beautiful but dumb!" has been said of her.

Just what do they mean by dumb? One unversed in the classics? To be well read is not necessary to intelligence nor to entertaining companionship. Why should it be held against her that she quotes neither Aristotle nor Shakespeare? She has taken care of her mother and put a young brother through school; she

has made a happy home for her husband, and now she has proven herself a capable actress. For a "dumb" girl I think she has done pretty well, don't you?

Her brain is practical. When an interior decorator had a commission from her to purchase house furnishings, and displayed his selections for her final choice, she astonished him by quoting from a notebook in which she had listed the price at which each particular article could be bought from other firms. Furthermore, she knows furniture and periods and antiques, and you'd be surprised if I told you the names of some who don't. She got what she wanted at the cheapest possible price, and her home is done in excellent taste. Now, is she dumb?

After our lunch, while she changed from a chic black-and-white street frock to an evening gown of sheer

chiffon, the fluffy-ruffle type in which she looks best, our chatter covered a large range of subjects, from friends to Italian linens. Then, with a raincoat over her costume, galoshes hiding her silver slippers, and an old hat of Mr. Willat's drawn down almost to her nose, she splashed along beside me to the stage, talking of how at home she felt at First National.

But Billie would be at home even on a Pullman car sidetracked on a desert wasteland—she would *convert* her surroundings into a home. Some women have that home-making gift, shown in little touches.

As I dived into the shelter of a car and left her with the water dripping from her umbrella, she said softly, musingly, "Five years—and I've found the pot of gold."

Her cheery smile lingered with me and seemed to lessen the scowl of the gloomy day.

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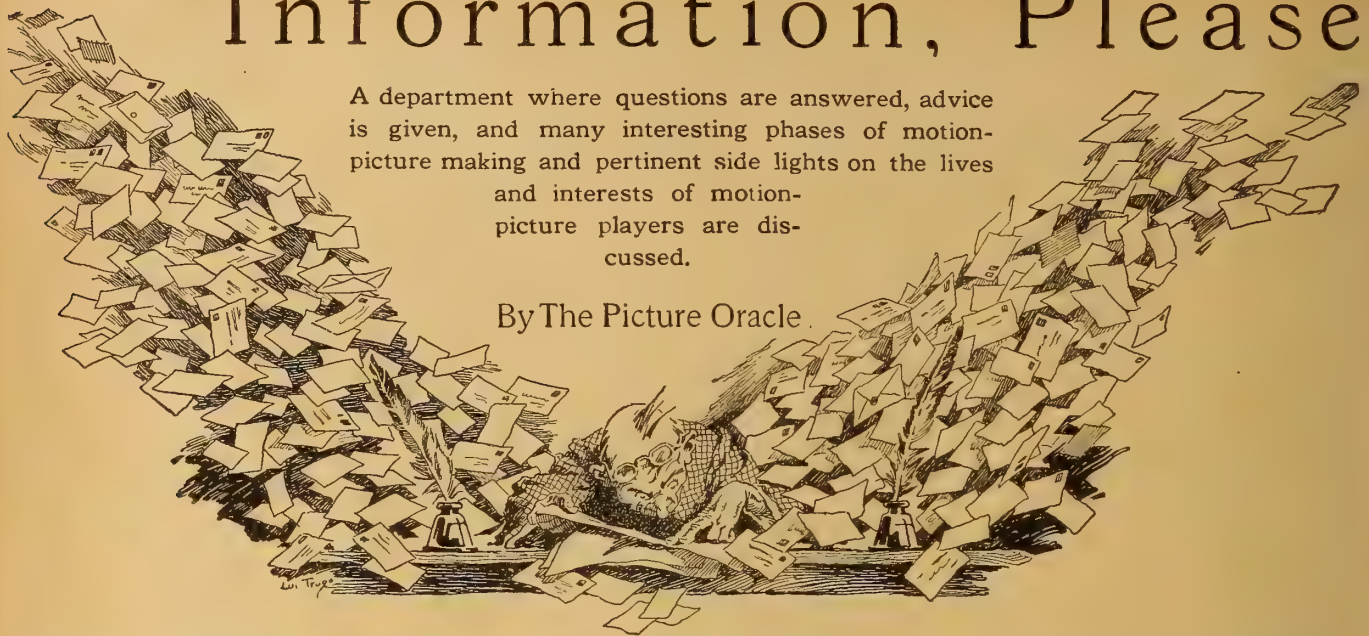
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Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



HASSY.—If you like to ask questions, the line forms on the right. Try not to get your elbow in your neighbor's eye. Hollywood's population is about eight to ten thousand. It includes, besides movie stars, the local tradespeople, of course, and many commuters to Los Angeles—business men who choose Hollywood for their suburban homes. Betty Compson is five feet two inches and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She has reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. Since her Famous Players contract expired, she free lances, and hasn't been working constantly. Her newest film is a Chadwick production, "Ladybird."

SENORITA MONISERA SELTZIE.—No, indeed, you haven't bothered me; you write a delightful letter. The hero in "The Girl of the Limberlost" was played by Raymond McKee. Cullen Landis played *Hart Henderson*. Cullen is in his thirties and is divorced from Mignon Le Brun; he used to be featured in Goldwyn pictures. Cullen has wavy brown hair and dark-blue eyes. He is five feet six inches and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes' new baby son was born last October.

MISS SAUCY.—Fortunately you don't give me much chance to miss you; you're here in almost every issue! Olive Borden was born in Virginia, about twenty years ago. She is very brunette, about five feet two inches in height. William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, July 29, 1892.

THE CLARA BOW FAN CLUB invites friends and admirers of Clara to join. For further information write to the club president, Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A KEYSTONE FAN.—I'm always grateful for information, because no matter how hard I try, I just can't know everything. No, Ann Pennington and Trini did not appear in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," though they were at one time scheduled to play two of the seven. "The Jungle Goddess," the old serial you ask about, featured Elinor Field and Truman van Dyke. Others in the cast were: L. M. Wells, Marie Pavis, Olin Francis, George Reed, William Platt, and the child, Vonda Phelps. Elmo Lincoln played in "Adventures of Tarzan," supported by Louise Lorraine, Percy Pem-

broke, Frank Whitson, Charles Inslee, Lillian Worth, and George Monberg. No, I can't give the casts of two-reel comedies. There are so many hundreds of them that it would require an enormous staff to file all those casts.

ELOISE.—"Dear Mr. Picture Oracle" seems a very appropriate way to address me. Call me anything but Fido and I'll answer. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of our well-known Doug and his first wife, Beth Sully. Dorothy Dalton is Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein. The only address I can suggest is her husband's office, 1650 Broadway, New York. Alice Lake is on tour in vaudeville. John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte are married; her address is the same as his. Faure Binney lives at 212 East Sixty-second Street, New York; Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles; Owen Moore at 7277 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Any star can be reached in care of the company for which he works. Mildred Davis, of course, has the same address as her husband, Harold Lloyd. Esther Ralston is Mrs. George Webb, so she can't marry Richard Dix. Some of the players you ask about have no permanent addresses; the others I have added to the list at the end of this department. Let's hear from you again—but I can't always locate players who are no longer in the movies.

SINCERITY.—It looks as if your favorite, George Cooper, were about to get the appreciation you would like him to have. He and Bert Roach made such a hit in "Tin Hats" that Metro-Goldwyn is considering featuring them as a team. They are engaged, at this writing, in "Red Pants." George is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, and can therefore be reached at that studio—address in the list.

HILDA.—I see you prefer the mature actors, and I agree with you they have a finesse the younger players sometimes lack. Yes, Conway Tearle is Godfrey Tearle's brother. Undoubtedly Conway used to play on the English stage as he formerly appeared with Sir Charles Wyndham, Ellen Terry, and others.

HELEN THOMAS.—Thanks for the three cheers for The Oracle; I'm making a collection of cheers, and now have ninety-eight. (You see, that doesn't come out even because one of the readers sent only

two.) Any one may start a fan club; just get a group together in your home town, and write to the star you admire, asking co-operation. You really should have that, if your club is to be authentic. There is no Renee Adoree club to my knowledge. It was Olive Borden who played opposite Tom Mix in "My Own Pal." I don't know whether "A Tale of Two Cities" is still being shown or not. It was filmed seven or eight years ago, by Fox, with William Farnum. You might ask the manager of your theater where Fox pictures are shown if he can get it.

A COLLEEN MOORE FAN CLUB wishes to make its debut in these columns. For further information write to Miss Geneva McKenna, 9 Retreat Street, Southgate, Kentucky.

MISS RUTH.—Your bouquets to this department are certainly welcome, especially this time of year, with flowers so expensive and scarce! My address is the same as PICTURE-PLAY'S, since I am part of this magazine. I should say there are about two hundred or so players in movies who call themselves stars. Tom Mix's daughter, Ruth, plays in vaudeville most of the time; she made one film that I know of, "That Girl Oklahoma." Perhaps United Artists would send you a photo of Valentino on request—see address in list at end of this department. Anna May Wong is Chinese; there are only a half dozen Chinese or Japanese film actors in America—most of them are not very well known. Baby Peggy is not very active in pictures now; she recently played, however, in "April Fool," a Chadwick production.

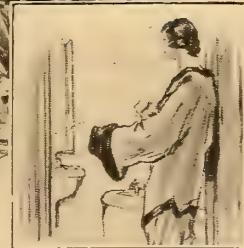
A RONALD COLMAN CLUB, of which, the secretary says, Ronald is very proud, asks to be announced. It was organized in January, 1926, and has three hundred members, all over the world. Dues are fifty cents a year. Mr. Colman promises to send photos of himself to all members. The club secretary is Harry Baumgartner, 1406 Kentucky Avenue, Joplin, Missouri.

KINDLY HEART.—No, indeed, I won't think you're a busybody; I'm only too delighted to receive information from readers. It is very interesting to hear that you attended school with Mary Brian in Dallas, and that her real name is Mary Louise Dantzler, known to her friends as Louise.

Continued on page 118

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

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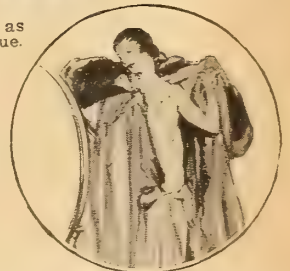
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Continued from page 58

ond baritone. Business in Montana promised to be more lucrative, so with a family to care for he renounced his theatrical ambitions. For a while he prospered. War-time conditions, however, forced him out and since then he has been employed in various lines of work, recently as a book agent in Los Angeles.

"No, ma'am, it hasn't been so easy, with three young ones to raise, but neither has it been terribly tough. A grind rather than a struggle."

He had a few moments to spare between his hours of strenuous riding, a necessary preliminary training to get him into trim for the activity of the rôle. So we had met for a "grab interview" in the publicity department of the Paramount studio.

His resemblance to Roosevelt astounded me. His manner, however, disappointed me. He was too mild. Still, just because one's memory records reading snatches of the virile soldier-president's peppy life, one can't expect his screen prototype to dash into the office with a war whoop, stride up and down, ejaculate in a booming voice and bristle with action.

I scarcely know what I did anticipate. I had a vague expectation of a dominant big man who would bare his teeth at me and perhaps growl. Instead, I found a pleasant gentleman, still a little surprised by his good luck, but schooling himself to it as another of those shocks—this

being the first really fortunate one—that life had dealt him.

When he brought home the news of his sudden good fortune, naturally it caused stupefaction. Elizabeth, nineteen, was away on a visit. John and Charles, sixteen and seventeen, eyed him with blank amazement. Their father in the movies! Their quiet, mild-mannered dad, who was accustomed to come in from a hard day's work to do justice to mother's good dinner and then to settle with his pipe and paper in the comfy, worn big chair.

When they recovered, of course the boys spread the news over the neighborhood in great excitement.

Suppose your father were chosen to play the leading rôle in one of the biggest movies of the season, what would you think of it? Well, that's what John and Charles thought.

"No, ma'am, I've never studied Roosevelt's life particularly, until lately." With an innate honesty, Mr. Hopper answered me. "I've read about him and admired him, as all Americans do. But, though people often commented on my likeness to him, I never thought seriously about it. Now I'm reading everything I can find about him and learning to copy his every gesture. Mr. Hagedorn gave me some prints of news-reel scenes showing Roosevelt during the last years of his life. I flash 'em on a small screen.

"Roosevelt is more than an ideal; he's a sort of tradition. I feel humble, to be playing him.

"I'm not naturally very gruff. All I can do is try to simulate that phase of his personality. But listen, Roosevelt wasn't any torpedo all the time. He was vigorous in action, but a kind and considerate man."

Hopper's future is problematical—even his success in this picture, though Paramount officials are confident of his ability to impersonate our national hero realistically in looks, action, and manner.

A question arises, which only time can settle. Will he, like Billings, who gave us such a memorably genuine and human portrayal of Lincoln that no opportunity to display any versatility that he may possess has since been accorded him, continue for a while in a succession of Theodore Roosevelt rôles and then drop from sight as an actor? Will he, after his brief day of glory, resume the humdrum existence which antedated it?

All that can be said at present is that he will most likely give us a rousing portrayal of Roosevelt, simple and kindly in his associations, courageous in facing danger and in fighting for his principles. A Roosevelt organizing his volunteer regiment of cavalry—Western cowboys, college athletes, sportsmen—and boldly leading his men in a charge on foot, storming San Juan Hill. A man who knew when to use courtesy and when to use fists.

Anyway, this incident has served to patch up the friendship between the fairy godmothers and me.

We—Want—Hokum!

Continued from page 21

"Why, nothing suits them!" As a matter of fact they are the movies' real rooters. But they're particular about what they want. Dogs and horses, and heroes with red blood and woolly pants—that's what they love. You can't find a bad report anywhere on Rex, the devil horse, or Rin-Tin-Tin. Tom Mix is their favorite player of the human species.

Like other big stars, Tom had a temporary rush of art to the head and changed his khaki shirt for a suit of white flannel trimmed with tooled leather. For a while he tried tangoing instead of riding, but during that period of his career his old friends among the fans neglected him and turned to a newcomer named Fred Thomson, who has surged into tremendous popularity within the last few seasons. But Mix has realized his mistake now and has regained his old place as favorite by going back into his regular line of stunts.

"Dandy!" "Knock-out!" "Wow!" "Clean-up!" These are the enthusiastic reports that Mr. Steinbaum receives on all kinds of outdoor pictures—stories by Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Harold Bell Wright and the lesser press agents of the pine-tree country.

A farm paper reaching more than a million fans took a vote among its readers recently and obtained some concrete evidence on what the rural population prefers in the way of films. The ballot showed the small-town patronage inclining toward screen entertainment in this order:

Melodramas
Farce comedies
Short comedies
Society comedies
Serials
Society dramas
News reels

A poll on the relative popularity of players showed that the five best

beloved in the outlying districts are Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Thomas Meighan, Colleen Moore, and Norma Talmadge—a significant slight to such metropolitan favorites as Chaplin, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Swanson, and Douglas Fairbanks.

So Mr. Steinbaum has decided not to worry any more but to hire a couple of clever police dogs, one or two intelligent horses, and a couple of wild-ridin' cowboys. With the help of Wall Street, he will continue to turn out a work of "art" every now and then, but for him the old hokum will never die.

Just put it down as one of the cruel realities of life that if Rockefeller went in for the exclusive production of artistic motion pictures he'd be broke in a year. But don't be concerned about Mr. Steinbaum. He has learned the great secret of American business—that Rolls-Royces are beautiful and easy-riding, but that Henry Ford made all his money manufacturing flivvers.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 57

At the end of the first act little Sammy Shipman looked over at Rowland, his eyes beaming, and remarked, "Gee, it's swell, ain't it!"

"Aw, go on," said Rowland, "you don't know any more what this is all about than I do!"

Not Such a Perfect Fool, After All.

Ed Wynn takes his movies seriously. He is not one of those stage stars who measure their cinema art by the size of their pay check. He will tell you, to be sure, that there is a difference between acting for the screen and acting for the stage—three noughts at the end of a dollar sign—but that is just his humor. Every humorist is entitled to at least one joke about the movies. But when Ed Wynn signed on the dotted line for Famous Players, he kept his wits as well as his witticisms about him, and he wrote his own story—"Rubber Heels." In other words, he did not leave the job to the other fellow. He did not wander nonchalantly into the studio one morning, and say, "Is my picture ready?" And then wander out a few months later and exclaim, "Aren't the movies terrible! They simply butchered me. There's nothing in them, after all, but the money."

What Ed Wynn did was to study his job. Two months before his picture was started, he was to be found at the studio every day, watching, studying, conferring. Everybody, of course, confers in the movies. In fact, every stenographer must learn to say—and without a smile—"I am sorry the boss won't be able to see you to-day—he's in conference." But Mr. Wynn did actually confer and, by dint of questioning and observation, first learned what the movies were all about and then, with the aid of gag men, he wrote a story for himself which demands fifty changes of costume and forty kinds of eyeglasses, winding up with a dog team comprised of every sort of pup from a Pomeranian to a great Dane.

And he remarks that to be a screen actor one must exercise suppression, to be a stage actor one must rely on exaggeration. Which is no joke. Though you may not associate such a thing with Ed Wynn, it is *common sense*. For he is by no means "the perfect fool," even if he does say he is.



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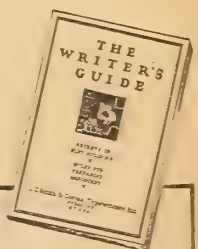
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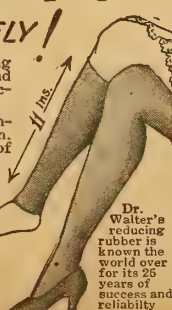
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What a Man Should *Not* Wear

Continued from page 86

form be just so. Perhaps that again is going a little too far for an indiscriminating public, but what other court or military scenes in films have just that certain élat that Von Stroheim gets into his pictures?"

You will usually find that men who have the means to be fashionable and, moreover, have always been used to correct form in dress, do not insist on being like tailors' dummies in everyday life, but when there is occasion to dress correctly, they always look the real thing.

John Bowers is well to do. The new home that he recently had constructed cost him, with its furnishings, nearly half a million dollars. You may well surmise, then, that John can afford to pay for the latest styles every day without turning a hair. But instead of being ostentatious in his clothes he is conservative and correct—correct to a detail.

"Many pictures," my well-dressed informant continued, "make it look as though people in what is called high society entertain in homes with interiors equal in size to those of a palace. The guests are dressed up like a circus parade rather than in the conservative manner of the class they are supposed to represent."

A young man who met Bowers in New York, and who had never been in the East before, kept begging him to point out a certain society leader. She appeared one afternoon in a hotel tea room where they happened to be, and Bowers pointed her out.

"What, is that Mrs. —?" asked the young fellow, rather dismayed. "She doesn't dress like a fashionable society lady." When asked what his idea of a fashionable society lady was, he described something in lace, frills, and silks.

"Another amusing thing," Bowers commented, "is the way movie

actors, when called upon to dress for a certain kind of scene, all conform to exactly the same type, without any variation. I recollect seeing a picture featuring in part a race track. All the leading male characters of the story appeared at the race course in almost identical attire. Now at races you can wear several styles of clothes. The race scene would, to my belief, have been more like the real thing if at least one of the men had worn a gray Prince Albert and a gray hat. That is one of the correct forms to wear at races. Yet not one of those actors thought of that. They all wore exactly the same style—the customary morning suit.

"Never in Hollywood, by the way, do you see the proper morning suit—a black cutaway, gray-and-black-striped trousers, and black silk hat—such as you often see worn by prosperous business men of the Wall Street district of New York. The climate out here would, even in winter, be against such a style."

John Bowers is not a fashion plate sporting the latest fads; rather is he a person whom you instantly take for a well-groomed gentleman. An example of his choice of the correct garb for the correct occasion was given in "The Dice Woman." The scene being laid in the Orient, he wore the Oriental evening dress—short white jacket and black silk sash.

If Hollywood wishes to introduce an Oriental style into the Occident, I suggest that they adopt this form of evening wear. English styles always lead for men—French for women. Why should not the movie center turn into a center of style by mixing the fashions of all countries? I put the suggestion to John. He smiled and said:

"Oh, I don't think that would be very correct form."

Well, Sir, He's a Scream

Continued from page 74

haps, that starts to explain some question, or dispel some problem, only to wind up in a helpless, little twist of the wrist, a twist fairly capturing the futility of things.

His gayety is always tinged with doubt; he stands for the average human being, his hopes, his fears, his aspirations, his lack of confidence, his dreams. The Langdon pan is a mirror of longing. Consider this far-fetched, if you like, but first see "The Strong Man."

Chaplin is still at the head of the

list, supreme comedian of the screen. But close upon his heels patters grave, grotesque Harry Langdon, with his saucerlike eyes in his moon of a face, with his tortured, little smile and his fluttering hands—Langdon who is fast passing Lloyd and Keaton in the race for popularity.

When a man succeeds in getting laughs and winning sympathy at the same time, he may safely be said to have arrived. By this token, Harry Langdon is here to stay!

Norma Talmadge's New Leading Man

Continued from page 73

"All right, all right," I acknowledged. "But I wish you would hang those darts back on the wall." And I heaved a sigh of relief when, with the greatest veneration, he at last did.

This Gilbert Roland is a very sensitive, high-strung fellow. Born in Mexico of Spanish parentage, he has the Latin's love for color and beauty. He speaks with a slight accent, but it is not very evident. Occasionally, he goes about with that secret-sorrow look affected by so many cinema youths. At other times, he is very exultant. While talking of Spain, for instance, he walked eagerly about.

"This"—he pointed to a Sierra landscape—"is Spain. This"—he stopped by some clusters of multi-colored flowers—"is Spain. And this, too." He tenderly regarded the painting of a young girl dressed in what I took to be a foreign costume. Who was she, I asked.

"Clara—Clara Bow," came the surprised answer, "when she was about twelve." And Clara, so I recognized, it was.

When Gilbert Roland first came to Hollywood, he went through the usual hardships. I was pleased he did not mention them until I asked to hear about them.

It is probable that many of you saw this young player in "The Plastic Age," the story of wild college life made by Schulberg before he entered the Lasky fortress. Reviewers spoke well of Roland's work in that picture. Clara Bow and Donald Keith were the two other wild collegians. When Schulberg joined Paramount this youthful trio went with him. Clara immediately rose. The boys, somehow, stayed on earth.

"My dear boy," Schulberg explained to the aggrieved Mr. Roland, "there just isn't any part suitable

for you right now—but don't get discouraged." So Gilbert, who would do anything Schulberg told him to do, for it was Schulberg who gave him his first chance in pictures, waited. And waited. But outside of giving him a not-very-palatable part with Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt," Paramount continued to do nothing with him.

So, after a year, Gilbert left the company and struck out on his own. He appeared in "The Blonde Saint" for First National. Then came another spell of waiting. And just when he had reached a state of the very blackest despair, he was chosen to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille."

The fact that he did not break out in rhapsodical outbursts about having been given the part may have been a blind to cover an inner excitement.

"You surely feel great, though, don't you, to know you are having such a splendid break?" I asked as I left him, hoping to get at least one comment on "Camille."

"Listen," he replied, "I can't say just what I think about it all. I only know it is my greatest chance so far."

"Then you really *do* prefer pictures to bullfighting?" I urged.

"What!" Mr. Roland looked smitten. "I say, my boy, you don't know what it means. You haven't got the Spanish temperament. If they'd let me, I'd go into the arena to-morrow! The combat, the excitement, the bel-lowing, snorting beast charging down on you—"

Staggering out into the fresh air I wondered about this young anomaly. When he *should* have been raving about "Camille," he was going crazy over bulls!

It doesn't seem right, does it?

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Marceline Keeps Cool

Continued from page 43

Her calmness toward all things pertaining to the movies remained unshaken even when she was engaged to play opposite Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue." While others thrilled, Marceline merely said, "He is a very wonderful actor—and the prestige will help me—but there won't be much me in the picture, will there?"

Success, to this cool young lady—who becomes an impulsive girl of eighteen only when really *exciting* things, like parties, are mentioned—has no glamour. It simply means

work more interesting than any other, financial independence, lovely clothes, furniture, cars, and other luxuries.

Marceline has climbed the stairs only to the first landing. Another flight is before her, and still others, winding, twisting, leading on and up. Pausing not to glance over her shoulder into the pinched but not unhappy days of her childhood, she climbs—and she will continue to climb, up and up, this springtime Day on whom the sunlight glows.

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From Pillar to Post

Continued from page 49

vous, "but I've reached the point now where I don't see what I can do to make a change in things. When I first started out it was different. I had a goal—to get myself out of extra work into good parts. Now that I've succeeded, to a certain extent, there doesn't seem to be anything else to do. I suppose one could read the new books and see the new plays with an idea to suggesting oneself for certain characters. But you know as well as I do how seldom anything comes of that.

"And then I don't know whether it is best to try to be a definite type, or to create as many different phases of character as you can. In one picture I'm a comedienne and in the next one I'm sobbing all over the film. I don't even know whether I ought to bob my hair or not. I look at all the bobbed-haired girls who are making such a hit in cute, modern stuff, and I decide to have mine off. And then I think of Mary Philbin and Lois Moran who have had such marvelous opportunities because of their long hair, and I decide to leave mine as it is."

I put in something about the inadvisability of too much thought, because no matter what you decide in the movies it is likely to be wrong. The only thing to do is to wait for the breaks which you may or may not get. In other words, you never can tell.

"I know," corroborated Marian. "Little Janet Gaynor is a shining example of that. Janet and I have been friends for a long time. I knew her when she was an extra girl trying to get a foothold somewhere. One night we went to a show with our respective beaux. The play was 'Seventh Heaven.' Janet and I sat there simply palpitating over Helen Menken's performance. During intermission we discussed the girls who had a chance to play the part in the movies. Janet would simply have died if some one had told her she was to be the one. At that time it would have been perfectly unbelievable. But now the picture is being made, and Janet is playing that wonderful rôle. I'm tickled to death over her good luck."

And that certainly was no fib. I mean about Marian being delighted with Janet's marvelous break. Marian is the kind of girl who can't wait to tell you the nice things some one has said about you. She doesn't wait. She calls up. If she is working with a certain director, and he praises the work of a girl she knows,

she makes it a point to get in touch with the girl's friend and tell her. She goes out of her way to get jobs for friends who are still doing extra work. She once took a little girl friend out to Universal to try for "The Collegians" series. Another girl got the part, but they're thinking of signing Marian's chum, too.

Believe me, dear reader, there aren't many successful leading ladies who go around trying to promote possible rivals into nice jobs. But Marian says sometimes just a little thing like that means so much, and there was a time when she herself would have appreciated a lift along the way.

Marian started out in pictures a little over four years ago. She did extra work. Finally, by sheer ability she got on the preferred lists and managed to get a few good bits. One was in Mary Pickford's "Rosita." Another was in some big Fox super-special wherein Marian did a small part so well they offered her a contract.

They started her off in leads with Buck Jones, and then she fell to the post of honor—at that time leading lady to Tom Mix and Jack Gilbert. The picture she made with Jack was called "Just Off Broadway," and Marian played a vamp. A slinky vamp, all wrapped up in a Spanish shawl and all undressed down the back. Marian says she felt like a fool, but she played it like a vamp and was so good in a rôle out of character that they heard about her at Universal and borrowed her for their *pièce de resistance*, Reginald Denny.

Because she played starving children just as well as she did fluffy comedienness they managed to get her contract away from Fox, and for the past year or so she has been one of the mainstays of the U lot.

"A funny thing about it is that when I was under contract to Fox they were always lending me to Universal. Now that I have a U contract they lend me to Fox. Just a wandering ingénue," she laughed.

When Marian laughs you wonder why the astute Messrs. Laemmle and Fox don't snap her into domestic-comedy rôles. It is one of those mischievous little laughs that is as deeply centered in the eyes as the mouth. It is almost a Lubitsch-lady laugh. I think that Marian will eventually wind up in the merry melodramas of domesticity, but in the meantime she's doing—whatever rôle comes her way.

Gray Hairs and Stardom

Continued from page 29

characterization as a German musician. This is his first screen appearance, but he's so good that when Neil Hamilton saw him on the set on the first day, he asked, 'Does that German boy speak any English?' A few hours later he and Cull were discussing the latest books, and Neil admitted that the German boy could speak English surprisingly well, considering that he came from Cleveland."

"Mr. Francis!" boomed the call boy.

"I'm sorry, I'm wanted on the set." Mr. Francis smiled a courtly apology.

I walked over to the stage with him. It was a Bowery street scene, showing the outside of the theater. The strong man stood waiting for his cue, the barker was smoothing back his shiny hair. At a signal from Mr. Dwan the extras walked onto the set.

Alec Francis became the music master once more. His face, usually so eager and animated, became sorrow haunted. There was a hint of unshed tears in his eyes. His straight figure bent wearily. There was pathos even in his walk, his lagging steps suggesting a fatigue that was mental and spiritual as well as physical.

Memories of another music master surged over me, of David Warfield crying in a voice sharp with pain, "If they don't want her, I want her!"

A famous line. It was once as common as "So's your old man." It was as though people were ashamed of the fact that the simple words tugged at their heartstrings, and so, when they repeated them, they did it flippantly and facetiously.

The story of "The Music Master" begins in Vienna, in the days of the master's glory, when he is conductor of the symphony orchestra of the Royal Opera House. He is a great artist. His music so completely absorbs him that his wife thinks she is neglected and listens to another man's love.

There is his daughter, *Helene*, whose doll has been broken. He has promised to fix it, but somehow the time slips by so quickly. Then one day he comes home to an empty house—his wife, his daughter, even the broken doll, are gone. Strange that, in the heart-racking days that follow, it should be the thought of the broken doll that reproaches him most of all.

The search for his loved ones brings him to America. He lives on

Houston Street, giving piano lessons to the children of the poor and playing in the tawdry theater that houses *Costello's* medicine show.

One by one the treasures he has brought with him are sold to pay for the disheartening search, until there are left only a gold-and-ivory baton, that was presented to him by *His Royal Highness Prince Otto* many years ago, and a pair of old-fashioned dueling pistols. He has a later use for the pistols, so he sells the baton, and with it goes the last shred of his glory. Nothing now is left. He is only a shabby, tired old man, who dreams of revenge on the man who has robbed him.

But when the end of the search at last comes, revenge seems a paltry thing after all. There is still another cross awaiting the music master—the heaviest of all—but it is through it that he finally finds happiness.

Lights flared overhead. The Bowery street was filled with a milling, laughing crowd. Two girls pushed past me on their way to the set. They looked as though they had stepped out of an old family album—just two quaint, old-fashioned girls of a past decade. They were talking vivaciously, but it was not the Dorcas Society nor the Sunday-school picnic they were discussing.

"And he sez to me, 'Do you Charleston?' and I sez, 'Listen, if you think I'm one of those old-fashioned janes——'"

The other settled her spangled bonnet more securely on the back of her head.

"Will you listen to that—'Do you Charleston?' What century did he think he was living in?"

They picked their long skirts up in their hands and sauntered onto the set.

An old man in a broad-brimmed hat walked slowly down the street, picking his way timidly through the pushing, laughing crowd that had stopped to listen to the blandishments of the barker, and passed unnoticed into the tawdry playhouse.

To me there was great drama in that old figure and in the man who portrayed him, for Alec Francis has come into his own at an age when most other stage and film people are thinking of retiring.

And I drank an imaginary toast to William Fox, who had seen beyond youth and had made a star of a man no longer young.



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Film Struck

Continued from page 95

They laughed and shouted and made great sport of their difficulties. To Oscar, it suddenly became a blur of silk stockings, pretty legs and bare knees; but if the colorful exhibition reddened his cheeks, which it did, none took notice. And presently he climbed in to wedge himself among them, his hat on the back of his head, his suit case tucked between his legs.

There were hardly seats enough to go around; and when a girl pushed her way in, just as the bus started with a jerk, she was flung into Oscar's lap. Embarrassed, he tried to squirm free, intending to offer the late comer his seat, but the girl protested strenuously.

"That's all right," she assured him, making herself comfortable and holding on with an arm about his neck. "Sit still. You're rocking the boat. I'm fine and dandy."

Some of the others laughed and a few hurled remarks, which did not seem to disturb the young lady who had preempted Oscar's knees.

"Two can sit as cheap as one," she called out gayly. "If I get too heavy, whistle."

She turned to survey him with a frank, engaging smile, and he did his best to smile back, his cheeks burning furiously. Although in a state of mental agitation, Oscar was not beyond noticing that the girl he held was extremely pretty, with curly, bobbed hair and mischievous eyes. She was about as heavy, he thought, as a milkweed pod. So he didn't whistle. He wouldn't have whistled in any event.

The bus lurched and jolted and the girl clung tighter, giggling, her warm arms encircling his neck, her hair, smelling of perfume, brushing his cheek. Suddenly he lost his hat and the bus behind them ran over it, squashing the natty straw; but he didn't mind, although it had cost him three dollars, and laughed with the other passengers.

By the time Oscar had regained his mental equilibrium and felt more at ease, since no one seemed to be paying him much attention, the bus stopped. There ensued a second gay scramble as the passengers alighted. The girl on his lap disentangled herself and he lifted her down, a little surprised at his boldness.

"Thanks ever so much for the seat," she told him. "You're a dear. I'll see you again soon."

She bounded away, throwing him a significant glance over her shoulder. Oscar grinned, his face crim-

son; but he was getting used to that now. For a girl who hadn't been introduced, she was rather forward. Still, he didn't object. Western folks were like that, he had heard: breezy and without airs.

With the disappearance of the girl, Oscar turned slowly to survey his new surroundings. A single, crooked street lay before him, lined on either side with low, frame buildings. Any number of tents were visible; material littered the landscape; an army of men were working. Everything, everywhere looked new and unsubstantial.

A boom town all right, he told himself promptly. Funny, though, he reflected in the next breath, for Sapphire wasn't a new place. But perhaps this was a suburb being built on the scene of the gold rush.

Some one at his elbow spoke. "A whale of a set, isn't it?"

Oscar politely said it was, although he didn't understand clearly and would have asked questions, only at that moment a man standing beside a board shack began to shout through a megaphone. What he said was rather vague; but when Oscar saw the crowd forming in line, he joined them. It seemed the thing to do—to follow the crowd. They must be, like himself, hunting accommodations for the night.

As the line moved forward, his roving eyes caught a glimpse of a large tent spread with tables and at the same time his nostrils were assailed with the tantalizing aroma of food—of food being cooked. He brightened instantly, cheered by thoughts of a warm meal. At least he could understand that. No doubt meal tickets were being sold at the shack, for he noticed that those who walked away from the window carried bits of cardboard in their fingers and went scampering toward one of the larger tents.

Presently he was at the window, and a harassed young man with a stack of coveted tickets before him looked up to demand his name.

"Oscar——" he began and caught himself in time, remembering with a shock that, as a fugitive, he dared not speak the truth.

"Well?" the man demanded irritably. "Oscar what?"

In the dread crisis that confronted him, his mind refused to function. It remained a blank. Criminals, he knew, must be quick-witted to avoid exposure; but that gift was denied him. He opened his mouth and nodded, although he didn't know why,

striving despairingly to conjure up a name.

The man at the window smiled. "Oh, I get you," he said, and wrote rapidly on a blue card which he thrust into Oscar's benumbed fingers. "Next there!" he sang out.

Oscar moved away in a daze, wondering just what had happened; and some time later, alone, staring down at the card he held, he saw the man had written his name as Oscar Watt.

Surprise and relief engulfed him. He breathed easier, comforted beyond measure. His had been a narrow escape. Oscar Watt! He supposed it was as good an alias as any to travel under. The initials were the same; and he must not forget if he valued his safety. The grim arm of the law was far-reaching and ever vigilant. Danger lurked at every turn.

He tucked the card into his pocket, repeated the name over and over again beneath his breath. Meanwhile, people were streaming past him, chattering like magpies, calling to one another. From where he stood now, Oscar saw, with a decided start, that the structures

erected along the crooked street were merely fronts, upheld by braces and ingenious framework. Exactly like signboards. And all at once the amazing truth swept over him. He leaned against a post, dumfounded.

Things were clear enough now. He should have realized their significance before: the unexpected crowd at the station, their strange talk and behavior, the buses and all the activity at their destination.

Why, he hadn't reached Sapphire at all. He had been brought, unwittingly, to a moving-picture town set up among the desert hills. It was all painted scenery, a background for some Western story; and the crowd he had joined were performers, film actors.

He snatched the blue ticket from his pocket and scanned the information it contained. The card bearing the name of Oscar Watt also bore a number. It entitled him, he saw, to bed and board and all expenses to and from location. And at the bottom, most conclusive evidence, he read, "The Super-Apex Film Corporation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

"The leading lady in the picture is Nancy Nash, a newcomer. I have an idea that a lot of people are going to credit her with an extraordinarily clever performance.

"Oh, before I hurry away"—Fanny was gathering up her belongings for a hasty departure—"I want your advice on giving a party. Something really ought to be done for Jacqueline Logan. She's been working so hard ever since she started 'The King of Kings' that she hasn't been anywhere and no one has seen her. I think we ought to give a coming-out party for her. I'd go out to the De Mille studio to see her, except that the atmosphere is so serious out there just now.

"The most interesting studio to visit nowadays is Constance Talmadge's, even though Constance is home with influenza. Hedda Hopper, Julianne Johnston, and Carmelita Geraghty are all in her new picture, 'Naughty Carlotta,' and the studio always has interesting visitors. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks come over almost daily with their usual quota of titled guests.

"Norma Shearer, as usual, has been given a lovely rôle. She is playing *Kathie* in 'Old Heidelberg.' She isn't just my idea of a simple little German peasant girl, but after all, nobody asked me to cast the film.

"I suppose you've heard that picture producers have discovered the San Francisco earthquake. After ignoring it all these years, no less than three pictures are staging it now. It figures prominently in Bebe Daniels' new film, in Dolores Costello's 'A Million Bid,' and in a new picture that George Hill is going to make for Metro-Goldwyn.

"Oh, you promised to watch the time!" Fanny was aghast when she looked at her watch and realized how long she had been talking. "Oh, well, it is almost too late for me to see any dancing now. I might as well devote the rest of the afternoon to fulfilling my life's ambition of meeting all the girls in pictures that I don't already know."

"And who might they be?" I called after her retreating figure.

"All the new Wampas Baby Stars, and Virginia Brown Faire. Imagine my never having met Virginia Faire when loads of the girls I know are close friends of hers and she's working right over in the same studio with Patsy Ruth. I really should know her."

And by the next time I see Fanny, she probably will. In fact, she will probably have elected herself not only Miss Faire's champion, but cheer leader for all the thirteen newly elected Baby Stars for 1927.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 96

The Latest in Sin.

"The Popular Sin" is divorce, or loving two men at the same time, or something like that, in case you are wondering. You won't learn anything startling on the subject from the picture.

Florence Vidor divorces Philip Strange to marry Clive Brook, only to find that he is unduly attentive to Greta Nissen. So Miss Vidor divorces him that he may marry Miss Nissen, but alas, Greta is too sympathetic to Philip Strange, and another divorce is in the offing when Mr. Brook returns to Miss Vidor.

Perhaps it isn't to be taken seriously—these comedies of sophistication never are—but it isn't good fun. And placing the story in Paris, and calling the characters *Yvonne*, *Jean*, *George*, and *La Belle Toulaise*, doesn't count for anything.

Oh, for a Cloudburst!

"Butterflies in the Rain" sounds like a nature study or a short subject, but it's far removed from nature and seemed the longest picture of the month to me.

It's about one of those very modern misses—this time an English one—who marries a staid, elderly man and then leads him a merry dance. At least it is supposed to be merry, what with *Tina*'s gallivanting to Spain with a group of bohemian friends who turn out to be blackmailers. Instead of casting her off, as husbands do in the movies, this one stands by *Tina* and pays to the blackmailers an enormous sum which he had borrowed to meet the demands of the stock market and save himself from financial ruin. But *Tina*, you see, means more to him.

Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood head the cast.

Oh, What a Kid!

Harold Lloyd has done it again! He calls the picture "The Kid Brother" this time, but the name might well be "Another Big Hit for Harold." Is it as funny as "The Freshman," as rollicking as "For Heaven's Sake?" Those questions are on every one's tongue. It is impossible for me to answer them because, for one thing, I enjoyed "The Kid Brother" more, and therefore am inclined to say it is best of all the Lloyd comedies. Perhaps it is less boisterous than "The Freshman" and *Harold Hickory* has not the pathos of *Speedy*, but the new picture is certainly more ingenious and smoother than the other two.

The story is simplicity itself, as it should be, but the development of it is an inspiration from start to finish.

Harold Hickory is the youngest of *Sheriff John Hickory's* three sons. He is just a kid who doesn't matter, except to do chores around the house. While the *Sheriff* and his two older sons are absent at a town meeting, *Harold* in his father's regalia is mistaken for the sheriff by "*Flash*" *Farrell*, of a medicine show, and is induced to sign a permit which brings the show into town, and also *Mary Powers*, who has inherited the outfit from her father. *Farrell* and *Sandoni*, the strong man, steal a large sum intrusted to the *Sheriff*, and when the future looks black for his father, *Harold* steps into the breach and heroically recovers the money.

That's all, so far as the bare story goes, but pages could be written about what makes it absorbing, amusing, and a delight every foot of the way. *Jobyna Ralston* is *Mary*.

When Rudy's Belongings Were Sold

Continued from page 19

But the sale is over. Valentino's home is in the hands of a new owner. His motor cars are gone, his jewels scattered. The kennels where Shaitan and Shila, his Italian mastiffs, used to bark joyously alongside of three great Danes from the Francis X. Bushman farm, a greyhound brought from Spain and an Irish setter, are stilled. A few days after all had been taken away, old Bill McGuire, the groom who had looked after Valentino's horses, silently closed the doors of the stables and turned the keys in the locks.

"I guess," he said, "I'll go back to the range."

He strode off with his face toward the mountains.

The Valentino auction was the largest individual sale ever held in Hollywood over a screen star's effects. Purchasers took his things to almost every corner of the land. Fourteen blocks from the place where the event was held, lay the star's body, waiting to be transferred from its crypt to a plain, unostentatious little mausoleum where it will lie forever in the shadow of his beloved hills.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Dolores Costello, very beautiful with red blonde hair, May McAvoy with Bobby Agnew, John Roche, and Johnny Harron. May didn't quite reach up to my shoulder, but she's one of the prettiest girls I have seen in my adventurous life. I wonder when she'll marry Bobby—they would make an ideal pair. The first John is dark, while the latter is typically American.

ANTONIO GARCIA.

Chapultepec Heights Colony, 510 Lugo Street, Mexico City, Mexico.

A Matter of Hair.

Lillian Gish's critics should remember that there are people—and people! We all express the same moods and emotions differently, according to type.

Speaking of types brings me to Leatrice Joy and Norma Shearer. They are the only feminine stars who can get by with sheik bobs. Though very lovely and sweet, Billie Dove's coiffure is entirely unsuited to her, and a bob isn't becoming to Miss La Plante, either! Some one should donate a wig to each of them for public appearances. Laura is a baby-vamp type, and ought to play up to it; with her dimples and cute nose she is too feminine for anything but a lot of tiny, yellow curls, à la "Nell Gwyn."

Dorothy Gish was a little beauty in that picture.

CATHERINE CRUPE.

242 Prospect Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

A Fair Exchange.

We wish to announce a new sort of fan club: the Stars' Picture Club.

The plan is this: For a year we have been collecting magazine photographs of stars. We have a lot of full-page rotogravure pictures, and literally hundreds of smaller photographs, as well as a few news items that are too good to lose. We will swap these for similar pictures. By which we mean that if you want a full-page picture of Conrad Nagel, you send us a full page of some one else. And be sure to send it so that it gets here in good condition. There is no charge attached, but there is one condition—every swap must be accompanied by a letter, preferably giving a reason why you want to swap. We love to hear other people's views of stars.

HELENE AND MIRIAM DOYLE.

217 Fifteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Is Ford Sterling Unappreciated?

I want to say a word for Ford Sterling, if for no other reason than that no one else seems to have done so.

I have been a picture fan ever since there were any to fan, and Sterling's name is vaguely remembered in connection with some doubtful comedies. It was not until I saw him in "Everybody's Acting" that I really was impressed.

His comedy was excellent, but the subtle pathos underneath was what got me. One sensed a great soul that had never had a chance for proper expression, a soul that had always been stepped on and kicked back, just as it was about to cross the threshold of opportunity.

If given the proper chance, I think Ford Sterling would be one of the finest actors on the screen. He has the same stuff in him that Chaplin has, minus the vulgarity and egotism.

MICHAELINE LEARY.

203 Huntington Avenue, Suite 2, Boston, Massachusetts.

Who Can He Be?

I am writing this letter to praise a young, unknown player I have seen in several pictures. I do not even know his name, as he played only bits in the pictures I saw, and his name was not mentioned in the cast. He played in "The Plastic Age," and more recently in "The Campus Flirt." He was one of the many college boys in those two pictures.

In "The Campus Flirt" he was the first young man seen with the bottle labeled "Eye Opener," in the part where Bebe Daniels got drunk. He also purposely tripped James Hall, when Mr. Hall fell against the car after coming out of the girls' gymnasium.

Who did not notice this handsome, clean-cut youth, with slightly curly, dark hair and blue eyes? Doesn't he remind one of a blue-eyed Buster Collier?

Fans who remember this young man should keep an eye on him, as I feel sure he will be another Ben Lyon some day.

Here's wishing him the best of luck, and I hope to be able to know who he is soon. At least, he can count on me as a fan.

YVONNE EVRAD.

2456 Ontario East, Montreal, Canada.

To La Swanson.

Dark as the ebon night, your silken tresses;
Like dreaming, limpid pools your eyes of blue,

Entrancing mouth meant for soft, lingering kisses,

All help to make the sweet allure of you!

Your hands, they tempt me with a mad, wild longing,

To feel their soft caress play through my hair;

Of gazing in your eyes I'd never tire—
A world of mystery hidden there!

Your lips, they tempt me, too, with eager yearning,

To taste their moistness, sweet as honey-comb;

I long to hear your low voice gently murmuring

Words kissed away to mingle with my own!

But you are cold, so cold, and yet I love you,

Though as I rave, you calm remain, unmoved;

I even held you close, and how I kissed you,

But you never gave the slightest sign you knew!

Still, I'll go on for all your calm indifference;

I'll kiss you when I please—go on and laugh—

One can be brave and overardent surely,

When talking to—a charming photograph!

JEAN B. SOULIE.

332 West Eighty-ninth Street, New York.

From Pola's Champion.

Indeed, who can say anything about Pola? How I love her! She is now, even with all her bad pictures, the most distinct personality on the silver screen. We cannot judge a player by a few rotten pictures. She just hasn't been given good breaks of late.

I want to say something else in regard to our beloved Rudy and Pola. Most of the criticism hurled at Pola was very unfair. It appears to me, to be plain, everyday jealousy. We all knew, many months

prior to Valentino's death, that he and Miss Negri were engaged and intended to be married soon. According to his own statements, he loved Pola. Now his second wife, whatever her name is, claims to have talked to his spirit. She is sure the bunk, and I don't mean maybe. Let's stick to Pola!

ETHELWYN KRING.

Fairbury, Illinois.

Fair Play for La Rocque.

I'm a novice at writing these letters, so please forgive me if I make a mess of this one. But I want to ask fair play for Rod La Rocque. Now that Rudy will never give us another picture, Rod has about the most outstanding personality on the screen, but he is being snowed under by perfectly dire stories—and if the stories aren't dire the scenarios are—witness "Gigolo," which might have been a wonderful film, only it wasn't. Without Rod and Louise Dresser, where would it have been? The scrap heap, I guess. Rod has proved he can act—and act well. His "Gigolo" was a very fine piece of work, so far as he was allowed to act. But just when we began to sit up and take notice they switched off to something toshy.

Is De Mille crazy, blind, ignorant, or is he down on Rod? He calls himself a star-finder, yet he wastes his best material on "Red Dice," "Bachelor Brides," and such rubbish. Please, some wise director, give Rod a chance—a big, dramatic part—and then just sit back and watch him climb the heights.

ADRIENNE CLARKE.

Brighton, England.

A Fan's Curious Diet.

I always repair to the basement, and devour a large keg of tenpenny nails whenever I hear any of the following over-worked phrases:

Sophistication.

Life, as a synonym for sex.

Hollywood romances. (Bitter laughter.)

Realism, said of Von Stroheim's sordidness.

Genius (C. Chaplin).

Greatest actor on the screen, applied to that Lon Chaney imitator, John Barrymore.

Technique, used as a hedge by those who haven't the courage to say Lillian Gish is a mediocre actress.

Great lover.

The orchidaceous Corinne Griffith.

JAMIE F. HESS.

119 State Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

Another Word for Connie.

Evidently "Anti-Constance" wishes to start an argument, and I am sure she has succeeded, for her severe criticism of Constance Talmadge is grossly unfair, as other fans will agree. To say Connie has no talent, is untrue. Why, she is one of the cleverest comedienness on the screen to-day, and she is very, very pretty.

The writer goes on to say that Madge Kennedy should have all Miss Talmadge's rôles. May I ask if "Anti-Constance" especially wrote that letter to boost Miss Kennedy? The latter can in no way compare with the inimitable Connie, and I hope Norma's sister will continue to delight us in more pictures like "Her Sister from Paris" and "The Duchess of Buffalo," to name but two.

MARJORIE FIDGE.

78 Marine Parade, Brighton, England.

Those Beastly Prologues!

I'd like to find out if other fans second my opinion about prologues in motion-picture theaters. How I despise to sit through them, but I usually have to in order to see the picture. When I lived in the city I used to phone to the box office to find

out what time the picture began, so that I could make plans to get to the theater after the prologue was over. But now I live in a suburb and have not the time to do that.

Whoever started prologues, anyhow? They're dreadful! I have no doubt that in the big cities the best motion-picture theaters can get fine talent, and perhaps do; but, oh, what we who live in the smaller places have to put up with!

Recently there was a picture shown at one of the theaters here that I had been looking forward to for a long time—almost a year or perhaps more. My companion and I had to wait in line for thirty minutes. We finally were let in, and after standing in line again until almost in a state of collapse, we were at last given seats, only to be greeted by a prologue! A woman sang two songs, then a string of girls danced and danced, until those who were good-natured laughed, but others *cussed*.

To make room for these prologues, pictures are often cut and cut until it is difficult to follow the story. How I do wish the magazines and producers would start something to stop this custom. Why can't we have a show consisting of what is called a "program picture," a good comedy, the news reel, an educational film, perhaps, and a good orchestra accompaniment?

Hope I'll see this letter published in "What the Fans Think" and find out what other fans think of "prologues."

M. FERGUSON.

R. F. D. 29, San Antonio, Texas.

Leslie Fenton, This Means You!

While the other fans are praising their favorites in this department, I wish to mention one who is not yet a star, but who I hope will be one soon, and whose name I have never seen in any of the letters from fans in this department. The actor whom I mean is Leslie Fenton. For some time past I have watched his work in various pictures, and I find him a splendid and very pleasing example of young American manhood. His acting has in it, too, much sincerity and real feeling, and I am sure that if he is given a really good chance he will prove to be many times worthy of it. Best wishes to you, Leslie Fenton!

DOROTHY HAMILTON.

McCrory, Arkansas.

To All True Dix Fans.

I am a member of The Richard Dix Club, and I address this letter to all true Dix fans. Before I joined, the president, Harold Revine, sent me a very nice letter about the club, in which he said that Richard—who is our honorary president—was very enthusiastic about it, and had promised to coöperate with him in every way. I don't mind confessing that in my ignorance I told myself that that was just publicity.

"Dick has far too much to do, without bothering himself about a thing like this," said I, knowingly, and thought no more about it.

Because I so sincerely admire Richard Dix, I joined the club, however, and now know that what Harold Revine said about his enthusiasm was not "just publicity."

The other day I had a wonderful letter from Dick! Harold Revine had told him of some small service I had been lucky enough to render the club, and he wrote at once to thank me. Just think of it, fans! With all his work, Richard Dix yet found time to write to an ignominious person like me! Am I grateful? I should think so!

Harold Revine has admired Richard Dix since the days when he first appeared upon the screen and, despite the fact that he



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himself is a very busy person, he organized this club and sometimes works until the early hours of the morning in order to make it a success. And he has succeeded!

I hope that all true Dix fans will join the club. Write for particulars to Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

DIANA LISTER.

Rosyth, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, England.

Here's a Proposition for You.

Some time ago my name and address appeared in these pages and I was consequently bombarded with letters from all over the world. What impressed me was that at least half of the letters suggested my joining some club boosting a prominent star. Nearly every well-known star was represented, and the other point that impressed me was that the other half of the letters named those same stars as favorites.

maniac magician and is barely saved from death by her fiancé. Alice Terry, Paul Wegener, and Ivan Petrovich.

"Men of Steel"—First National. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a melodramatic "epic" of the steel industry. Inclined to be showy, but has moments of grim and beautiful reality.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinary, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Midnight Lovers"—First National. Respectable and amusing in spite of the title. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone as husband and wife, each suspicious of the other without cause.

"Nell Gwyn"—Paramount. Pleasing entertainment. Dorothy Gish, in the historical rôle of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, displays her well-known talents as a mad-cap comedienne.

"Nervous Wreck, The"—Producers Distributing. Fairly amusing farce of the bloodcurdling adventures of a nervous young man in Arizona. Harrison Ford and Phyllis Haver.

"One Minute to Play"—F. B. O. "Red" Grange makes his screen début in a highly agreeable football picture, with an exciting climax.

"Prince of Tempters, The"—First National. Interesting, though heavy, drama of young English duke whose soul is torn between a good and a bad woman. Ben Lyon, Lya de Putti, and Lois Moran.

"Private Izzy Murphy"—Warner. Screen début of the stage comedian, George Jessel. Another mixture of Irish and Jewish characters, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the Irish heroine.

"Quarterback, The"—Paramount. A wholesome college film, brightly and intelligently done, with the usual football scenes. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

"Return of Peter Grimm, The"—Fox. Charming transcription of the play, full of emotional appeal. Alec Francis in rôle of Peter, whose spirit revisits the living. Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling.

The object of this letter is to suggest to the fans that they try the game of *making* a star. That does not mean deserting the old favorites, but it would mean giving ourselves some share in the movie game.

For instance, there are half a dozen leading men who have star material in them. They are Harrison Ford, Victor Varconi, Pierre Gendron, Lars Hanson, George K. Arthur, and William Collier, Jr. William Haines used to be in the list, but I believe his company has at last recognized his talent and charm.

The Wampas take care of promising material among the young ladies, so perhaps we would have more chance to create our own star from the male side of the roster.

How many agree with me that these six leading men are worth pushing, and which of the six shall we push the hardest? I vote for Harrison Ford!

L. M.

New York City.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 70

"Silent Lover, The"—First National. Milton Sills exceptionally good as an irresponsible count who gets into trouble and seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion. Natalie Kingston is the girl.

"Son of the Sheik, The"—United Artists. Valentino's last film. Sequel to "The Sheik," with the star in the dual rôle of father and son. Action, romance, and Vilma Banky.

"Sorrows of Satan, The"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith's latest. Disappointing. Adolphe Menjou is Satan in modern clothes, Ricardo Cortez the youth he tempts, Carol Dempster the distraught sweetheart, and Lya de Putti the siren.

"So's Your Old Man"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in an entertaining comedy of a small-town goof scorned by his fellow townsmen until a bona-fide princess, Alice Joyce, unexpectedly drops in on him.

"So This Is Paris"—Warner. Lubitsch offers another masterpiece of light marital comedy. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, Lilyan Tashman and Andre Beranger, are the two involved couples.

"Sparrows"—United Artists. Mary Pickford is a waif again in a gloomy melodrama of cruelly treated orphans in the midst of a deadly swamp.

"Stepping Along"—First National. Johnny Hines in a dashing comedy of an energetic newsboy who rises to be an assemblyman, with Mary Brian thrown in.

"Stranded in Paris"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in gay, sophisticated, hilarious comedy of shopgirl who goes to Paris and is mistaken for a countess.

"Strong Man, The"—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the most human comedy he has made. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambling assistant of a professional strong man.

"Subway Sadie"—First National. Unique and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Syncopating Sue"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a sprightly characterization of a gum-chewing jazz

player. Lively comedy with laughs galore. Tom Moore as a trap drummer.

"Temptress, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A triumph for Greta Garbo. Ibáñez's tale of a beautiful woman whose tragedy is that all men who love her come to ruin. Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore.

"Tin Hats"—Metro-Goldwyn. The farcical adventures of three buddies overseas. Romance of a gum-chewing doughboy and a haughty German baroness. Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.

"Upstage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer in a deft, humorous picture of vaudeville life, with a thrilling climax. Tale of a pretty dancer whose head gets turned.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in the leads.

"Waltz Dream, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A charming light comedy from the German Ufa studios. Typically Continental. Excellent cast, though all strangers to American audiences.

"You Never Know Women"—Paramount. Florence Vidor's initial starring film. Novel tale of a Russian vaudeville troupe touring America. Clive Brook is the knife-throwing hero.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Ace of Cads, The"—Paramount. None-too-successful transference of Michael Arlen story to screen. Adolphe Menjou is the self-sacrificing hero, Alice Joyce the lady.

"Amateur Gentleman, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a dull, spiritless picture adapted from Jeffery Farnoff's novel and laid in the time of the regency. Tale of a pugilist's son who aspires to be a gentleman.

"Cheerful Fraud, The"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a strenuous but not particularly funny comedy about a British nobleman in disguise. Gertrude Olmsted is the girl.

"City, The"—Fox. Dull film of a once daring and successful play. All about a blackmailing dope fiend. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Walling, and Walter McGrail.

"Clinging Vine, The"—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Leatrice Joy. Silly film, that might have been amusing, of mannish business girl who blossoms into cooing dove. Tom Moore also wasted.

"Devil's Island"—Chadwick. Pauline Frederick and a good idea wasted. Turgid melodrama involving the prisoners on the small penal island off the coast of South America, whither certain French criminals are sent for life.

"Diplomacy"—Paramount. Only mildly interesting. Adapted from the well-known play dealing with international intrigue. Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton.

"Fig Leaves"—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with ancient and modern sequences, of what happens to a wife who cares too much for clothes. George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"For Alimony Only"—Producers Dis-

tributing. Unrealistic attempt to show the evils of alimony. Leatrice Joy and Lilyan Tashman are the successive wives of the alimony slave, Clive Brook.

"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"Girl from Coney Island, The"—First National. See "Just Another Blonde."

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"—Paramount. Not entirely satisfactory. Tale of a waitress, two sailors, and a girl from prison. Lois Moran, Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, and William Collier, Jr.

"Great Deception, The"—First National. A feeble melodrama of the late war, with Ben Lyon as a supposed spy and Aileen Pringle as the girl.

"Her Big Night"—Universal. Laura La Plante in a long-drawn-out film of a shopgirl whose resemblance to a movie star puts her in the way of a thousand dollars.

"Her Honor the Governor"—F. B. O. Again Pauline Frederick ably plays a tense, emotional mother rôle. A melodrama of political intrigue, somewhat too theatrical and heavy handed.

"Into Her Kingdom"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a far-fetched film based on the theory that a daughter of the late Czar of Russia marries a Bolshevik and comes to America to keep shop. The Swedish Einar Hansen is the Bolshevik.

"It Must Be Love"—First National. Colleen Moore as a delicatessen man's daughter who tries to rise above her hated surroundings. Not as sparkling as her best films. Malcolm McGregor is her hero.

"Just Another Blonde"—First National. Also released as "The Girl from Coney Island." Slow film dealing with two Coney Island girls and two gamblers. Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, and William Collier, Jr.

"Last Frontier, The"—Producers Distributing. The pioneer days again. William Boyd, as a stalwart young scout, and Marguerite de la Motte, as a flowerlike Southern girl, are the pair of lovers.

"Lily, The"—Fox. Belle Bennett in a complicated, old-fashioned film of a young woman who sacrifices romance for the sake of her father, and grows old a slave to duty.

"London"—Paramount. Dorothy Gish in a feeble film of a soubrette of the London slums who is adopted by a rich old lady.

"Marriage Clause, The"—Universal. An unreal, unoriginal film of stage life, with Billie Dove in the rôle of a star who is torn between a career and marriage.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow and a little dull.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is the tippler, George Lewis and June Marlowe the youngsters.

"Padlocked"—Paramount. Absurdly improbable tale of a stern, bigoted father whose self-righteousness is the



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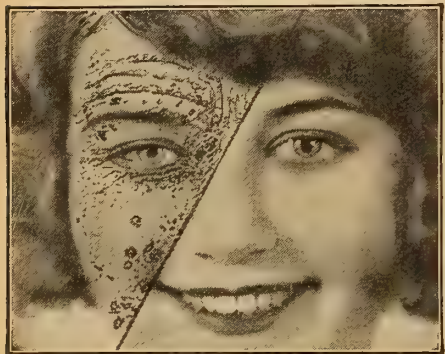
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death of his wife and the ruin of his daughter. Lois Moran, Noah Beery, and Louise Dresser.

"Pals First"—First National. A sentimental, complicated film featuring one of those Southern plantations with a missing heir, the latter being at last discovered in a gang of crooks. Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

"Paradise"—First National. A mistake from the beginning. Milton Sills and Betty Bronson are miscast as sweethearts in a story that shifts from the Broadway footlights to the South Sea Isles.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the rôle of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.

"Take It from Me"—Universal. Not up to Reginald Denny's usual standard. Escapades of a reckless young man who assumes charge of a department store. Blanche Mehaffey is the girl.

"Three Bad Men"—Fox. Fine picturization of the West of the '70s, though the plot is thin and slow. Besides the "three bad men," there are George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"Tin Gods"—Paramount. Thomas

Meighan as a silently suffering builder of bridges in South America who turns to drink, but is redeemed by Renee Adoree. Aileen Pringle is the ambitious wife.

"White Black Sheep, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unconvincing film of a disowned son who goes to the Orient, saves the British nation, and is forgiven by father.

"Whole Town's Talking, The"—Universal. Rough-and-tumble farce, fairly funny, but often just silly. Edward Everett Horton and Virginia Lee Corbin.

"Winning of Barbara Worth, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman somewhat miscast in this film of the great open spaces. Beautiful scenery and a capital flood, but story heavily told.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith, in a subtle but rather tedious satire on mystery stories, is a dapper coroner called to the scene of a smart society murder.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Joseph, form the royal family, and Bessie Love is the American girl.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

DONALD L. MORSE.—It was certainly delightful to receive a Christmas and New Year greeting "from the land of sunshine and flowers." It's raining here as I write, and there are positively no little tulips or poppies about—except at the florist's.

SKEEZIX WEINSTEIN.—Well, now that you ask me, I don't always have the patience to answer so many questions, but probably a conductor runs out of patience, ringing up fares. There are no plans at present for Nazimova to appear in films again; Bull Montana plays most of the time in two-reel comedies. Baby Peggy is nine years old now. Bert Lytell is about forty and is five feet ten and a half inches tall. As to why Alice Terry wears "that terrible wig when she has such beautiful hair of her own," I have often wondered myself. Perhaps she feels that gentlemen really do prefer blondes. Rupert Hughes doesn't give his age; he is probably in his late forties. When real people and animated cartoons appear on the screen together, it is probably double exposure, frequently used in making movies. One side of the plate is exposed to take a picture, and the other half exposed later for something else to appear in the same scene. Earthquakes, as a rule, would be photographed from sets in the studio, which are wrecked by wind machines and other mechanical devices. I can't answer questions as to the stars' religious beliefs.

TONY.—"Enter detective in disguise of answer man," you say. Why, Tony, don't you know you can't disguise a detective? They all wear bulldog shoes and derby hats, and smoke big, black cigars. I know—I've seen 'em on the stage! J. Farrell MacDonald is under contract to Fox. The latest home address I have for Mitchell Lewis—which is several years old—is 1032 Arlington Avenue, Los Angeles. George Arliss is probably touring with his play "Old English" and could best be reached in care of Winthrop Ames, the producer, 244 West Forty-fourth Street, New York. Edith Allen seems to have dropped out of

sight in the film world. Charlie Chase is at the Hal Roach studios.

BETTY, PEKING.—Your letter has certainly seen the world before it reached this office, hasn't it? "Blood and Sand" was the film in which Valentino played his famous rôle of *Juan Gallardo*. Rudy was married twice—to Jean Acker, and to Winifred Hudnut, professionally known as Natasha Rambova. Valentino died last August 23d; he was born May 6, 1895. He was five feet eleven inches and had black hair and brown eyes. Doris Kenyon played *Lady Mary* in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Yes, the little boy Zasu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, adopted, was the adopted son of Barbara La Marr. I don't know whether it is possible to obtain photographs of deceased players or not, since the film companies no longer have any reason for publicizing them. Barbara La Marr was a First National Player—try that company, address below—and Valentino was a United Artists star. You might write Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, Hollywood, California, for a picture of Wallace.

THE IRENE RICH LOYALTY CLUB invites this star's admirers to become members. The president is Miss Bernice Meadows, Box 155, Sunset Heights, Texas.

HELEN V. HINES.—Once you start, you hardly ever stop—well, that must keep you going quite a while if you start often. Yes, you may join as many correspondence clubs as interest you. Just write to the address given for each club and tell the president—or secretary—that you would like to join. There is a Mary Pickford Club—Martin Jacobsen, president, 912 Peck Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin. No, Pearl White is not in a French convent any longer, though she still lives in France. She appears frequently in French music halls. Elmo Lincoln seems to have retired permanently from films. Colleen Moore has dark-brown hair. She became a star because, as it happens, she is the most popular of all feminine film players. Ruth Roland lives at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—William Haines was reported engaged to the sister of Irving Thalberg, a Metro-Goldwyn executive—but you can't believe all you hear. No, Olive Borden and Janet Gaynor are not related. Olive was born in Virginia about twenty years ago. Janet Gaynor is about the same age and was born in Philadelphia. George Lewis was born in Mexico City. Yes, I think he and William Haines would both send you their photographs. Write them, respectively, Universal and Metro-Goldwyn. Charlie Paddock doesn't play in films regularly; you might try him at Famous Players, the only company he has worked for. Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 South Rampart Street, Los Angeles. He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897.

DOT STOLL.—Thanks, for the good wishes. I announced your club once, as you probably know by now, and space does not permit announcing the same club twice. I'd love to be on your honorary list, if I don't have any corresponding to do—that's my life work already.

DADDY'S GIRL.—Do you really think I am so old? Well, I feel so this moment as I totter to my typewriter. But perhaps the tottering is left over from last night. Lillian Rich is married; I don't know to whom. Her new picture is "Exclusive Rights." Malcolm McGregor is playing opposite Betty Compton in "Ladybird." Lloyd Hughes has been working on "An Affair of the Follies;" Mary Brian opposite Ben Lyon in "High Hat," and Norma Shearer with Lew Cody in "The Demi-Bride." Louise Fazenda's new ones are "Dearie," "Finger Prints," and "Simple Sis." I don't know in what order they will be released. Leatrice Joy's new film is "Nobody's Widow," and Robert Frazer's is "One Hour of Love." Bessie Love was born in Midland, Texas; she doesn't say when.

A. D. S.—Those three letters spell money to a magazine! Yes, I think Billie Dove is very beautiful. She is under contract to First National, and her new films are "The Sensation Seekers" and "An Affair of the Follies." William Haines has been making "Slide, Kelly, Slide." He played the lead in Metro-Goldwyn's current special, "Tell It to the Marines." Anna Q. Nilsson is always busy, in First National pictures. Her late ones are "Midnight Lovers" and "Easy Pickings." I doubt if Norma Shearer played a minor rôle in "The Call of the Canyon." She is not listed in the cast, and I think she was too well known when that film was made to have played in it anonymously. Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw played the leads. Dorothy Seastrom and Lura Anson both played small parts—perhaps you have one of them confused with Miss Shearer. Richard Dix, Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez, Arthur Rankin were other well-known players in the very large cast.

SLICUMS.—"Maybe you'll come again if you run up against something," you say. I'm not so sure I like that as a compliment. I hope it doesn't mean you have to get hit in the head to write. I think Louise Dresser is free lancing just now. If you haven't received Jack Hoxie's picture after writing him twice, it seems to me he's probably just lazy and has no secretary. He has been married for some years to Marin Sais.

ISABEL AND EILEEN PATRICK WILSON.—Well, now that you ask, I do sometimes get tired of answering questions, but I really feel that I might get much more tired not having any questions to answer, nor any salary. Dick Talmadge makes pic-

tures constantly; his recent ones are "The Broadway Gallant," "The Better Man," "Doubling with Danger," and "The Black Rider." I don't know Dick's birthday. Richard Dix's next picture is "Knockout Reilly;" John Gilbert's, "Twelve Miles Out." Rod La Rocque has the lead in "Resurrection."

CYPRES.—I'm glad you think PICTURE-PLAY is the best movie magazine; we try to make it so. I can't tell you where all the old-timers are whom you ask about, but here is some information: Violet Heming plays on the legitimate stage almost entirely; Alice Lake is in vaudeville. Niles Welch played on the stage all this season in "The Donovan Affair." The Novak sisters still play in films, for the smaller companies. The same is true of Frank Mayo, and of Grace Darmond. Yes, Louise Glaum has more or less retired. She was married in March, 1926, to Harry Zachary, whose business I don't know. Peggy Hyland was married some years ago to Fred Granville; I understand she is living in England, and is divorced. Justine Johnstone is frequently seen at New York premières with her husband, Walter Wanger, an executive of Famous Players, though she no longer appears on the screen. Edith Roberts is still playing in pictures. "The Mystery Club" and "Shameful Behavior" are her most recent films. William Farnum's return to the stage was announced about a year ago, but nothing came of it, unless he is playing on tour somewhere. The others you ask about all seem to have dropped out of sight—probably they have retired. I can't remember the character name of *Julio's* sister in "The Four Horsemen;" the cast, of course, was enormous. Kathleen Key played *Georgette*, Virginia Warwick played *Chichi*,* and Mabel van Buren was *Elena*. Universal is to make "Show Boat," with Mary Philbin.

A LOIS MORAN FILM CLUB has just been formed. Any one interested may get in touch with the president, Gloria Greenhill, 619 East Fifth Street, New York City.

CUDDLES C.—Is Cuddles used as a noun or a verb? George Lewis was born in Mexico City. Arthur Rankin free lances, and I have no idea where to suggest your writing him. I know very little about Arthur except that he is related to Doris Rankin, Lionel Barrymore's former wife.

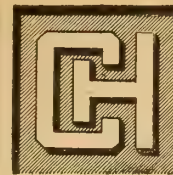
A HARRISON FORD CLUB—another one!—wishes to be announced. The president is Elizabeth Sumner, 2357 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, and the secretary, Mary Monberg, 2957 Pasadena Avenue, Detroit.

P. J. S.—Alice Terry was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and is therefore American. She has played in pictures about seven years, and is in her late twenties. John Barrymore is also American.

L. W.—Aren't you faithful, with Thomas Meighan as your favorite all these years! He has been married ever since I first heard of him, so I don't know how old he was when the great event took place. He is now forty-seven. He has played in pictures about twelve years, but I've no idea what his first film was. He used to be one of Norma's leading men; I remember him in her early picture, "The Forbidden City." "The Thunderbolt" was produced about 1919.

THE BEBE DANIELS CLUB—shouldn't it be "A" instead of "THE"?—wants to be announced. Those wishing to join may write to the club president, Charles Callender, 857 Station Place, Berkeley, California.

* This was *Julio's* sister.



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CHAKAWANA.—That's a mouthful; one has to be sober to say that! Madge Evans is a grown-up ingénue now; she played on the stage this past winter in a play called "Daisy Mayme." Virginia Lee Corbin still plays frequently in pictures—flapper rôles. Her current film is "Driven From Home," a Chadwick production. I don't know the address of either of these girls; they both move about so.

THE GEORGE O'BRIEN ATHLETIC CLUB, with George himself as honorary president, invites new members. Those interested may write to Ralph Savy, 17 Edgewood Street, Stafford Springs, Connecticut. Photos of George may be obtained by members.

A TOM MIX ADMIRER.—There are plenty of others like you! Tom Mix was born in Texas and rode the plains as a cowboy in his youth. He was a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War, and has played in pictures probably about ten or twelve years. I understand that Victoria Forde is his third wife; they have been married eight years. His daughter, Ruth, by one of his earlier marriages, is about nineteen now. Tom has black hair and brown eyes and is about five feet eight inches; he is very breezy and "Western" in his manner.

SUNNY.—You're quite welcome to all my "kindness;" it isn't altogether disinterested, is it? Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer are to be cofeatured in "Old Heidelberg." His current picture is "Lovers," with Alice Terry. Lloyd Hughes has been married since June 30, 1921, to Gloria Hope; they have a son, born last October. Lloyd has been making "An Affair of the Follies." I believe "The Love of Sunya," with Gloria Swanson, is John Boles' first film.

Fan Clubs

Vilma Banky Club—Donald Phillips, 215 W. 23d St., New York City.
 Richard Barthelmess Fan Club—Ethel Milner, 1303 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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 Warner Baxter Club—Robert Allen, Wise-carver Apts., Waynesburg, Pa.
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 Richard Dix Pal Club—Harold Revine, 179 Arthur St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.
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 Doris Kenyon Club—Evelyn Jackson, "Finchfield," Kew Gardens, Southport, England.
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 Harold Lloyd Club—Hal Granger, Westboro, Ontario, Canada.
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 Ben Lyon Correspondence Club—Lucille Pierce, W. 6th St., Cisco, Texas.
 Ben Lyon Loyalty Club—R. I. Fischer, 136 Clyde Ave., Evanston, Ill.
 Patsy Ruth Miller Fan Club—Eleanor Shaunessy, 518 E. 146th St., New York City.
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 Colleen Moore Fan Club—Dorothy Mae Thompson, 13 Fifth St., Aspinwall, Pa.
 Colleen Moore Fan Club—Geneva McKenna, 9 Retreat St., Southgate, Ky.
 Lois Moran Film Club—Gloria Greenhill, 619 E. 5th St., New York City.
 Motion Picture Club of America—F. L. Federson, 92 Lake Ave., Melrose, Mass.
 Motion Picture Players Club—Zarabelle X. Reiser, 2900 W. 38th St., Chicago, Ill.
 Movie Fans Friendship Club—Charles Mank, Jr., 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill.
 George O'Brien Club—Leonard Eury, Box 85, Bessemer City, N. C.
 George O'Brien Club—Mary Knapp, 94 E. 5th St., Corning, N. Y.
 George O'Brien Athletic Club—Ralph Savy, 17 Edgewood St., Stafford Springs, Conn.
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 Mary Philbin Club—Agnes Rode, 3111 8th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
 Mary Philbin Correspondence Club—Mae Beyer, 1018 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Photoplay Club of America—Emil J. Mueller, 923 8th St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Australian branch—Beatrice Mangan, Collier St., Brunswick, Melbourne, Australia.
 Mary Pickford Club—Martin Jacobsen, 912 Peck Ave., Racine, Wis.
 Esther Ralston Fan Club—Mabel Hill, 1250 S. Normal Ave., Chico, Cal.
 Irene Rich Loyalty Club—Bernice Meadows, Box 155, Sunset Heights, Texas.
 Richard Talmadge Correspondence Club—Beatrice Bisenius, 16 Dean St., West Orange, N. J.
 Richard Talmadge Club—Max Kochan, 16 Keir St., Lauriston, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Addresses of Players.

Buster Collier, Alyce Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Laska Winter, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Betty Compton, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathryn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.
 Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.
 Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
 Dorothy Seastrom, Lewis Stone, Teddy Sampson, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.
 Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Bow-

mano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, Richard Talmadge, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Roque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Carol Dempster, Lois Moran, Louise Brooks, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Buck Jones, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Helen Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Dore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Alberta Vaughn, Adamae Vaughn, Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Kay, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, 1762 Orchid Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Charles Emmett Mack, 10442 Kinnard Avenue, Westwood, Los Angeles, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1261 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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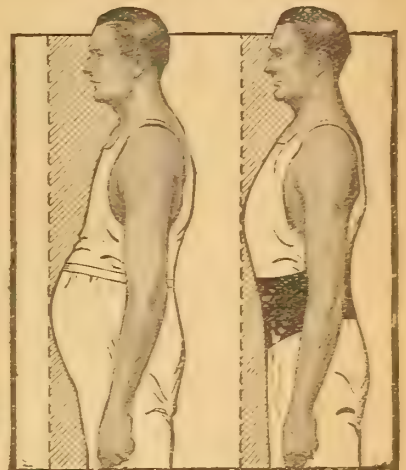
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Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

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The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 352, 512 Fifth Ave., New York.



**Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 352, 512 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.**

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name

Address

City State

When a Woman Marries—

More often than not, the romance for which every woman yearns, flies away after the wedding. At any rate, this was the case with Marcia Bostwick, who had not long been married before she discovered that her husband was a harsh and domineering ego-tist.

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MAY
1927



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APPY HOMES MINUS HUSBANDS



For Sheer Excitement Read This Rollicking Western Story

It's the story of "Red" Conners, who eased himself out of a job as a movie cowboy to get employment on a real ranch run by a very real personality.

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MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcel- lers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.

Commercial Photographers

425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photo- graphs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was mar- celled with Maison Marcel- lers. The one at the left shows miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. The center photograph shows the Maison Marcel- lers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook,



Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.
Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public.

Glorious Waves Like This Week In Week Out

No Beauty Shop Expense---No Ruinous Hot
Irons---No Bothersome Appointments

Just 30 Minutes---At Home---
Whenever Convenient

IF anyone told you that you could have the love- liest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other tor- turous methods you wouldn't believe it. Yet it is literally true. You can have the most beau- tifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imag- inable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcel- lers, once a week---right at home---and marcel, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

**A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every
Time You Use Them**

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcel- lers will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all you have saved the price of a new frock. And the ini- tial cost is practically nothing---just the price of a marcel or two---and you are free from waving ex- pense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invita- tion just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave- ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcel- lers on slightly dampened locks---and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcel- lers off---and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you

Read What They Say!

---about the

Maison Marcel- lers

Miss S., Springfield, Mass.

I find each time I use Maison Marcel- lers a constant delight as they do make such beautiful soft waves on my head.

Mrs. M. S., Camden, N. J.

I am very well satisfied with your marcel- lers and is the truest advertisement I have ever sent for.

Mrs. G. S., Sumner, Wash.

I was surprised at the success I had the first time I put them in.

Mrs. A. N., Battle Creek, Mich.

I can't get along without them now.

Miss B. M., Chandler, Ind.

They surely are beautiful when you get them right. Have had several compliments on my wave since using the Marcel- lers.

Miss C. B. P., Flint, Mich.

I cannot too highly recommend the Maison Marcel- lers to anyone desiring a perfect marcel effect.

Miss J. E. D., San Francisco, Cal.

I am very well pleased with the soft natural wave which they put into my hair. Many have noticed the more becoming wave. "I think they're just wonderful!"

know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This con- stant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months' use of the Maison Marcel- lers and your hair will re- cover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons. Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, strag- gly, unkempt locks, because your hair could not longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

**For Any Kind of Hair---
For Any Arrangement**

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcel- lers achieve. The promi- nent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marcel- lers that she also added her state- ment to that of the photographer. Your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcel- lers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it---in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part---you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcel- lers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcel- lers adapt themselves to any style---any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcel- lers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. Maison Marcel- lers make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marcel- ling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it and give us their opin- ion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic

about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcel- lers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disap- pointed until your Maison Marcel- lers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention---just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcel- lers throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you, to own this priceless boon to beauty: A complete set of Maison Marcel- lers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents postage---a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and ad- vertising.

Send No Money---Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving trou- bles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel- lers again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling out- fit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results---if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way---simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

124 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 105, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcel- lers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will fol- low. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcel- lers do not put a perfectly defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

City

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcel- ling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Picture Play

Volume XXVI

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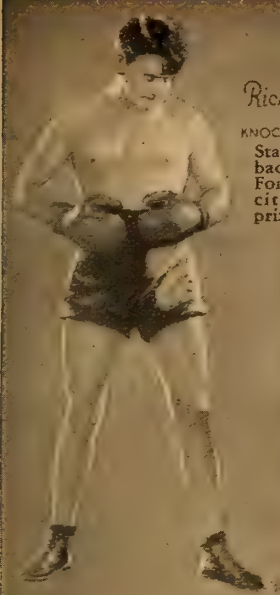
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true. And also because these are
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Clara Bow
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The star of "It" shows she
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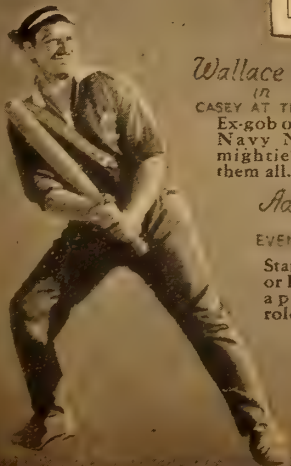
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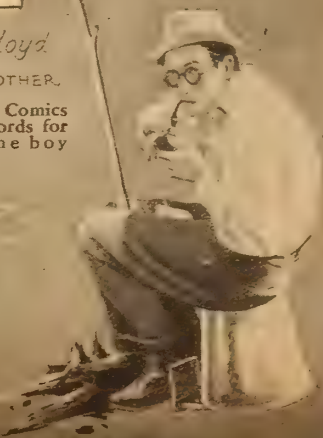


Wallace Beery
in
CASEY AT THE BAT
Ex-gob of "We're in the
Navy Now" as the
mightiest batsman of
them all.

Adolphe Menjou
in
EVENING CLOTHES
Star of "Blonde
or Brunette" in
a picturesque
role.



Harold Lloyd
in
THE KID BROTHER.
The King of Comics
breaks all records for
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sheriff.



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STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM,



PICTURE-PLAY for June will be more interesting than ever before! It is unfair to mention any one of the reasons ahead of the others, because there are so many features, and they're all headliners.

For example, there is Myrtle Gebhart's article about Margaret Livingston. Intimate, searching, sympathetic, it brings to light the *true* Margaret Livingston, and explains the evolution of the girl who came to Hollywood from Utah five years ago and set out to make a career for herself, choosing to be gay and devil-may-care because she thought it the right thing to do, when all

the while she was aching to be herself. Never has Miss Gebhart written with more feeling.

Emil Jannings, the great German actor, is the subject of one of Edwin Schallert's astute and illuminating articles. Jannings on the set, and in his home, is a very different individual from the Jannings we know on the screen, and this study in contrasts should not be missed.



OUR SPRING BOUQUET



of other fresh and sparkling items includes such captivating subjects as Laura La Plante's strong reasons for her church wedding, an amazing analysis of Olive Borden, by the shrewdly amusing Malcolm H. Oettinger, an engaging interview with Leslie Fenton, unusual pen pictures of Phyllis Haver, Gilda Gray, Joan Crawford, and Victor McLaglen, as well as a round dozen of other entertaining inducements for you to read PICTURE-PLAY for June from cover to cover.



They Thought I Was Trying to be Funny —



Until I Started to Play — Then I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives

THE crowd sat spellbound—fascinated with the rich full notes of Harry's violin. Yes, it was beautiful—for Harry was a brilliant performer. Yet I could not help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them. I waited until the last ripple of applause had stopped. Then with mock dignity I arose.

"With your kind permission," I announced, "I shall now charm you with a piano recital."

Everyone snickered, "Does he really play?" one girl asked. "Yes," Phil laughed, "he plays the Victrola—*beautifully!*" Someone behind me whispered: "Jim must have his little joke." "How about playing Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C Minor,' Jim!" another suggested. The room was in an uproar. They were sure I couldn't play a note.

With studied clumsiness, I fell over the piano stool and dropped the lid on my hand. Then with all the gravity of a master pianist, I proceeded to pick out "Chop Sticks" with one finger! The crowd roared with laughter. This was the dramatic moment for my surprise. Dropping the mask of the clown, I struck the first sweet chords of Wagner's lovely "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser."

The laughter died on their lips. The magic of my music cast a spell over everyone. As I played on with complete confidence I forgot the room

—the people—everything. I was alone—lost in the sheer beauty of the immortal master's tender melodies.

The Thrill of My Life

When the last haunting strain of the mel-low notes had faded away, there was a dead silence. Had I failed? A roar of applause answered my question. Then I felt the thrill that comes with real success!

A perfect bedlam of questions and congratulations followed from my amazed and dumbfounded friends—"How long have you been playing?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"Where did you learn?"

"I know it is hard to believe," I replied happily, "but I learned at home—and *without a teacher!*"

How I Learned

They were too completely surprised to say anything so I told them the whole story.

"I have always wanted to play the piano. But I never had a chance to take lessons when I was a youngster and as time went on

I reluctantly said goodbye to my ambition to play. Then I saw an interesting ad one day. It told about a new, easy way of learning music—right at home—without a teacher. It seemed too good to be true. But I *did* want to play and it certainly was worth investigating as long as it didn't cost me a cent. So I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet.

"When they arrived, I was amazed to see how easy playing the piano really was—easier than I dared hope. I knew right away that I could master it. So I decided that I would send for the course and practice secretly. Then I could surprise you all."

Just a Few Minutes a Day

"The course was as fascinating as a new game. I enjoyed every minute of it. I was playing real tunes from the start *by note*. Reading music was as easy as A-B-C! No weary scales, no monotonous exercises, no tiresome hours of practicing. And each lesson was easier than the last. Although I never had any "special talent" for music I was playing my favorites almost before I knew it. Soon I could play jazz, ballads, classical music—all with equal ease. Well, did I surprise you?"

You, too, Can Quickly Learn

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And its cost averages just a few cents a day!

* Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 535 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

U. S. School of Music,
535 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with Introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson and Particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....

Name

Address

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and
Violin	Composition
Drums and	Sight Singing
Traps	Ukulele
Guitar	Hawaiian
Mandolin	Steel Guitar
Harp	Clarinet
Cornet	Flute
Piccolo	Saxophone
	Trombone
	Voice and Speech Culture
	Automatic Finger Control
	Piano Accordion
	Banjo (5-String, Plectrum and Tenor)

What the Fans Think



A Chance to Carry Out Valentino's Wishes.

THERE is a very important message which we should like to have broadcast to every single fan in the world, because we want to reach the hearts of all who loved Rudolph Valentino. We offer to his public the splendid opportunity to prove that they are not fickle—that they did not rave over the actor merely to forget the man.

Following his death, several plans were conceived, without definite action or result, toward erecting some kind of a memorial to him—a statue, a tablet, or something of the sort. It is fortunate that no definite step along such lines has been taken, because not until now has Rudolph Valentino's own personal wish been made public.

When at the height of his fame and happiness, he spoke to his loved ones of what he would like to have done in his name if he should be taken from his earthly glory to a greater one. And his personal desire was, not to have a statue nor any cold, impassive monument erected in his memory, but to have something done to promote the happiness of others—some charitable work carried on in his name. I am unspeakably proud and happy to be privileged to give this, his own message, to the fans he loved, and intrusted with the accomplishment of his own expressed desire.

Valentino's name will ever live as a symbol of romance—it is now within his public's power to make it live also as a symbol of unselfishness and thoughtfulness toward others. Rudolph Valentino was such a vital man, so intense an artist, so generous of character, is so alive still in his public's minds and hearts, that it is beautifully in keeping for a memorial that his public builds for him to be a throbbing, living thing.

I should most earnestly appreciate hearing from Valentino fans and receiving their opinions about this proposal, as well as definite suggestions as to a course of endeavor. The best suggestions so far have been the dedication and support of a bed in a children's hospital or the yearly presentation of a scholarship at some recognized art institute. The latter suggestion would probably be nearer to Mr. Valentino's own interest.

This project is being launched under the auspices of the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, and will be handled with all the effort and importance of a distinct unit, plus the enthusiastic coöperation of the mother

organization. *This movement is an official, active Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club, dedicated to the definite goal of carrying out Mr. Valentino's own desire.*

Please let me hear from all who are interested in thus keeping Rudolph Valentino's name alive and honored.

CONSTANCE RIQUER.

14207 Northfield Street,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

She's Having Fits.

L. J. S., in the February PICTURE-PLAY, came the nearest to sending me into fits that any one has ever done. In fact, distinct signs of froth may be seen about my mouth even now.

Anæmic, pallid, colorless Conrad Nagel better than the vivid, sparkling genius, John Gilbert! Ye gods! Lend me courage to bear this! I have never heard of such idiocy in my life! But because of the respect I once had for Mr. Nagel's now vanished powers of acting, I might have stood even that, but when it comes to Jack Mulhall beating Gilbert by a mile—too much is too much! Unless L. J. S. is out deliberately to bait other fans, I can't understand his stand.

Mr. Nagel gives the impression of being hoisted about by strings in a none-too-skillful manner. Mr. Mulhall doesn't even move that much. How can these two puppets be compared, then, with the screen's best actor? Each characterization of Gilbert's lives—it isn't acted but *lived*!

Gilbert and Vidor forever, is my motto.

LILLIAN PARTOS.

4 East 61st Street,
New York City.

A Terrible Disappointment.

Gee whiz! I just *hate* to be disappointed in a star, don't you? It gives me the funniest sort of empty feeling. I think I was more hurt than anything else. I would like to tell all the fans about it.

But before I start on that, I will say that I saw Bert Lytell in vaudeville recently while he was in Chicago, and he certainly made one hit—with me, anyway. So friendly and nice, with that "just a regular fellow" look. I hope he'll be making a picture soon.

Continued on page 10

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Continued from page 8

My disappointment is a long story. I have been secretary of the Pauline Garon Boosters' Club ever since it was first organized. Starting with only a few members, it now has over one hundred. It's just a social club, with meetings, dances, picture discussions, and so forth. We yelled in the ears of the theater managers so that we had 'em all scampering around trying to book all of Pauline's pictures. Recently, being in Chicago at the same time Miss Garon was, I called, with the hope of getting a few statements from her to publish in our monthly paper, the *P. G. B. C. News*—and do you know, she absolutely refused to talk to me? Gee! that made me feel hurt! How could it have hurt her to say "Hello!" and a couple of remarks about the club? And we trying to boost her and help as much as we can toward making her name "it" in Alton and vicinity!

I think Olive Borden, of the newer stars, is making quite a stride forward in the hearts of the fans. And Greta Garbo—all the hullabalooers about foreign stars ought to see her in "The Temptress," and then there would be less raving about the foreign invasion.

R. D. M.

120 Broadway, Alton, Illinois.

A Big Mistake.

When Pathé selected Allene Ray to star in their serials and to fill the place which Ruth Roland had vacated in order that she might make features, they made a big mistake.

Ruth Roland is a beautiful, appealing woman and a fine actress, while Allene Ray is neither. I have nothing against Miss Ray personally, but she *cannot* act. After giving the public interesting serials with such a lovely star and proficient actress as Miss Roland in the leads, how can Pathé expect to draw attention to Allene Ray?

Some years ago I followed two of Ruth Roland's serials—"Haunted Valley" and "Ruth of the Range"—and a part of Allene Ray's "The Fortieth Door." There was quite a difference between them. On the days that the episodes in Ruth Roland's films were being shown, there was always an interested crowd at the theater. But during the showing of Miss Ray's picture—well, anybody could get, and was welcome to, a seat. Recently I saw a chapter of "Snowed In" and of "The House Without a Key." The audience was terribly bored.

Pathé officials are largely to blame for this, for they do not choose interesting stories. If they did, maybe Allene's acting would be better.

MARY LOUISE ZEBROE.

1924 McFerrin Avenue, Waco, Texas.

Once She Raved—Now She's Bored.

Three years ago I became a movie fan. I bought every available magazine connected with the movies, and attended the movies regularly.

At first I accepted everything in the movies with a childlike faith. I raved about the actors and actresses, and wouldn't hear a word said against them, but gradually my attitude has changed.

Such films as once thrilled me now leave me yawning in my seat. There is a terrible monotony in the films at the present time. One knows that the hero will win through and embrace the heroine in the last reel, and that the precocious flapper, for all her goings on, is at heart a sweet little soul.

And the love scenes in films are sometimes very amusing. Those long, lingering kisses are terrible, and enough to make even the most sedate audience snicker.

I have also changed in regard to the stars, but this is largely due to the publicity that is sent out about them. Some of the Hollywoodians must imagine that the whole world waits breathlessly to know if John Gilbert will patch up his domestic troubles with Leatrice Joy; or what Milton Sills' opinion of women is.

One month we read how devoted Mae Murray and Robert Leonard are, and a few weeks later we behold Mae Murray gazing lovingly at quite a different husband, and Robert Leonard beaming at his new bride, Gertrude Olmsted. Such things are purely personal, and should concern only the stars themselves; and although some fans may like reading these intimate details concerning their favorites, I think it cheapens the stars, and gives the impression that they are just a lot of middle-class vulgarities.

We are also told how intellectual Pola Negri is—how many famous men have bent the knee before her scintillating mind. Yet every month we read of her different love affairs, and of how unhappy she is in love. Articles appear in the magazines under her name telling of how love is not for her, which somehow or other doesn't fit in with my idea of a brilliant and intellectual woman.

Before finishing I will add that I still have faith in Ramon Novarro, and I admire his attitude toward publicity. One never reads of his pet goldfish, nor his purple dressing gown, and for this we must be thankful.

DIANA.

28 South Audley Street, Abbotsford, Melbourne, Australia.

Oh, for a Little Variety!

A bouquet of gardenias to the producer who releases a Mexican or Spanish picture without showing the hero as a philanderer, boudoir invader, or desperado, reformed just before the end by a sweet young "thing," who is, in fact, too sweet to be true.

Another thing—when the hero is condemned to death, let the heroine die with him, instead of marrying the villain, and let the happy ending be accomplished by showing the lovers outside the "Gates of Heaven." It would be a pleasant change, welcomed by a long-suffering public.

I wonder if John Gilbert ever heard of the Eighteenth Amendment. Judging from his pictures, it does not seem so. I have to look at the program to see if I am viewing a romance, or lessons on how to conduct yourself at a drinking party.

Will some one please tell me why producers waste money on Madame Glyn's stories as an authority on love? I am afraid she is out. There will be dire results if Antonio Moreno plays the lead in any more of her junky stories.

NOREEN M. GRANT.

366 Morris Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Your Letters Are Stupid, Fans.

I have been reading the letters printed in *Picture-Play*, and don't see anything helpful or very interesting in them. They seem to me stupid and uninteresting on the whole.

I certainly admire Louise Brooks very much. She has a very pretty face, lovely eyes, and the most chic bob I know of. Of course, I don't think she is much of an actress or ever will be, but her looks are certainly to her credit in the motion-picture line.

Most of the stars marry very young, which is not in their favor, according to my estimation. A good actress should sacrifice everything to her acting and then,

if she wishes, can accumulate money and a name before she marries. I think marriage sometimes is what these young actresses wish for more than to act. It seems a shame to make the screen a marriage market.

I like to see pretty new stars, but wish they were chosen more for their talent than good looks. A good actress can always be made up to suit her part even if she isn't particularly beautiful.

I consider Vilma Banky a beautiful screen artist and know that she is in the screen profession for a good purpose and not just to get married or just for the money. I can see that in her whole attitude toward the pictures. This I truly admire.

H. J. T.

Hollis, New York.

A Protest from England.

I'd like, through this department, to issue a protest against the numerous fan letters that speak so scathingly of the so-called foreign invasion.

May I ask *why* all these rude, personal remarks are made against the foreign players in the U. S. A.? Could America possibly hold the sway that she has, in practically every country in the world, if she relied only on the merits of her own artists? The whole situation is entirely unfair, and who can blame any actor or actress for leaving the country of his birth if he can find more scope for his talents and more money elsewhere? As for returning to their native shores to spend the American dollars, how many ever return to their native shores?


If any one has need to grumble, it is England, yet we do not voice our grumbles. Do the fans in America know that the new British National Film Company, in the few films it has already produced, has used an American star in the leading rôle of each one, simply because the film would not sell in the American market otherwise? Hence the prolonged stay of Dorothy Gish here in England. This young lady was "doomed" by American fans long ago, so—to England she must come.

The same thing happened a while ago when Betty Compson faded a little in America. We were told she was receiving about five thousand dollars while working over here, and that Alice Joyce and Irene Rich were paid the same while they were here, yet practically any British film star could have filled any one of the rôles they played. But did anybody here throw brickbats, and squeal? No, I'm positively sure they didn't—all these beautiful, clever ladies are firmly established favorites over here. And I say, if these people have the brains and talent, then let them come and take our money. After all, they all earn it.

Broadly speaking, I think English fans are more loyal than Americans. Whether the stars are old or young, the majority are very clever and they reign here always. Valentino was as popular at his death as he was when "The Four Horsemen" burst upon the world, and even our old friends, Maurice Costello, Mabel Normand, and dear old Florence Turner, and many others, are as welcome as the new faces that gaze at us from the silver sheet.

Before concluding, I should like to say that the letters in *Picture-Play* referring to the "foreign invasion," "old men like Milton Sills and Conway Tearle making love to beautiful young girls," and so forth, are very distasteful, and hurtful to these people, who, after all, are only human beings like ourselves, and trying to give

Continued on page 12



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in settings more magnificent than any stage production — with the best-loved star of either stage or screen . . .

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SCREEN STORY by FRED deGRESAC
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THE GREEN BAG	John Paul Seabrooke
LENNISTER OF BLUE DOME	James Roberts
TWO-GUN GERTA	
	C. C. Waddell and Carroll John Daly
RAINBOW LANDING	Frank Lillie Pollock
THE PHANTOM ALIBI	Henry Leverage
MARK TURNS WEST	Mary Imlay Taylor
ON THE TRAIL OF FOUR	David Manning
STRAIGHT CROOKS	Howard Fielding
POISONOUS MIST	Gordon MacCreagh
THE LOOTED BONANZA	E. Whitman Chambers
JUST BUCKAROOS	Robert Ormond Case
THE PURPLE LIMITED	Henry Leverage
MASQUERADE	William Morton
SPANISH NUGGETS	Emart Kin-burn
THE AWAKENING OF ROMOLA	Anne O'Hagan
MARCIA	Anne O'Hagan
COWGIRLS—PLUS	George Gilbert
THE INCA'S RANSOM	Gordon MacCreagh
THE CRIMSON BLADE	Madeleine Sharps Buchanan
THE AMATEUR DETECTIVES	Christopher B. Booth
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WILD BILL	Joseph Montague
RIM O' THE RANGE	
	Ethel Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance

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NEW YORK CITY

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

their best in sheer hard work, and the less we see of such letters the better.

Here's three cheers for the whole crowd of Hollywood's screen artists, foreign or otherwise! I haven't any favorite, and I love 'em all!

ROBERT GREAVES.

26 Chaucer Road, Walthamston, E. 17,
London, England.

From One of "Those Foreigners."

I have been reading PICTURE-PLAY for the last three years, and I am very much interested in "What the Fans Think." But when they think wrong, I feel like speaking up, and I am going to give Mr. Edward Laurence and several others a piece of my mind right now.

This gentleman seems to have the impression that the Swedish actors and actresses are gold diggers, trying to ruin America. I am not Swedish, but I want to state a few facts to show him how wrong he is. The Swedish people are known as among the most refined and intelligent in the world. Lars Hanson, Victor Seastrom, Einar Hansen, and Greta Garbo were great movie stars in Sweden, respected and adored in all the Scandinavian countries. I have seen several of their Swedish productions, and I consider them among the best ever shown on the screen.

I am one of those foreigners who get the American dollars, as Mr. Laurence so beautifully expresses it, but, believe me, I have to work hard to get them! I can't pick them up on the street—nobody can.

There is a thing called "consideration"—which we give for what we get. The actors, be they Swedish or American, give the very best of themselves for the sake of their art, and they get their payment in dollars. What about it? Do you think they should starve?

I want to say that if John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Jack Holt, or any other well-known American star went to Sweden to make pictures, everybody would welcome them, and be proud of them. Where there is a heart, there is room, and I am sure Uncle Sam will make room for all the foreign stars.

I wish there were more girls like Lois Moran on the screen. If I could explain what her smile makes me think of, I would say it reminds me of all the wonderful dreams I had when I was "sweet seventeen." That girl has something to tell the world—has something to teach us all. She has such a sweet, pure charm.

I would like to know how it happened that Raymond Griffith could make a picture like "You'd Be Surprised," and get away with it. It would be wise of him not to give us any more surprises like that for a while.

MAY LANDSTAD.

521 State Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Make Them Become Citizens.

Regarding recent letters of "U. S. 1." of Detroit, Miss Bell of New York, B. M. P. of Baraboo, Wisconsin, also Edward Laurence of Hoboken, New Jersey, I firmly believe that each and every one of them has some grounds for his beliefs. I might be called a soldier of fortune, having soldiered under three flags and sailed under nine. The highest commissions that I held were under foreign flags, and I was never compelled to swear allegiance to a foreign country except during my commission.

Now, I hold and maintain that a foreigner coming to this country for a livelihood, regardless of the nature of said livelihood, should be granted a reasonable

length of time in which to decide whether or not he will make his permanent home in the United States. For instance, let our immigration laws be such that a person may come to this country—not only for the screen, but for any other legitimate vocation—for a period of two years. If, at the end of two years, said party wishes to remain in the United States, make it compulsory for him to take out citizenship papers, otherwise deport him.

Regarding the foreign movie stars in this country, I admire those who have become American citizens, but I have no use for those who have made their livelihood on the American screen for years and still retain their original nationality. For instance, Charlie Chaplin and Ronald Colman, and others of like nature.

Also, I feel the right to criticize our American-born stars who have married so-called foreign noblemen for the purpose of obtaining titles. Many of the stars who marry for titles are divorced within a short period, and some of them leave neat fortunes to their divorced husbands in exchange for their titles. I maintain that these artists are the poorest citizens that the American nation can claim.

Just one more word regarding filmdom. If some of our American directors would take the same pains and trouble with some of our American stars as they do with certain foreign stars and, also, if our American stars would work as hard and conscientiously as most foreign artists, it would not be necessary to import foreign talent.

A word of thanks and appreciation to Neola Berew, of St. Louis. She omitted the name of the star whom she had reference to regarding her matrimonial complications, but what does Constance Talmadge want? She's had a Greek, then a Scotchman. I would suggest that she try a blue-blooded American for her third husband.

WILLIAM H. CLARK.

710 Harrison Street, Amarillo, Texas.

Why Shouldn't She Get a Divorce?

I was very much amused by a letter in the February issue written by Miss Neola Berew about an "idol fallen." Any one could see that she was talking about Connie Talmadge. Connie has a right to a divorce if she wants it. I don't blame her in the least. First a Greek and then a Scotchman. If she were divorced ten times I would still adore her. From some of these letters you would think that actresses were not human.

MARION HESSE.

154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

In Answer to "Anti-Constance."

I was very grieved to read "Anti-Constance's" letter in a recent issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and feel I must write a few words in defense of my favorite star—Constance Talmadge.

It was perhaps through Norma's influence that Constance started in the movies, but since then she has proved that she possesses exceptional talent and a delightful personality. Who are the leading screen comedienne besides her? Bebe Daniels, Laura La Plante, Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, and a few others. But none of them has the charm, beauty, and acting ability that Constance has.

She has always been very much appreciated all over Europe, but it took her recent success to make her definitely popular with European fans. No one will deny that she was absolutely wonderful in that sophisticated comedy, "Her Sister from Paris."

Continued on page 112

See Venice by Moonlight with

JOSEPH M.
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in
**VENUS of
VENICE**

with
ANTONIO MORENO

SCREEN STORY by WALLACE SMITH

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CONSTANCE—"the Best
Comedienne on the Screen," says
"Liberty"! Gay as Spring—lovely
as Venetian Nights—clever as can
be . . .

AND VENICE—city of your
dreams! . . . Moonlight and mad-
ness—canals, gondolas—castles in
the sea . . .

Put them together and you have a
Carnival of Comedy and Romance
—even more delightful than "The
Duchess of Buffalo" or "Her Sis-
ter from Paris." Everybody says
it's Constance's best picture.

You'll see it soon!



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JETTA GOUDAL in "White Gold"

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Adapted by Garrett Fort and Marion Orth
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*The amazing revelation
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STARK - REALISTIC - BREATHTAKING



KENNETH THOMSON

"Where you go
I shall go"



GEORGE BANCROFT

NEVER has such a tremendous conflict of human and elemental emotions been depicted on the screen—the stark drama of a beautiful woman and three men—one who loved her, one who wanted her and one who hated her—played out in graphic realism on the lonely plains.

Monroe Lathrop, Dramatic Critic of the Los Angeles Evening Express says:—

"a masterpiece—one of the ten best pictures I ever saw, and I find it hard to recall one which so gripped me in every foot of its progress. Such a co-ordination of brilliant direction and forceful acting is rare indeed, with thought, imagination and fidelity to truth in every scene."



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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

All the world loves a lover, and all the world of fans loves a lover more when he is Ramon Novarro. He is here pictured as he appears in an early sequence of "Old Heidelberg," a tender, beautiful story of a prince's student days at the great German university. Novarro is *Prince Karl Heinrich*, who is forced, for reasons of state, to deny his love for *Kathie*, a professor's daughter, and who, years later, returns to Heidelberg in the hope of finding her again.



Photo by W. F. Seely
Nancy Smith, mother of Dorothy Dwan, right, has done much toward putting Dorothy where she is on the screen, and now acts as her press agent.

MOVIE mothers were under discussion—those ambitious mothers who hang around the sets watching their darling daughters work. They have been much criticized, and as a whole are not a bit popular at the studios. It has been said that they are—pests.

But Nancy Smith, the young-looking and attractive mother of Dorothy Dwan, had taken up the cudgel and was ardently defending the poor movie mothers, while a group of us sat lingering over dinner at the Studio Club.

"They have been unfairly criticized," she insisted. "Some, perhaps, *have* made themselves pests, but even these have most of them learned discretion by now.

"Those who belittle us poor mothers and criticize us for just hanging around and living off our daughters' earnings do not consider the sacrifices and self-denials that many mothers have had to endure to make it possible for their daughters to gain a foothold in this land of promise and promises.

"Where would Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and the Talmadge girls be to-day if it hadn't been for their mothers' backing?" Nancy mentioned triumphantly several other mothers who had provided much of the power which had driven their clever and attractive daughters on to success. "I wonder how many of those who disparage the mothers of movie actresses ever stood behind the counter of a department store, like one mother I know of, or worked at other things

Is Mother a Pest?

The mothers of movie actresses have had to put up with a lot of criticism. They have been accused of getting in the way around the studios, of interfering in their daughters' careers, of living in ease while their children slave. Some of these mothers now speak up, and show how unjustly they have been judged.

By Myrtle Gebhart

through years of worry, that their children might be educated and started upon the careers for which they showed talent?

"It is common knowledge that Mrs. Pickford slaved for her children, and we all admire Mary now because she is not ashamed of her humble beginning, and because she lavishes worldly comforts upon her mother.

"Among the younger girls to whose mothers should go much of the credit for their advancement in pictures are May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Olive Borden, Madge Bellamy, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Mary Philbin, Alice and Marceline Day. In some instances the mother has served only in a background

capacity—in character building and home-keeping and clothes-making and encouragement. Others have combined the duties of financier, manager, friend, adviser, press agent, housekeeper, and seamstress, with many a heartache accompanying hours of toil, that their daughters might shine in the spotlight.

"I personally have not had a financial struggle, but I've worked like a Trojan for Dorothy just the same. And she has repaid me, not in money, of which I have no need, but by giving me a job that has kept me from settling down into the usual tedious routine of middle age."

Nancy is Dorothy's press agent. She had the job thrust upon her. When Dorothy—through her mother's management—obtained her first rôles, and the boys in the publicity

departments asked for data about her, Nancy used to write it—crudely and amateurishly, at first. Gradually there unfolded a talent for writing which she had never dreamed she possessed. Eventually, by asking innumerable questions, accepting gratefully every bit of advice as to "the ropes," and by making friends, Nancy found herself, as Dorothy progressed, in the position of her publicity representative.

Then she reached out and garnered the "accounts" of other players, until now she has built up quite a nice little business for herself as a press agent.

"She looks more like Dorothy's sister than her mother," it is often said of Nancy.

Thirty-seven years old, she dashes about now with a spirit that for the first time has a chance fully to express itself. Her husband was Lieutenant-Colonel George Hugh Smith, chief ordnance officer of the 28th Division, and Nancy used to lead a humdrum life at





Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise *Mrs. Irene Day admits that she literally forced Alice and Marceline into the movies, but they both are extremely glad that she did. She is shown above between her two daughters.*

various army posts, following a set routine of teas and bridge.

Widowed, she found herself after the war with sufficient means on which to live comfortably but with nothing particularly interesting to do. It was not until Dorothy got the picture bee in her bonnet that Nancy came out of her polished shell and plunged into a fray that has stimulated her and kept her young. Her dormant business instinct sprang into life and it is to this as much as anything that Dorothy owes her gradual but growing success.

Nancy's campaigns for Dorothy were planned much as army officers map out procedures for their troops. Seldom did her calculations prove erroneous. When an item in the paper said that a certain director was preparing to start a picture, she had photos of Dorothy taken showing her in the costumes of the period to be filmed. With these she then approached the director, and usually succeeded in inducing him to use Dorothy. Always charming, never forcing her claims for Dorothy to an obnoxious point, she managed to get her so much extra work that from the very beginning the girl was self-supporting.

"I just ding-donged until I got chances for her," Nancy explains.

But it must have been with charm, for she has made many friends with her crisp, cordial but businesslike manner.

"If I am liked," says Mrs. Irene Day, "I believe it is because I do not anchor myself on the sets where my daughters act. I keep out of the way. The studios have managed to get along very nicely without my supervision.

"One may err with the best of intentions. I know one mother who ruined her daughter's career through her overzealousness. She made herself very annoying on the sets. She kowtowed to directors and executives, she gushed and she gossiped, always with an eye toward the advancement of her daughter. But she overdid it.

"When I occasionally go to watch one of my daughters make some particularly interesting scenes I stay quietly to one side. I know the director is busy and I wouldn't think of bouncing up to him to shake hands. Nor do I rave over daughter nor worry over her make-up.

"Why should I hang around? Because Alice and Marceline need 'protection?' A mother's too-earnest effort to 'guard' a grown daughter seems to me an insult to the girl. My girls know right from wrong. I have faith in them. I have taught them to think for themselves. Now they are capable of standing on their own feet.

"They need me, yes, in some ways—in the business management of their careers, for instance, for I have had experience in the business world and can strike a shrewder bargain than they can. They need me to look after their wardrobes and their financial investments and their fan mail and—here's my worst worry—to see that they keep their appointments! And now and then, when things go wrong, they need mother's shoulder to cry on.

"Diplomacy, good common sense and breeding are the qualities the mother of an actress needs if she would be a success in her own particular sphere.

"When the girls were younger and just beginning, of course I accompanied them to the studios. I thought pictures would be a splendid career for them but I wasn't going to turn them loose in a strange world until I had satisfied myself that they would be safe there, nor until they were old enough to look after themselves."

The astonishing thing about the candid Mrs. Day is that she is the first movie mother I have ever heard admit that she actually forced her youngsters into the movies. But before you judge her harshly as "a selfish, scheming mother who lets her poor children labor to support her," hear the tale of hardship which preceded the present luxury in which the family lives.

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No Hidden Sorrows for Syd

On the contrary, Syd Chaplin manages to find hidden humor in even the most serious of subjects.

By Grace Kingsley

IT'S a treat, in these days of serious-minded comedians, to find one who is thoroughly merry, off the screen as well as on. Namely, Syd Chaplin. Though Heaven knows how he has managed to *keep* merry, what with making funny pictures all the time, and spending his days racking his brain for new gags. Syd has by now so thoroughly exhausted all the funny situations in the world that there's nothing funny left for him except serious things, you might say.

Take history, for instance. Syd adores history, but he converts it, with everything else, into terms of comedy. He thinks intimate historical comedies would be a scream.

"I do hope," says Syd, "that Charlie will make the life of Napoleon. There are lots of funny things about Napoleon's intimate life."

Syd is studying bacteriology and botany in his spare hours—and he'd adore to make a comedy of microbes! He has a great big microscope. I found him in his dressing room, peeking through it.

"I've got an idea," said Syd. "I've got an idea for a comedy. It's going to be based on the lives of germs. I would show a hypochondriac, and the lives and tragedies of various germs he is harboring, or thinks he is harboring—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Where are you going to get an actor who will be willing to play a

"Well," Syd reflected, "there was a play, 'The World We Live In,' that was all about insects, wasn't there?"

"Right," I admitted. "Go on."

"All right," Syd proceeded. "The little germs would be talking about going up on their next vacation to see the lungs. 'I went to see the heart last year,' says one germ, 'and it was wonderful! You should see that gigantic pump. There isn't another thing like it in the human body!' Other little germs would be taking joy rides on the blood streams. Then there would be a terrific battle between the bad germs and the good, healthful germs—"

"With a happy ending?" I asked.

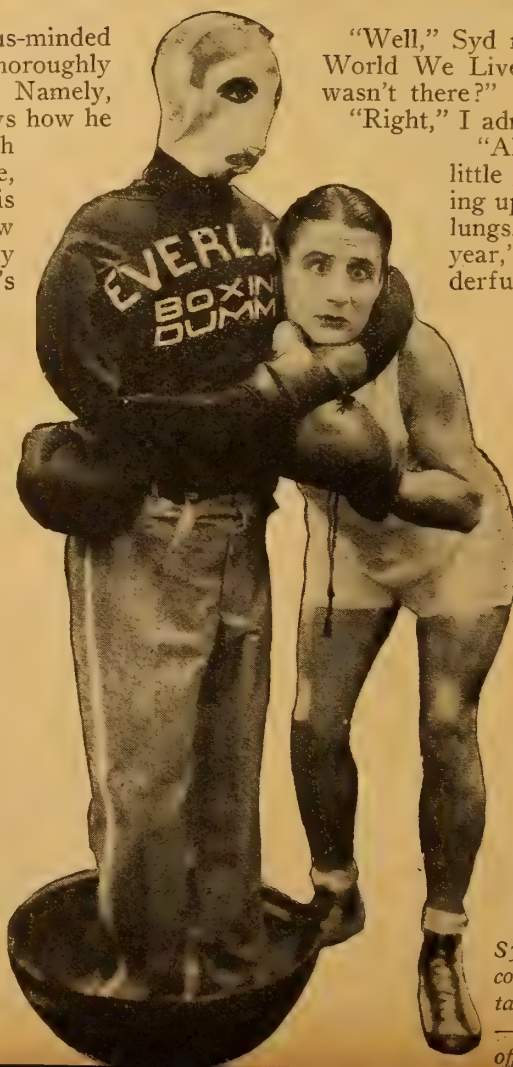
"Certainly, with a happy ending," said Syd.

But I must stop and get a little atmosphere into this interview. And Syd's dressing room is just full of atmosphere. Probably you think of a comedian's dressing room—if you think of it at all—as being a barren place except for hangings of comic garments. Not so, Syd's. His

dressing room is much more ornate even than Pola Negri's—oh, much!

Syd Chaplin is one comedian who does not take himself seriously—he is quite as merry off the screen as on.

He has a



suite of rooms, to be exact, hung with pictures and furnished with antiques. There are soft carpets and curtains, and there is a whole library of books on stagecraft, technical lighting and—yes, there are a lot of them, too, on wit and humor, much as I hate to admit it. And of course there is a phonograph.

"There is something about the vibration of a waltz in the early morning, during the zero hour before going on the set, which simply won't let you be low-spirited," said Syd.

Who would ever think of *Old Bill* as being æsthetic!

The phonograph somehow led us to the subject of music as a scientific method of curing disease, and we *almost* got high-brow over it. But Syd saved the situation.

"If you can find a musical vibration," he chuckled, "that a microbe doesn't like, he will either die or leave you, won't he? Can't you imagine a solemn-faced old doc with a library of jazz tunes to set the measles microbes crazy? And just suppose a little microbe doesn't like classic music, and the patient doesn't, either, and they both have to listen to it just the same."

I could see that Syd was willing to get funny about anything in the world except comedy! But we simply had to get down to business.

"What is the future of comedy?" I demanded sternly.

"Character study," answered Syd promptly. "All Dickens' characters, about whom the fans haven't time to read nowadays, should be shown on the screen, whether we call them Dickens' characters or not.

"Of course we shall always have a certain amount of slapstick, because people love it. But all our comedy directors are becoming psychologists! Nowadays the comedy directors and 'comedy constructionists,' as the gag men are called now, get together and talk psychology and physiology. They have even worked out a psychological and physiological way of taking a pie in the face! They wonder whether certain sensory nerves, when irritated, would cause you to fall on your knees or forward on your face.

"If you hit him near the pituitary gland, which is about here," says a gag man, 'he falls forward suddenly, but if you hit him on the

Syd, who has to be constantly thinking up new gags for his comedies, keeps his mind fresh by taking plenty of exercise.

Among his dogs he finds pleasant relaxation from the arduous of the comedy lot.



The success of Syd's OLD BILL in "The Better 'Ole" is evidence of his theory that the future of comedy lies in character study rather than slapstick.



deltoid muscle or the serratus magnus, he goes cross-eyed and takes a slow fall. Now the question is, do you want him to fall suddenly or have a lingering fall? Or words to that scientific effect. A little different, isn't it, from the old Keystone way, when somebody hit you 'on de bean wit' a brick,' and you did a 'brodie!'"

That led us to the subject of how much more difficult comedy is now than it used to be.

"The time is gone," said Syd, "when you sat solemnly through a drama without a single laugh, and laughingly through a comedy without a single tear. All the dramatic producers are putting comedy relief into their tragedies, and all the comedians are putting tragedy relief into their comedies."

It seems that Syd has been browsing around lately in ancient books, and he got a couple of "nifties" from an old Egyptian obelisk, also a couple of gags from a Roman history. Jokes, it seems, are everywhere, if you only know how to look for them. Syd told me about some old wheezes he found lately in an ancient Greek comedy.

"Human nature stays the same," he remarked. "One man in this comedy walked onto the scene and tried to sell another man a house. 'What is the house like?' inquired the purchaser. 'Why,' replied the would-be seller, 'it's a brick house. See, I've

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The most unique fan letter that Milton Sills ever received was from the wife of a jealous husband.

special secretaries are kept busy opening, reading, and sorting it.

Most of these letters are rather stereotyped affairs in which the writers admire the work of the players and request autographed photographs. Occasionally, however, a letter of unusual content is discovered in the vast number that come in. And, when such a letter is found, it usually is placed immediately before the attention of the star.

It is surprising to see the variety of subjects that are covered in these out-of-the-ordinary letters. Some are humorous, others pathetic—all are interesting.



One of Ben Lyon's most touching fan letters came from a mother who was reminded by him of her dead son.

yours, I would not allow a director to make me have the back of my neck facing the camera as much as you do. If it is your fault, I hope you remedy it. If it is not, I am truly sorry for you."

"There's a real friend," declared Lloyd.

John Kolb, the New York truck driver who was snatched from the wheel of his machine and given the "heavy" rôle in "The Knock-out," declared that he received a surprising letter during the filming of that picture. He had never worked in the movies before, so judge his surprise when, about a week before the pic-

Unusual Fan Letters

Among the thousands of letters for the players occasionally appear that are strikingly unique. Inter-

By Harold

A WEEK spent in a motion-picture studio might well lead one to believe that every man, woman, and child in the world is writing fan letters to the picture stars. Day after day, weary mail carriers stagger in with the tremendous loads of letters. The fan mail of most of the stars is so great that spe-

ture was completed, he received a letter from a woman in Jersey City.

"I saw you in 'The Knock-out' and think you are a fine actor. Will you please send me a photograph?" was the message.

"The Knock-out" had not even been completed, much less shown on the screen. This lady must have been reading the publicity stories and just took a chance. She received her picture.



A fan wrote Mary Astor asking her if she really used a certain kind of tooth paste.

Doris Kenyon had permitted the manufacturers of a certain ring to use her picture in connection with their advertising, and had allowed them to photograph a ring on her finger. A short time later, an indignant woman wrote Miss Kenyon that she thought she should be ashamed of herself for being photographed wearing a cheap ring.

"It is beneath your position to be seen

wearing such cheap jewelry," wrote the woman, "and I hope you will stop it."

Richard Dix is another star who offers an unusual letter.

"This letter," says Dix, "was sent me by a farmer down in Pennsylvania. The man explained that he had

An indignant Doris Kenyon fan wrote to her protesting against her being photographed in cheap jewelry.



just been married and had bought a farm, stock, and implements and was badly in need of one thousand dollars to carry him through until he began receiving returns from his crops.

"He said he was in deep trouble because his bank would not increase the mortgage on his place, and would not lend him money unless he could get some one of means to go surety for his note. He stated that he was sorry to be so bold, but would I please go surety for him on this loan? I

the Stars Have Received

that are constantly pouring into the studios, some interesting extracts from some of these are here given.

R. Hall

wrote back to him asking for his bank reference, but never received a reply. I hope he got his thousand."

Ben Lyon, who pays close attention to his fan mail, offers a pathetic letter, which touched him enormously.

"I suppose," it read, "you will think it rather queer my writing you, because I am an old woman. In fact, I have seven grandchildren.

"I am asking you to send me a picture of yourself. Any old kind—but I'd like to have one where you're smiling. I had a boy—my youngest child and only son. But he, like many another true patriot, now lies in France. He was only twenty, and had just started to college when he left for France, and now——

"He was a bonnie lad. He had twinkling eyes and a sweet smile like yours. May you always keep it, my boy.

"When I first saw you, 'twas in 'Painted People.' I thought you were David come back to life. You look exactly like him, and that is why I want your picture. You, like David, seem to bubble over with youth. It did me good to see you in every one of your pictures, sonny. You were so fine and manly looking. Please forgive me all my prattling and please send me—a smile."

Sam Hardy received an odd letter from a farmer up in Connecticut which deserves a place among the unusual ones.

"I think," says Hardy, "this man must have been reading the stories in the tabloid newspapers about the fast life the movie people are supposed to lead."

He wrote, "Up here in Connecticut we are all proud of you, Sam, seeing that you are one of our native sons. For that reason I know



Betty Blythe received an astonishing letter from a fan who thought he would make a good leading man for her.

A farmer wrote Richard Dix asking him to go surety for him on a thousand-dollar loan.



you will not object to a little advice from a farmer of your own State. You are making a lot of money now. Just remember that some day you may not make so much, so put most of it away in the bank. A bank account is your best friend when you grow old—I know."

Warner Baxter says his most singular letter was received from a young lady who wrote, "Please, please, Mr. Baxter, tell me in confidence if you get a real thrill out of your movie kisses. Another girl and I have just had a terrible argument about it. She says you do not get a thrill—I say you do. Which of us is right? We each bet a dollar and want to know who is the winner."

"Who did win?" we asked.

"What have you?" answered Baxter.

A unique letter was received by Mary Astor. It seems that Mary had allowed her picture to be used in connection with an advertisement boosting a certain tooth paste. Apparently the advertisement had been creating interest, for a feminine fan wrote, "I have a difficult time keeping my teeth white. I see by the inclosed ad that you keep yours white with this paste. Do you, honestly?"

A man out in California wrote Lewis Stone asking him why he objected to having pictures of his family published. "I think that not only you, but also

your family belong to your public," wrote the man. Just after "The Lost World" had appeared on the screen Bessie Love received a letter from a woman in Scranton, Pennsylvania, who wrote, "Where in the world did you find those prehistoric animals? I thought they had all died a million years ago."

We have saved until the last two letters which we consider to be two of the most unusual.

One is a letter to Milton Sills from a woman in the outskirts of Philadelphia. The other is a letter received



A fan wrote Lewis Stone insisting that the star's whole family as well as himself belonged to his public.



A young lady wrote Warner Baxter asking if he got a real thrill out of his movie kisses.



Sally Long is one of the many "bachelor girls" of Hollywood who needs no man to furnish her with a handsome home.

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Are Men

Not at all, say some of the self-reliant ladies win the modern movie actress. Quite independent large and luxurious homes with nary a

By A. L.

THAT little speech was made by Juliet long, long ago, before divorce courts, motor cars, hot and cold running water, bobbed hair, and movies had been heard of.

A modern Hollywood Juliet, before she goes on record with that immortal line, "And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay," wants to know what standing her Romeo has at the bank. Then she issues a ukase which goes something like this:

"You know, I have my own home with servants. I possess several motor cars and dogs. I'm drawing down about \$2,000 a week in real honest-to-goodness money, and I'm as independent as a maharajah in India. Now then, what have you?"

That's usually a stumper. Sometimes, millionaires and titled foreigners have had an answer to it, and sometimes old-fashioned love affairs have crept in to stifle the speech. The fact remains, however, that there are some gorgeous Romeo-less homes in Hollywood—some from which the Romeos have fled, some

from which they have been ejected, and some in which a Romeo has never had the privilege of residing.

The Beverly Hills section of Hollywood, as you know, is the district of beautiful residences, wealthy estates, flower gardens, winding drives, and the like. To the east, a vista of the Sierra Madre Mountains is obtained, and in the distance to the west the Pacific Ocean rolls. In this section is where many of the motion-picture stars live. And here is where so many of the feminine ones lead independent lives—without Romeos.

The movie people have their little parties and their little cliques, but they seldom are seen among the general public. They think pictures, talk pictures, sleep pictures and, figuratively, eat pictures at their meals. Pictures are their existence.

Getting a glimpse of the

Louise Fazenda, who found marriage unsuccessful, built her present home with her own savings.





No master has ever dwelt in the white colonial mansion of Pola Negri, which was built and originally owned by Priscilla Dean.

Necessary?

of Hollywood. It takes an ardent wooer to pendent of male support, many of them main- thought of men except as pleasant playfellows.

Wooldridge

inside of some of the movie homes is about as difficult as peeping into a sultan's harem. Stony-faced butlers, chilly-voiced secretaries and unresponsive maids form a barrier which seldom can be penetrated. The names of most of the stars are not in the city directory nor in the telephone book. And should a person somehow obtain a star's phone number, a secretary wards off the call.

"Miss Brown cannot be disturbed now," she says, very courteously but firmly. And the conversation is ended.

But tourists who visit Hollywood, according to the drivers of sight-seeing busses, care more to see where Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks live than to view the Busch sunken gardens or the missions erected by the Spanish padres. They would

Both the Costello girls, Helene and Dolores, have remained heart whole and fancy free thus far, and contribute much toward the maintenance of the family home.

rather look at Dolores Costello or Pola Negri than drive through the orange groves or visit the government observatory on Mount Lowe. Consequently the sight-seeing companies have arranged special tours through the Beverly Hills section, and guides with loud-speaker megaphones point out the homes of the stars. It is not uncommon for these guides to point out the wrong homes. But what of it? The tourists, they figure, don't know the difference.

Pola Negri lives in a beautiful colonial mansion on a boulevard which leads up into the foothills. The home, originally designed and built by Priscilla Dean, usually

is seen with curtains drawn and doors locked. In the rear is a patio lined with flowers and shrubbery, and banked by a high hedge over which no one can peer. There, in a canopied swing or an easy chair, the little Polish star may rest in comfort, safe from the prying eyes which come to her door. She is an inveterate reader, but only a few ever get a peek into the seclusion in which, between pictures, she relaxes.

Pola has in the front yard two huge pine trees which were brought down from the mountains. It is said that it cost her one thousand dollars each to move and transplant them.

No Romeo has ever dwelt in this white colonial residence. Priscilla Dean, its builder, is living apart from her husband, Wheeler Oakman, the actor, and Pola was divorced from Count



Are Men Necessary?



Renee Adoree, since her divorce from Tom Moore, has found that she can get along quite well without a master of the house.

Eugene Dombski in the old country.

Another of the beautiful Beverly Hills estates to which no Romeo is accredited is occupied by Marion Davies. High above the city, with palms, flowers, and shrubbery in profusion, she lives with a retinue of servants. Japanese gardeners constantly are at work on the lawn and among the flower beds. Four magnificent limousines are in her garage. A private swimming pool is at the rear of the house. The star is domiciled in regal splendor, the like of which Shakespeare's *Juliet* never dreamed of.

Some distance away is the home of Florence Vidor. She and King Vidor, director, came to the parting of the ways two years ago. King went off into the hills and built a home of his own. Florence took the pretty residence in Beverly. There she lives to-day, surrounded by servants, but her Romeo has fled. King felt that married life hampered him in his work. Florence had her career. The two had driven out of Texas in a flivver years before to fight their way to fame in cinemaland. They had progressed. King had become a director, and Florence a star. Then their temperaments clashed. Neither, it is said, wanted to be an audience while the other told of his day's accomplishments. The inevitable resulted. They separated. When Florence filed suit for divorce, King did not protest.



Clara Bow has had many wooers and been reported engaged many times, but she still lives singly and happily in her little bungalow.

Since Florence Vidor and King Vidor came to the parting of the ways, Florence has been both master and mistress of her pretty home in Beverly Hills.

"If you would develop mentally and artistically to the fullest," he said, "you should not be hampered with domestic responsibilities. Now I feel that I can develop to my greatest—give the best I have. A genius simply must walk in the wet, wild woods in his wild, lone way."

Yet King recently married Eleanor Boardman. He found that walk "in the wet, wild woods in his wild, lone way" too lonesome.

Unostentatious is the home of Irene Rich. It is a pretty residence surrounded by flower beds and semitropical trees. In the rear is a private swimming pool, where she and her two daughters take a daily plunge. No Romeo has ever dwelt in that Hollywood home. Miss Rich and her husband were divorced before she took up picture work.

One of the most attractive estates in the whole Beverly Hills section is occupied by Mrs. Gladys Sills, who divorced Milton Sills some time ago. A rustic garden planted with strange flowers and shrubs, a fish pond, a yard set with trees from the Orient, a magnificent residence finished in white. But no balcony! The Romeo is gone. He recently married Doris Kenyon.

There is the home of Alla Nazimova on a three-acre tract. It was recently converted into a villa after her romance with Charles Bryant waned and died. Nazimova herself superintended the planting of the beautiful gardens around her residence.

There is the retreat of Pauline Frederick far out on the road to the beach, which long stood untenanted, with the terraced lawn and the flower beds neglected. When Miss Frederick divorced Doctor Charles Rutherford, Seattle

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What I Think of My Wife —or My Husband—on the Screen

The husbands of Hollywood are not all blindly enthusiastic about their wives' ability as actresses, nor are the wives always carried away by their husbands' work on the screen. Some of them tell in the story below what they think of each other as actors and actresses.

By Margaret Reid

MERTON'S historic line, "My wife—my best friend and severest critic," had more than a degree of truth in it. Marriage between professional people does not exclude a sane consideration of each other's abilities and attainments. An actor—or director—offers at once a sharper criticism and keener appreciation of his wife's work than could an unprofessional spouse, and vice versa. It is natural that a husband and wife, both in the movies, admire each other's work greatly. But they admire intelligently—as one craftsman understands the mechanics of a fellow craftsman's art.

Gertrude Olmsted turns a sagacious blue eye upon Husband Robert Leonard's work as a director.

"I think," she says, "that Bob's greatest asset to himself and to the company is his thorough knowledge of the box office. He knows instinctively just what will give a scene or sequence popular appeal. I believe that his forte is smart, sophisticated light drama. He would rather do little rural love stories



For Elinor Fair there's only one movie star, and that's Bill Boyd. And Bill admits that his favorite leading lady is Elinor.



Marie Prevost says she does not like to have Husband Kenneth Harlan for a leading man—he steals too many scenes. Kenneth liked Marie best in her Lubitsch films.



Lew Cody and his wife, Mabel Normand, really admire each other on the screen, though they sometimes pretend they don't.

with simple themes, but I think he is at his best with the polished comedy-dramas made popular by Lubitsch."

While Bob says of Gertrude, "She hasn't done, on the screen, things she is really suited to. She is usually cast in rôles that don't require much acting, because she is so pretty. I'd like to see her do character parts—not necessarily parts in which she would have to be hidden behind disfiguring make-up, but parts with intelligence. If I can manage it, I hope to direct her in something like that."

Marshall Neilan, when questioned about his wife, Blanche Sweet, was in frivolous vein.

"I love to work with her—she is the best director I ever had."

Blanche supplied the seriousness for the family.

"I love the subtlety of Mickey's work. Through all the humor and lightness there is a current of spirituality—and through all the drama and tragedy there is a current of wit. It is human. But Mickey is inclined not to take his work seriously enough. This wouldn't matter in a director of less ability. But Mickey is an artist. He can do beautiful things, and he should be doing them all the time—instead of just now and then, when the mood strikes him."

Claire Windsor was Bert Lytell's fan long before they ever met. She used to go to see him in the crook pictures he made famous.

"But," says Claire, "I think I like him best of all on the stage. Whenever I see him in a picture, I constantly feel, 'But it's such a pity that they don't hear

What I Think of My Wife—or My Husband—on the Screen



Milton Sills thinks Doris Kenyon's greatest asset is her versatility, while Doris admires Milton's strength and power, both on the screen and off.

his wonderful voice.' It doesn't seem right to waste a speaking voice like his, even though he is such a good screen actor. I'm happiest for him when he is on the stage. But, oh, dear"—ruefully—"it's terrible for me. It means he is traveling, and I get so lonesome I don't know what to do. I rush through pictures so I can snatch a few days and join him, wherever he happens to be playing. I don't know but what I'd rather have him a picture actor after all."

"Claire," says her adoring husband, Bert, "is the perfect heroine for costume pictures. Any one so beautiful belongs in stories in which she is shrouded in illusions. If she must do modern things, I like best to see her in the light comedy-dramas she has been doing lately. But I shall never feel she is showing her best to the public until she does Elaines and Mélisandes and Isolde."

And now listen to James and Betty Compson Cruze, who illustrate how to be strong-minded and impartial, though happily married.

From Jimmy Cruze: "I do not think my wife is the best actress in the world. I do not think she is even one of the best. In an ordinary family, a statement of such a nature would form excellent grounds for a first-class quarrel. Despite the fact that I have directed her in some twelve or fifteen pictures, I do not and cannot look on her as an actress at all. Rather, she is Betty Compson, my wife."

"I know she always gives an excellent performance, that she has never yet failed to please the audience and help the picture. But both Betty and I know that she has never been a sensation and never will be. At least, we hope not. Because, after all, sensations are like sky-rockets. They rise to the heavens in a glare of splendor, remaining but a moment, and then tumble to earth even more rapidly than they rose."

And from Betty: "I have worked with better directors than James Cruze. And also, I have worked under worse men—far worse. As a director of subtle comedy, of fantasy, or of colorful-historical photo-plays, he is difficult to surpass. But his work will not stand careful analysis—he has an utter disregard for the finer details."

"To me, there are two kinds of directors—those who paint their pictures in miniature and are absolutely meticulous, and those who work with a wide, rugged sweep. James Cruze is in the latter class."

William Boyd and Elinor Fair have been married such a short time, one hasn't the heart to call them on their roseate enthusiasm for each other.

Elinor, with her dark eyes glowing, says, "What do I think of Bill's work? Well, if all the movie fans in the country thought the same way I do, there would be only one star in pictures—and that star would be William Boyd! Perhaps"—trying desperately to be coldly analytical—"the thing I like best in Bill's work is his repression. There is in his acting none of the flailing of arms, the arching of eyebrows, the stagy posing that sometimes creeps into a screen player's style. Bill is definite about everything he does in real life, and that assurance is reflected in the strength of his screen characters. And then he has such a gorgeous sense of humor! Of course, I liked him best in 'The Volga Boatman.' I can't even picture any one else portraying his rôle in that."

Yes, Bill is a definite person in real life. No one could dispute the conviction in his voice and manner when he said, "To say that my favorite leading lady is Elinor Fair expresses just what I think of her work."

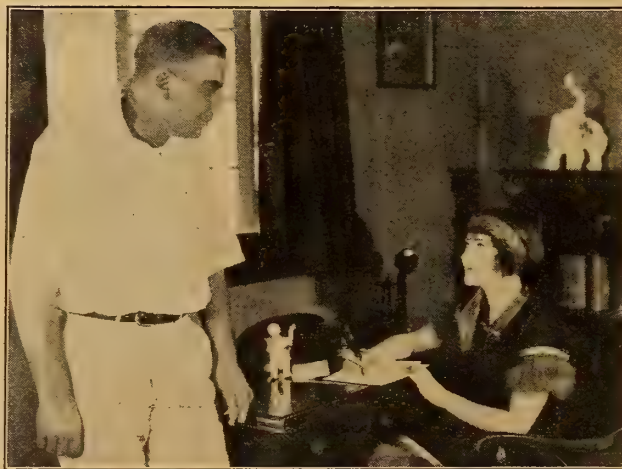
"But despite the fact that her biggest rôle was that of the princess in 'The Volga Boatman,' I don't consider that picture her best. The rôle demanded a cold, almost lifeless portrayal, and that's so different from the girl I know in real life. She has such a happy outlook on things. It is reflected in her dancing eyes and animated face. I think that her performance as the drab mountain girl in 'Driven,' made several years ago, was the finest thing she has yet done—though I know the fans will love her in 'The Yankee Clipper,' the picture she has just finished making with me."

Marie Prevost considers Kenneth Harlan such a splendid actor that she doesn't like to have him for her leading man—he steals too many scenes!

"I married Kenneth," she says, "because to me he typifies all that is finest and most appealing in the American man—and I think he symbolizes just such a character on the screen. I consider his work in 'The Virginian' the finest he has done so far. But he revealed a new side to his character—a stronger side, too—in 'Twinkletoes,' with Colleen Moore."

While Kenneth says, "When a man watches his wife on the screen, there is one quality he appreciates most of all—that is naturalness. I think he likes to see that in her, even more than technique. In the pictures Marie has done with Lubitsch, she has been the impish, humorous, human Marie I know. Conse-

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James Cruze frankly says that he does not consider his wife, Betty Compson, an outstanding actress, while Betty says that Jimmy's work as a director is not nearly careful enough in its details.

How "Dutch" Became Mr. Hersholt

A cut-back to the day when the noted character actor, then an extra who could hardly speak English, first attracted attention to himself—and what followed.

By Ann Sylvester

THE California sun beat down so mercilessly on the little group of cowboys and Indians that their swart, leathery complexions melted and oozed to a spotted mess of grease paint—yellow and pink grease paint—sticky as warm molasses.

During an interval when Scott Sidney, then crack director for Thomas H. Ince, was not actually using them, they swarmed into the uncertain shade to fan themselves with old newspapers. That is, all except one. Crazy enough, he stuck to his post out in the blaze of midday sun, panting for breath, his gun poised and ready for the call, "Camera!" He was a "furriner." Maybe he didn't know the director had cried, "At ease—rest!" No one had troubled to tell him.

Two hours later the scene was shot—a wild, whooping scene of Indians swooping down on a covered wagon. The little band of white men were supposed to fight valiantly, bravely. As a matter of fact, only one did—"Dutch," the foreigner. The others cracked a rifle now and then, but didn't bother to register expressions. It was too hot. Too hot for all but Dutch, who whooped it up like a wild man, as though the camera was centered on him instead of on the curly-headed hero with the bowed lips and legs.

"It Must Be Love" presented him as the owner of a delicatessen.



ED MUNN, in "Stella Dallas," was one of his best rôles.



He is starred in "Alias the Deacon."



Photo by Freulich

Jean Hersholt uses little make-up to accomplish his many disguises. The above photograph shows him as he looks without any.

"Cut!" yelled the wild and terrible voice of the crack director. "What the devil is the matter with those guys in the wagon? There's only one of them that acts alive. What's that guy's name who's whooping it up?"

An assistant ran yelling to Dutch. "What's your name?"

The guy known as Dutch said, "Jean Hersholt."

"Well, you come and tell Mr. Sidney about it yourself," said the assistant, who didn't speak foreign languages.

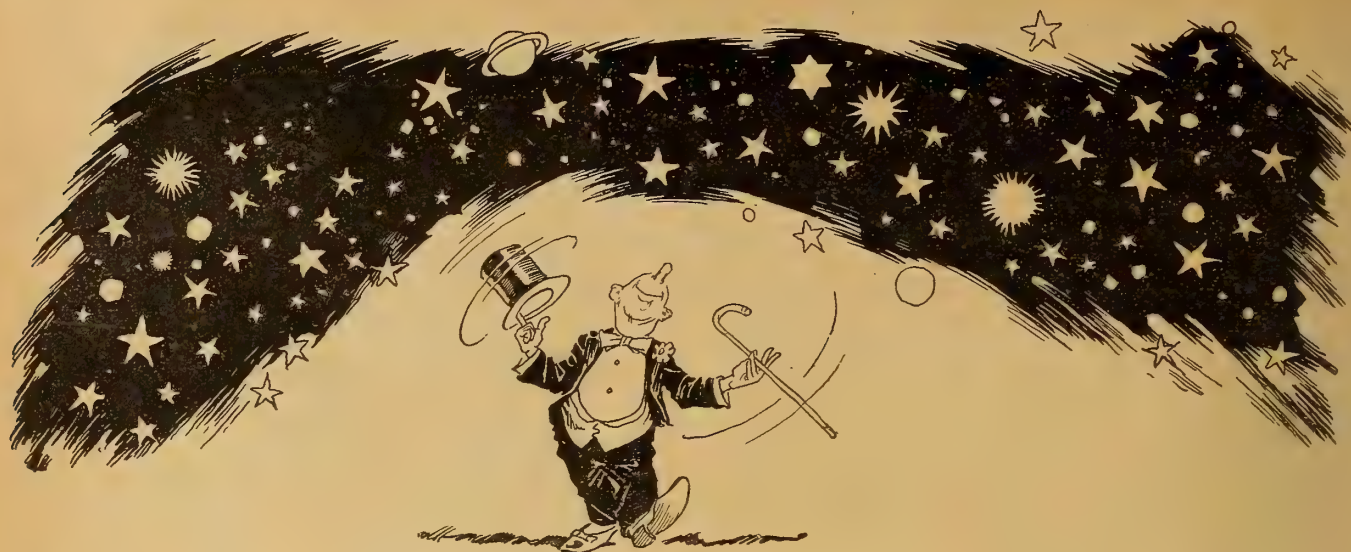
A slow flush rose to the face of the chosen man—a flush of pleasure and gratification. After all, art in this amazing country was not without recognition. He clambered over the side of the wagon and followed the assistant at a dogtrot.

Sidney asked Dutch his name. "Now listen," he yelled to the others, patting him on the shoulder, "this fellow has the right idea. You watch him do it. Turn loose and show them how you did it, Mr. Harshelt."

No prima donna ever rose to the spotlight more brilliantly. Dutch yelled and screamed and shot imaginary Indians and registered fear, hate, consternation, determination and all four at once. "That's great! Now run back and do it for us in the scene, and you other fellows do it as he does."

Very much the hero of the hour, Dutch climbed back into the wagon. Forgotten was his heat and thirst in his hour of triumph. The great man with the megaphone had called on him and he had shown them! All day long he whooped it up. All day long he showed them.

[Continued on page 108]



The Stroller

Random observations on recent happenings in the Hollywood colony and elsewhere.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

GEOFFREY GARDENIA, the eminent screen star, bounded from his bed happy to be alive on this fine morning. A wholly pleasant world confronted him. He was young, he had just signed a new contract, and his latest picture was a triumph.

More than all this, Geoffrey's marriage was ideal, so it was small wonder that he was happy to be alive on this fine morning.

His bath was interrupted by a call from a local newspaper, the *Afternoon Planet*, and he returned to his ablutions wondering what had started the absurd rumor that he was planning to divorce his wife. When he came down to breakfast they both laughed over it.

While they were at the table the doorbell rang, and Geoffrey's eggs grew cold as he explained to a representative of the Amalgamated Press that rumors of a separation were unfounded.

"Look here," said Geoffrey, with a touch of pique in his tone, "how did this absurd rumor start?"

"I don't know," the reporter answered coldly, "but it seems quite authentic. The story is, you are to divorce your wife in order to marry Gloria Golden, who played the lead in your last picture."

"Now, that," said Geoffrey somewhat tartly, "is quite ridiculous. My wife is a woman of beauty, charm, and refinement. Aside from that, I am in love with her. Miss Golden possesses none of those charms and I am not in love with her. Moreover, her lack of intelligence is amazing. She chews gum. She eats onions on days when we share close-ups. She giggles incessantly. These are traits I cannot endure. Even if I could, I should hardly exchange them for the obviously superior virtues of my wife."

With that he slammed the door and requested fresh eggs.

By eleven o'clock he had answered calls from seventeen representatives of newspapers, wire services, theatrical journals, and scandal sheets. At luncheon four reporters in person sought confirmation of the rumor. The state of his temper grew no better.

At three o'clock he read a lurid story of the rumor in an afternoon newspaper. By five thirty, exactly twenty-eight of his friends had called to ask if he had left his wife. At five forty-two his employer called to remind him of the morality clause in his contract, and immediately Geoffrey kicked his dog. At seven ten he discharged his

faithful chauffeur. At seven nineteen he hid while the butler argued with another delegation of reporters. At eight ten he complained unreasonably about the dinner, and when his wife protested, struck her a vicious blow, packed his bag, and drove furiously to a hotel, receiving a speed ticket en route.

Eighteen minutes later newsboys were crying the story on the streets.

Next morning, still completely mad, he instructed his lawyer to start divorce proceedings. That afternoon he got gloriously drunk, and that evening he telephoned to Gloria Golden.

Geoffrey Gardenia let loose when a rumor affecting his domestic happiness grew beyond his control.



Mr. James Moffitt, proprietor of the Auditorium Theater, in Tampa, Kansas, knows how to put the pictures over. Commenting on "The Son of the Sheik" in a trade publication, he reported:

"This picture, in conjunction with a hog-calling contest, set a new house record for us."

A great new field opens up here for the Vitaphone.

I have often wondered why women are more generally successful than men as scenario writers. Frances Marion, Jeanie Macpherson, Bess Meredyth, Agnes Christine Johnston, Dorothy Farnum, Alice D. G. Miller, Lenore Coffee, and others, are much better known than any of their masculine competitors.

It may be significant that all these ladies are quite beautiful and are possessed of great personal charm. Here I feel the explanation may be found. I have always suspected that scenarists are more decorative than utilitarian. After the scenarist finishes with the story in hand the director always hashes it about to suit himself anyway, so profundity, it seems to me, is much less essential than pulchritude.

For what producer would choose to confer with a middle-aged and wheezing male dramaturgist when he may converse with a beautiful and charming woman? Who would lunch with Al Cohn when Frances Marion is at hand?

John Barrymore, so goes the story, went a-shopping in Hollywood recently, picked out several articles, and said, "Charge it."

"What's the name?" asked the shopgirl.

The star fixed upon her a look which could belong only to a member of America's greatest stage family.

"Barrymore," he said.

The girl, unabashed, countered, "Which one?"

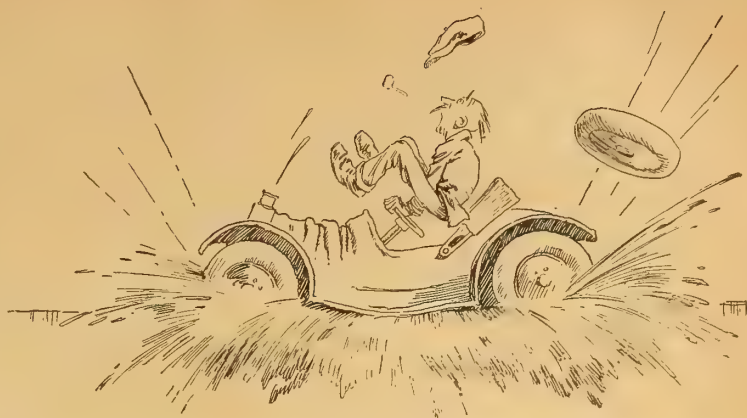
There ends the tale, so far as I know it. What his reply was I know not. Mine would have been—"Lionel."

The first mutiny on record of scenario writers occurred recently at the Mack Sennett studio when the ten or more gag men employed there rebelled against the working conditions. A wholesale bouncing of all those wits not fortunate enough to possess contracts followed.

The grievance of the melancholy humorists seemed to be that too much efficiency had been installed. Every morning at nine o'clock the whole staff was locked in the "tower," a bare room atop the studio, where they conferred on stories. There they stayed until noon, returning after luncheon to be locked in again until the five o'clock whistle.

The next step in the efficiency program was to remove the comfortable chairs and substitute plain, wooden ones, to prevent any gag man from dozing off during the afternoon.

After that the telephone was removed, so that communication with the outer world was impos-



THE STROLLER produces evidence that traffic conditions in front of the Fairbanks-Pickford studio are so bad that the films of Doug and Mary will suffer.

sible. In short, the gag men became veritable prisoners of Chillon during working hours. The only exit was through the office of Sennett himself, which cut off any possibility of an early, unobserved departure.

The crowning blow—I am not vouching for the authenticity of this, however—came when one of the gag men ordered a steak for lunch one day.

"Sorry," said the waiter, "but we've been ordered not to serve meat to the gag men at lunch any more. It has been decided they can think better on a vegetable diet."

A tip to Cecil De Mille on his Biblical production, "The King of Kings:" why not arrange with the Gideons for a photoplay edition of the book?

A letter to Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford:

DEAR SIR AND MADAM:

I feel it my duty to register a protest with you on behalf of a great many persons, but most particularly myself.

Because of the location of my palatial residence, which I choose to say is in Beverly Hills, but which is really in the less romantic community of Sherman, it is necessary for me to drive past your studio several times daily.

As you may have observed, that portion of Santa Monica Boulevard on which your studio fronts is very bumpy and always wet. The water hides the bumps, with the result that I crash into them with great harm to my springs, tires, and temper, and the mud and water splash on my beautiful foreign motor.

I don't know why the boulevard is bumpy or why it is wet, but somehow I blame it on your studio; and as I have been a constant patron of your pictures I feel that you should remedy this evil without any further delay.

If you do not, I must warn you that I shall command my nine children, my five grandchildren, my four great-grandchildren, to say nothing of my seven stepchildren, to avoid your pictures until such time as the deplorable condition is remedied.

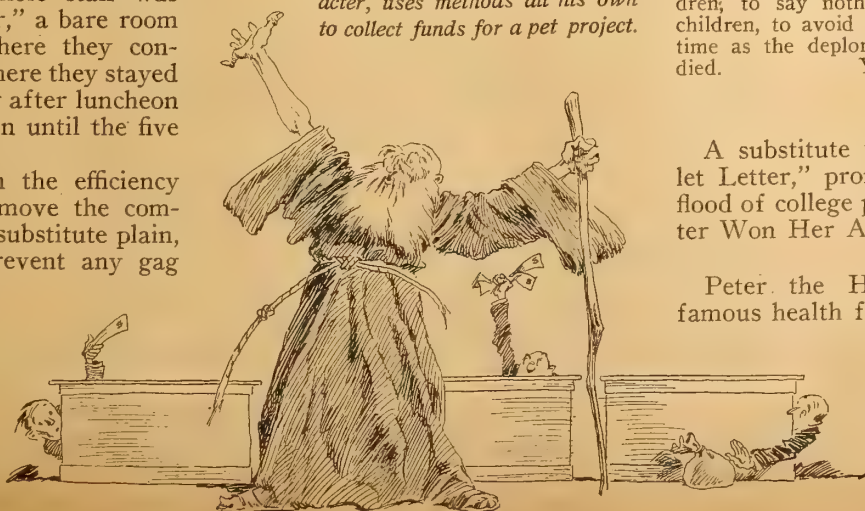
Yours in firmness,

A substitute title for "The Scarlet Letter," prompted by the recent flood of college pictures: "How Hester Won Her A."

Peter the Hermit, Hollywood's famous health faddist and eccentric, who lives in a tent in Laurel Cañon, is soon to enter the lists as a competitor of Aimee Semple

Continued on page 104

Peter the Hermit, a noted Hollywood character, uses methods all his own to collect funds for a pet project.





A sweet, simple love exists between THE GIRL and THE BOY before the woman from the city enters THE BOY'S life.

DOWN the streets converging into the rain-drenched plaza, cars skidded. Muffled human forms, blinded by the deluge, dodged between busses and street cars, dashed to the semishelter of shop awnings, were swallowed like streams of black ants by the elevated entrance, or were spewed out of the mouths of the subway caves. Umbrellas were ripped by the gale. Heads bent to the wind, women were rebuffed and swept back, gasping.

Overhead, the elevated trains tore past. Up and down the fronts of the many-storied buildings, electric signs twinkled merrily in the grayness. Cafés nudged banks and offices. The shop windows were an enticement of furs, jewels, gowns, shoes.

This movie set, for the Fox production of "Sunrise," was one of the largest, if not the largest, ever erected in the West. Out at Fox Hills a great section had been converted into the streets of a cosmopolitan city by Rochus Gliese, the art director who had accompanied the German director of the film, F. W. Murnau, to America. His painstaking effort to achieve detailed realism, characteristic of the foreign technician, had resulted in so genuine an atmosphere that I imagined myself actually in the heart of a great, hustling, bustling city. I snuggled

A Country Boy

The film "Sunrise" tells the old, old tale sweetheart by the wiles of a woman of the German director, F. W. Murnau, the old

By Myrtle

into my coat and crept still farther back into the shelter of a doorway, behind the cameras and the whirling wind machines, but was flecked even so by the rain that poured down from pipes overhead.

The rain, indeed, had been turned on too soon, wetting the streets so thoroughly that a change of schedule had had to be quickly effected, and umbrellas and raincoats had been hastily passed out to the hundreds of extras. Many directors, under the annoying circumstances of such a mistake on the part of an assistant, would have bellowed and fumed. Murnau, however, had only grinned, dived into a mammoth red slicker—which gave him the appearance of a jovial Mephistopheles—and plunged out into the rain to direct his corps of



Margaret Livingston, as THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD, brings near-tragedy into the hitherto peaceful village.



THE BOY, unable to resist the allure of his temptress, succumbs completely to her caresses.

and a Siren

of the country boy who is lured from his world, but under the skillful hand of the theme is treated with new vigor and charm.

Gebhart

helpers. Oh, well, he figured, the scenes he had planned to take could be taken later—to-morrow—when the streets had dried.

Already ten actual weeks of production had slipped past, with several more to follow, but the Fox coffers had been opened wide to Murnau, with only one stipulation—that he make a good picture. And that was what he intended to do.

The scene changes. Peeping shyly from behind the hills, the sun rises over a quaint village, whose uneven roofs overlook a quiet lake. It smiles down upon the simple folk going about their humdrum tasks in orchard and in shop. It sprinkles its soft pink-and-golden charm upon a young couple standing, with their arms linked and their

faces raised to its glow, in the doorway of their humble cottage. Gone is the bustle and the conflict of the city; over this quiet scene there reigns a gentle peace.

The "Sunrise" family clustered about their leader, the big, jovial, red-haired F. W. Murnau. The name of this German director is already known to America through "Faust" and "The Last Laugh," both of which he directed. The poetic beauty and charm of his man-

ner of telling a simple tale on the screen is not only more artistic but is so much more compelling and absorbing than the usual American method of rapid action and swift, pounding climaxes. With mercurial ease, the scenes of a Murnau film seem to flow one into another, unfolding with simplicity the thoughts and feelings of the characters, leading you deep into their hearts.

It is, as Murnau explains his purpose, a transposition of music to the screen.

"It's like a melody," he said. "Each sequence must be a strain carrying on the basic motif of the story which I try to tell in pictorial music." In his fumbling English, aided by his expressive hands and still more eloquent face, he gave voice to this idea. "There are the light scherzos, the dramatic sonatas. The big



But in the end comes remorse, and THE BOY, with his eyes open now, comes to plead forgiveness of his wronged young wife.



This specially constructed set, representing the heart of a big city, and covering an area of about two square miles, is perhaps the largest and most elaborate ever built for a movie.

film is the symphony. Each movement must carry the theme in a gradual crescendo on toward a natural climax. The watcher—in a sense the listener—is exhilarated; emotion succeeds emotion, as he is swept on in his soul by the symphony. A picture must be built up as a composer combines musical notes on a staff.

"And a simple story is best—one with the real drama of ordinary people. As in 'Sunrise.' No names have the characters. They are *A Boy, A Girl, A Woman of the World*. The village might be any hamlet, the city any metropolitan center."

Gladsome moments, naïve joys, vague unrests growing into a tragedy that leaves in its wake a numbness, heartbreak, slow, agonized tears wrung from human hearts. Light and shadow merged, sadness, gayety, scenes of a hushed, breathless beauty with a melting, poetic translucence—that is "Sunrise."

At first Murnau did not wish to reveal to me the twists of the plot but it required only a bit of gentle persuasion to lead his benign good humor into confidences.

"The boy and girl are young, they have felt only simple emotions, the first youthful love. They marry; they are happy. Neither has ever known real temptation. It is, you see, so natural to them to love, but it is not a tried and proven love, it is not happiness built on knowledge.

"The woman of the world comes. She is beautiful. She arouses desire in the boy. Old, old, yes, but what can man or woman feel that has not come down through the centuries? The woman—how do you say?—bewilders the boy so that he promises to arrange an accident on the lake. He will drown his wife, but no one will guess. He is absorbed by this hideous madness. He tries to fight it off, but can't resist it. He takes his wife out in the boat, out on the lake. There is a storm. And almost

there happens that which he has planned in his frenzy. He thinks she is drowned.

"He sees before him the terrible thing he has done, you see. He knows truth then, and remorse. The wife is saved, of course, and there is the happy ending. Life is almost always kind to young people. With open eyes now, and hearts that have expanded from pain, the boy and girl face the sunrise together—the sun that rises in their souls with a new and deeper sweetness."

Oddly, Murnau differs from other directors in that he places his camera first, figuratively, and then builds his set around it. That is, instead of erecting a set and then standing his camera here and there to get the best shots, he decides upon his angles first and builds his set with these in mind.

For instance, a natural hollow was selected, on the slopes of which was built the city. When viewed from the valley just below camera range, this city assumed massive proportions, stretching far into the misty distance. Similarly, Murnau selected his camera angles from the lake, then built his picturesque village along its shores.

Seldom is there such harmony on a motion-picture set as existed during the making of "Sunrise." Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, Margaret Livingston, and the others of the small cast fairly adored their genial boss. Murnau's magnetic personality was a potent factor in creating

not only enthusiasm but general cordiality and contentment. He does not explode when things go wrong—he always directs quietly, and is invariably good-natured. His grin seems to grow out of the crinkles into which his twinkling brown eyes disappear; it spreads in a glow over his ruddy countenance, as vital always as the red of his hair. He so endeared himself to his cast



F. W. Murnau, who came across from Germany to direct the film, works on the theory that making a movie [is much the same as composing music.

Why Girls Leave Home

Ford Sterling takes time by the forelock and shows what may happen a few years hence, as men grow more and more submissive to the onslaughts of the modern girl.

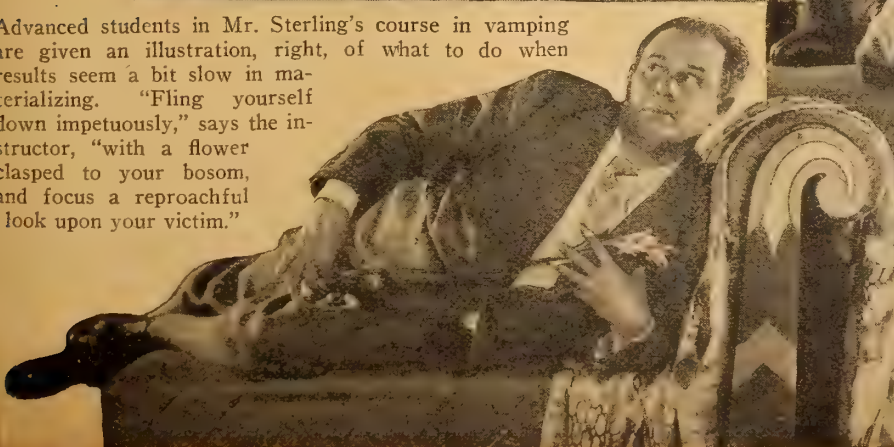
"Be a good listener," says the comedian, left, in expounding to the male sex how to vamp the girl of the future. His pose at the right illustrates a more flirtatious mood, to be used when quieter tactics fail.



Sweetly pensive is the attitude assumed by Mr. Sterling at the left. This should be employed by the man only when there is nothing to talk about, or nothing else to do. The girl of the future is sure to fall for it, declares the professor, because it expresses helplessness, and complete trust in the stronger sex.



Advanced students in Mr. Sterling's course in vamping are given an illustration, right, of what to do when results seem a bit slow in materializing. "Fling yourself down impetuously," says the instructor, "with a flower clasped to your bosom, and focus a reproachful look upon your victim."



"So soon?" This is said in a hurt tone, and accompanies the attitude shown above, adopted when one's caller tries to make a get-away. It will never fail to bring her back, declares this exponent of future fascination.

Has Success Changed Ben Lyon?

The writer who was the first to interview him in his early days pays him another visit after four years and finds him a little more mature, but still the same merry prankster.

By Alma Talley

FOUR years ago the writer had an interview with an obscure young newcomer to the films. His name was Ben Lyon, and the interview was his very first for publication in a motion-picture magazine.

He had been playing the juvenile lead in "Mary the Third" on the stage, his first Broadway appearance after several years of stock and road companies. Samuel Goldwyn had seen him in that play and had given him a part in the film version of "Potash and Perlmutter."

Ben had just finished the picture and was leaving for California when the interview took place. He was then twenty-three, a black-haired boy with merry, deep-blue eyes, a slight Southern accent, a delightfully jolly manner, and a natural wit which made him a most amusing companion.

He was then, perhaps, a little naïve, showing me photographs of his dog, of his former home in Baltimore, and talking earnestly of his future. He had been making three—or perhaps it was four—hundred dollars a week in "Potash and Perlmutter"—the most he had ever made. And now that the picture was finished, Samuel Goldwyn was sending him on his way to California, with the Goldwyn blessing and a letter of introduction in his pocket.

Ben was very much thrilled by all this—"Young Man Makes Good." The future looked rosy; perhaps his career had definitely turned the corner toward prosperity, and there would be no more lean years of one-night stands in road shows, with bad food, bad hotels, bad railroad accommodations. Ben hoped all that was past.

This happens to be a story of dreams come true. All that *was* past. When I went to see him recently, I was reminded of one of those "before and after" ads. Ben had taken a dose of fame in the meanwhile, and it seemed to have agreed with him very well.

The interview took place in Ben's marine-blue car, in and out of which he dashed between shots on location. He was wearing a handsome tweed topcoat. His face was rounder, fuller-looking, naturally, a little more mature. Self-assurance, greater sophistication, had come with success. Otherwise Ben is much the same witty boy he used to be, with that merry twinkle in his eyes—still the life of the party, still somewhat of a prankster.

His press agent, who was with us, pulled out a package of a new brand of cigarettes.

"Well, well," said Ben, "you answer all the ads, don't you?" And I knew at once that, if I only shut my eyes to the new car, Ben hadn't changed a bit.

The company—Ben, Sam Hardy, a few minor players, and dozens of electricians, camera men and prop men—was on location, taking street scenes for "High Hat." It was in the Harlem section of New York, where the company had rented an empty building and plastered it with signs, designating it a Greenwich Village restaurant—"The Blue Cow Café. Dining and Dancing." Across the narrow street from the building were cameras, and noisy sunlight arcs mounted on trucks.

Ben's car was parked up the street a little, and he had invited us to "step into his dressing room."

He was just finishing the picture prior to his de-

parture for California a few days later. The interview was rather an intermittent affair, so this is mainly a story of just what Ben is like personally.

I offered him congratulations on his work in "The Prince of Tempters," which had just been hailed by a highbrow critic as one of the ten best performances of the year.

"That's because Lothar Mendes, the director, knew how to guide his players," Ben said emphatically. "Every time I work under a director who tells me exactly what to do, I get good notices. Yet you'd be surprised how often directors let actors do things their own way; the result is that one man is overplaying, another is underplaying, and you have farce, drama, burlesque, all in one picture. I can't get any perspective on my own work—it's the director's job to get the perspective. He knows just what effects he is after in each scene—at least he *should* know—and he should see to it that the players are pulling together, rather than in different directions. It's just the same with an orchestra leader—it's the man with the baton whose job it is to control the ensemble."

At this point the press agent put in that Ben had had considerable training years ago in Jessie Bonstelle's stock company, and that it was too bad that he was always being cast in rôles in which he had no opportunity to display any histrionic ability. Usually, he's cast as a good-looking young man who merely walks through the picture.

"The fans certainly know the difference when I have a real rôle to play," Ben said. "My mail increased a lot after 'The Prince of Tempters'—the letters actually increased at the rate of two hundred a day. Imagine that! From an average of four hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty. Charming letters, some of them. You'd be surprised, the different kinds of people who write—young girls, mothers, grandmothers."

The very fact that he's the sort of young man of whom both very young girls and their mothers seem to approve, makes Ben doubtful if he is appropriately cast in the "sexy" rôles he is so often given. It's odd that he should get mash notes and letters from girls' mothers as well as from the girls themselves.

"But, gee! that fan mail is expensive," Ben said, somewhat ruefully, though obviously the letters mean a lot to him. "I have to pay salaries to two secretaries; and last week I handed out ninety dollars for postage stamps, and the week before one hundred and twenty. The fans have no idea how much it costs to send out photos, and few ever think of sending a quarter."

At this moment a call came for Ben to go back before the camera.

"Hungry?" he asked, as he left. "I hope this will be the last shot."

Hungry! It was long past one o'clock and every one was starving. The company was trying to finish the location shots before returning to the studio for lunch.

"Ben wants to know if you'd like some of this cheese." A prop man stuck his head in the window of the car. Would we! We seized two little triangles wrapped in tinfoil and opened them greedily. Inside each was a little—block of wood! Ben was at it again, still a prankster.

[Continued on page 111]



FAME has not spoiled Ben Lyon. If you read the story on the opposite page, you will see that he is still very much the same natural, unaffected boy that he was in the days of his early struggles—just a little older and wiser, that's all.



BILL HAINES slid straight into stardom in "Slide, Kelly, Slide." After one look at that baseball film, the M.-G.-M. officials sent for Bill and dubbed him a star. He's taking up golf now for his rôle in "Spring Fever."

Photo by Apeda



Photo by Albin

THE folks at the Fox studio gave Alma Rubens a rousing welcome when she at last returned to their midst, after her long period of illness. She set to work immediately on "The Heart of Salome," with Walter Pidgeon lending handsome support.



THE most coveted rôle that has come to Mary Philbin in some time is that of *Magnolia Ravenal* in the film version of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat." All the girls are envying her. And of course she has Norman Kerry to play opposite her.

Photo by Irving Chidnoff



Photo by Apeda

AILEEN PRINGLE is quite pleased with her part in "The Branding Iron." It gives her lots of opportunity for emotional acting. And who wouldn't become emotional if branded with a red-hot iron? But Conrad Nagel rushes to the rescue.



It won't be long now—already Natalie Kingston is a Wampas "baby" star, and before we know it she'll be a full-fledged star of the real variety. Her latest leading rôle is in "Who Goes Where?" First National's war comedy featuring Charlie Murray and George Sidney.

Of all the younger players in M.-G.-M.'s vast fold, Joan Crawford is attracting the most attention. The powers that be are so pleased with her that they are thinking of starring her, and have given her the feminine lead opposite Lon Chaney in "The Unknown."



Photo by Clarence Hinclair Bull



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

JOHN GILBERT knows perfectly well that he's a good actor, but he also knows his limitations. He confesses to Malcolm H. Oettinger, on the opposite page, the rôles he has done that he should not have done, as well as those he yearns to do.

Such Popularity Must Be Deserved

The triumphant Mr. Gilbert grants a long-delayed audience and converts a skeptic.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

HERE was perhaps a *snubcon*—approximately two fingers—of venom in my well-concealed glee upon hearing that John Gilbert, not a moving picture, would meet me. A year previous, when he had visited New York, celebrating the success of "The Big Parade," I had ventured to telephone him at his hotel. The voice that answered had announced itself that of Mr. Gilbert's secretary, had sounded cautious and studied, and had gone on to say that Mr. Gilbert could not be disturbed.

Regular people, however good their acting, don't flaunt secretaries, I have found; regular people permit themselves to be disturbed, if only long enough to tell you that an audience is inconvenient. Thus it was that I set John Gilbert down as a victim for whatever time in the future we might meet. Writing people are practically human.

But after meeting him, I realized that my fell purpose was thwarted. Gilbert is a fast-thinking, well-spoken fellow, gifted with poise, personality, and a rather hopeless touch of idealism that will hardly blossom under the coldly commercial Kleigs.

He is magnetic, yet he does not thrust himself forward to impress you. He is picturesque in addition to being pictorial, yet he does not permit himself to posture. He is egotistical in a straightforward, unblushing, natural way; cognizant of his tremendous success, he is anxious to strike out in new fields to hold his popularity.

Although there was a rumor, shortly after his first big picture, that he had refused to meet a friend in the lobby of a Broadway hotel for fear of disilluioning his public, and had insisted upon one on Park Avenue, he evidently has passed through that phase, for we met for an affable afternoon in the business offices of Metro-Goldwyn, aloft in a building above Times Square. I found him in the midst of a group of high-powered executives who were beamingly admiring their box-office bonanza in what has commonly come to be called the flesh.

He is a tall, well-built man, with flashing eyes, a winning smile and, as you might guess, a hot temper. He is distinctly the type that women admire—handsome, fiery, explosive, impulsive.

We were ushered into a room of clublike atmosphere, paneled walls, underslung leather chairs, devoid of the paraphernalia suggestive of business. Through the windows we could see that "The Big Parade" was still marching along at the theater across the street. And just across the table, smoking a cigarette, sat John Gilbert, probably the foremost exponent of heroics the screen reflects at the moment we go to press.

Some will break a lance for Ronald Colman, not unlike Gilbert, but lacking his fire; Richard Dix has followers by the tens of thousands; but I am tempted to believe that the girls, the women, the ladies, and the matrons—comprising a good seventy per cent of movie audiences the world over—go to see Gilbert first of all.

He was glad of the opportunity, he said, to sit quietly for an hour or two with no orchestra blaring in his ear, no waiter hovering at his shoulder, no Black Bottom obstructing his vision. He had been in town on the loose for a week, and he had crowded in enough thea-

ters, night clubs, and parties to last an ordinary mortal an entire season.

"I may become a night-club king," he announced with a grin. "Had an offer from the fellow who runs that place the gunmen were caught in last year. 'Gilbert,' he said, 'this would be pie for us. Fifty-fifty split; I'll guarantee you a thousand a week, and all you hafta do is appear for a few minutes every night to glad hand the come-ons.' He even offered to name the club after me. But I think I'll stay in pictures a little while longer."

In speaking of anything, Gilbert was impetuous, frank, reckless, and interesting. He was loud in his praise of Emil Jannings, Dreiser, Aileen Pringle, Mencken, King Vidor, and Greta Garbo; he was little short of scathing in his denunciation of personal appearances, "La Bohème," tabloids, repression, and Prohibition. Whatever he spoke of he tackled with intelligence and a ready expression of opinion. Not for an instant did he attempt to be "diplomatic" or evasive.

He glowed with enthusiasm when he talked about "Flesh and the Devil" and Greta Garbo. It was when I casually mentioned the latter's name that the descriptive tornado began whirling about my ears.

"She's marvelous," said Gilbert. "The most alluring creature you've ever seen, capricious as the devil, whimsical, temperamental, fascinating. Some days she refuses to come to the studio. She doesn't feel like working, and she will *not* work. Never acts unless she feels that she can do herself justice. But when that woman gets in front of a camera to do a scene—man! What magnetism! What appeal! What a woman!"

Gilbert was talking in short blasts, so wrapped in his subject was he.

"One day I talk to her and find her childlike, naïve, ingenuous, a girl of ten. The next day she impresses me as a mysterious woman, a thousand years old, knowing everything, baffling, masklike as to face, deep. She is amazing. She has more sides to her personality than any one I've ever met. If she ever really shows what she can do on the screen, she will be the sensation of all time!"

According to Gilbert, Clarence Brown, who directed "Flesh and the Devil," is in the front rank of directors, along with Von Stroheim and Vidor. It is not generally known that, back in the Fort Lee days, when pictures were even more infantile than they are now, Gilbert, too, was a director. "I was away from my wife, Leatrice Joy, for the first time since we had married—three thousand miles away from her. I was miserable!"

He turned to me suddenly, bitterly. "You know New York. But you know only the theaters, the crowds, the gayety, the life. Do you know that this can be the loneliest damn place in the world if you're here alone, without friends? I'll never forget the early days I spent here, moping, wondering what the devil was going to happen next. I'll never forget the rotten times I've gone through!"

His directorial duties led him back to the Coast, where he allied himself with Fox as a leading man, soon to become a star. He appeared in any number of pictures that any number of people never saw. They were not good pictures, according to Gilbert. They

Continued on page 110

The Flowers That Bloom

Every year, about this time, as the flowers emerge into the sunshine and have their photos



Marie Prevost slips into a neat pair of overalls, adjusts her straw hat at a jaunty angle, and with pruning shears deftly poised, poses for a photo of a "celebrated movie star trimming her own trees."



"Hark, hark! The lark!" Leatrice Joy pauses in the gentle task of gathering daisies to heed the lovely notes of a near-by songbird.



Above, Jane Winton is discovered in her garden picking pansies.



Left, Vilma Banky daintily peeps into the heart of a rose and learns all sorts of thrilling secrets.



Right, Kathryn Perry strolls about her luxuriant garden and gathers a whole basket of fragrant blooms.

in the Spring, Tra-La

blossom forth in Hollywood, the stars also taken in artistic poses in their gardens.



Caught in the act! The flower beds at the De Mille studio were so tempting that Jetta Goudal, above, simply couldn't resist running out during the noon hour one day and filling her apron full of stolen beauties.



Garden work is not a mere gesture with Mae Busch. She actually does get down and grub. She is shown above tending with a practiced hand to the needs of her sun-flowers.



Claire Windsor, above, always looks in place when surrounded by flowers.

Irene Rich, left, is distinctly pleased with the progress of her rose.

Gladys McConnell, right, is trying to show an interest in her flowers, but does she realize she's attacking a helpless little lily with the murderous shears meant for trimming hedges?



Over

Fanny the Fan tells of the coming year plague of locusts—and chats

By The



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Fanny considers Claire Windsor the most exquisitely ravishing sight outside the French fashion magazines.

SPRING may bring flowers and romance to the rest of the world," Fanny announced, as she pushed her way through the gaping crowds at the door of Montmartre, "but it brings only tourists and grief to Hollywood.

"Did you ever see anything to compare with it? Like a plague of seven-year locusts they have descended on the town, and stars can't go anywhere without having over-enthusiastic fans rush up and demand anything from a photograph to a lock of hair.

"Any star is flattered at being recognized and complimented on work he or she has done, but when a drove of strangers rush up and say, 'I don't know who you are, deary, but you must be some one important in the movies, because the head waiter is so polite to you,' it is overwhelming, to say the least.

"The only thing for the stars to do, if they want to come here

to Montmartre or to the Ambassador, or any other place where tourists are on the watch for them, is to ask the waiters to ritz them and put them in obscure corners. Then they can point at the tourists and say, 'Oh, I wonder who *that* is,' and give the tourists an idea of what it is like to be continually in the spotlight.

"Some inventive person, who ought to be condemned to live in a gold-fish bowl in a public square for the rest of his life, has published a tourists' guide and sells it on Sunset Boulevard on the road to Beverly Hills. The location of many of the stars' homes is given in it, and on Sundays the road is clogged with cars bearing license plates from other States, while droves of people swarm up to the 'Positively No Admittance' signs and take kodak pictures of the grounds, or the houses—if they can get near enough.

"There is one advantage in living up in the hills in a place that is as hard to find as Eleanor and King Vidor's. They can go blissfully ahead with their tennis matches against William Tilden, knowing that no tourist can find them. It is hard enough for invited guests to find them, even when led up by some one familiar with the road.

"I'd like to see what a tourist's two-by-four

kodak picture of Marion Davies' or Tom Mix's house, taken from the road, looks like. They have such huge gardens surrounding their homes, that nothing but a panorama could take in all the scene.

"All day Sunday, sight-seeing busses roam through Beverly Hills with barkers announcing, 'On the left is the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter—the little blond lady who is known on the screen as Laura La Plante. Here on the right is Anna Q. Nilsson's home, and that is her dog you see frolicking on the lawn. In the next block is the home of William Russell and Helen Ferguson. Miss Ferguson is scoring a triumph in her first ap-

Ann Rork works doubly hard to make a name for herself, for the very reason that she has a producer for a father.



Photo by Banas

the Teacups

of the tourists to Hollywood—in numbers like unto a seven-of triumphs, tribulations and romance among the stars.

Bystander

pearance on the speaking stage—in “Alias the Deacon” at the Vine Street Theater.’

“But Helen fortunately is usually out of earshot of such touching tributes, as she is working Sundays, and every day but matinée day, in a motion picture called ‘Eyes of Envy’ and, just to make her day’s work strenuous, is doing exteriors down at San Pedro.

“Then, ‘In the next block, ladies and gentlemen, is the home of Patsy Ruth Miller, where the élite of filmland gather for tennis matches every Sunday.’ Gardner and Marion Blackton James go furiously on with their game of croquet on the lawn, and inside the house, players interrupt a thrilling game of ping-pong to gaze out the windows at the passing bus.

“The only person who sits blissfully back and enjoys the sight-seeing spectacle is Virginia Valli. Her quaint and unobtrusive little English house has not, as yet, been discovered by the guides, and she can go out on her lawn and, without being noticed, hear a passing barker go into an impassioned speech on the number of film celebrities who have resided in the Beverly Hills Hotel across the road.

“Poor Virginia was so unhappy the last time I saw her. She had planned to go up to a ranch near Santa Barbara with Marion Davies, Julianne Johnston, and Carmelita Geraghty for a vacation. But her doctor had insisted that she stay at home in bed and attempt to ward off a threatened attack of appendicitis. The doctor was right. Two days later she was hauled off to the hospital and operated on. Zasu Pitts went down to see her the day after the operation. Virginia was too weak to talk to visitors, of course, but Zasu just went in and waved to her so she would know friends were thinking of her. Zasu said she looked just like an angel—not, of course, wanting to be prophetic.

“Virginia had planned to take several weeks’ rest, anyway, so this won’t mean giving up any pictures that she particularly wanted to do. But she will have to miss the preview of ‘Gaby,’ and naturally she is anxious to see how many of the exquisite shots in it survived the cutting room.

“Jack Dempsey returned from the hospital, where his arm was operated on, in time to celebrate his second wedding anniver-

Louise Fazenda, who teamed so splendidly with Ethel Wales in “Ladies at Play” continues the partnership in “Cradle Snatchers.”



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Joan Crawford is so unspoiled by success that she doesn't mind being reminded of the time when she didn't own an evening gown.



sary at home. Kind friends sent gifts of paper plates and spoons and forks, and Estelle sent him one large lily, emblematic of a pure and unstained life. He gave her a long line of rose-quartz elephants that march in solemn dignity the length of a table in the living room. Estelle had been audibly admiring them in a shop window, with no suspicion, of course, that Jack would give them to her.

“Six of us went up to dinner with them on their anniversary night and spent the evening playing a hilarious game of keno. Poor Jack was somewhat handicapped by having only one hand to play with, but even at that he won pretty consistently.

“Estelle had been over at the United Artists studio all day, pleading with them to put her to work. She has been on salary for ages, you

Over the Teacups



Photo by Hommel

Evelyn Brent's return to Hollywood was a triumph because of her recent success in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

know, but they never quite get around to casting her in a picture. And the foolish girl wants to go to work. She says that the closest she has been to a camera in months was to wander out on the 'Camille' set and watch Norma Talmadge work.

"Estelle should be content for a while, at least, for rarely has any one had such a chorus of praise as she got for her performance in 'New York.' Almost every one panned the picture, but thought Estelle was great."

Montmartre luncheons were invented for just such garrulous people as Fanny. The waiters never ask what you want—they just drift up with tray after tray of foods hot and cold, and automatically you take whatever they offer, without having to stop talking. The proprietor of Montmartre must be in league with the new Hollywood Turkish baths. He makes people put on weight, and then they have to go to the baths to take it off.

"If Virginia Brown Faire hadn't gone off and married Jack Daugherty in such a hurry, I had a swell idea for a bath-towel shower for her," Fanny announced with some resentment. "I wanted to charter the Hollywood Baths for the evening, and give the party there. Virginia would have felt right at home—she's a regular patron. Loads of people are, for few people are am-

bitious enough to do setting-up or thinning-down exercises without some one present to bully them into it.

"Hugh Anderson, who runs the place, used to be in one of those bronze-statue tableaux in vaudeville, and keeps himself in such perfect physical trim that when he sneers at your extra pounds you are apt to take him seriously.

"By the way, some company has bought the screen rights to 'Ladies' Night,' the epic drama of Turkish baths. I suppose when it is produced it will show languid beauties lolling about marble pools—nothing like the plain little businesslike establishment where we line up in bathing suits and do stretching exercises until every muscle aches.

"Oh, I didn't tell you how I finally met Virginia Brown Faire. I went out to the old Vitagraph studio one night and met her when she was making scenes for 'White Flannels.' But she was working so continuously that every time we started to talk she would be called back onto the set. I knew, though, as soon as I heard her laugh, that I was going to like her a lot. She has one of those 'Well-here-we-are-all-fools-together' laughs.

"It was so bitter cold out there that Virginia had to drink ice water before every scene. That lowers your temperature, you know, and there is less likelihood of a frosty breath showing on the screen.

"By eleven o'clock, when she had finished, she was half frozen, so Lloyd Bacon, the director, took her, Jason Robards, Warner Richmond, and myself to Hollywood's version of a night club—a delicatessen—for some hot coffee. Mr. Bacon started telling us funny stories of his stock-company days with his father—and who cared then about having to be at work again early in the morning?

"Virginia's romantic marriage—she had known Jack Daugherty only about two weeks, you know—came right on the heels of Jobyna Ralston's marriage to Dick Arlen. Jobyna's wedding present from Famous Players was the chance to play with Dick in 'Wings,' and his was a new contract for a term of years.

"They are the cunningest-looking pair at the studio—dressed almost exactly alike in their riding breeches, wandering around the place with



Gertrude Olmsted is contributing her dignified charm to "Becky," a picture exploiting Sally O'Neil's hoydenish capers.

arms around each other, quite oblivious to the rest of the world."

Fanny stopped talking for a moment and seemed to be thinking. She probably wasn't, but sometimes she gives that impression.

"You know, I'm not homesick for New York," she insisted, "but I am mildly curious to know if the new Paramount Theater is as terrible as every one says it is. Returning visitors insist that no woman could feel at home in it unless she was wearing at least three diamond tiaras and a scarlet velvet dress studded with

rhinestones. You've heard, of course, of the man who looked it over and said, 'Heavens, Thaw shot the wrong architect!'

"Oh, well, Hollywood will soon have its innings. Grauman's new Chinese Theater is to open soon, and judging from a casual glance at the outside, I'd say it should bear the slogan, 'Glorifying the Chop Suey Parlor.'

"You should have been down at the opening of the play, 'The Fool,' to see Lila Lee and Jim Kirkwood on the stage. Simply every one was there, of course, and applauded as only old friends can. It was a mark of real loyalty, because most of the audience had already seen Jim in the play in New York. But I'd go to see Lila even if she played *Abie's Irish Rose*.

"Diana Kane came out from New York to visit Bebe Daniels, but rushed off to Del Monte for the polo games. Now Bebe is up there making scenes for "Señorita." Bebe's grandmother, by the way, is so thrilled over Bebe's playing a Spanish girl at last that she bursts into tears of joy at the mere mention of it. Bebe has learned fencing for the picture. She emerges from her lessons lame, but determined.

"Lois Wilson is still threatening to come West at any moment, but so far as I am concerned it is the old story of 'Wolf! Wolf!' I do want to hear all about her breaking her contract, though. There seems to be a general wave of dissatisfaction sweeping through the studios and a lot of girls are not working.

"Anna Q. Nilsson has refused to make a picture she was assigned to by First National and was taken off the pay roll for a little while, but she went back and is making a picture now with Babe Ruth. Then Margaret Livingston asked to be released from her contract with Fox because she was dissatisfied with the parts they were giving her. Dorothy Mackaill refused to make 'See You In Jail,' was taken off salary, and it looks as though she would have an awfully hard time getting back. A girl needs a course in diplomacy to keep working now, even when she has a contract.

"Dorothy's husband, Lothar Mendes, had some difficulties with Famous Players, for whom he was supposed to direct a picture, and he likewise is doing nothing. There's a rumor floating around that he and Dorothy may go to Germany to make pictures, but if they do Dorothy's films couldn't be released in this country until the expiration of her contract with First National. And that has years to run, I think.

"A well-known star told me the other day that in addition to all the books of advice on how to break into

the movies, there should be one for the girls who have already broken in. It should include courses in violent desk-pounding—a part of most conferences with producers—and lessons in how to develop mental callousness so that directors' comments wouldn't hurt to the extent of making you lose confidence in yourself. A very useful added chapter would be on how to cure picture stars' relatives of itching palms.

"I can't report first-hand," Fanny skipped on, "but if there are any happy people in the picture business they should be the ones who made 'Flesh and the Devil.' It isn't only that the picture is making such loads of money; it is so genuinely thrilling to every one who sees it. I enjoyed it so much that when I came out of the theater I felt like sending telegrams of thanks to Barney Glazer, who adapted it, Clarence Brown, who directed it, and Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, the stars. It is the most genuinely satisfying picture I have seen since 'Beau Geste.'

"The time to see 'Flesh and the Devil' is at a matinée, when there are a lot of schoolboys and girls in the audience. Unfortunately, though, the picture stuns them so, that they don't comment on it out loud.

"Of course, on the night it opened, mobs of tourists got tickets, and others thronged around the entrance. And every one was so busy looking at the audience that I bet they didn't half see the picture. I'm through with openings, except of mediocre pictures. It is so distracting to be surrounded by stars and so annoying to have to fight your way in and out of the theater. Colleen Moore and I went to the first Saturday matinée of 'Flesh and the Devil' and had a great time.

"Lots of stars would rather steal in unnoticed at a regular performance of a picture and enjoy it, than to go on the opening night.

"What I love is to go to a preview. Then the star and the producer and most of the production staff are nervously studying the audience's reactions. But many of the Hollywood populace have found out about the previews. They flock to the theaters where they are held, and often get a chance to speak to the stars afterward.

"I went with Colleen the other night when she previewed 'Orchids and Ermine.' It is by far the smartest and most sophisticated picture she has ever made, and one pantomimic sequence in it is an acting triumph of the year. Colleen insists that if the picture is popular it will be because of Ralph Spence's titles, but I doubt if any one else will ever think of it as anything but a triumph for Colleen. Gwen Lee has a very good part in it and is awfully effective. Down at Metro-Goldwyn,

Continued on page 104



Fanny avers that "Orchids and Ermine" is Colleen Moore's most sophisticated picture and that it will do lots to increase her popularity.



PRINCE DIMITRI, at the head of his company of soldiers, returns to the village where his peasant sweetheart awaits him.

THERE must surely, by all the laws of compensation, be a substantial reward for sincerity. And if there is, then undoubtedly the film "Resurrection" will be not only a satisfaction to the dead Tolstoy but, for Director Edwin Carewe's benefit, a neat thing at the box office as well.

For it is seldom that an entire movie production is pervaded by such a definite atmosphere of sincerity of purpose as this one is. Every one connected with it had an unswerving desire to transmit the original "Resurrection" to the screen intact. Every one had a reverential appreciation of the story's greatness, and a sense of the privilege of screening it. If out of such a spirit a great picture does not evolve, it is only because there's something strange and rotten in Denmark.

Years ago—to catch the film "Resurrection" at its inception—Edwin Carewe was a leading man both on Broadway and in road shows. One of his most frequent rôles was that of *Prince Dimitri*, the quasi hero of "Resurrection." It was his favorite part. The subtle humanness of the character and the power of the story always gripped him. Now, Carewe has become one of the most successful directors in motion pictures, and for some time he has been playing with the idea of bringing "Resurrection" to the screen. But, afraid that the theme might not be done justice under the official supervision of a big organization, he did not attempt it until he started producing independently. His first step as a director-producer



Rod La Rocque skillfully portrays the great transformation the young prince undergoes as a result of suffering and dissipation.

KATUSHA, the peasant girl, is banished from the home of her benefactress. Dolores del Rio is seen as KATUSHA, and Vera Lewis as the outraged benefactress.



A La

The film production of the "Resurrection," made with Ilya Tolstoy, promises to that even the dead Tolstoy

By Margaret

was the formulation of plans for the picturization of the great story, and he prayed that he could accurately convey to the screen public the "Resurrection" that Tolstoy wrote—not a denatured cinema version.

His first move was a trip to the East to seek the aid of Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the author. He hoped to persuade Count Tolstoy to return to Hollywood with him, to see that the story was interpreted as his father had meant it.

This hope proved rather more difficult to accomplish than Carewe had anticipated. Count Tolstoy—almost inaccessible on his Long Island estate—evinced a lively distaste for anything connected with the movies. He frankly regretted that his father's famous work was to be screened. Only after much persuasion did Carewe prevail upon him to meet him in New York for a brief interview.

The interview *was* brief. Mr. Carewe is a dynamic gentleman. Within half an hour, he had not only convinced Tolstoy of his complete sincerity regarding the filming of "Resurrection." He had, as well, fired the count with his own enthusiasm—to the extent that the latter actually consented to return to California with him and work with him on the film!

In Hollywood, Tolstoy and Carewe together prepared the screen adaptation of the story, sacri-

Tolstoy

great Russian author's the aid of his son, Count be so gripping and realistic himself would applaud it.

Reid

ficing as little of it as possible and changing nothing. The adaptation was then turned over to Finis Fox, who constructed the scenario.

Inspiration is the company through which Mr. Carewe produces. He was given carte blanche on all details of production and casting. His choice for the leading feminine rôle in "Resurrection" was Dolores del Rio—his own protégée and a proven actress. For the very important part of *Prince Dimitri*, Carewe and his associates unanimously decided upon Rod La Rocque. But when they approached him with the offer, La Rocque was already in the very midst of a film for De Mille.

Now Rod is a conscientious young man. Contracts, to him, are more than mere scraps of paper to be thrown aside at will. But when he learned that the part offered him was that of *Prince Dimitri* in "Resurrection," he quite literally paused in the middle of a scene and walked off the set—to De Mille's office. As was natural, the prospect of having his biggest star suddenly drop a production that was nearly half finished didn't particularly appeal to Mr. De Mille. His re-



KATUSHA and PRINCE DIMITRI, in the sunny days of their budding romance, entertain the villagers with a native dance.



KATUSHA, now homeless and friendless, and scorned by all, presents a tragic figure.

fusal to lend La Rocque to Inspiration was flat and final.

But he reckoned without Rod, who is as determined as he is conscientious. Rod had, for years, been yearning to do *Prince Dimitri*. First he had hoped for it on the stage—later, in pictures. Now that the rôle was at last within reach, he certainly had no intention of letting it elude him. Contract or no contract, he was determined to play *Prince Dimitri*! As far as he was concerned, the thing was settled.

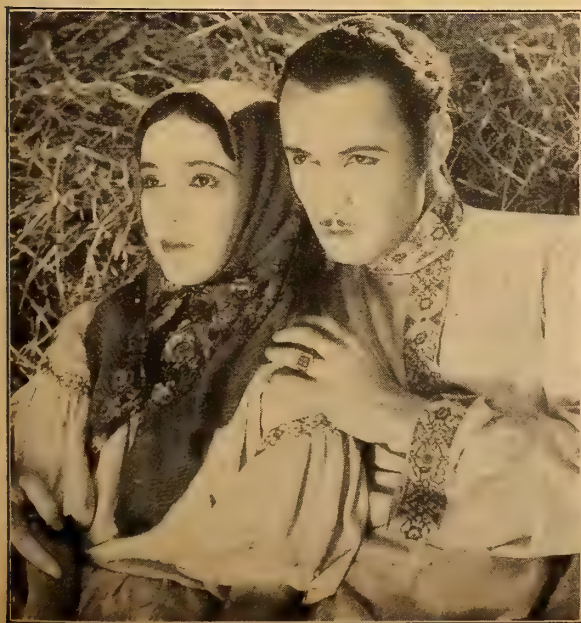
De Mille, for once, was beaten. His only recourse was to shelve the picture on which Rod was working until such time as his wayward star should return. But—he charged Inspiration not only a lot, but plenty, for La Rocque's services. So anxious, however, were Carewe and Inspiration to secure the man they considered to be the perfect *Prince Dimitri* that they scarcely turned pale as they agreed to the terms. The deal was closed—high finance with a vengeance!—and everybody was happy. Especially Mr. Carewe and Rod La Rocque.

The picture was begun auspiciously, slated to be one of the big films of the year. Probably its only rival in importance is De Mille's "The King of Kings," which will be released at about the same time. "Resurrection," however, is not essentially spectacular—it is tremendous, rather, in its uncompromising simplicity, honesty, and reality.

The stark story of *Katusha*, the peasant ward of two Russian spinsters, is well known. *Prince Dimitri*, the nephew of *Katusha's* benefactresses, is at first only her shy playfellow. The budding of their romance is fresh and sweet. But it has hardly taken its first tremulous breath when *Dimitri* leaves to join the Royal Guards in St. Petersburg.

Two years in the army change the wholesome boy into a highly sophisticated young man. On his way to join his regiment in Turkey, he spends a fateful night at the

Continued on page 97



The happy, youthful lovers sit and day-dream, little knowing the darkness and suffering that lie ahead of them.



Illustration by Lui Trugo.

Can You Answer All These Questions?

Here's a test for you. See how many of these questions about movies and movie people you can answer—then turn to page 112 to see if you are right.

1. What prominent screen actress first won fame as the "Biograph Girl?"
2. In what year was "The Birth of a Nation" first exhibited?
3. Name eight celebrities in its cast.
4. Who directed "The Last Laugh?"
5. What well-known actress did John Gilbert once direct?
6. In the creation of what comedy character did Harold Lloyd first achieve popularity?
7. What story is Ernst Lubitsch using as the basis of his current picture?
8. What is Richard Dix's real name?
9. What world-famous director has made only six pictures in his entire career?
10. To what directors are the following actresses married? (a) Enid Bennett; (b) Billie Dove; (c) Eleanor Boardman; (d) Betty Compson; (e) Blanche Sweet.
11. To what actresses are the following actors married? (a) Bert Lytell; (b) Milton Sills; (c) Lew Cody; (d) Edmund Lowe; (e) Kenneth Harlan.
12. How many times has "East Lynne" been filmed?
13. Name the first five-reel feature exhibited in America.
14. Name the first five-reel feature produced in America.
15. What picture has Mary Pickford made twice?
16. Name four featured players who are children of screen stars.
17. As leading man to what feminine star did Ronald Colman make his screen début?
18. What was Will Hays' position before he became czar of motion pictures?
19. What four brothers have been featured in pictures?
20. Identify the former screen star who, since becoming a director, has taken the name of William Goodrich.
21. What actor consistently maintains a foremost place on both stage and screen?
22. Name two sets of sisters who play under different names.
23. Who was the first woman director in pictures?
24. What brunette star always wears a blond wig before the camera?
25. Who played *Wendy* in "Peter Pan?"
26. What picture made three big stars?
27. Name the nationality of each of the following actresses: (a) Vilma Banky; (b) Greta Garbo; (c) Lya de Putti; (d) Greta Nissen; (e) Pola Negri; (f) Nazimova.
28. Name five pictures in which Emil Jannings has appeared.
29. What great American novel supplied the story for Von Stroheim's picture, "Greed?"
30. What director of sophisticated comedy once wielded the megaphone for Rin-Tin-Tin?
31. What New York night-club hostess was formerly featured in hard-ridin' Westerns?
32. Name a feminine star who was once a circus bare-back rider.
33. Name a masculine star who was once a minister.
34. Name two feminine stars who are married to nobility.
35. Who portrays the rôle of *Christ* in Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings?"
36. Name the horse used by (a) Tom Mix; (b) Fred Thomson; (c) Buck Jones.
37. What actor played the title rôle in "Abraham Lincoln?"
38. Which producer is considered the leading screen authority on feminine pulchritude?
39. What motion-picture director is also a well-known novelist?
40. Who played the rôle of *Moses* in "The Ten Commandments?"
41. What feature picture of 1926 was photographed entirely in color?
42. Name the producing company which plans to film "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
43. In what film did Jackie Coogan make his first screen appearance?
44. Who is credited with the invention of the motion picture?
45. Name the director of "The Covered Wagon."
46. What player was raised to stardom by the success of "Flaming Youth?"
47. Who was Gloria Swanson's first husband?
48. Name a director who achieved a reputation as a sculptor before becoming affiliated with the screen.
49. What D. W. Griffith spectacles dealt with (a) the American Revolution; (b) the Civil War; (c) the Great War?
50. Name the costliest film ever produced.

The correct answers are printed on page 112

Film Struck

Another installment of a novel of the movies as humorous as it is unusual.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER VII.

IN A STRANGE WORLD.

STANDING alone, remote from the activity beyond, Oscar gravely contemplated the predicament into which he had blundered. He entertained no desire to become one of the scurrying crowd that was to achieve recognition in the forthcoming picture-drama; did not want to remain on the scene, a trespasser, an interloper. The very thought of being identified with the film industry alarmed him, aroused sudden and unpleasant recollections in his mind.

He shrank from accepting the blue ticket that gave him privileges to which certainly he was not entitled; yet how to extricate himself with the least amount of trouble became a problem. If at all quick-witted, he would have realized the situation in the beginning and taken measures to avoid it; but the idea of a picture town set up among the desert hills had been as remote from his thoughts as finding a ham sandwich on a yucca bush.

After considerable mental effort and no little trepidation at the thought of what it might entail, Oscar decided the sensible thing to do would be to seek some one in authority, explain the circumstances, surrender his card, and set off toward Sapphire, wherever it was to be found. Surely it could not be a great distance.

Already it was late. Long, purple shadows were beginning to drift across the hills and blot out the ghostly shapes of tents, to blur the ugly structures that lined the street. But with their coming, as if a magic button had been pressed, countless lights began to spring up. It was, so Oscar found himself thinking, exactly like a circus grounds, with its tents and hurrying throngs and all manner of strange paraphernalia scattered about, most mysterious in the shadows.

Borne on reluctant feet, Oscar advanced toward the two larger tents, which seemed to be the center of activity. As he drew nearer, his searching eyes discerned, in one of the tents, a line of cots and a host of men moving about among them. In the other, whose canvas sides were raised, he beheld again the row of tables, where white-clad waitresses performed; and again his nostrils were overwhelmed by the appetizing scent of food. Already he saw many folks were eating.

Oscar, gazing upon the scene, felt a vast emptiness directly below his near-silver belt buckle. His good resolutions were put to rout. He did not want to become a picture-play actor; but he did want to eat. He must eat. The call was irresistible. Never, it seemed, had he been so ravenously hungry.

Without the slightest difficulty, he convinced himself it would be far better to postpone his journey to Sap-

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

One of the prime attractions of the town of La Belle, Iowa, is the Rosebud delicatessen and lunch counter. And the Rosebud's great attraction is Oscar Whiffle, its young chef.

His eventual marriage to Gladys Padgett seems certain, even though they disagree on one point—the movies. She is a rabid fan, but Oscar scoffs at her enthusiasm. He goes with her, however, to the personal appearance at the local theater of Lester Lavender, Gladys' favorite screen lover.

Back again behind his counter later that night, Oscar is amazed when the great Lester saunters in and orders food. Hating the whole tribe of movie actors, he taunts the star into a fight, and is ingloriously knocked out.

Recovering himself, he surprises Gladys with Lester in the park at midnight and makes known his objections. In the fight that follows Lester is knocked cold, and Oscar believes himself to be a murderer. There is no course but flight. He boards a train and decides to make Sapphire, Arizona, his destination.

As he alights on the deserted platform, another train, coming from the opposite direction, deposits a large number of passengers, and Oscar finds himself in the midst of a babbling throng. Swept along with them into a bus, he is confused by talk he does not understand, and when he later finds himself standing in line before a window, he knows even less of what it is all about. Asked his name, he stammers "What?" and is given a ticket bearing the name, "Oscar Watt," and below, "The Super-Apex Film Corporation." He had stumbled onto the thing he hated most—the movies!

phire until after supper. It would be something of a trial to walk any distance at all in his present famished condition—and needless. He stood ready to pay for all he ate. He wasn't a bum. Not much. Not with close to three hundred dollars tucked in his wallet. And even if it cost a dollar, he wouldn't object.

First, however, he must dispose of his suit case and seek soap and water, for he felt disgracefully dirty. There was a great babble of voices in the dormitory tent, and much hurrying to and fro, and he stood a moment at the door, timid, uncertain. But presently he saw that each cot bore a number above it, and it occurred to him the numbers must correspond to those on the blue cards.

Emboldened, he entered and found a cot over which his number hung. Beside it was a rough, improvised locker; into this he thrust his suitcase. After removing his coat, he made his way into the washroom and doused his head into a pan of

cold water. Then he snared soap and towel and finished the job, emerging clean and pink and agreeably refreshed.

None of his companions paid him any marked attention, and he went back to his cot, to don a clean shirt and collar. The men who claimed the cots on either side of him talked back and forth between themselves with considerable laughter and in a language that he failed at times to interpret. The man on his left was middle-aged, stout, possessed of a ruddy face and a thick beard that he combed lovingly. The other was a rangy, thin-cheeked individual with sharp, probing eyes, who wore a conspicuous checked suit and kept a cigarette hanging between his lips while he talked.

It was the latter who addressed Oscar at length, after subjecting him to a prolonged scrutiny. "Say, big boy," he began, "I ain't seen you around the lots much. have I?"

"Not much," Oscar returned.

"New, eh? How come you got in on this batch of hand-picked atmosphere? Got a drag somewhere?"

"Well, I'm here." Oscar took an instant dislike to the thin-cheeked man and wanted him to know it, which may have accounted for the brevity of his response.

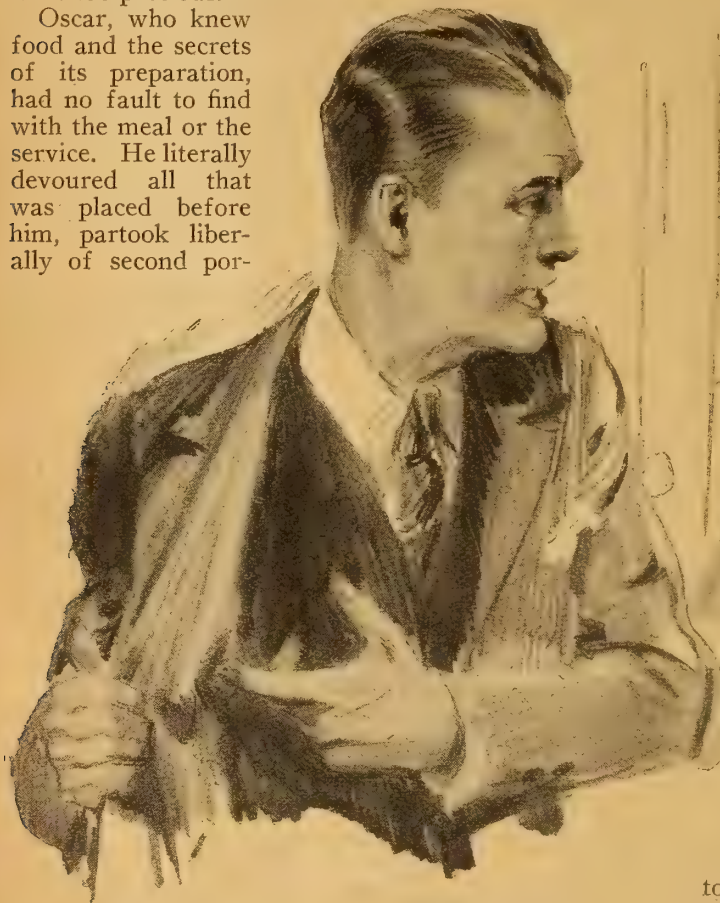
"Looks that way," the other stated, his eyes running over Oscar's husky form. "You're a snappy dresser, all right. Or is this wardrobe you're wearing? Where'd you browse before the celluloid urge became too pronounced? Iowa?"

Oscar experienced a sudden stab of suspicion. "How'd you guess that?" he demanded.

"Oh, I can spot the corn-fed lads." The man laughed and looked across at his companion. "I don't know what the profession's coming to. What induced you to turn from the farm to the leaping lithographs?" he inquired. "What mighty, irresistible call hastened you hither to join the Hollywood holocaust?"

"You go chase yourself," retorted Oscar, too hungry at the moment to take offense. He did not propose to lose out at the supper table by stopping to quarrel with the flip-tongued film actor. He preferred to swallow the insults along with a substantial meal. Besides, to make a scene would create excitement and attract attention, and that was a thing he must avoid. He must not, under any circumstances, make himself conspicuous. His life and liberty were too precious.

Oscar, who knew food and the secrets of its preparation, had no fault to find with the meal or the service. He literally devoured all that was placed before him, partook liberally of second por-



"I—I been robbed, Penny," he blurted out. "My wallet. All my money." And in a few words he poured out all the story, while the girl listened with eyes, he fancied, that were close to tears.

tions, totally oblivious to the crowd about him, deaf to their babble. His thoughts and actions were centered industriously upon the eatables and the tools with which they were manipulated.

Upon entering the tent he had blundered into the section reserved for principals, and was unceremoniously expelled; but even that gross misadventure failed to dull his appetite.

When, a long time afterward, he pushed back his chair and made his way toward the open air, he passed within range of a sumptuously spread table, before which sat a squat, bald-headed individual, and around whom hovered a profusion of obsequious attendants.

Oscar overheard some one say, in an awed whisper, that the imperial personage was none other than the great DuVal himself. But it meant little to Oscar,

except that he gathered, from passing remarks, that the man must be the director.

Once outside, now comfortably fed and feeling quite himself again, Oscar's solemn resolutions were again put to rout. It would be better, he decided, to remain on the scene for the night and leave for Sapphire the first thing in the morning. At that time he would see Mr. DuVal, who appeared to be in authority, explain the circumstances, pay for his food and lodging, and depart.

Under the twinkling lights beyond the tents, men still labored with saw and hammer, putting the finishing



touches to the elaborate set; and along the street many of the actor fraternity gathered in friendly groups. Music filled the air: the strumming of ukeleles and guitars; somewhere a moaning saxophone; voices lifted in harmony and otherwise.

Oscar drifted about, after buying a package of cigarettes at a stand near by, curious and alone. It was a strange, bewildering world through which he moved, and not unpleasant—like a carnival or a fair. He wished now he had brought along his harmonica. He certainly could make that instrument talk, and play the latest airs, too. Still, when it came to real music he preferred a flute; had taken lessons on that and was a member of the La Belle Silver Cornet Band. Once they had gone to River Junction to play at a convention of the Royal Order Zaboos, resplendent in red-and-gold uniforms.

Music certainly appealed to him—good music, that is. He strolled from group to group, listening, interested, but none made room for him, none asked him to join them. He told himself he didn't mind, for after all he was an outsider, living these hours under false pretenses. Besides, to mix in would invite questions, and that must be avoided at any cost.

Before a great while, in his aimless meandering he found himself at the far end of the crooked street, beyond the row of sham buildings, and almost beyond earshot of the merry-makers. He sank to a rock, his eyes fixed upon the vast stretch of desert that seemed to reach as far as he could see: a boundless waste of undulating sand, ghostly under the stars. The solitude, the immeasurable distances, awed and impressed him.

A long time afterward, startling him, bringing him to earth again, some one spoke. Instinctively he knew, even before he turned, that it was the girl of his bus ac-



quaintance, the pretty, cricketlike creature who had hopped upon his lap and perched there boldly, unabashed.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOUND—A PENNY.

Despite his sudden embarrassment, Oscar welcomed the unexpected intruder. He craved companionship, some one to talk to, the sound of a friendly voice. The silent world about him, the vast emptiness, seemed cold and melancholy.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, getting to his feet.

"Hello yourself," the girl responded pertly, dropping into the warm sand. "I've been looking all over the place for you. I just thought, when I didn't see you anywhere around, you'd be out star-gazing. And here you are! Big, aren't they? The stars, I mean."

"They're whoppers," Oscar agreed, his embarrassment fading. "Looks like you could reach up and pull down a handful, don't it?"

"A handful wouldn't be missed from up there," she remarked. "They look darned frigid. Like some of the stars on the studio lots."

The girl proceeded to make herself comfortable, her back against a rock, her slim, white arms hugging her knees; and after a bit of silence between the two, during which time Oscar felt she was studying him closely, she spoke again.

"How do you like the location?"

"It's nice. I like it."

"You do?" She seemed to be surprised. "Have you been out much before—I mean on locations?"

Oscar shook his head. "Never," he answered.

"Well, you must be pretty much independent. Stick right in Hollywood, do you? How long you been in the business?"

"What business?"

"Why, this one. The flicker-flicker! Pictures," she exclaimed.

"Oh, I haven't been in it at all. You see"—Oscar caught himself just in time—"that is," he went on lamely, "I—I don't care so much about the business."

The girl leaned forward. "Are you trying to tell me this is your first plunge?"

"I guess so." He began to squirm a little under the pertinent questions; wished the girl would talk of something else—something less disquieting.

"Good Lord! If you don't like the game, why in the world are you trying to break in?"

"I'm not; that is—" He floundered again.

"Well, what's the kink?" she asked, endeavoring to help him out. "I've thought all along you weren't the regular brand of lot-hopper. You're different. And maybe I don't know! I could write a book, only what's the use? Folks don't read any more, except movie captions. My name's Miss Holt. Penelope. In four syllables, please, with the accent on the second. Don't make it rhyme with cantaloupe. Call me Penny, for short. I'm usually that way," she added. "Now what's yours? Your real name, not your film moniker."

"Oscar Watt," he answered, remembering.

The girl laughed. "Not really! Oscar Watt? What a name!"

"It does sound funny," he admitted, grinning.

He felt guilty in deceiving the girl, but there was nothing to be done about it. That name was on the blue card and so long as he remained here he must use it.

"You'll have to tie a can to that label if you expect to make headway on the screen," she advised him. "That is, unless you're going in for knockabout stuff."

"I'm not going in for anything in the pictures," he declared emphatically.

"No? I suppose you're just doing this to relieve a temporary financial stringency, eh? You're in a bit of a jam and need money," she intimated. "Well, you've plenty of company. It's one of our popular pastimes."

"I don't need money. I've got nearly three hundred dollars," he informed her. It slipped out before he could catch himself.

"My God!" the girl exclaimed huskily. "Who are you, anyhow? That roll would look bigger than seven dollars' worth of lettuce. How have you got it, Oscar? In government securities, bank stock, or gilt-edge mortgages?"

"I've got it right here in my pocket," he declared proudly. Since he had, inadvertently, made mention of his wealth, there seemed to be no use in keeping its whereabouts concealed.

Penelope gasped and placed a shaky hand upon his arm. "You haven't told any one, have you?"

"No one except you."

"Then don't! Don't even look as if a friend of yours had that much. Not around this set. There'd be bloodshed and violence."

"I won't. You see, it's all I have to live on until I get a steady job," he confided. Somehow he felt he could be frank with his new-found companion; she invited confidence.

"Well, there isn't anything steady about doing atmosphere," she commented. "Not any more. Why, there're ten thousand extras registered at the bureau; and seems like all the producers are going in for small-cast stuff. It's a tough row to hoe, Oscar."

"But I keep telling you all the time I'm not going to do picture acting," Oscar persisted. "That's the last thing in the world I would do. I mean to get something in my line."

"Oh, that's right. You did tell me. What's your line?"

"I've been in the delicatessen business," he answered.

Penelope made a queer noise in her throat as if to choke back a shriek of amusement. "You—you're joking," she accused.

"No, I'm not. I came very near buying an interest in a swell shop. I know the game, from oven to counter."

"A cook, too, are you?" The girl's eyes were dancing humorously, but her voice was calm and sympathetic. "Well, that's not so bad. They're not so plentiful as would-be picture sheiks. Cooking means eating, and that's saying a mouthful these days."

Oscar nodded, warming toward his companion at once. It was nice to hear some one speak a kind word for his chosen profession, some one who sympathized instead of discouraged.

"There's money in it," he declared.

"You bet," the girl agreed promptly. "Barrels of it," she added. "It's certainly refreshing to know a chap whose head isn't packed with film dust. How long have you been in California?"

"I haven't been there at all."

Penelope frowned. "But you got this engagement and—"

"I didn't get it," Oscar interrupted. "I—I let it get me. I don't suppose I've done right, but I'll explain things to-morrow. I didn't want to be turned out in the night, knowing nothing about the country. You see, I meant to go to Sapphire. Know how far it is from here?"

The girl stared at him a moment, apparently puzzled.

"I remember seeing you at the station this afternoon," she began. "Didn't you get off the train with the rest of the crowd?"

"I got off the other train; and before I knew it, all your crowd was around me and—and—" He stopped, wondering if he had done wrong in confessing.

"And you jumped a bus? Let them dump you here?" she cried.

"I thought the bus was taking me to Sapphire," Oscar explained. "Nobody told me any different."

The truth dawning upon her, Penelope rocked with laughter. "Oh, I say! This is *too* good! And Carter doesn't suspect?"

"I guess nobody suspects," he said. "It wasn't exactly my fault, was it? And by the time I found things out, why, I had a ticket and—and I was so hungry I decided to eat first and explain afterward."

Penelope continued to giggle. "I never heard the beat! Honest, Oscar! You stumble into a job without knowing it or wanting it. Pretty soft for you! Why, I was hoofing Hollywood for three weeks before I landed this engagement; and when I got it I had just a quarter in my near-needlepoint bag, to say nothing of owing room rent. But you—you with almost three hundred in your pocket and not caring about a job, just naturally fall against one. Can you beat it? You sure have to believe in fairies! And on top of everything you tell me you're going to fade out of the picture to-morrow. Turn your back on ten washers a day, with cot and cakes. After Heaven sent you this luck!"

"I wasn't cut out to be an actor," Oscar protested.

"You're not supposed to be an actor for ten a day. Just be yourself, maybe with whiskers."

Oscar shook his head. "I don't think I'd like it."

"Suppose you don't? The two weeks here will be so much velvet and will add a couple of layers to your bank roll."

"But I'm not entitled to the position," he remonstrated. "It would be cheating."

"Poof!" the girl exclaimed airily. "What does one extra more or less mean to the Super-Apex office? You're on the job and registered. Where does the cheating come in? You'll earn all you're paid for, believe me, when you work for DuVal."

Oscar wavered. Penelope was smiling up at him. She had made light of his fears, brushed them aside like nothing at all. Perhaps he was foolish not to take advantage of the situation, and two weeks' salary—more than he had earned in a month back home—was an inducement. On the other hand, the very thought of play acting, of being in front of a camera, and with a hundred eyes watching him, swayed his verdict. He would be new and green—blundering. Every one would laugh—ridicule him. Instinctively he shrank from that mental picture.

"I guess I better not," he said.

The girl regarded him with eyes that bespoke frank disappointment. "I'd like to have you stay, Oscar," she pleaded. "Honest I would. I haven't many friends in this rabble and—and maybe we could be lonesome together. I've been promised a bit in the continuity, and if DuVal happens to fancy me, it'll mean everything. He's the big noise out here, the high and mighty in filmdom. He hates himself like a peacock, but he he can make you with a nod. I never worked for him before, but I've been frisking around the other lots for a year and I don't screen so worse. Carter's plugging for me. He's one of DuVal's assistants and a good scout. This may be my big chance."

"Why, that'll be great," Oscar told her with genuine enthusiasm. "It sure will. I wish you all the luck in the world."

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Manhattan Medley

News and gossip of New York's film world.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

RIGHT on top of Lois Wilson's fight for "independence," she got a job. Calamity howlers had told her that her split with Famous Players would mean a skull and crossbones beneath her front doorbell. Doleful Dora had told her she'd never get a job again. Whereupon Bob Kane loomed up, pressed a contract into her hand, and asked her to come up to the Cosmopolitan Studio and report for work. That's how she became the heroine of "Broadway Nights."

Will you recognize Miss Wilson as a young soubrette—an amateur-night habitué? Of course, she's really a good wife and mother all the time, but Joe Boyle, the director, has fashioned what may be termed "some snappy stuff" by way of showing Lois' versatility—don'ts and domesticity, as it were.

The Lure of the Movies.

Little Helen Chandler seeks a career in the movies. If you know your Broadway stage, you will recall the childlike Helen in "The Wild Duck" and "The Constant Nymph." It is the latter drama which Helen boldly deserted for the celluloid attraction, "The Joy Girl." And she swears that the prospect of the location trip to Palm Beach had nothing to do with her decision.

It was at Olive Borden's party that we met Helen, and she vowed that "The Joy Girl" offered far greater histrionic possibilities than "The Constant Nymph," hence her sudden departure from the sleet and grime of late-winter New York to the balmy air and sunshine of Florida. Helen had had a bit in Allan Dwan's "The Music Master," and it was on the strength of her performance in that that he signed her up for the second opus.

Marie Dressler is also in "The Joy Girl." You've seen the buxom Marie in films before, though not for some time. Most actresses object when they're termed "buxom" in the public prints. Not so Miss Dressler, whose superabundance of avoirdupois is her stock in trade, as any one who saw her years ago, in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand, will remember.

Neil Hamilton, farmed out by Paramount in our modern commercial fashion, is hero for the film. A sadder and paler Neil joined Dwan's troupe. For weeks past he had been wrestling, not with the histrionic requirements of a new rôle, but with an onslaught of grippe germs, encountered shortly after he had finished "The Music Master." He had expected to play in Paramount's "The Telephone Girl," but while he was busy losing fourteen pounds, Lawrence Gray played the rôle that he was to have had.



Madge Bellamy's apartment is thronged with interesting people whenever she is in New York.

A Much-maligned Young Lady.

Which brings us quite naturally to Madge Bellamy, for Madge is the aforesaid "Telephone Girl." And you should hear Herbert Brenon on the subject—he directed the film.

"Little Madge is going to run away with the picture," he says, and you know what a stickler *he* is for good acting.

Madge is a much-maligned young lady. You probably realized that when you saw her in "Sandy." Just that one performance quashed all the unkind things the critics had ever said about her. And to quote the boulevardiers, she has "kept up the good work" ever since.

She came all the way from California to make "The Telephone Girl," and her mother came with her. Madge loves New York. She loves its many interests—for Madge is a many-sided person—and its great variety of people. The keen, active lives of New Yorkers fascinate her, and she numbers among her friends some of the brightest minds in the metropolis. When she isn't busy at the studio, you would be surprised at the throng of callers who seek the Bellamy fireside.

And yet she has found time to write a play. Daniel Frohman will tell you about it. He is one of her oldest friends, and helped her along the road toward fame



Photo by
Hommel

It was a sad, pale Neil Hamilton who went South with "The Joy Girl" troupe, for he had only just recovered from a severe attack of the gripe.

when, as a little girl, she first essayed the stage. There is no end of theatrical lore she can disclose if she has a mind to, and she is studying modern literature, having already gained a fair knowledge of contemporary music.

We can recommend no pleasanter way to spend an evening than with the Bellamy household, for there's always a sense of humor lurking there.

Nothing Lazy About Gilda.

You might not think it—because she's up every morning at six o'clock and at the studio by seven—but Gilda Gray can sing with real feeling that well-known song, "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning—oh, how I love to remain in bed." Which is just what she does on Sundays—she never gets up at all. Not because she's lazy—her reputation for vim, vigor, and vitality would never permit of such an inference as that—but because she really needs the rest after the week's activities.

Gilda is one of the sincerest people we know. She's earnest, terribly so.

"You get back," she says, "exactly what you put into things." That is why her salary is now several thousands weekly, while Sally Plotz, who used to live next door, is struggling along on fifteen per. That is why she is a star in "Cabaret." That is why her shimmy is known from coast to coast.

Robert Vignola will tell you that Gilda was always the first person on the set during the making of "Cabaret," the most attentive to her work, and the easiest person in the world to manage. She loves it all, too. Her enthusiasm is boundless, her energy indefatigable. But when Sunday comes, she's just like any little worn-out working girl who welcomes her day of rest.

"If I didn't relax on Sunday," explains Gilda, "I simply couldn't get through at all. That is the day I gather my forces and store up enough energy for the coming week."

But Gilda has time, too—time for the "little things" that make people like her and remember her. She is the only star we know who takes the trouble to have fresh flowers in her portable dressing room every day, who always knows your name, and flashes the same bright smile around the studio whether things go right or wrong.

Do You Know That—

Lew Cody is a graduate of McGill College, Toronto, and has a degree in medicine?

Marion Davies and Lillian Gish were convent girls?

John Gilbert went through Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, California?

Romance in School.

It's a schoolgirl and schoolboy romance, of course. That is to say, it all happened during their schooldays. She didn't wear gingham and sunbonnets, though. And he wasn't a bashful, barefoot boy. They used eyebrow pencils instead of slate pencils, the latest novels for textbooks, and received their lessons through a megaphone. They were pupils in the Paramount School when, to quote any subtitle, "they learned to know what love meant." Since then they have become engaged, and are now appearing together with Ed Wynn.

Her name is Thelma Todd and his, Robert Andrews. Ed Wynn didn't exactly play Cupid, but he did his bit. For the youngsters furnish the love interest in the stage comedian's first film, "Rubber Heels." Thelma is a dashing blonde, gracious and charming, and Robert is a serious, dark-eyed lad. With the ink scarcely dry

on their diplomas, they have won their spurs, and the result is awaited in the studio with keenest interest.

What a Wig Will Do.

This is the story of a Spanish girl, a charming castanet player, with big, lustrous eyes, the charm of the Latin, and the grace of the dancer. She is the heroine in Thomas Meighan's "Blind Alleys." Thomas sought a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty to play her. Emissaries scouted in the highways and byways of casting offices, Broadway plays, and obscure places. And then the blonde Greta Nissen got the part. George Washington did it with his little hatchet—Greta did it with a black wig, ensconced over her own flaxen tresses. The wig man will tell you he has transformed many a modern girl into a Colonial dame, but this was his first experience in converting a Scandinavian maiden into a Spanish señorita.

Mary Brian on the Air.

Mary Brian is being initiated into the ways of progress. It's not enough for a girl to be a movie star these days—she must needs be a public speaker, a politician, and a business woman to boot. Already Mary has tried the rôle of public speaker. Richard Dix took her by the hand one wintry evening and led her into the jaws of a microphone, before whose silent majesty he and Mary enacted a scene from their latest film, "Knockout Riley." Richard avers he had the time of his life, but Mary announces that she afterward found her first gray hair.

A Girl of Sixty.

She is sweet sixty if she's a day—and proud of it. She has every reason to be proud—she has lost neither that schoolgirl complexion, the joy of living, nor the fashionable silhouette. When she buys a dress, she asks for "size fourteen, misses." And she weighs one hundred pounds, is as busy as a bee, and has a whale of a good time. In case you've missed her on your rounds, ask Grannie. Like Dad, she knows. Grannie and this perennial flapper started out in life about the same time.



Photo by Richee

Warner Baxter was in New York to play in "The Telephone Girl," but was impatient all the while to get back to the cabin home he has built high up in the California mountains.



Photo by White Studio

Helen Chandler insists that the pleasant prospect of the location trip to Florida had nothing to do with her deserting "The Constant Nymph" for "The Joy Girl."

"What," Grannie will say, folding up her knitting, "Fanny Ward? Well, when I was a girl——"

But Fanny is a girl still, a modern girl, who dances all night, works all day, trots off to Europe two or three times a year, and is a walking example of what the well-dressed girl should wear.

And how does she do it?

"Why, there isn't a day," she says, "when I miss doing at least ten persons' work and three or four persons' play. If I come in from a dancing party—and I dance al-

most every evening—at four a. m., I am up and on the go at eight o'clock just the same. Feeling like a million dollars. I've spent virtually all of my grown-up life collecting ways to beat Father Time, and I believe I've made a fairly good job of it."

Fairly good job! One must see Fanny Ward at sixty to realize even half of the miracle she has wrought.

Is she letting down with the years? Is she doing a lot of resting? Is she slowing up? Hardly. She has undertaken a tremendous business enterprise which will keep her commuting between Paris, London,



Photo by Hommel

Thelma Todd met Robert Andrews while they were both pupils in the Paramount School, and now they're engaged—and playing the lovers in "Rubber Heels."

and New York. Meanwhile she is appearing in vaudeville, and her sketch is a great hit. As for the business enterprise, it is undertaken for the purpose of giving women an opportunity to come back from the land of wrinkles and sags and kinks, back to the days when they were twenty-one.

Fanny's "House of Eternal Youth" in Paris has a waiting line that would make the standees around the Metropolitan Opera House on a gala night look like no crowd at all. But Fanny does not make her clients stand up. She disposes them in gorgeous French gilt chairs and allows them to enjoy her collection of French and English antiques, tapestries, and paintings while they wait to take a plunge in Ponce de Leon's fountain.

Richard Dix Makes a Fuss.

Richard Dix decided one day that he, too, would go to the mat. After all, most of the stars in the

best circles are doing it, so why not Mr. Dix?

Dix is regarded by many in the film business as one of the most astute young men in pictures. He's a genial fellow, but shrewd as they make them. He draws one of the highest salaries paid in the movies, and his pictures make huge profits, and he is gaining in popularity every day. He is what the studio forces describe, in Addisonian language, as a "big bet."

Like many a player before him, Dix staged his battle for his rights because his company, he felt, was not playing the game squarely. To his mind, the laws laid down by the ancient and venerable authority, Mr. Hoyle, were not being adhered to.

Way back in the old days, Dix and a few convivial spirits wandered off into the wide spaces and took a picture. Instead of reaching the public, however, it ended on the shelf. Recently, Dix learned that this old film had been purchased by his company and was to be released as one of his *current* pictures, whereupon he staged a little cyclone. And who wouldn't? No star wants an old, out-of-date film of his released to the public as one of his latest efforts. It was an indignity, and

Richard wouldn't stand for it, and what is more, he got his way.

Marie Dressler, whose buxom comedy has not been seen in the movies for some time, returns to the screen in "The Joy Girl."

Photo by Apeda

Gloria Swanson at Work and at Play.

Conrad Veidt, recently arrived, for the second time, from Germany, added a cosmopolitan touch to Gloria Swanson's tea party. He exclaimed, "Ach, ja!" when he was offered punch, again "Ach, ja!" when asked if he liked America, but "Ach, nein," he could not English "sprechen."

Probably there is no busier young woman this side of celluloid than Gloria Swanson. No sooner had she finished filming "The Love of Sunya," her first production for United Artists, than she set to work to supervise the titling of it, editing of it, and a general advertising campaign. And she simply thrived on it—the more she had to do the peppier she became. She emerged from her comparative obscurity and developed into an active business woman.

Continued on page 100





To Svend Gade we owe many of our most entertaining films—he's one of our best directors.

Thanks to Denmark

For these eight native sons, all of whom have given a lot to the American movie fans



You don't need an introduction to Karl Dane. His performance in "The Big Parade" put Denmark on the map.



William Orlamond has been contributing unique characters to our screen for nine years. Formerly he was on the stage.



Though a fellow countryman of *Hamlet*, there's nothing melancholy about Kit Guard—see the F. B. O. two-reelers.



Jean Hersholt's name is now a byword among fans of this country, but few realize he was christened in Denmark.



Otto Matiesen, above, also hails from Denmark. His latest rôle is in "The Beloved Rogue."

Then there's Anders Randolph, left, the noted artist who acts in the movies on the side—for instance, in "The Black Pirate."

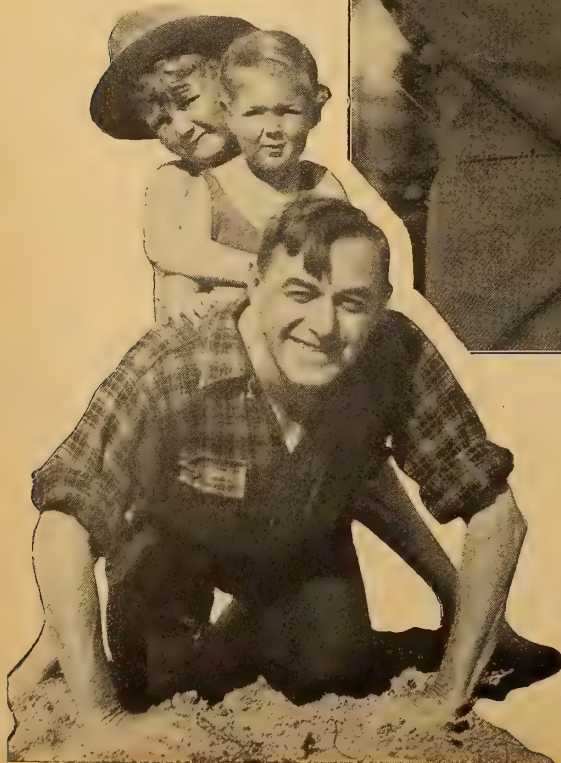
And Benjamin Christianson, right, is another Dane who has been lending his talents to Hollywood—as a director.





Above, Lon Chaney and Joan Crawford get so filled with the spirit of spring that they simply can't control their feet, so Joan teaches Lon a few fancy steps, while M.-G.-M.'s ingénues furnish the music. Lon is all dressed up for "Mr. Wu."

Spring has come for Harry Carey, too. Below, he and his two youngsters play horse down on the beach, and if the wicked gleam in the horse's eye means anything at all, we suspect there's going to be some rough riding.



The man with the smile is William Haines, and who wouldn't grin, with a pile of fan letters like that! That's a sample of what he gets every day, and the pile is getting bigger all the time.

When in doubt, kill the director. Right, Karl Dane and Marceline Day try to shove Director Sam Wood overboard during the filming of "Red, White, and Blue." Merely a drop of 2,000 feet!



In and Out of

The camera takes of the players on



This mustachioed Babe Ruth—vintage of 1880 or thereabouts—is Tom O'Brien, made up for his rôle in "Slide, Kelly, Slide."

the Studios

some informal shots
and off the set.



The handsome motor cop at the left is Charles Delaney, the terror of all speeders in "Frisco Sally Levy." This film offers Delaney his first good rôle, after many years of small parts.



Raymond Griffith needed lots of beautiful women for his film, "Beautiful Women," so he just took a rope and roped 'em in.



Left, the strain of "Getting Gertie's Garter" was almost too much for Del Henderson and Harry Myers, so they resorted to drastic measures.



Left, Frances Lee, Christie comedy girl, strikes a snag.



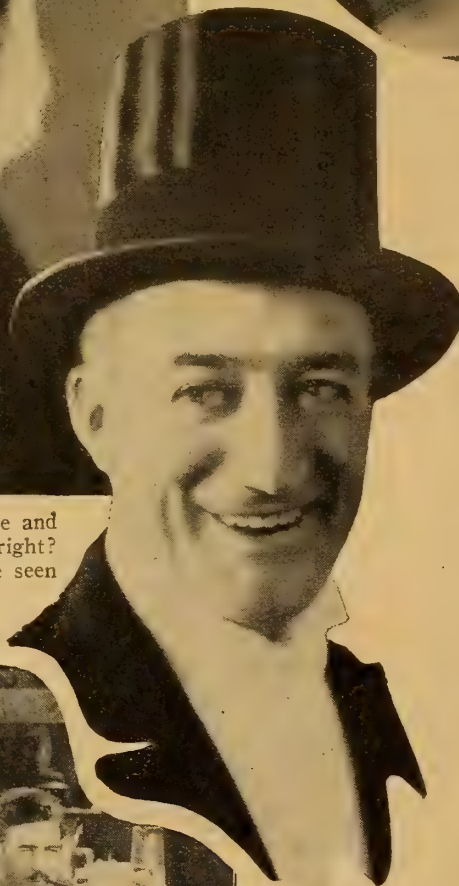
"Keep your distance!" warns Dorothy Sebastian, below. She protects herself from collisions by wearing a stop signal on her ankle.



Who would think that the toothless old man above is one and the same person as the dapper young blade at the right? Yet he is. It's Jack Duffy, whom you must often have seen in Christie comedies. Jack is noted for his old-man rôles.



"Meet my pal," says Junior Coghlan. He proudly presents this latest photo of himself and dog. Junior is the small boy who plays big parts in Cecil De Mille's films. They say he's going to be starred pretty soon in a picture made specially for him. Meantime, he's appearing in "Rubber Tires."



Left, poor Sally O'Neil is locked up in her chair between scenes of "Frisco Sally Levy," while Director William Beaudine sits grimly by and keeps guard—he's taking no chances on losing her. Only the dog has pity—but he hasn't the key to the padlock.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, acrobatic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Battling Butler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good picture, with Buster Keaton really funny as a rich and timid young man who tries to masquerade as a prize fighter. Sally O'Neil is the mountain-maid heroine.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Blonde Saint, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in an entertaining film of a cynical author who abducts a lady to Sicily and meets with plenty of melodrama.

"Canadian, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan is a man of the soil in his best rôle in some time. Slow-moving but interesting film of gingham dresses and khaki shirts.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor. Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Corporal Kate"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, an Irish and a Jewish manicurist, join the war as entertainers. Comedy and tragedy mixed.

"Duchess of Buffalo, The"—First National. Constance Talmadge in another gay comedy of the Continent. An American dancing girl poses as a Russian grand duchess, with entertaining results.

"Eagle of the Sea, The"—Paramount. Ricardo Cortez as a gallant pirate in a picturesque costume film laid in New Orleans in 1815. Florence Vidor is the lovely rescued heroine.

"Everybody's Acting"—Paramount. Pleasant story of the romance between a young actress and a wealthy young man whose mother opposes the match. Betty Bronson and Lawrence Gray.

"Fine Manners"—Paramount. Made interesting by Gloria Swanson's expert performance as a hoydenish chorus girl who tries to become a lady. Eugene O'Brien is the necessary rich man.

"Flaming Forest, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Stirring story of the Mounted Police in the lawless western Canada of 1850. Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree.

"Flesh and the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson in a striking film of two lifelong friends who are incited against each other by a scheming, unscrupulous siren.

"For Wives Only"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a giddy light comedy of a young Viennese wife who skates on thin ice. Victor Varconi is the husband.

"Gigolo"—Producers Distributing. Best acting of Rod La Rocque's career. Tragic experiences of a young man who, after being battered up in the war, becomes a scorned *gigolo* in a Paris café. Jobyna Ralston and Louise Dresser.

"Great Gatsby, The"—Paramount. Excellent acting in a none-too-pleasant story of society intrigues on Long Island. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, and Georgia Hale.

"Her Man-o-War"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal's starring picture. Entertaining, but not entirely suited to her. Tale of Alsatian peasant girl and American doughboy—William Boyd.

"Hold That Lion"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in a diverting comedy of a young man who pursues a girl around the world, and is unwittingly inveigled into a lion hunt.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"Kid Boots"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor's screen début. Sometimes funny, sometimes not. Thrilling climax. Clara Bow, Billie Dove, and Lawrence Gray.

"Kosher Kitty Kelly"—F. B. O. Really entertaining. Another case of entanglements between the Jews and the Irish. Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Vera Gordon, and Nat Carr.

"Ladies at Play"—First National. Riotous escapades of a girl who, to inherit a fortune, must marry in three days a man who won't have her. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, and Louise Fazenda.

"Lady of the Harem, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous Oriental spectacle, featuring Greta Nissen, in a glamorous, seductive rôle, and William Collier, Jr.

"Little Journey, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. A Pullman-car romance between a boy and girl who meet on a trip to California. William Haines and Claire Windsor.

Continued on page 117



Chips off the old block, every one of them. Left to right, there are D'Arcy McCoy, son of Colonel Tim McCoy; Mary Desmond, daughter of William Desmond; George Bosworth, child of Hobart Bosworth; Eileen O'Malley, Tim Holt, Billy Reid—Wally Reid's boy—Barbara Denny and Erich von Stroheim, Jr. They are all taking part in a movie called "Hollywood Youth," which was written especially for them

Hollywood High Lights

Paragraphs of the latest and most interesting news from the movie town.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

THE ministerial profession must be a great school for the movies. The recent achievement of Fred Thomson, once a minister, now widely known as a stunt Western star, would, at any rate, indicate this. Thomson has signed to release his pictures through Paramount, and the reported compensation that will accrue to him is approximately \$15,000 weekly. This places him in a class with Tom Mix. He has been hailed as a Tom Mix rival before, but has never made anything like as much money as the Fox luminary.

To many people in the larger cities, the name of Fred Thomson signifies little, for he has not had an entrée to the big theaters. But his contract with Famous Players will give him this regularly, so if you happen not to have seen him, it would be well to keep on the lookout for him. Fully as famous as himself is his horse, Silver King.

Thomson has often said that he forsook his ministerial work because he felt that he could deliver a bigger message through pictures, and that it would reach a greater number of people. His career has undoubtedly justified this theory. His pictures have been of the cleanest type and have won the highest approval of the Boy Scouts and other organizations, which constitutes more of a recommendation than you may think.

Thomson's salary from now on, if as high as reported, will surpass even that of his wife, Frances Marion, whose earnings are reputed to average about \$10,000 weekly. Their home, situated on a high hilltop, is one of the most beautiful in Hollywood. Their first child, a son, named Fred, Jr., was born only recently.

Richard Talmadge Climbs Higher.

Paramount seems intent, at the moment, on capturing stunt stars. There is a rumor that Richard Tal-

madge is to release in the future through that organization. Talmadge started as a free-lance stunt man, and subsequently became a featured player and then a star with F. B. O. At present, he is working for Universal.

Films in the Offing.

The film stars are terrifically busy this spring, but we simply can't grow very much excited over the pictures that they have been making. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has had a dozen companies working, and Paramount for a time had fifteen busy. Similar activity is visible at the various other studios.

Everybody is a little curious to know just what Douglas Fairbanks will do next as, quite according to custom, he has already changed his mind several times. Doug decided that "The Brotherhood of Man," which he had planned as a great spectacle of the coming of Christianity, would follow too closely after Cecil De Mille's "King of Kings," so he abandoned that temporarily. Then he talked of doing a swashbuckling story called "Captain Cavalier." If we know Douglas at all, we are willing to wager that he will be playing around with ideas until the middle of summer.

Mary Pickford is also considering the possibilities of various stories, and will probably have a film under way at about the time this is published. It is more than a year now since either she or Doug has worked before the camera. They hold the record for long vacations.

Stardom for William Haines.

Stardom has been bestowed on several players recently. Among them is William Haines, whose success in "Brown of Harvard" and recent good work in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," convinced M.-G.-M. that he ought to have a little more prominence, and perhaps also a little

more money. So Haines is to be starred in a comedy called "Spring Fever," dealing with the golf mania.

The film is adapted from a stage play that failed in New York, but that is not regarded as a drawback. Poor stage plays often transmute themselves into very good pictures. This may be because the scenarist doesn't have to be too literal in his adaptation and can throw some of his own pet ideas into the picture version.

Emil Jannings on the Set.

The German Emil Jannings is being photographed in his first American picture by a Chinese camera man, which combination may or may not help to make a better picture.

Jannings on the set is easily one of filmdom's most unique personalities—just as he is off the set, for that matter. Much of his work is very spontaneous. In a certain scene he was making with Belle Bennett this was especially evident. It was an episode in which a number of children took part. They were supposed to be the ample family of the two players, and the entire group was seated around the dinner table. Several of the children had misbehaved, and Miss Bennett was scolding them in the vigorous language of an irate mother.

Jannings was protesting, swinging his arms, and trying vainly to find words in English with which to express himself. Failing, he at last burst forth with, "Du bist verrückt, du Kuckuck!"

Chaney, the Armless.

Lon Chaney is never satisfied unless he looks grotesque. His latest rôle is perhaps his weirdest impersonation. The picture is called "The Unknown," and is an adaptation of an original story by Director Tod Browning which was previously called "Alonzo the Armless." If you recall "The Unholy Three," you can figure that it should be a novelty, because Browning also directed that film.

Chaney had to wear his arms tightly strapped to his sides for the rôle, and was clothed in a loose blouse to help carry out the illusion that he is minus those members.

In the story he appears as a human freak in a side show. One of the stunts that he performs is throwing knives with his feet, and since Joan Crawford is his target, it is needless to say that Chaney practiced the trick until he had it sufficiently perfected to insure the young lady's life. Of course, the more dangerous knife throwing was done with doubles.

An ironical note in the picture is that Miss Crawford, as the girl, falls in love with Chaney simply because he is the first man she has met who has not attempted to demonstrate any affection for her, and this has been due, of course, chiefly to his physical handicap.

The Swim from Catalina Island.

Only one film girl entered the Catalina Island swim in which George Young was the victor. We can't believe that her attempt was made for any

other purpose than publicity, though we are assured that it positively and absolutely was not.

Anyway, the girl was Miss Vallery Schramm, a bathing girl of the Sennett studios, and here, by the way, is one of the few instances of a Sennett bathing girl actually being able to swim. Miss Schramm stayed in the water for about five miles, or for one fifth of the distance, and then was forced to retire by an attack of cramps. She is a very attractive dark-haired girl, who is to have leads shortly in Sennett comedies.

Sennett, by the way, has made a picture surrounding this sea marathon, so you will be able to view the funny side of what was said to be one of the most unusual athletic events ever held in this country.

Young, who won, was given a number of screen tests immediately after the victory, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that he does not possess a film personality.

The colony made him a great hero by the applause that they lavished on him at a banquet given in honor of Carl Laemmle, president of Universal. At this affair, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Will Hays, Samuel Goldwyn, Marcus Loew, and various other prominent film people, were among the guests of honor, and it was attended by virtually every picture celebrity.

Young was the only chap in the vast assemblage who did not appear in a tuxedo, but that didn't seem to embarrass him, and of course it was a very judicious move on the part of Sid Grauman, who was responsible for his introduction, as it made the boy an even more heroic and sympathetic figure than he was already.

Young struck us as being a very simple and unassuming chap when we met him at this gathering. We wondered then, and have often wondered since, what the boy's emotions were during that short, victorious hour. A lad lifted from total obscurity into the realms of the famous, all within the short span of a few hours. And not only meeting, but feeling the warm handclaps, and listening to the glowing and encouraging words of some of the most celebrated people in the world.

Love's Young Dream.

Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen have embarked very gayly and exuberantly on their marital adventure, with all the roseate dreams of the future that all young

couples have. But they are a very practical pair, considering how desperately in love they are. And one of the first things they did, to prove it, was to

rent a house, rather than an apartment, and to make a firm resolution to live on Arlen's salary, which is much smaller than Jobyna's as yet. Whatever Job makes is going to be put in the bank.

Charlie Ray and Marie Prevost have a little fun between scenes of "Getting Gertie's Garter," and with the aid of grandfather's clock show what to do in a shipwreck.



Jack Daugherty, Barbara La Marr's former husband, and Virginia Brown Faire were also recently united in marriage.

The Wooing of Greta Garbo.

A story has been going around that Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo "eloped" not long ago with the intention of marrying in Santa Ana, the town famous for licenses and speed tags, but that Greta changed her mind at the last minute. We are rather skeptical, however, about any revival of the romance between these two, even though we did see them together at the premiere of "Flesh and the Devil."

Usually, when Greta appears in public now, she is accompanied by Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, who is often referred to as "Mount Everest" by those who wish to give an impression of how he looks. With his deeply furrowed cheeks, iron-gray hair, and dispassionate but impelling eyes, added to a stature that is higher than normal and a physique somewhat gaunt, he does suggest the force and impenetrability of a bleak, snow-covered mountain peak. Greta and Stiller make one of the most unusual-looking couples in Hollywood. And each looks more interesting when accompanied by the other.

Who Can Fathom Her?

And speaking of Greta, we should remark that, at this writing, she is still the despair of the M.-G.-M. executives, and they are even talking of deporting her if she does not obey the studio mandates.

Greta has a spirit as determined as that of the old-time vikings of her native land. She has objected to the sort of parts that she is called upon to play, and there has been a deadlock for months. Greta does not argue—she just listens. Then, when the company heads have finished talking, she languidly picks up her gloves and handbag, looks at the men quietly and unemotionally, and in the most casual manner says, "Well, I guess I go home now."

And she goes!

This Matter of Titles.

We wish that we could say something about Betty Bronson and her starring picture, "Ritzy," but we haven't had a chance to see either Betty or Madame Elinor Glyn, who wrote the film and has taken the little "Peter Pan" girl under her sheltering wing. We must say that the title sounds about as uninteresting and obvious as most of them do nowadays.

Here, for example, are a few of the latest:

"Afraid to Love," starring Florence Vidor.

"The Big Sneeze," with Wallace Beery.

"Rough House Rosie," with Clara Bow.

"The Gray Hat," with Lew Cody.

"Fashions for Women," with Esther Ralston.

"The Whirlwind of Youth," with Lois Moran, Donald Keith, and Larry Kent.

"The Tender Hour," with Ben Lyon and Billie Dove.

Louise Fazenda has not taken up baby farming—this is just a scene from "The Gay Old Bird."



There is a scarcity of big pictures in the making. In fact, several companies seem intent on giving more attention to program films than usual, feeling that there are enough road shows on the market for the present.

From Screen to Stage.

Helen Ferguson certainly proved to be a great success when she made her debut recently in a stage production of "Alias the Deacon" at the new Hollywood Playhouse. Appearing in the spoken drama was a new experience for Helen. The stage was flooded with flowers for the occasion and all of her friends were present to applaud her.

James Kirkwood and Lila Lee enjoyed a similar ovation when they were featured in "The Fool" at another theater. Mr. Kirkwood had already played this in New York with great success. Edmund Lowe was the star in the screen version.

Other film players who recently made stage appearances were Lupino Lane, the comedian, in the Hollywood "Music Box Revue," and Leslie Fenton as *Clyde Griffiths* in "An American Tragedy."

It is getting to be quite the vogue among the movie people to take a flyer into "legit."

"Ben-Hur" Makes Good.

"Ben-Hur" will make money. That is the prediction that Marcus Loew made during his visit to Los Angeles. Loew should know, since he is the head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, which produced this most costly of features.

Loew stated that while there was nothing absolutely certain as yet as to the ultimate return from the picture, everything looked more than promising. The film has been making big money abroad as well as in this country.

The reputed actual cost of the production was \$4,000,000. This cost had to be doubled, however, because under the contract with the Erlanger interests, who owned the stage rights, they receive half of all profits. So "Ben-Hur" will have to earn \$8,000,000 or more before M.-G.-M. can make any profit from it.

The returns in this country alone are expected to total \$6,000,000.

Encouragement for New Players.

Leila Hyams is a very pretty girl whom you should watch for. She is under contract to Warner Brothers, and her first rôle is in "The Brute" opposite Monte Blue. We met her one evening with Louise Fazenda. She comes of a theatrical family, her father and mother being the famous and popular vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre.

All the companies seem to be encouraging new talent this season. Paramount has even instituted a special department, the function of which is the quest of new players. Most of these will be drawn from the extra ranks and bit players, so there isn't much encouragement for outsiders. There are more extras now, by many thousands, than are needed, and the Central Casting Bureau has refused to sign up any more people for the present.

A Setback for Georgia Hale.

Georgia Hale is suffering the setbacks that nearly every young player goes through during the first few years of film work. It is not exactly a great victory to be playing the lead opposite Buck Jones after having been scheduled for big accomplishments by a company like Paramount. Georgia is now free-lancing.

We cannot help feeling that she was very unfortunate under her Paramount contract, because she never had a real opportunity during all the time she was with them. And she had shown distinct talent as *Georgia* in Charles Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." In fact, we expected, after seeing that picture, that she would do great things, and we have not lost one whit of our belief in her future.

Any one with so distinctive a personality is almost certain to succeed sooner or later in pictures. Her flair, though, is for rather serious, emotional rôles, and good ones of that type come all too rarely these days.

Bill Hart is at Last Divorced.

It was almost a record—the length of time which elapsed between the separation of Bill Hart and his wife, professionally known as Winifred Westover, and the final decree of divorce. Mrs. Hart at last obtained the divorce in Reno after she and Bill had been living apart for nearly five years. She was awarded the custody of William S. Hart, Jr.

Indications are that she will shortly return to pictures. She has not appeared on the screen since her marriage. She has, in fact, been prevented from doing so, since her separation, by certain stipulations in the contract arranged by Mr. Hart for the maintenance of herself and their son. The divorce decree, however, disposes of this obstacle to her further film activities. It is said that she has had several good offers.

Bill himself is seldom seen around the colony these days, and is greatly missed. There is no immediate likelihood, however, of his resuming picture-making.

Shirley Mason Marries Again.

The fact that they were both widowed after comparatively brief married lives didn't discourage either Viola Dana or Shirley Mason from remarrying. Vi, of course, has been married to "Lefty" Flynn for nearly two years now. Recently, Shirley was wed to Sidney Landfield, director.

Shirley and Landfield met while working together on a picture, and the courtship was very brief. They wanted a quiet wedding, but when they drove up to sister Vi's house, where the ceremony was to be performed, they found everybody they knew was there to give them a good send-off.

The Happy Harold Lloyds.

Wedding anniversaries mean a lot in the household of Harold Lloyd. He and Mildred Davis are very proud of the fact that they are considered one of filmdom's happiest couples.

They recently celebrated the rounding out of the fourth year of their married life, and Harold nearly bought out a flower store in honor of the event, besides giving his wife a beautiful new diamond bracelet and various other presents. They were especially happy because so many of their friends remembered the day—they received scores of telegrams.

We caught a glimpse of Mildred while she was busy on her first picture since she became Mrs. Lloyd. As you perhaps know, it is called "Too Many Crooks" and, as you might suspect, it is a mystery story. There is a humorous twist to it, however, because the heroine's adventures, when she becomes mixed up in a plot involving various marauders, are purely imaginary and fantastic. Mildred is looking prettier than ever, and has recently acquired quite a slender figure.

Rod on the Warpath.

How large should a star's name be in the posters that announce his pictures?

This seems to be the major problem involved in Rod La Rocque's troubles with the Cecil De Mille film corporation. In case you may not have heard about his little altercation, it may be just as well to mention that he recently filed suit against the De Mille organization, seeking release from his contract.

One of the major objections raised in Rod's complaint was against the size of the lettering used for his name in the billing of "Red Dice," "Bachelor Brides" and "Gigolo." It was too small, he said. He further complained that when the De Mille organization had lent him to Inspiration Pictures for the lead in "Resurrection" they had held back \$5,500 that he was supposed to receive. He

said that they had finally given him this money later, but that it had been a breach of contract for them to hold it up for so long, and that they had "hurt his feelings."

Which is a nice mild way of stating one's irritation.

Charlie and Lita.

Speaking of legal squabbles, there is the Chaplin divorce case. Charlie's screen career is in a very perplexed state, and there is a division of sentiment for and against him. Somehow, though, we think that Charlie will in the end come through all right. His side in the matter is still to be heard.

Meanwhile, Lita has taken up her residence again in the comedian's Beverly Hills home, from which he himself is, of course, absent.

The Hoodoo Hits Hollywood.

The jinx has hit the colony again. For some curious reason it always seems to be active about this time of year. Troubles this year have ranged from broken bones and minor operations up to very serious illnesses.

[Continued on page 96]



Eva Novak, after six months on location in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, making "For the Term of His Natural Life," is back in Hollywood and at work on Universal's railroad melodrama, "Red Signals."



Leatrice Joy's tip-to-date riding habit, left, doesn't match up at all with the quaint atmosphere of a victoria, nor does a modern chauffeur belong on the coachman's seat, but that doesn't bother Leatrice. With all the air of a *grande dame* in bustles, she gives her orders, and steps haughtily into her elegant carriage.

Every Buggy Has Its Day

And now the hansom cab, the victoria, and other such leisurely old vehicles are having their day on the screen, appearing prominently in current films.

Wallace Beery, right, in "Casey at the Bat," makes a brave attempt to cut a dashing figure by calling for his ladylove in a hansom, with floral offering clutched in hand. All the best Beau Brummels took their ladies out in hansoms, in the days when men were men.



Ford Sterling, above, goes Wally one better by calling for *his* lady in an *automobile*—if you want to call it that. This ancient machine was the first auto ever to cross the United States from San Francisco to New York, and is among sixteen other old-fashioned vehicles used in "Casey at the Bat."



Even Reginald Denny, left, who is usually seen stepping on the gas, both on the screen and off, succumbs to the fascination of old-time conveyances and is caught ambling along in a hansom in "Slow Down."

The Screen in Review

A critic's catalogue of the latest films, with comments for your guidance.

By Norbert Lusk

THE traditions of "Manon-Lescaut" as novel and opera and play have been thrown to the winds in concocting "When a Man Loves" for John Barrymore, but this desperate measure accomplishes nothing more than some pretty poor stuff, quite unworthy of the star who is advertised as the world's greatest actor.

It is melodrama run riot. Such a state of affairs is all very well in its place, but that place is not in picturizing the story of the ill-fated *Manon* and the *Chevalier des Grieux*. Some of the finest pictures have been melodramas, but invariably they have depicted character development, and always they have been sincere. This is stagy, artificial, implausible. So much so, that sooner or later you are apt to fall back in your seat and groan, "What, oh, what next?"

Almost everything known to the screen—I won't say life—happens when this man loves, only he doesn't seem to be loving at all, but acting. And when matters quiet down a bit, and you think the picture may approach restraint, it breaks out again with renewed violence. A subtitle praises Mr. Barrymore's profile, or he rips off the vestments of the church with a conscious flourish. Forgive the heresy, but Mr. Barrymore's acting is old-fashioned.

I am told that he insisted on having Dolores Costello as *Manon*. If no one objected some one certainly should have. For *Manon* is, to put it mildly, a light o' love, and Miss Costello's youth and tender, virginal charm do not lend themselves to such a character, no matter how much *Manon's* philanderings are glossed over in the picture. The fact remains that she pursues the *Chevalier* to the church, where he is about to take priestly vows, and woos him back to the gayeties of the city. This, alas, is not what Miss Costello was cut out to do. As well expect it of Lois Moran!

The story, laid in the period of Louis XV. of France, introduces *Manon*, described as a guileless flower; on her way to Paris with her mercenary brother. The nobly born *Des Grieux* is destined for the priesthood, but no sooner does he clap eyes on *Manon* than he forgets that destiny, and she is not slow to respond to his first, burning glance. They give their respective escorts the slip, and elope. At the time the *Chevalier's* funds are lowest, *Manon's* brother discovers the pair and by trickery separates them, *Manon* accepting the protection of the wealthy *De Morfontaine* and the *Chevalier* finally seeking consolation in the cloister. Ultimately there is a handsomely staged episode at the court of the king in which the *Chevalier* gambles and wins. This enables him to hurl gold in scorn at the hapless *Manon*, but the gold is only pasteboard to the spectator with sharp eyes, so it does no harm beyond creating a theatrical scene where one is not needed. And that is the spirit of the picture.

Manon is finally deported on a convict ship to New Cans. The *Chevalier* smuggles himself aboard, incites



Dolores Costello and John Barrymore appear in "When a Man Loves," a free—very free—version of "Manon Lescaut."

the prisoners to mutiny, and when the captain and the crew are made prisoners, he escapes in a rowboat with *Manon*, while a close-up of the sun sheds its presumably beneficent rays upon them, and there's not a worry upon the horizon—except the memory of a poor achievement.

A Delicious Little Devil.

"It" isn't the *it* of pictures, but it will be given rapt attention by those who sympathize with a shopgirl heroine who cops the owner of the store in spite of a ritzy rival. And who wouldn't give his heart to such a heroine as Clara Bow?

This provocative and provoking minx has had more plausible rôles—as, for example, in "Mantrap"—but she has never found herself with a more entertaining picture to carry on her shoulders. And she does just that. Without Clara it would be veriest trash, but with her it becomes the sort of picture you enjoy in spite of your saner judgment.

She is *Betty Lou*, who dispenses what I believe are called "undies" in a department store owned by the elegant *Cyrus Waltham*. In a burst of bravado *Betty* vows she will annex the boss—and she does. Her ways are devious and cunning, outrageous and unbelievable, but she makes you glad of her success because she is Clara, and you don't care whether the boss will be happy or not, just so *Betty* has her fling as a rich man's bride.

Between the vow and its fulfillment are all manner of hectic moments, in which *Betty Lou's* impudence bobs up serenely and invariably conquers. But nothing was more amusing to me than the presence of Elinor Glyn and Clara Bow as rival comedienues. And for the nonce Clara is vanquished.

The scene is the restaurant of a glittering hotel. At the top of an illimitable stairway appears a stately figure. "There's Elinor Glyn," says the subtitle. "Let's ask her what *It* means." And so, with the majesty of Queen Marie herself, Mrs. Glyn, in black and pearls,



"It."



"The Third Degree."



"The General."



"Getting Gertie's Garter."

descends and graciously pauses at the table. With upraised finger and an expression combining wisdom, sadness, and sweetness, the oracle proceeds to enunciate some flub-dub, sails grandly on—and the picture proceeds. However, it's good showmanship, I suppose, and as this element is behind the whole undertaking I imagine the bad taste of it won't be questioned.

Antonio Moreno, William Austin, Jacqueline Gadsdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Julia Swayne Gordon support Miss Bow.

The Month's Surprise

Leon Errol has made all too few screen appearances. You will agree with me when you see "The Lunatic at Large," one of the most unusual, ingenious, and amusing comedies in months. It is as refreshing as spring itself. Join me in a prayer that Errol will do another.

He is *Sam Smith*, a hobo who changes places with a supposed millionaire and thereby finds himself in an asylum for the insane where, despite his protests, he is looked upon as just another nut. However, he discovers the strange plight of a fellow inmate who is no more insane than himself, but whose twin brother has contrived to get him there and is on the point of marrying his fiancée. Whereupon *Sam* nobly—and comically—makes his escape to prevent the wedding. This is accomplished by means of a thrilling airplane sequence and no end of fantastic mishaps.

Errol is in a class by himself as a comedian, and through all his clowning he retains a likable quality which adds greatly to his appeal. Dorothy Mackaill, with not much to do, has never looked more charming. She reveals flashes of spirit not usually shown by her in her more "legitimate" rôles. Acting honors go to Kenneth McKenna, a young leading man from the stage, whose impersonation of both twin brothers is finely done and far removed from routine screen acting. There's some splendid double exposure in the picture, too. You oughtn't to miss it, really.

A Costly Joke

What is easily Buster Keaton's most ambitious comedy is his least funny one. "The General" is based on an actual event in the Civil War, and a serious one at that. Mr. Keaton's task was to invest it with comic byplay, which he does, but there is an underlying solemnity in the proceedings which puts rather a crimp in the farcical treatment given them. Also, "The General" is too long, which condition makes for stretches of action quite devoid of humor.

Mr. Keaton's rôle is that of *Johnnie Gray*, engineer of the train known as "The General" running through Georgia in 1861. When war is declared he tries to enlist, but is refused as being of greater service to the Confederacy in his engine. His sweetheart is made to believe otherwise and rejects him until he shall come to her in uniform.

Johnnie Gray's engine is seized by Union marauders and the motivation of the story is his recovery of it. In doing so, he overhears plans of attack, and dashes across the State in "The General" to warn the Confederate forces. He is pursued by the enemy, of course, but wins the chase and gets a lieutenantancy—and the girl—as his reward.

"The General" is a one-man show, a mistake in a picture lasting over an hour.

No Mother to Guide Her

It is impossible to see Dolores Costello in "The Third Degree" without thinking of "Variety," because there's a circus sequence in it done by Michael Curtiz, a German director, in the manner of the Jannings picture—and done very finely indeed. But after the circus episode is finished, the film settles down to "society" melodrama of an extremely conventional sort. Miss Costello, as a slack-wire queen, marries a scion of wealth whose stern father makes some high-hat utterances about "this girl of the lower classes," when any one with half an eye can see that Miss Costello has it all over him in the matter of good manners.

At any rate, the father employs a blackguard to compromise his son's wife, and the son kills the villain, while Miss Costello suffers and suffers through a great many reels until all ends in a blaze of

peace and happiness. Louise Dresser, as usual, plays an erring mother with twitching lips and silence, and Rockcliffe Fallowes, Jason Robards, and T. A. Antschi oblige with good performances.

Just Foolin'

Marion Davies is a rollicking Dutch girl in "The Red Mill," and so completely creates the illusion of a life on skates, at the churn, and at other homely tasks, that it is difficult to remember that she has done anything else. Which means that she assumes this guise with excellent results, although one wishes the picture were more substantial as to purpose and plot. The production certainly is, with its dikes, windmills, and other verisimilitudes of Holland.

Miss Davies is *Tina*, who falls in love with a visiting American, and who changes clothes with her friend, *Gretchen*, that the latter may escape marriage with the hateful Governor. The ruse fails, but the resourceful *Tina* finally sees to it that she and *Gretchen* are safely in the right arms. Owen Moore, Louise Fazenda, George Siegmann, Karl Dane, and Snitz Edwards keep the ball rolling as best they can.

The Unimportance of Garters

Gertie's garter isn't important enough to get, and certainly not valuable enough to make a long picture of the process and call it "Getting *Gertie's* Garter." But it is innocuous entertainment, rather nicely done, and there are some irresistibly amusing moments, to say nothing of some worthy people like Marie Prevost, Charles Ray, Harry Myers, William Orlamond, and Fritz Ridgeway.

Years ago, when the play was done on the stage, the title was thought to be oh, so daring. There's nothing at all daring about the picture. It is even conventional. Which only goes to show that the item of a garter is not what it used to be.

In this piece the movement comes from Marie Prevost's farcical efforts to return the bejeweled garter Charles Ray gave her before he became engaged to another. Isn't that shocking?

Take It or Leave It

If you can see comedy in plentiful close-ups of Charlie Murray, some of them showing him taking castor oil, and all of them disclosing him mugging, ogling, and generally having a wonderful time with the camera, then you will split your sides laughing at "McFadden's Flats." Thousands of persons did when the picture was shown in New York. The doors of the theater had to be opened hours ahead of the usual time, and the picture was held over a second week to enable many to repeat their laughs at the jokes about the Saturday-night bath, the washing of feet, and all the rest of it. However, I don't mind saying the picture was torture for some who saw it, including myself.

It's all about an ex-hodcarrier who becomes a contractor, is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter, and so on. It was inspired by a stage hodgepodge that was popular in the cheaper theaters thirty years ago, and probably will make rich men of the producers. Chester Conklin, Edna Murphy, Larry Kent, and Aggie Herring are in it.

Innocuous Desuetude

A stage antique called "The Wrong Mr. Wright" has been made into a peculiarly mirthless screen farce and the name retained. It is notable for its waste of Jean Hersholt's conspicuous talents. He plays the sappy son of a corset manufacturer named *White* whose cashier, *Wright*, absconds to Atlantic City, and for reasons which are not worth going into, *White* pretends to be *Wright*. Enid Bennett is a detective whose tactics include vamping, unfortunately, but she does not stand out among a cast made up of wholly uninteresting players.

Make-Believe

If "New York" were as big as its title there would be something to write about, but it might as well be given the name of any sizable city. It wouldn't mean any more. The fault lies with the story, of course, which is conventional melodrama dealing with



"McFadden's Flats."



"The Red Mill."



"Metropolis."



"The Lunatic at Large."

Is Mildred Davis Making Mistake?

For the first time in four years she answers the call of her first love—the screen—but makes it clear that her husband and baby mean more to her than a career

By Helen Louise Walker

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD has returned to the movies after nearly four years of domesticity. And if I ever saw a happy girl, that girl is Mildred!

When Harold Lloyd married his petite, golden-haired leading woman, it was announced that she had retired from the screen forever. The Lloyds were going in for the good old-fashioned manner of living. Harold wanted his wife to stay at home and look after the house and comfort his leisure hours. There would be no difficulties arising in this family over separate careers!

For the first year or two, Harold's expectations were, to all appearances, completely fulfilled. Baby Gloria arrived, and Mildred's energies were devoted to her. The Lloyds moved to their million-and-a-half-dollar estate and took up an existence apparently idyllic.

Mildred—woeful thought!—waxed plump. Quite plump. Domesticity was beginning to tell upon her.

Then murmurs began to be heard from time to time in the film colony about Mildred's desire to return to the screen. The simple life, it was said, had begun to pall. Vague rumors were bandied about now and again that Mildred was to play in this picture or that one. She was to be featured by one studio and then another.

Nothing definite happened, but it became known that she was making strenuous efforts to reduce.

Then, finally, it was announced that she was to make a picture for Famous Players immediately. The news was hardly out before work on the picture was under way. Mildred was again in make-up.

I wandered onto the set where she was working in "Too Many Crooks" a few days after she had started.

"Isn't this thrilling?" she cried, as I approached the divan where she sat, feet dangling several inches from the floor—Mildred is only four feet, eleven inches tall—while lights and cameras were leveled at her face for close-ups. "Don't you love a motion-picture set? Something exciting is happening every moment! Oh, I have never been so happy in my life!"

"How did it happen?" I wanted to know, sitting down beside her and trying not to feel self-conscious under the glare of lights and the proximity of two cameras a foot or so from my nose.

"Oh, I don't know. It was just one of those things. I can hardly believe it myself. I happened to see one of the officials of the studio and I said, 'I wish I were back in pictures.' He said, 'Why not? You can start any time.' And I went home and asked Harold what he thought and he said, 'Sure! Go ahead!'"

"I was never so surprised in my life. I never should have done it, you know, if he had really objected. Much

as I wanted to return, my husband and baby and home mean more to me than anything else in the world, and I should not have made a move to come back if he had not been perfectly willing. But he has just gradually got over his objections. We had not discussed it for quite a long time. That's why I was so surprised when he gave in without the least struggle. Of course, I had been hoping, and I had been reducing so that I *could* come back. He saw that I wanted it so much, I guess."

Some one called "Camera!" and I moved hastily off the divan and stood by while Mildred registered surprise and indignation and then surprise again. "Too Many Crooks" is one of those pictures in which the heroine is surprised and bewildered and baffled right up to the last minute, when everything is suddenly made perfectly clear. Mildred dilated her eyes and opened her mouth with astonishment so often

that afternoon that I became concerned for fear the expression would become permanent.

During the pauses, she dimpled and fluttered and giggled—she positively burbled with glee—at anybody who was near her. The entire set became infected with her high spirits. Hard-boiled property men and electricians, and those blasé and mysterious bystanders whose inevitable presence on every motion-picture set I have never had explained to me, went about making quips, and chuckling and grinning at anything at all. The place was quite agog with innocent merriment.

Later we talked again.

"I have been so bored and felt so out of things!" she sighed. "I am not domestic, really. I love my home, but the details of housekeeping irk me all to pieces. The days were so empty. When we went to parties in the evenings, we were naturally with picture people, and their whole conversation was of the studios."

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Photo by Riches
Though Gloria, the daughter of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, is only two and a half years old, her mother is sure she will be an actress.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Mildred Davis Lloyd's joy over being before the camera once more, after such a long absence, was so contagious that the whole Paramount studio was agog with merriment during the making of "Too Many Crooks."



He used to be Ernest Gillen, and played bits for M.-G.-M. Now he is Donald Reed, and is playing leads for First National. His first leading rôle is with Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice." Also—he's Mexican.



Photo by W. F. Seely

Einar Hansen, the young man from Sweden who looks so like a Latin, has fared well during his year in this country. He is now under contract to Paramount, and has the lead opposite Esther Ralston in "Fashions for Women."



Norma—

Norma Talmadge gently
tragic romance of
Connie kicks up her heels

Norma Talmadge's *Camille* is not the first that has come to the screen, but she promises to be one of the most charming. Norma's soft beauty and graceful allure, coupled with her flair for emotional acting, should make her portrayal of the famous enchantress something worth seeing. Gilbert

Roland is her *Armand*.



and Connie

agonizes through the
"Camille," while Sister
in "Venus of Venice"



Connie Talmadge—as usual—keeps the men guessing in "Venus of Venice." As a madcap ragamuffin crook in the city of gondolas and romance, she completely fascinates Tony Moreno—and will no doubt do the same to all her fans when they see the film. Tony plays the rôle of an American artist, in Italy for inspiration.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Conrad Nagel looks very stern as a sea captain in the film production of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island." Many of the scenes in this highly fanciful tale take place at the bottom of the sea.

You can guess from the title of Gilda Gray's next picture—"Cabaret"—that Gilda will treat her public to many new dance steps during the course of the film. But who can imagine Gilda *not* dancing?



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Eugene Robert Riches

A Hit with Thomas Meighan

One good thing always leads to another. Greta Nissen has been picked a second time by Thomas Meighan to be his leading lady—this time in "We're All Gamblers." It all started when Greta put on a dark wig and played the Cuban girl opposite Tommy in "Blind Alleys." She made such a hit with him that he made a point, before he departed for Florida, of securing her for "We're All Gamblers."

Moral—Don't Win a Beauty Contest!

Out of perhaps a thousand girls who have gone to Hollywood crowned queens of pulchritude, only about twenty have made good as actresses. This story tells you what has become of the others.

By A. L. Wooldridge

WHAT can have happened to all the beauty-contest winners sent by various American communities to Hollywood? Are they still in training for starring rôles? Are they to break forth soon in a blaze of electric lights at the great theaters and be announced as new "finds?" No!

Is Madeline, the lustrous-eyed daughter of the Bluegrass State, merely studying screen technique before making her bow to the waiting world—and the folks back home? No! Not at all!

Madeline probably is in Hollywood, and working, too. Madeline, maybe, is standing by the side of a customer reeling off, in stereotyped fashion—"Roast beef, roast pork with apple sauce, kidney stew, cold ham with potato salad, or breaded veal cutlets? No, sir, there's an additional charge for steak. Twenty-five cents extra."

Or she may be calling out to the chef, "Turn two pictures to the wall and paint 'em brown! Send along a stack o' wheats and make it snappy!"

Possibly she may have a strap at the back of her neck to help support the weight of a tray as she passes through the throng of patrons, calling monotonously, "Cigars, cigarettes? Cigars, cigarettes?"

During the past few years Hollywood has received thousands of girls from all parts of the world seeking fame in the movies. Some have gone back home, some have found other means of making a living, still



Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

Priscilla Dean admits she won a contest years ago, but makes no claim to beauty.



Clara Bow won a contest too, yet it was her peppy personality that counted more.



Lovely Corinne Griffith naturally would win a beauty tournament anywhere.

Photo by Alexander

clinging to the idea that they would some day get their "great chance." And some still wander helplessly about, waiting.

Because there isn't enough work in the movies to give each beauty-contest winner a job. But when such a girl arrives in Hollywood, whether she gets a job or not, she has to eat. And nine out of ten hungry girls will grab positions as waitresses or cigarette venders or ribbon-counter clerks when they're broke. The result is that Hollywood and Los Angeles—they really are one, because Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles—have some of the most beautiful as well as the most skillful waitresses, salesgirls, housemaids, stenographers, and soda jerkers in all the world. And

all still waiting for their chance in the movies!

Statistics recently compiled by the Wampas organization of publicity men show that of sixty-five girls selected by them as "baby stars," or potential stars, during the past five years, only sixteen per cent ever had won beauty contests. The other eighty-four per cent had arrived in cinemaland unheralded, and had fought their way alone.

The Wampas selects thirteen each year from among those who have done something in minor rôles worthy of attention, and a great majority of those selected eventually see their names in electric lights.

Successful actresses who have won laurels as beauties seldom mention it. Not many believe that such contests do them any good except for the fact that the notoriety gets the girls inside the studio gates. Then it's up to them to show they have ability to act, an accomplishment which nine out of ten never have at-

Moral—Don't Win a Beauty Contest!



Though Georgia Hale won honors for beauty, she had a hard time getting a chance on the screen.

beautifully dressed, the contest winners alight at Los Angeles, contracts in hand, confident that their beauty will win them a niche in films. They put in their six months at a studio and if they show talent they are kept. If not, they are told, "That will be all, thank you!"

What are they to do—go back among the friends who expected so much when, in the midst of an ovation, they started the trek to Hollywood? Well, hardly! They begin the battle for a new foothold, hearing day after day of girls—not beauty-contest winners—who have been suddenly "discovered" by casting directors and given important rôles.

Not many months ago, Arline Batchler, a little freckled-faced waitress with black, bobbed hair was taking orders from hungry movie folks in Henry's café on Hollywood Boulevard. Charley Chaplin, Sid Grauman, James Cruze, Robert Vignola, and even Michael Arlen, had sat at her tables. Arline wished she might some day get in the movies and quit serving food. She never spoke of it to any of the directors when she took their supper orders. She could see no chance amid all those beautiful girls. She did not have their handsome gowns nor the ten-dollar marcells, and her hands were red from work.

Then one day, right out of a clear sky, Eddie Boyle, a director, stopped suddenly before her and peered into her face.

"My freckles!" Arline thought. "Darn 'em!"

The next moment she had turned crimson and found herself trying to stammer a reply. For Eddie Boyle had said, "Would you like to play in pictures?"

Arline managed to say, "Yes, sir!"

"Come over to the studio to-morrow," Boyle replied. "I think I can use you."

And little Arline Batchler, waitress—not actress—was tumbled into a rôle in "The Fighting Failure," alongside Cullen Landis and Peggy Montgomery. And she went around almost in a trance for days. She was just the type for which Boyle had been looking.

More than one beauty-contest winner sighed despondently when she heard the story and looked at

tempted to cultivate. During the past year, Universal received very nearly a dozen beauty-contest winners from as many cities. Only three of that number—Dorothy Gulliver of Salt Lake City, Joan Alden of Chicago, and Blanche Fisher of Omaha—are still on the pay roll and under contract.

Rouged, marceled,

Arline's picture in the newspapers. Arline had her start and her days as a waitress have ended.

Out at First National Mildred Myrnie was a waitress in the studio café. Bobbed hair, large, lustrous eyes, well-modeled face—she, too, yearned for a place in the movies and an opportunity to quit carrying a tray. She saw Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Astor, Dorothy Mackaill, Joyce Compton, and a lot of others winning fame before the camera while she went on day by day from table to kitchen and from kitchen to table, waiting upon them.

Then the bolt struck. Mildred was called into the executive offices and asked to pose for some screen tests. She won a little rôle—the beginning.

Again the marceled beauty-contest winners sighed.

At about the same time, Helen Harris and Margaret Gray, secretaries to officials at the same studio, were given screen tests, too, and stepped from their desks onto sets.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, Patricia Avery, stenographer, was pounding away at the keys of her typewriter when a summons came to appear in the executive offices.

"How long have you been here?" she was asked.

"A year, sir," Patricia replied.

"She'll do!" the manager said, pushing a document toward her. "Sign this," he continued. "You're an actress now, and at a very comfortable salary. We can use your smile on the screen. Now go home, and to-morrow you start in on the sets."

She never was a beauty-contest winner, but she made good in her first and her succeeding rôles.

Simone Maes, a pretty little French girl at Universal City, had a somewhat similar experience, but she decided to protect herself with a few provisos before she gave up a perfectly good stenographer's position. She had seen too many girls come and go without arriving anywhere. Their greatest enthusiasm was in coming. They went away silently. So, when she was offered a rôle in "Love Me and the World Is Mine,"



Winning a beauty contest is a handicap, says Majel Coleman.



Fay Lanphier's great beauty did little for her in the movies.



Dorothy Gulliver is one of the few recent contest winners to have made good in films.

Miss Maes studied the situation. She didn't want to make one picture and then go out looking for work at a strange typewriter. She was perfectly satisfied as she was. She had no idea she could set the world on fire as an actress. What she eventually said was this: "Yes. I'll be glad to have the part. But will you please hold my present position open for me? I expect I'll want to come back when I've finished acting."

And that's what Simone Maes does to-day. She takes a rôle—and she's had some very good ones, too—but she doesn't content herself later with sitting around waiting for another to come. She pounds her typewriter in the meantime. She is not a beauty-contest winner.

Such strange things seem to open the way to screen work for some persons! Betty Bronson was selected by Sir James Barrie to play *Peter Pan* largely because she had legs shaped like a boy's. Mickey Daniels won a place in Hal Roach comedies because of the amazing way he could eat pie. Alberta Vaughn got her start by winning a "funny-face" contest. Marie Prevost scored her first real hit by fleeing from a goat while clad in little more than an undershirt. This was in a Mack Sennett comedy.

Priscilla Dean did get her chance in pictures by winning a beauty contest, but this resulted from a strange quirk of fate, as Miss Dean makes no boast of being a beauty. She arrived in Hollywood from New York in 1916, intent on getting work in comedies. She hit the long, hard trail from studio to studio in search of employment, but the gates were closed. She got nothing—not even work as an extra. She was good looking, dressed neatly, but was not a beauty in any sense of the word. Her funds dwindled to nineteen dollars, and her room rent was due. She was at the end of her string.

Just then a motor-car agency held a beauty contest at a Los Angeles race track where the entrants were to drive the company's cars and the winner was to be given a six-month contract with one of the film companies. Priscilla decided to enter, gambling virtually her last cent on winning.

"I don't know why,"

"except that I was getting desperate. I went downtown and bought yards and yards of marquisette, the cheapest material I could find. It cost ten cents a yard. From it I modeled a costume and a hat to match. I thought it looked pretty fine for the occasion. But when I got to the track I found that Edna Goodrich, the beautiful wife of Nat



Winning a contest really did give Gertrude Olmsted her first opportunity.

Goodwin, was there, in an exquisite costume. And Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Vera Steadman, and Mabel Normand—all in expensive, tailored clothes, with hats and shoes to match. And my heart sank. But I would not back out. I couldn't! All my money was at stake, and possibly a contract.

"They gave me a little sedan to drive. I knew almost nothing about a

car. The grand stand was packed, a band was playing, and I had never seen so much finery in all my life. Frankly, I was sick when the parade began—back and forth, around the track. My cheap dress and homemade hat made me miserable. And I had the smallest car in the lot.

"I got a little applause, but the others were receiving ovations. I wished I hadn't come. I bowed and smiled as nicely as I could when I passed the grand stand, but it must have been a wan smile. I knew that I didn't belong there—in a beauty contest.

"I found myself again passing before the great crowd. I saw the people looking at me. And then—my hat blew off! Rain had fallen the night before. I stopped and got out in the mud after my poor little bonnet. Utterly ruined it was, but I put it back on my head. Muddy water dripped

down onto my face. I got mud in my hair. I got mud on my fingers and left a splotch wherever I touched my dress. I wanted to cry.

"But what do you suppose happened? That big-hearted crowd, sympathizing with my plight, let out a roar that fairly shook the rafters—'The girl in the sedan!' they yelled. 'The girl in the sedan!'

"As the crowd was to act as judge, I thereby won first prize. In a beauty contest! When the winner of the second prize was called for, the crowd once more shouted—'The girl in the sedan! The girl in the sedan!'

"I won first, second, and third prizes, competing against those really beautiful girls. And the screen contract came with it."

Dorothy Dwan, one of the prettiest girls in pictures, won a beauty contest in Sedalia, Missouri, but

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Alberta Vaughn won a "funny-face" competition.



Claire Windsor disapproves of beauty parades, and has never entered one.



Sally Rand believes that the notoriety of winning a contest helps a little.



Parlor, Bedroom and Pantry

Esther Ralston is equally decorative in all three.

Wars have been fought and cities burned for lesser beauties than Esther Ralston. It is of such as she that poets sing. Whether draped on her couch in fluffy ruffles or beating an egg in the pantry in a gingham apron, Esther never fails to be pictorial.

That is not the famous glass slipper that is being slipped onto her foot in the picture below, but if it were it would most certainly fit, for what prince could resist such dainty feminine charm as Esther's?



She makes her own frosted chocolates, in a pantry so spotless and shiny and white that you wonder if it is ever used for anything except a pretty background for Esther and her flowered apron.



Jack Holt—*en Famille*

Jack Holt had to resort to a most ingenious stratagem to win the lady who is his charming wife, but a glimpse into his contented and attractive little family makes you realize how well worth while it was.

By Margaret Reid

I WAS watching a group of men at the Midwick Country Club not long ago. The Midwick, you must know, is the ace of clubs in southern California—being not only exclusive but well-nigh inaccessible. The accumulated fortunes of the aforementioned group of men alone would sink a reasonable-sized vessel. Except for one, they were multimillionaires. They looked, however, again except for the one, like comfortable, prosaic shopkeepers of only moderate financial importance. Only the exception *looked* like a millionaire, and he wasn't. He was a movie actor—Jack Holt.

Jack belongs to the Midwick Club. Which saves me many paragraphs of description and information. Not only is he a member, but he really does *belong*. That is his proper setting—a gentleman among gentlemen. Surrounded by a rather charming aura of conservatism—a rare thing in Hollywood and environs.

I have seen him on the polo field of that club. He is one of their crack players—and this, please note, with the celebrated Eric Pedley setting a hot record on the same team. Jack, very brown and brawny and straight, can just about play every one else into the fence.

I ran into a group of well-known actors talking at Lasky's new studio the other day. They were all quietly and correctly groomed, but intangibly they all looked like actors—like actors endeavoring to register that First Family look. Except for one—Jack Holt.

How Jack manages to take on the habiliments of his profession during working hours, I don't know. Away from the camera he is so definitely *not* of the movies, that his presence before it is an incongruity. There is, in his personality, no faintest trace of pictures—nor even of Hollywood. And yet, the fact remains that he is an excellent actor.

He is a rather perfect representation of what the idealists like to consider the typical American

man—the good husband and father and citizen, level headed, sane, comfortably intelligent, interested in the ordinary, daily aspects of life. Jack Holt is all of these things. That he is also an actor—a member of a profession that is necessarily artificial and emotional—is only incidental. The secret is that acting is not, to him, a medium of self-expression, but simply his business.

Likewise his hours of relaxation are—just that. His pleasures are sane ones. Dinner parties at Conrad Nagel's, at Ernest Torrence's, at Florence Vidor's. He and Mrs. Holt go out seldom. Jack likes to retire early, and at parties he sometimes has to resort to much coffee to defeat an indecorous drowsiness. He and his wife entertain quietly now and then. Sometimes Ronald Colman drops in to chat and smoke and play with the children. For week-ends during the hot weather, Jack

Jack Holt is a perfect representation of the good American husband, father and citizen. His family and home mean far more to him than the glamour of being a star in the movies.





His family sometimes visit Jack on the set, or even go on location with him. There are Tim, Mrs. Jack and Betty.

and Mrs. Holt take the children to their beach place. There are three sturdy youngsters. The eldest little girl is Mrs. Holt's daughter by a former marriage. Small Tim and Betty are Jack's.

Betty is five, with the rare combination of brown eyes and silky blond hair. On first acquaintance she is very reserved, regarding you silently, with her finger in her mouth. But if you can pass this barrier of dignity, she is gracious to the point of garrulity. Once started, she talks quite incessantly, scarcely drawing breath—chiefly about her clothes, and with a lisp.

"She has been ill," Jack said, "and we've had her at the beach. She had been terribly quiet and had taken no interest in things. Then, last Saturday, when we were on the sand, she suddenly showed me her petticoat with great disgust, and said, 'I with mother had brought my petticoat with the lathe on it. Thith one ithn't the right color at all.' I knew right then she was getting better."

Little, husky Tim is the son of his father. He is seven, and since he was four has ridden like something out of the cavalry. When his father took him to see "The Covered Wagon," a little pinto pony caught Tim's eye among all the other horses. It was a bright little trick horse, and Tim was so crazy about it, that Jack traced the horse and bought it for him. But he wisely made Tim understand that it was not only a gift, but

a responsibility. Tim himself, Jack said, would have to buy the pony's oats, earning money in the devious ways known to small boys.

After careful, very important meditation, Tim set up in business as the neighborhood destroyer of frogs and snails, fertile pests of California gardens. His rate was two cents a frog, and five snails for a penny. When the rambling grounds surrounding his own home are exhausted, Tim goes next door to Ernest Torrence's garden and removes snails from the lovely rose trees. And Florence Vidor, whose back garden meets Ernest Torrence's, also employs Tim. He is very serious and capable about his work, believing implicitly that upon his efforts the pony really depends for oats. Suzanne Vidor, and Tim's sister Betty, stand around watching him, in respectful, admiring silence.

Jack Holt is intensely interested in his children. Not as little novelties to be petted and indulged, but as individuals to be considered and understood. He has a very sound knowledge of child psychology. His is one of the most charming father-child relationships I have ever seen. The children adore him—not blindly, in the usual child way, but intelligently.

The Holt home is a delightful, restful place. The gardens are always cool and shady. In one big corner of them is the children's playground—sand piles, slides, seesaws,

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Just Wear Your Pajamas

They're worn on the beach, they're worn on the tennis court, they're worn in the gymnasium—the next thing we know, they'll be worn to dinner parties.

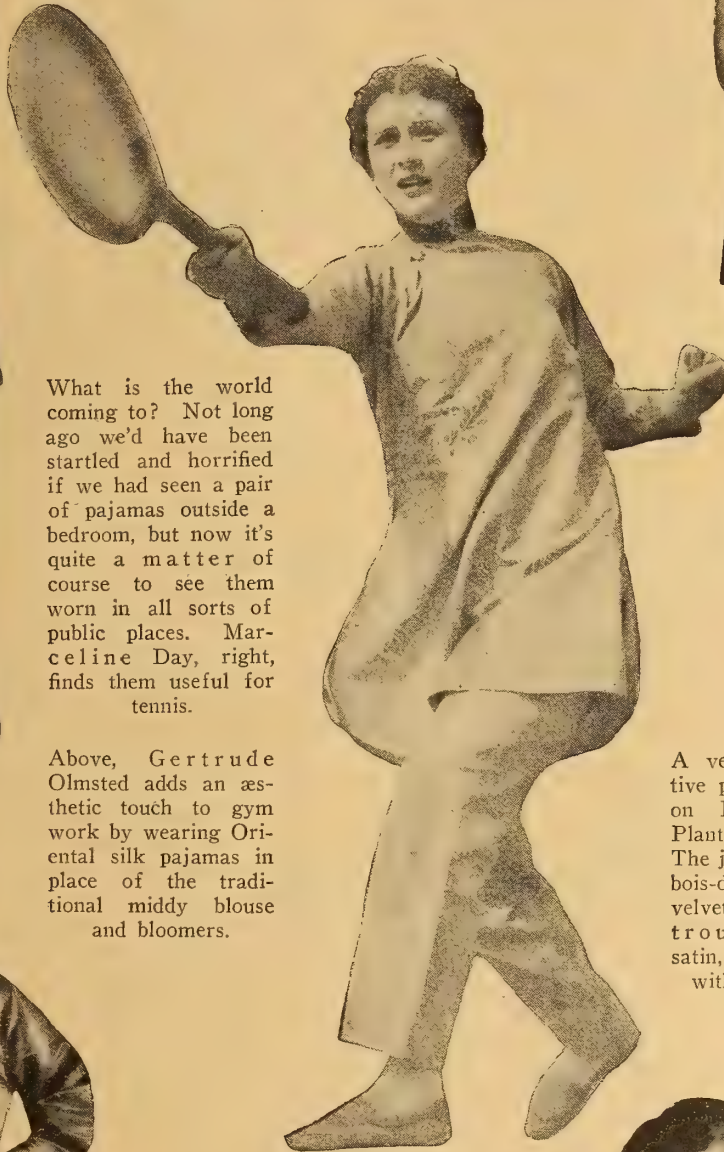
Who knows what this pajama rage may lead to—the day may come when we shall see ladies walking into dinner in sleeveless evening pajamas, such as the pair worn by June Marlowe, left.

What is the world coming to? Not long ago we'd have been startled and horrified if we had seen a pair of pajamas outside a bedroom, but now it's quite a matter of course to see them worn in all sorts of public places. Marceline Day, right, finds them useful for tennis.

Above, Gertrude Olmsted adds an æsthetic touch to gym work by wearing Oriental silk pajamas in place of the traditional middy blouse and bloomers.

A very attractive pair is seen on Laura La Plante, right. The jacket is of bois-de-rose cut velvet and the trousers of satin, trimmed with velvet.

Ethelynn Claire's Pierrot pajamas, left, would do quite well for a fancy-dress ball. Olive Borden's pretty pink satin ones, however—right—are of the old-fashioned, for-bedroom-use-only variety.



A Star Who Raises Her Own Vegetables

There's nothing make-believe about Dorothy Phillips' gardening. It's a real hobby with her, and out in California she can indulge in it winter and summer.

Dorothy's father taught her how to grow flowers and vegetables when she was a small girl, and she has been crazy about gardening ever since. She is often seen in her work smock, spading or hoeing round about her plants and young trees.



There are just lots and lots of flower gardens in Hollywood, but a vegetable garden in a star's grounds is really something unusual. Dorothy specializes in vegetables even more than in flowers, and tries to raise almost every kind.



It takes a mighty energetic weed to get ahead of Dorothy, for no sooner does one of those intruders stick his head above the ground than Miss Phillips is right there to yank him up, and to scratch up the earth all around him, so that there won't be any trace of him or his brothers left.

Above, on coming home from a horseback ride one day, she went straight to the garden to see how the beans were getting on—and she seems to have been quite pleased with their progress.

Left, she has just been gathering celery and other vegetables for the day's meals, and is taking them to the kitchen to be prepared. There are not many stars who can thus get their groceries directly from their back yards.

A Welcome Invader from Germany

Hollywood not only makes possible the importation of one of Europe's most accomplished actors, but unites a trio of famous friends.

By William H. McKegg

IT is seldom that you come across an actor who gets far enough from his screen self to seem an entirely different person in reality. There are, I don't doubt, a few such, but very few. Conrad Veidt is one of the most amazing examples.

Many of you already have seen Veidt on the screen, for several of his foreign pictures have been shown in this country. My first sight of this very remarkable actor was in "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," a picture applauded in New York for its striking originality and its freakish horrors. But owing to a wave of patriotic agitation, "Caligari" was not afforded the same notice and tolerance in other cities as was given it in cosmopolitan New York. Also, its ghostly horrors worried the censors.

Apart from the production itself, the greatest merits in this weird picture were the splendid performances given by Conrad Veidt as *The Sleepwalker* and by Werner Krauss as *Doctor Caligari*. Veidt looked like a living corpse, yet his make-up seemed in no way exaggerated. It was his sense of the part that created the effect.

No wonder that before meeting him I expected to behold a gloomy individual. My preconceived notion, based on his foreign screen work, was soon banished, however, when I came upon him in his dressing room. He was made up for the rôle of *Louis XI.* in John Barrymore's "The Beloved Rogue." Instead of a very grave person I came face to face with a most humorous one—the sort that turns a businesslike interview into pleasant entertainment.

Dressed in his medieval costume, lying full length on a settee, Veidt—a tall, thin chap in his late thirties—was partaking of his lunch. His features attract your attention immediately. His teeth—often revealed behind two full, smiling lips—are large and strong, set a little apart. Yet, except for his humorous eyes, Veidt's entire appearance has something sardonic about it.

Those piercing, light-blue eyes reflect the gay, inconsequential inner being—the happy-go-lucky young actor of early Deutsches Theater days in Berlin, where he, Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings, all struggling for fame, formed a lasting friendship.

Beyond a few words, Veidt speaks no English. His manager, as genial as he, usually acts as interpreter. Was he glad to be here? Yes, it would give him a chance to be better known in America. He liked such a characterization as *Louis XI.* On the screen he had been a king many times. In "The Three Waxworks" he was *Ivan the Terrible* of Russia.

"I have also played in the picture of Pirandello's 'Henry IV.' I enacted the rôle of a man who went crazy and *thought* he was king," Veidt laughed. "He regained his senses, but kept quiet about it. Then when



Photo by Freulich

Conrad Veidt, struggling for fame in the German theater, met the also struggling Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings, and the trio formed a friendship that has lasted for years.



The rôle of the sardonic *LOUIS XI.* in "The Beloved Rogue," is especially congenial to Veidt.

it was discovered he was sane he went mad and stayed so!"

Veidt has a way of making everything humorous. His humor affects you, too. There is a distinct genuineness in everything he says and does. He did not even attempt to evade me when I put forth such a tricky question as, did he not find much opposition here—much jealousy?

"No." The answer was direct, without any hesitation. "It is no different here than anywhere else." He tapped a cigarette, half sat up, and leaned on one elbow as he lit it. "In any case," he flashed at me, "what would it matter?" He laughs from the diaphragm. No weak throat noises from him! This very contagious laugh which he now uttered, as he sank back on the settee in a cloud of smoke, forced me to agree with him.

"I have had kindness and consideration shown me by one and all. When I arrived at the station I was astonished. I had hardly anticipated such a warm reception. Ernst Lubitsch was there, with Hans Kraly and Paul Bern. Even Mr. Barrymore came down to meet me. That fellow is as great an individual as he is an artist!"

A false report had it that Veidt went down on his knees and kissed Barrymore's hands. The fact that the inimitable John went to the station to meet any one might be cause for such an action but, like many other

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And again he wavered, swayed by conflicting emotions. Perhaps he might stay; perhaps it would not interfere so much with his plans, which were rather vague after all. With so many extras, he might escape notice. He could sort of get hold of himself, and the desert was an ideal spot in which to hide. Besides, he was beginning to like his companion; she had a way with her, outspoken, sensible, appealing. If he remained, they could walk out alone nights, and talk. And she really wanted him to stay. He could tell that. It thrilled him a little to think some one was so interested.

But on the very brink of surrender, Oscar was gripped by a terrifying thought. What of the consequences? How had he forgotten so readily? Why, he dared not appear before a camera. With the film displayed in countless theaters, he was sure to be recognized—in La Belle certainly.

He remembered he was still a fugitive and now traveling under an assumed name. Recognition would mean being traced, arrested—convicted.

In the hush that had fallen between them, Penelope, as if surmising something of the struggle that went on in her companion's heart, drew closer; finally perched beside him on the rock.

"What's it all about, Oscar?" she asked softly. "You can tell me, can't you? Trust me? It would be the same as locked in a safe with the combination lost."

"It—it's nothing," Oscar protested. "I just can't stay, that's all. I can't."

It seemed he never could trust his secret to any one, not even the winsome little lady who cuddled so close to him. Girls always talked a lot; said things they shouldn't.

"I'm sorry," his companion said. "Honest I am. But if you can't, you can't, and that's all there is to it. I don't want to be nosey, Oscar," she went on, "but I've a hunch if you weren't so flush and your bank roll so convenient, you'd stick. Maybe you'd have to. Things like that have happened. Oh, well, we'll drop the subject. Where'd you say you were going? Sapphire? Where's that?"

"I don't know; around here somewhere," Oscar replied vaguely. He saw now, miserably enough, that as a hunted creature he must keep on and on, a wanderer, always in fear.

"What's in Sapphire?" the girl asked.

"I don't know," he repeated and was silent again.

Presently, because there seemed to be no further conversation between them, the girl stirred and turned to gaze upon the light-sprinkled shell of a town beyond.

"It's getting cool," she said at length. "Hadn't we better go back? These wide, open desert places aren't so much. They scorch you by day and freeze you cuckoo at night. Beats all how popular they are, doesn't it?"

Oscar had no response to make, for just then climatic conditions relative to desert places were remote from his thoughts. They walked on, the girl having much to say and Oscar having nothing at all. The merrymaking film folk had thinned away and the street looked dreary, uninviting. Abruptly the lights were extinguished and left the stars to supply a faint radiance.

"Am I going to see you in the morning?" Penelope asked.

Oscar came to himself with a start. "Why, of course," he responded. "Of course you are—Penny."

An unexpected boldness seized him and he looked down into the girl's uplifted face. She could stand under his outstretched arm, he realized. Almost he was tempted to bend over and put his arm about her and kiss her; and she looked as if she expected him to do that very thing. But suddenly his courage fled and he merely said good night.

"Good night," she returned, and walked away.

CHAPTER IX.

LOST—A BANK ROLL.

For all his troublesome thoughts and unfamiliar surroundings, Oscar slept soundly. His had been a full day, the cot was surprisingly comfortable, and although his tent mates gossiped among themselves until a late hour, the newest member of the Super-Apex organization closed his eyes and passed into oblivion.

He awoke early, for that always had been his custom, gradually remembered where he was and why, saw that his neighbors were slumbering soundly and, gazing up at the canvas roof above him through which a golden sunlight filtered, began to meditate upon his program for the day.

Life soon stirred about him; voices lifted drowsily from half-revealed cot occupants; the usual line of repartee was exchanged, along with a pillow or two. Some joy-killer clarified the news that it was seven o'clock, adding that every one on the lot must be dressed, made up and on

the set by nine. DuVal, it seemed, was an exacting taskmaster and punctuality one of his pet obsessions, all of which was so much static to Oscar, whose mind was concerned with more urgent subjects.

He was up and dressed among the first of his companions and stepped outside into the brisk, fresh air. Breakfast, he saw, was preparing, and he strolled toward the cook tent where the morning meal was being mobilized. He watched the operations with interested, appraising eyes, and might have made friends with the kitchen staff had not a bull-voiced chef, spotting the onlooker, shied a potato in his direction.

"Get out of here!" he roared. "This ain't no set. Beat it before I knock you for a row of lamp-posts!"

Gathering from the language that his presence was not particularly desired, Oscar vanished swiftly. He reached the street and began walking along it, stepping high and fast. It was almost as if he had wings, and he decided the air was responsible. It certainly put pep into one's blood: cool and crisp and bracing. He walked to the end of the street and back again, tingling all over. He felt a whole lot like the time when Cotton slipped him a drink of gin, making out it was medicine, only now he wasn't dizzy.

Sky and desert were alive with colors, and he watched them shift and change and melt into one another, fascinated. It was prettier than any picture he had ever seen. Remembering what was in store for him, Oscar climbed nimbly to the top of a building, using a ladder that was handy; and once there he stared in every direction for some evidence of Sapphire. But nothing rewarded him; nothing but sand and queer-looking hills that appeared as unreal as the make-believe structures below him.

He slipped to earth again and wondered if it wasn't time to eat. Never, so far back as he could remember, had he been so hungry. The air, of course. Certainly folks had appetites in this country, and it ought to be an ideal place for a first-class delicatessen shop. With his savings he could make a start, and before long—

Oscar's brisk and buoyant limbs, carrying him in the direction of the dining tent and breakfast, suddenly ceased to operate. He came to an abrupt halt, almost as if a wall had reared itself before him. The bracing air no longer was of consequence and the pangs of hunger, once so pronounced, vanished. The glorious desert colors, the sky overhead, and

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The Kilties Are Coming

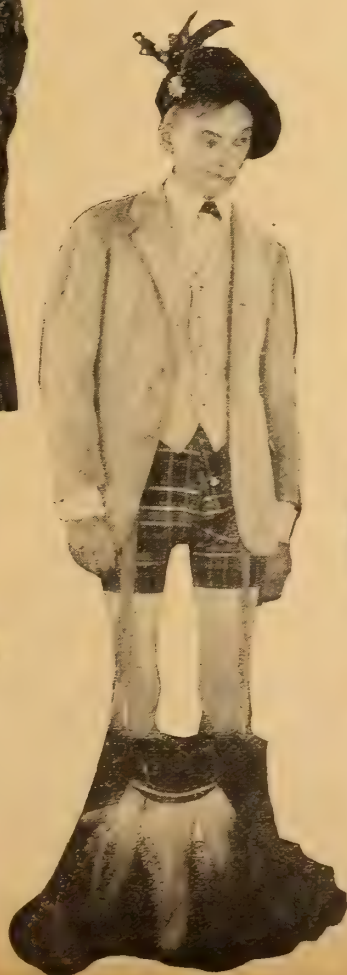
If the Scotch influence that has been sweeping over the screen continues to grow, it will soon be impossible to get a job in the movies unless you apply in kilts.

Above are some of the belligerent clansmen in Lillian Gish's film, "Annie Laurie." Armed with everything from clubs to bagpipes, they prepare for warfare with a hated enemy clan.



The irate old Scotchman above is Jack Duffy, in one of the Christie comedies. We dinna ken what has roused his ire—probably the bagpipe outburst on the opposite side of the page.

Hoot mon! Ralph Sipperly's kilties, right, seem to have left him—and left him none the wiser, either.



However it may strike the ears of others, Bobby Vernon himself thinks he handles the bagpipes like a native Highlander—but we hear there have been many earaches at the Christie studio lately.

Douglas MacLean, left, was born to kilts, for were not his forbears canny Scotsmen all? Doug appeared in this Scotch regalia in "Hold That Lion."

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the sand beneath his stricken feet, began to reel crazily.

He had, subconsciously, an instant before, allowed his fingers to stray against his coat, directly over the spot where his wallet bulged—and the bulge was gone! Panicky, he opened his coat and plunged his fingers into the inside pocket, to find it empty. His other pockets, searched swiftly, hopefully, produced no reward.

The calamitous realization left him faint and sick. He had been robbed! Where, and in what manner, he was unable to judge; but the precious wallet had vanished, and with it the sum and substance of his savings, his nest egg, his start toward delicatessen independence.

A moment after that ghastly truth revealed itself, Oscar was racing toward the dormitory tent, weaving in and out among the startled film clan, or brushing them aside, his face grim and set. He reached his cot and explored the bedclothes; and again the faint glimmer of hope died within him.

Deliberately then, he turned to confront the thin-cheeked individual who occupied the cot on his right, and who was sitting erect, blinking at Oscar with sleepy eyes.

Suspicion burned in Oscar's tortured breast. From the first he had disliked and mistrusted his neighbor; there was something mean and sneaking in the man's pallid countenance, a lurking evil in the depths of his shifty eyes.

Perhaps aware of the threatening storm, he began to slide from under the covers. "Say, you!" he broke out. "What's this all about? Why all the steam? Lost something?"

"My money," Oscar declared huskily. "You pinched it! Better hand it over before——"

"Go easy there!" the other cried, now on his feet. "Careful what you're saying, big boy. I'm not a crook. I'm not pinching pocket-books. How much did you lose?"

"Almost three hundred dollars!"

"What?" The man stared at him incredulously. "Three hundred? Now I know you're crazy! Wake up!"

"I'm awake," Oscar retorted. "I know what I'm talking about. My wallet's gone, I tell you!"

Others near by, in the process of dressing, began to exhibit a decided interest in the affair. They gathered around the two principals, asking questions, demanding details; but Oscar, oblivious to the audience, continued to glare accusingly at his neighbor.

"Aw, come out of it!" the man

snapped. "Where'd you get off to lay this on me? I think you're cuckoo myself. Say, do you get this, fellows?" he asked, turning to the others. "The big boy here claims he's missing a bank roll of three hundred smackers."

Without exception, the crowd began to grin; a few laughed.

"A lot-hopper packing that wad?" one of the men put in skeptically. "Impossible! Say, with three hundred in cash you'd be producing your own stuff."

Oscar saw clearly enough that sympathy was lacking. The potential screen stars scoffed at the thought that one of their number had possessed, even by some magic, the fortune claimed to have been lost.

"Where'd you last have it?" some one demanded.

"Right here—in my pocket. It was here yesterday. It was taken from me last night—out of my coat," Oscar stated.

"We'll give you the benefit of the doubt," the man he accused spoke up. "Maybe you did have the stuff; but don't go getting careless with your charges. Get me? I'm not the only guy on the lot. Better look 'em all over."

Now that he had cooled off and begun to think back, Oscar found himself unable to recall, definitely, just when he last had felt of the wallet. He had folded his coat and tucked it under his pillow the night before, but he could not swear the wallet was in the pocket at the time. Perhaps he had been hasty in forming conclusions, simply because of a pronounced dislike for the man occupying the adjoining cot.

He remembered the crowd at the station and on the bus; all the jostling and shoving that followed. Besides, he had hung up his coat in the washroom, both last evening and this morning; left it unwatched perhaps for a minute or so. With those facts clearly established, he saw where his charges against any one person in particular were unfair, unsupported by evidence. The case, then, became touched with mystery; he had a problem to solve, and at the moment its solving seemed remote.

"Just think things over," some one advised him. "Maybe you shoved the roll in your sock, or gave it to some queen to keep. What were you doing last night?"

A brisk young man in flannel shirt and puttees, who looked like a chauffeur, appeared suddenly; bellowed something about breakfast and being on the set in an hour. The crowd began to scamper around like a nest of ants; that is, all save Oscar.

He sank down on the edge of his cot, forlornly, a picture of abject despair. The call to breakfast, once so eagerly anticipated, aroused no joy within his breast; he never wanted to eat again. His mind became a hive in which suspicions swarmed, and one of them, more active than the rest, stung him. A startling supposition declared itself. Could it be possible, he wondered, that Penelope——

No; that was absurd, impossible, he reasoned in the next breath and cast the despicable thought from his mind. But some time later, when he walked into the open air, suspicion again reared itself. He recalled now that the girl knew of his wealth; she had snuggled close beside him last night, tugged playfully at his coat. And most significant of all, was the remark she had passed. It came back to him vividly: "If you weren't so flush—you'd stick—you'd have to."

Had she felt, he wondered, that the money alone decided him against remaining? That because he did not need the Super-Apex salary he was not attracted by the engagement? back up a charge, Oscar moved on known way, taken measures to insure his staying?

Assailed by those unpleasant thoughts, and almost too miserable to care one way or another, since the crime had been committed and he had no evidence with which to back up his charge, Oscar moved on to find himself, presently, in the dining tent.

He sat alone at a far table; ate of the food that was put before him and closed his ears to the gay chatter and laughter that filled the canvas inclosure. Except for himself, it seemed, every one was happy, carefree. Finished, he pushed back his chair and got up, his mind concerned with vague future plans, to hear, suddenly, a familiar voice.

It was Penelope Holt—Penny. She was rigged in a strange dress: a simple gingham dress with a sun-bonnet over her bobbed, curly hair. Her face was covered with yellowish paint, her eyelashes beaded with black, her lips crimson. The make-up worked so great a transformation that Oscar surveyed the girl in profound amazement.

"Good morning, Oscar," she chirped breezily. "Behold dear little Nell, the miner's daughter! On her way to play with the b'ars. The b'ars all love our little Nell. How do you like it?"

"Why, you look—look funny."

"Gosh, I hope not," she returned, alarmed. "What do you mean—I look funny?"

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Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65¢ per dozen

Kotex-Super 90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Continued from page 94

"Why, those clothes, and all that stuff on your face."

"Oh, I see. All new to you, isn't it?" She seemed relieved. "You haven't seen me in wardrobe and war paint, have you? You'll see a lot of strange sights presently."

Penny sat down at the table. "Say, I'm glad you didn't up and run away before I saw you again," she resumed. "You aren't in any great rush, are you? Sit down and watch me eat. I'm good at it. Guess this is doomed to be our first and last meal together, Oscar. Too bad. Couldn't you hang around a while and watch some of the shooting?"

"What shooting?"

"The picture, silly." She laughed at the puzzled look on Oscar's face. "We don't *take* a scene, we *shoot* it," she explained. "All the powder we use is on our faces and the bullets are the hard-boiled remarks from the director. Gee! I'm full of wise cracks this morning. It must be the rarefied air. Affect you any?"

Oscar smiled feebly and decided to wait until after the girl had finished breakfast before spilling his cup of grief.

"I—I been robbed, Penny," he blurted out when they had left the tent.

"Robbed?" she echoed, stopping

short. "You mean your money? Oh, Oscar, not really!"

There was so much genuine concern in her voice that he felt heartily ashamed of himself for having ever dared to entertain so base a suspicion against his companion.

"Robbed of everything," he told her. "My wallet. All my money." And in a few words he poured out all the story.

The girl listened with wide, sympathetic eyes—eyes, he fancied, that were perilously close to tears. And when he had finished, she patted his hand.

"I think I know that slinky chap you suspect," she stated. "I'll bet he annexed your roll, only we can't fix it on him right now. But we can lay low and keep our eyes open," she added hopefully. "That's what we can do. Something's bound to happen."

Oscar's sagging spirits revived a little under the girl's comforting remarks and he endeavored to smile. "Something's already happened," he quavered. "It—it's sort of knocked the wind out of me."

"It could be a lot worse." Penny surveyed him quizzically a moment. "And now what?" she asked. "About yourself, I mean?"

"I guess I'll have to stay here." he answered.

"Heavens! Don't look so wretched about it," she protested. "This isn't a jail. You'll be paid for staying."

"But they'll find me out," Oscar wavered, frightened at the predicament confronting him. "I won't know what to do—or anything."

"Bosh! None of us know what to do yet. You'll be shown, don't fret. Get your wardrobe and put it on, and don't for Pete's sake look as if you expected to be boiled alive! Bluff a little! Act as if you knew what it was all about! Of course, make-up is something you'll have to learn, but some one will help you out in a pinch. Tell 'em you left your kit on the train. Tell 'em anything! Look wise. Just remember this is the greatest game of bluff that ever happened. When you get on the set I'll look you over. Follow the crowd, Oscar, and you'll get by."

Oscar listened and nodded, trying not to weaken, although the prospect before him seemed decidedly black.

"There's Carter now!" the girl exclaimed. "Keep your eye on him. He is one of DuVal's prize yes men, otherwise the assistant director. I'll have to run along and present myself before the great and august DuVal. Make a little prayer for me, Oscar," she whispered. "I feel the need of one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 69

Mabel Normand was one of the worst sufferers. She developed pneumonia, and for a time her life hung in the balance. Her husband, Lew Cody, was constantly at her bedside during the crisis. Her temperature became dangerously high, and her pulse threateningly rapid, but Mabel's constitution pulled her through.

Marie Prevost was forced to quit her home by the illness of Kenneth Harlan's three-year-old nephew, who developed scarlet fever. During the time of quarantine, Marie and Kenneth resided at the Ambassador Hotel. Marie herself had undergone an operation for an abscess shortly before this.

The jinx attacked Reginald Denny, too. He was operated on for appendicitis, with some ensuing complications. Then his leading lady, Barbara Worth, broke her arm and had to leave for a while the picture they were working on.

Richard Barthelmess sustained a small fracture in his foot which laid him up for some time. And to make matters worse, it was reported, one bright Sunday, that he was dead, with the result that reporters kept

frantically ringing him up to find out about it.

Virginia Valli was another appendicitis victim.

Wallace Beery and Zasu Pitts, while on location with "The Big Sneeze," narrowly escaped serious injury from an explosion. This explosion was part of a battle scene in "The Rough Riders," which was being filmed in the same vicinity.

"They must have been trying to help put over the title of our picture," remarked Zasu blithely, "but honestly, I never dreamed of a sneeze so powerful."

Complications Over "The Miracle."

Quite a bit of puzzlement exists over just *who* will finally film "The Miracle," the famous stage spectacle, for both First National and Metro-Goldwyn are vigorously claiming the rights to this Max Reinhardt creation.

Considerable skepticism prevails as to whether "The Miracle" can be made into an effective film feature, and whether the public will be interested in a film version, for so many people have already seen the elaborate stage production.

Nevertheless, two big companies seem willing to fight for its possession.

Difficulties with the Foreigners.

What to do with the foreign stars after they arrive in this country—this appears to be causing increasing perplexity at the studios. Assignments to the foreigners have been very slow in some instances, and many original announcements have had to be changed.

It was some months before the difficulties between Emil Jannings and Paramount over his first film were ironed out. Also, Lil Dagover, the German actress, was to have played opposite him, but in the end other arrangements were made, chiefly because of Miss Dagover's own objections. She found her rôle too mature for her liking.

Lya de Putti, after her disagreement with Paramount, settled down quite peacefully at the De Mille studio, where she is in high favor. And, more recently, she also has been playing at Universal.

Maria Corda, signed up by First National, has been quite a while getting started, but will possibly be seen soon in a lead opposite Milton Sills.

Continued from page 19

even brought a brick from it as a sample!"

"And I found a mother-in-law joke in that old comedy, too. The mother-in-law had died but on the way, to the burying ground a thorn on a bush by the wayside had accidentally scratched her body, drawing blood and causing her to come to life. She died again ten years later. Her son-in-law exclaimed, as they were again carrying her away, 'For Heaven's sake, keep away from that thorn bush this time!'"

Syd showed me one of his books on scientific research.

"This is a great relief from comedy and gags," he explained. "I'll let you in on a secret. I'm tremendously interested in the production of synthetic pearls. Some day I mean to retire to the South Seas, hire an oyster bed, and find some way artificially to produce bigger and better pearls!"

I didn't really approve of this digression, of course, as what I wanted

was a story about bigger and better comedies. But one sympathizes with Syd for wanting to fly to the calm of oyster beds for relief from the comedy lot. I really didn't have the heart to stop him.

"If," explained Syd, "you can find a way to keep up that mild irritation in the oyster which produces the pearl, without worrying him to death, and can find what it is in his diet that makes the covering of the pearl, you will have the secret. The thing to do is to scare the oyster and make him think the irritation is worse than it really is, so you can make him work overtime. Thank goodness, there are no union oysters! Then he doesn't get wise to what you are doing until you call on him and ask for the pearl."

I was curious to know just how he worked—how he constructed his comedies.

"Oh, we always try to find some charming secluded spot," smiled Syd. "We wrote 'The Better 'Ole' down in Palm Springs. We used to go

horseback riding in the morning, telling ourselves we needed the exercise to keep our brains from getting fagged. We talked about the comedy we were writing only whenever we thought we really ought to be doing something to earn our salaries. In the afternoon we sat down at our typewriters and banged off our ideas. Thus we constructed what we call a straight-line story.

"The gags we worked out on the set. Props often suggest gags. I like to see a set overdressed just on that account. Mack Sennett always said, 'It is hard to get a laugh among stones and trees.' A man can get a lot more laughs behind a counter in a delicatessen store."

"Just one thing more—do you get mash notes?" I inquired.

"Bless you, yes! Every comedian does! Although," said Syd, "I don't expect so many from my performance as *Old Bill*. Imagine climbing up under that mustache for a kiss! A girl would think she was lost in the Australian bush!"

Is Mildred Davis Making a Mistake?

Continued from page 74

"Guess what happened on the set to-day!" somebody would say. And some one else would interrupt with a choice bit of gossip. And I would sit and listen. All I could contribute was, 'I made the nicest cake to-day!' or, 'Gloria has a new tooth.'

"I used to be so homesick for the studios that it hurt. And now I'm back!"

"I dash home every night in a terrible hurry to get there before Harold does. I take my make-up off and dress for dinner. And I try to be so peppy and entertaining, even if I'm half dead. I don't want him to think that my work is making any differ-

ence in me—that I am coming home all fagged for the evening.

"But getting back is—well, I think it's like getting home. Nobody can ever be in this business—be of it—and then leave it, without a wrench.

"You know, I am sure Gloria is going to be an actress. It may seem early to say that when she is only two and a half, but I feel sure of it."

"Are you going to work all the time?" I asked.

"No, I hardly think so. Two pictures a year would be ideal. That would keep me happy. I shall never allow myself to get stale again—or fat!"

"I was fat, you know. My arms

were all puffy. I'm pretty fat, still!"

But the hint of plumpness which remains in her figure adds to her childlike charm.

So domesticity—and gilded, luxurious domesticity at that—has been tried again and found wanting. The lure of the Kleigs is strong. Stronger even than the lure of a wonderful home. And such a home!—with golf course, swimming pool, horses, cars, everything to keep a woman amused. Mildred joyfully leaves all this every morning to spend long, exhausting hours on the set.

This motion-picture business certainly has an allure which few other professions can boast.

A La Tolstoy

Continued from page 51

home of his aunts. Later, they discover the disgrace he has brought upon their household, and *Katusha* is banished.

From place to place she wanders, working as a servant. Then, some months later, she learns that *Dimitri's* regiment is to pass through the town where she is working. In a blinding rainstorm, she waits desperately at the station and, as the train pauses for a short stop, searches feverishly for *Dimitri*. She finds him—drunk, and boisterously entertaining two peasant girls.

Her child is born only to die. Bitter and despairing, she sinks grad-

ually lower and lower. In his world, *Dimitri* also sinks—to the very depths of wanton dissipation.

Then—the resurrection, the colossal, beautiful thing that makes the story an immortal one. How these two people become once again as fine as they were in the beginning is an inspiring sight.

Count Tolstoy himself is enthusiastic about the production. He was at the studio regularly while it was in the making. Before even the electricians arrived in the morning, this tall, white-bearded aristocrat used to be on the set, scanning it narrowly, removing something here that was not characteristically Rus-

sian, adjusting something there to make it more effective or more significant. The details of settings, costumes, customs, and so forth, were all supervised by him.

For supervision of the military details, Carewe procured General Pleschkoff, formerly of the Russian Royal Guards.

If "Resurrection" doesn't reach the lofty heights that Edwin Carewe hopes for it, he and his entire staff will be bitterly disappointed. But that's a rather absurd supposition. For it's generally predicted, by those who ought to know, that the picture will be a burst of glory for all concerned in its making.

Continued from page 26

quently, I have enjoyed those films the best of any she has done."

Lew and Mabel Normand Cody have a very sincere mutual-admiration society. Long before they thought of marrying—dating from Mabel's "Mickey," in which Lew played the villain—Mabel was admittedly a Cody fan, and Lew was known to attend every Normand picture with enthusiastic approval. But for publication they would rather have a little fun.

"Mabel," says Lew, "is unquestionably one of the finest actresses on the screen to-day. And the explanation for this is her constant study of my pictures. Year by year, since 'Mickey'—in which we met—I have watched her work improve. Through careful application and a growing mastery of the Cody technique, she has grown steadily to be a better and better actress."

"Lew," says Mabel, "is a great guy. I never go to see his pictures, but they tell me he can troupe. Personally, my favorite movie actor is Jackie Coogan. But Lew makes a rather nice husband, so I'm willing to give his acting the benefit of the doubt."

Larry Semon thinks his wife, Dorothy Dwan, has an unusual gift for pantomime.

"But I never realized how much of it she has," he says, "until we made 'Spuds.' And then, in the scene where she hid in a barrel and signaled to me from behind the soldiers' backs, I suddenly became aware of the fact that she was doing some perfect miming. Instead of just a pretty ornament for my comedy, I found I had an actress in the company."

"One of Doris Kenyon's greatest assets," said Milton Sills of his re-

cent bride, "is that she is not confined to type. She has been lucky enough, and wise enough, to vary her rôles. Consequently, the public have not tired of her, since they can never be sure exactly what to expect of her next. In 'Men of Steel' her rôle was a dramatic one. In 'Mismates' she played a straight part, and in 'Ladies at Play' she turned comedienne. Some day I should like to see her do a tragic rôle."

Doris likes strength in a man more than anything—on the screen or off.

"And Milton has that," she says. "I like the impression of subtlety and power he gives, both in pictures and real life."

If you really prefer intelligence in your entertainers, you'll rather like it that the married ones can approve of each other without talking like press agents.

Is Mother a Pest?

Continued from page 17

Widowed when Alice and Marceline were tiny children, she put her shoulder to it and went to work. For five years she clerked in a Los Angeles department store to make the money to feed and clothe and educate the girls.

It was in school plays that the girls' acting talent was first made manifest. Shrewdly appraising their assets, and considering the opportunities offered by the movies, Mrs. Day made her decision. She braved the Sennett studio, with the two little girls in tow. Sennett couldn't see Alice at all; there were, he said, too many of her type already—chubby, pretty youngsters. And Marceline, then fourteen, was too boyish and gangling, he said. One of his staff,

however, interested by the mother's determination, plugged for them, with the result that Alice was summoned to play bits.

She didn't want to go. Neither did Marceline want to go, later, when her mother took her along while seeking to obtain an engagement for Alice in Jimmy Cruze's "Hollywood," and Cruze, passing up the pictures of Alice, said Marceline could have extra work.

It was not that the girls were averse to leaving their studies, but they were having such whopping good times at school.

Mrs. Day put it squarely up to them: they must eventually earn their livings, and here was golden opportunity in a most engaging employment. So, reluctantly, they agreed to be movie actresses. Once

on the sets, however, they confessed that they were thrilled.

It was not that Mrs. Day desired an easy life at the expense of her children's labor. But she had spent years slaving, pinching pennies, and worrying for them, and here was a chance for them to lay solid foundations for their futures. Nor did she "retire." Rather, her duties took other forms.

And both Alice and Marceline are to-day very, very grateful to their mother for having made them go into the movies. They have interesting work, money, lovely clothes, and a great deal of fun.

Has the movie mother earned the comfort that her daughter now is able to give her? I think you will agree that in most cases she is not the pest she is said to be.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 73

a writer of popular songs who falls in love with a society girl and is accused and convicted of the murder of a girl he has spurned. At the last moment his pal comes upon a bit of evidence which fastens the crime where it belongs.

An excellent cast is seen in "New York," but neither Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, nor William Powell succeeds in breathing life into the picture.

So This is Paradise!

Richard Dix must marry within two days in order to share the for-

tune of his uncle. So Dix's friend, a theatrical manager in the person of André Beranger, provides him with a little actress who is willing to play the rôle of wife for a fortnight. Need you be told that they fall in love?

The picture is called "Paradise for Two," but neither Mr. Dix nor Betty Bronson gives any inkling that it is aught but an old, old story.

A Lame Duck

Aren't there any young comedians? This plaint comes after seeing "Taxi, Taxi," in which Edward Everett Horton works valiantly to be

funny, but remains miscast. Or perhaps it is because he plays opposite Marian Nixon, who is represented as a schoolgirl in love with him. At any rate, there's something wrong somewhere—or everywhere.

It's all about a draftsman in an architect's office who is sent to the station to meet his employer's niece, and later takes her to a night club or some such place where people are supposed to have a good time. In a terrific rainstorm the draftsman buys for three hundred dollars a taxi in which to take the girl home, and gets mixed up with the operations of a crook.

Monty Banks

in **"PLAY SAFE!"**
A Feature Comedy



*Waves of Laughter—
 High Tide in Thrills
 and Gasps —
 An Ocean of Perfect
 Entertainment —*

*See Today the Biggest Comedy
 Star of Tomorrow!
 Ask at your Local Theatre
When*



Pathépicture
TRADE MARK

Are Men Necessary?

Continued from page 24

physician, she told the court that her Romeo had deserted her. Doctor Rutherford had been the third to play Romeo in Miss Frederick's life.

On the outskirts of Lankershim, a suburb of Los Angeles, is a nicely stocked ranch, the home of Anna Q. Nilsson. Blooded cattle, fruit, vegetables and gardens are there. A large barn, implement house, garage, winding drives and motor cars—a regal country estate. Over a year ago, Anna obtained a divorce from J. Marshall Gunnerson.

So, another home became Romeoless. It is there to-day, one of the show places of the valley.

The pretty home of Leatrice Joy has been without a Romeo since her divorce from Jack Gilbert. The Spanish home of Aileen Pringle, built on the side of a mountain, has no Romeo, either. It is one of the most artistically decorated places of any of the Beverly Hills estates.

Bebe Daniels has a luxurious residence, fitted with every modern luxury, which no Romeo has home-steaded. Artisans last year completed a handsome house for Louise Fazenda, who had found marriage unsuccessful. Norma Shearer has a home almost hidden by tropical trees, and she lives there with her mother and brother.

Clara Bow, pretty little redhead, has an artistic bungalow with a balcony and everything, but there is no Romeo to ask for his house slippers and the month's accumulation of bills. She has many wooers, but they all come without their guitars. And every Romeo, to be successful, must of course have his guitar!

She was reported engaged to Victor Fleming, the director, but issued a statement later saying that they had had a disagreement and that their engagement was "temporarily" broken.

There is a beautiful California home waiting for the Romeo who

can win the approval of Renee Adoree, formerly married to Tom Moore. There are others for the successful suitors of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Pauline Starke, Sally Rand, Lois Wilson, and Patsy Ruth Miller. There are incomes ranging from one thousand dollars to five thousand dollars a week going with these homes.

A woman married to an actor or a director tires of being an audience to his tales of self-exploitation. And, likewise, a husband wearies of continuously listening to his actress-wife telling how good she was in her highlight scenes that day. Such rivalry tends to make unhappy evenings by the fireside and usually results in another Romeo going out into the night in search of another and more sympathetic Juliet.

And the Juliets, with their enormous incomes, establish and maintain their independent castles, indifferent to whether Dan Cupid comes to call or not.

Unusual Fan Letters the Stars Have Received

Continued from page 21

by Betty Blythe some years ago from a man who aspired to a movie career.

"Dear Mr. Sills," began the letter to the strong and silent man of the screen, "I have been watching you for a long time, and think you are the finest actor in the business.

"Every time I see you in a picture my heart flutters, and I am thrilled beyond words. And now, I hear you are coming to Philadelphia next week.

"Won't you do this for me? Will you please come out to my home and visit me? Now, Mr. Sills, if you come, please come around to the back door. My husband is a very jealous man and he might object.

But he always sits in the front room, so if you come to the back door I'll let you in and it will be all right."

And she inclosed a ring for him to wear for the occasion.

At the time plans were being made for Betty Blythe to make "The Queen of Sheba," word was sent out that a man was wanted to play opposite her. It was explained that the man must be tall and handsome. In the course of a few weeks thousands of applications poured in. Among them was the following letter to Betty:

"I am six feet tall and weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I have a marvelous physique. I have broad shoulders and the tapering hips

of an athlete. I *am* an athlete. I play a splendid game of tennis, I am a good golfer, I ride exceedingly well. I am a good shot, I love to fish and hunt, I am an expert dancer. I am equally at home in ballroom or wilderness. I am very good looking—have a perfect nose and profile. I believe I am the man for whom you are looking. But there is just one drawback. My hair grows beautifully on the sides and in the back, but—I have to wear a toupée in front, which might make my love-making very restrained, for it might slide off."

"I think that is the world's most unusual fan letter," says Miss Blythe.

Maybe she is right.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 60

Miss Swanson has a country place up in Westchester County, where the children stay, but she maintains a suite in town, also. It is in her New York home that she entertains chiefly. At her tea party, in one of the sitting rooms far away from the orchestra, there sat a quiet, elderly woman.

"That," said Walter Goss, "is Mamma Burns."

"Mamma Burns?"

"Why, yes—Gloria's mother."

And if you look hard enough, you do discover in that reposeful figure a strong resemblance to the vibrant, colorful Gloria.

eral times a year to see her only daughter and to visit the grandchildren in the country. It is hard to persuade her to come into town, but Gloria insisted that she come for the party.

"I grudge any time away from those children," explains Mamma Burns. "I come East, really, to see them. But I won't talk about Gloria. I'm too proud even to attempt it."

But as Gloria swept by in a golden gown, Mamma Burns' eyes spoke volumes.

She Turned the Movies Down.

does not aspire to be a movie star? Yes—her name is Helen Mundy, from Tennessee. She played the heroine in "Stark Love," but somewhat under protest. The honor was thrust upon her, and she was not overwhelmed by it.

Jesse Lasky liked her work so well that he offered her a contract. Miss Mundy came to New York to consider it, but she soon discovered she didn't think so much of this movie business. So she turned her back on the camera and the big city, preferring her home town in Tennessee, where she intends to live happily ever after.



"I will not let you save me!"

**—was it Love or Hate
that made her say it?**

Girl of the Soil and a Prince of the Blood
... Through him she had known a misery
beyond tears ... Through her he had known
the only true love in a lifetime of loves.

When she stood on the threshold of despair,
a Cossack knout pointing to Siberia, land of
lost hopes — He came back ... to right his
great wrong by a greater sacrifice.

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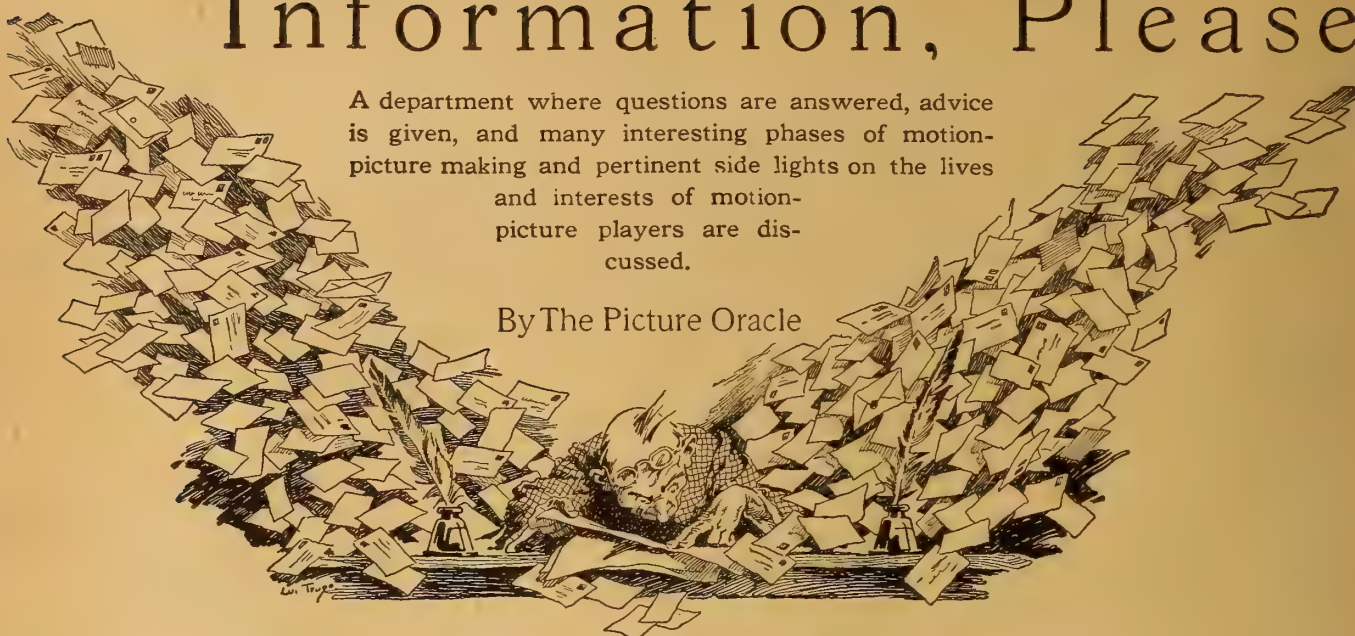
Watch for the date at your Theatre



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



OLIVE POWELL.—So I'm the only answer man who answers your questions? Well, I do like to work! It's really all I can do to keep from going up to a policeman on his beat and saying, "Now you let me do this—you go home and take care of that cold." Jack Pickford played the title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn;" Tibi Lubin, in "The Prince and the Pauper," a foreign film. *Ted's* mother in "Everybody's Acting" was played by Louise Dresser. Virginia Marshall was the little girl in "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting." George O'Brien played the hero in "The Iron Horse."

FANNIE V. G.—Sorry, you were too late for the February, March, or April *PICTURE-PLAY*, but anyhow, waiting is a good way to cultivate patience. In "The Blond Saint," *Fannia* was played by Ann Rork, and her husband was Gilbert Roland. Myrna Loy and Jane Winton are under contract to Warner Brothers. Wallace MacDonald lives at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood. James Hall is under contract to Famous Players, Florence Gilbert to Fox, Gertrude Olmsted to Metro-Goldwyn. Lois Moran is a blonde, with bright-blue eyes. She is about five feet two inches.

MISCHIEF.—So you think I am ripping, to answer so many questions? Good heavens, where? Richard Walling is a Fox player; Virginia Lee Corbin usually plays in First National pictures. You will find the addresses of the stars you ask about in the list at the end of this department. Raymond Keane and Betty Bronson are both twenty, Richard Walling a little older. Virginia Lee Corbin says she was born in 1912. Lois Moran is about eighteen, Malcolm MacGregor in his late twenties, also Lawrence Gray.

COUNTESS CORINNE.—Even to oblige one who signs herself "Countess," I couldn't put your answers in the "next issue." It takes several months to print and distribute a magazine. Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco were married in California in February, 1924. I've no idea on what grounds she and Webster Campbell were divorced—there was no publicity in connection with the separation. Corinne is five feet four inches, and has brown hair and blue eyes. I have never talked to her, except to acknowledge an introduction to her at a party, but I know she is particularly well liked among

those who know her. I can't tell you the religions of screen stars.

BUDDY M.—Who and what is Roberta Boyer? I assume from your letter that she must a soft-shoe dancer. So Mary Philbin did a soft-shoe dance that no one but Roberta could do? I can't help you much on that, as I don't know whether Mary Philbin uses her real name or not. She was born in Chicago; not to my knowledge has she ever been on the stage.

BLONDIE.—I'll be good—I won't ask you a single question about gentlemen. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid in 1888, and was christened Antonio Garrido Montequado Moreno. Ricardo Cortez is about thirty. Ben Lyon looks younger than he is, both on the screen and off—he is just one of those eternal youths. Greta Nissen is under contract to Famous Players, Greta Garbo to Metro-Goldwyn. Well, you've had your wish—*PICTURE-PLAY* published an interview with Ricardo Cortez in the February issue.

STATION B-L-A-H.—I suppose your favorite tune for broadcasting is "Blah, Blah, Blackbird." Alice Terry is in her late twenties, and was born in Vincennes, Indiana. She is five feet six inches, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. She is Mrs. Rex Ingram, and most of her films have been under his direction—"The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," "Turn to the Right," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "The Magician." Also, for Famous Players, "Sackcloth and Scarlet" and "Any Woman." Renee Adoree is divorced from Tom Moore. She was born in France, but I don't know when. Her recent films, besides "The Big Parade" and "Tin Gods," include "Exchange of Wives," "La Bohème," "The Blackbird," "The Flaming Forest," with Antonio Moreno, and "The Show." Antonio Moreno—see *BLONDIE*—has played in films for years. His later pictures, besides "Mare Nostrum," include "Beverly of Graustark," "The Temptress," "Love's Blindness," "It," and "Venus of Venice," with Constance Talmadge. He is married to Daisy Canfield Danziger.

GASTON D'YRTAPES.—I'm glad I only have to write that name, and not pronounce it. Dorothy Dalton is in her thirties; she retired from the screen several years ago upon her marriage to Arthur Hammer-

stein, a theatrical producer. Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, and Arlette Marchal have already made outstanding successes on the screen. It's hard to keep track of free-lance players in films, but I have added the addresses you ask for—those that I know—to the list at the end of this department.

J. S.—My address is the same as *PICTURE-PLAY's*, of course! How do people get in the movies? That is a problem. I've often wondered how any one has the determination and courage to stick to it long enough to get anywhere. And now it has become almost impossible to get anywhere unless you're a friend of some one in power. The Central Casting Bureau, in Hollywood, through which all extras are engaged, has recently decided not to register any more newcomers, because there is no room for them. So you see—Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897; Mary Astor, in Quincy, Illinois, and Norma Talmadge, in Niagara Falls—they don't say when. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, April 19, 1900. Colleen Moore was born on the same date two years later. She was born in Port Huron, Michigan. Esther Ralston began life in Bar Harbor, Maine, September 12, 1902.

BERENICE KING.—So you're Pola's most ardent fan? How can you be sure, with so much competition? Her newest release is "Barbed Wire," to be followed by "Confession," with Ricardo Cortez playing opposite. I've never met Pola, but she is very charming, I understand, very cultured and very temperamental.

A JACK HOXIE FAN.—Your motto is "fail or exceed," is it? Well, so far you've "exceeded"—you've exceeded the speed limit in trying to find your answers in "next" month's issue. Mae Murray completed "Valencia" after her marriage, then she and her husband the prince went to Europe. Mae is five feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma and was a real cowboy before his screen career began. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He lives in Burbank, California, with his wife, Marin Sais.

THE BLUE BOY.—Have you anything to be blue about? Antonio Moreno has been

Continued on page 112

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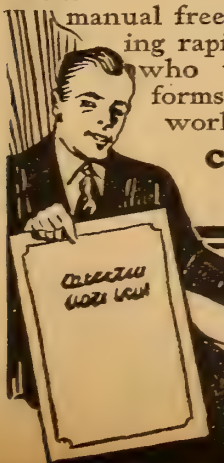
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The Stroller

Continued from page 29

McPherson, the town's evangelist, if his plans work out.

He hopes to start an open-air temple in Hollywood, where he will preach his own particular gospel, and effect "cures." He is now gathering funds from various movie personages with which to buy the site he has selected.

His method of approach for contributions is unique. He crashes into a studio—no one can say him nay—bursts into the office of whom ever he has fixed upon, and thunders his demand in a tone audible for miles.

If refused, he keeps on demanding. Not only that, but he threatens all manner of mystic evil, calls down malignant spirits upon his listener and—invariably leaves with a check.

It may seem easy to refuse him, but it is not. No one can talk him down, he will not leave any place until he is thoroughly ready, and no one would dare try to eject him. With his oaken stick, his rags, and his flowing white hair and beard, he commands attention in any circle.

The number of Los Angeles and Hollywood girls who have won or are winning success on the screen leads me to suspect that propinquity has more to do with it than Heaven-sent talents for acting. Carol Dempster, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Phyllis Haver, and a number of other screen celebrities, were all in the same class at a Los Angeles high school at just about the time the movies were being well started in Hollywood. I wonder if any of these girls' genius would have been discovered if the movie industry had settled in Keokuk instead.

I make no pretense at being a

business man, but there is one thing I cannot understand about the movies. And that is, why a man who can't make a success producing his own pictures can get a job at a fancy salary making them for somebody else.

One studio executive, who occupies one of the most important positions in the industry, recently went quite spectacularly bankrupt when producing for himself. Immediately thereafter he was engaged at a large salary to direct the activities of another outfit. Again, a member of a family noted for its exploding film companies recently acquired a high-salaried job as supervisor of production for another producer.

Why not an intelligence test for persons attending the theater? I propose the founding of a national bureau for the execution of any one attending a stage production who laughs in the wrong place.

The stage presentation of "An American Tragedy" in Hollywood was ruined for the sane members of the audience by the laughter of the feeble-minded during the death-cell scenes.

The same sort of thing happens at the movies. When a German sniper is shot down from a tree in "The Big Parade" it draws laughter from most audiences. Falls have been associated with Mack Sennett for so long that any falling body on the screen is funny, no matter what the circumstances.

Inopportune laughter virtually drove Edward Everett Horton from the stage. He was for several years the most popular stage star in Los Angeles, but he played in so many farces that his audiences laughed at anything he did. When they wouldn't

take him seriously in "Outward Bound," even in the scenes where he discovered that all the passengers on the phantom ship were dead and were sailing on an unearthly sea, he immediately decided to devote all of his time to the movies, where he could be far, far away from audiences.

There is a picture called "The Sunset Derby" which, according to its director, Al Rogell, will have the world's greatest cast if one counts all the personages among the extras. Rogell shot his race scenes at the Tijuana track, just across the Mexican border, on a busy Sunday afternoon, and by performing like the leader of a community sing, managed to get the spectators to take their attention from the races and act for him.

In the crowd were dozens of screen celebrities, including Norma and Constance Talmadge, John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Norman Kerry and Ben Lyon—all performing like a troupe of ten-dollar extras.

Ralph Spence, the title-writing wisecracker, is credited with a quip which I will repeat, but will not vouch for. He financed a musical revue in Los Angeles recently, and sent out from New York a performer, known to me only as Betty, to take part in it. The manager of the show, in a temperamental mood, fired Betty one evening, whereupon she wired Spence indignantly, signing only her first name.

Spence answered:

"KNOW FIVE HUNDRED BETTYS STOP WHICH ONE ARE YOU."

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

where she is under contract, they make her play vamps, but this picture shows that she is really an extraordinarily clever comedienne.

"Colleen is to do a boarding-school picture next. By way of studying up on student life, she sent for catalogues of all the principal girls' schools. And maybe you don't think she regrets it! Practically every school of any importance has a Los Angeles representative who puts on a follow-up campaign to enroll any one who has shown an interest in his school. So, every time Colleen's doorbell rings, she quakes at the prospect of having another de-

termined campaigner try to convince her that his school is the one she should go to.

"Of course," said Fanny, looking across the room, "you don't recognize the stunning blonde sitting over there, and I don't blame you. It's Barbara Bedford. She had to go blonde for a picture. Wonders will never cease. Next thing we know, some producer will want Edna Murphy to dye her hair and be a calculating brunette.

"May I ask, before I leave you flat to go over and talk to her, why you have been sitting there phlegmatically all this time? Any one with any feeling at all would be

bursting into three cheers over the fact that Wallace Beery and Zasu Pitts are working together in another picture—thereby saving the screen for comedy—and that the great team of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales, who romped through 'Ladies at Play,' is being held together in 'Cradle Snatchers.' But some people don't appreciate the great treasures that are placed before their eyes!" she concluded.

The enthusiasm of my denial was unfeigned. For, in leaving, Fanny had removed the barrier between me and Claire Windsor, the most exquisitely ravishing sight outside the French fashion magazines.

Jack Holt—*en Famille*

Continued from page 88

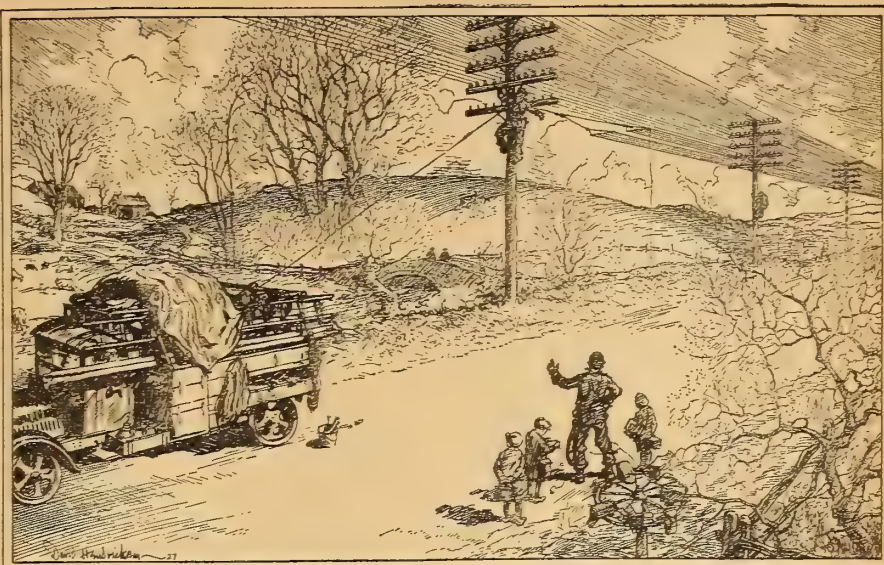
and a detailed playhouse. There are dogs chasing each other through the hedges, and the flowers are not too jealously guarded from careless child hands and feet. Well back from the quiet street, the old-fashioned, sprawling, yellow-shingle house is set under pungent eucalyptus trees.

Mrs. Holt is a charming, cultured woman, removed from any touch of modern hysteria, and happy in her home and husband and children. The story of her romance with Jack is not very widely known. They first met when he was just beginning in pictures, doing heavies. She had come to California for the winter. They met, were mutually stricken, and would have married immediately had not Mrs. Holt's very conservative father objected strenuously to admitting an actor into the family, and straightway carried her back to her New England home.

During the subsequent period of separation, their only means of communication was the screen. They devised a code. Jack wore a big signet ring and, in scenes where his hands registered prominently, he used to turn the ring—right, or left, or all the way round. Each twist had some particular message. Back in New England, the present Mrs. Holt used to watch for his pictures at the local theater and spend whole afternoons eagerly reading his messages over and over again.

And so, going from one thing to another, they were finally married. And stayed married, even in Hollywood.

Meantime, he continues to make pictures—the Westerns he enjoys so thoroughly. He likes the horses, the outdoors, the location trips. On location, Tim and Betty often accompany him. In Jack's picture, "Forlorn River," Tim played a little part, riding his own pony. His sense of importance was terrific, particularly at the end of each day when he received his salary of ten cents. He saved it all up and bought his father five brilliantly painted, tin ash trays in the Indian settlement. The prodigality of five ash trays at once appealed to him. Jack talks about his family with a sincere attempt at modesty. But it is rather hard to be modest about a family like his. The children, Mrs. Holt, their home, the horses—all the human things that go to make up his life—mean a thousand times more to Jack Holt than the ephemeral and questionable glamour of being a star in the movies.



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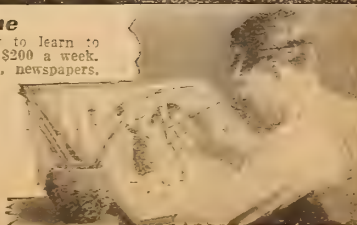
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Moral—Don't Win a Beauty Contest!

Continued from page 85

never mentioned it when she came to Hollywood. She made her advance to leading rôles with Larry Semon and Tom Mix unaided by recommendation from the folks back home.

One of the most outstanding examples of the difference between a mere beauty and a motion-picture actress is found in Fay Lanphier, who was chosen as "Miss America" at the Atlantic City pageant in 1925. Miss Lanphier has been photographed and sketched by more artists, possibly, than any native beauty before the public eye in years. Possessing a perfect figure, marvelous eyes and hair, and a beautifully modeled face, she was used in just one film. There her screen career ended.

"Too large!" the producers said. "And she doesn't photograph well."

Yet Miss Lanphier had won the greatest of all beauty contests.

But contest winners seldom are selected with proper knowledge of studio requirements. Nearly all the stars are small in stature. There are Mary Pickford, for instance, and Mae Murray, Betty Bronson, Mildred Davis, Priscilla Dean, Bessie Love, Mary Philbin, Renee Adoree, and Laura La Plante. Fay Lanphier is much taller and heavier than these, and so are a majority of the beauty-contest winners sent to Hollywood.

Claire Windsor, hailed as one of the greatest beauties of the screen, insists she never won a beauty contest in all her life and, furthermore, doesn't believe in them.

"I was queen of a rose festival in Seattle once," Miss Windsor says, "but that's as far as I ever went. It seems to me that entering such a contest is the height of egotism. I never would do it and I don't see how winning one could help to make an actress."

Majel Coleman, now under contract to Cecil De Mille, won a beauty contest in Cincinnati, Ohio, but she speaks of it in whispers.

"I really believe that to win a beauty contest is a drawback to a girl's success in the movies," Miss Coleman says. "There are exceptions, of course, but I have found that the real reason for the motion-picture industry's lack of interest in prize winners is because many of the girls presume too much upon this one little shred of notoriety."

"It takes more than a beauty contest to make an actress. Contests may be an excellent means of discov-

ering beauty, but beauty alone is valueless."

Mary Astor won a beauty contest in Quincy, Illinois, thereby opening a way for her red head to appear in pictures. But Mary says, "Six years ago such a thing was a help to a girl trying to get into pictures. It brought her to the attention of producers as a person out of the ordinary. Now there are so many more contests and so many more beautiful girls in Hollywood that victory in a beauty contest is almost no help at all."

However, not all the actresses take similar views. Mary Philbin, Gertrude Olmsted, Georgia Hale, Joan Alden, and Anne Teeman all entered the movies as the result of contests held in Chicago. And each made good when given an opportunity in Hollywood. Miss Teeman is outspoken in her views.

"Of course beauty contests help the girls," she says. "One of them helped me to get to Hollywood, with the result that I got a start in 'The Volga Boatman.' Beauty contests, however, can only put a girl in touch with the producers for one brief interview. It is up to her to take full advantage of this opportunity, for it is her only chance."

Sally Rand, a Kansas City contest winner, says, "After the girl has had her interview with the casting director, the beauty contest becomes a thing of the past and cannot be of further use to her. But I believe that the publicity a girl gets as the winner of a beauty prize is invaluable."

But where are the hundreds and hundreds of others who won beauty contests at home and plunged into the great vortex of Hollywood? Here and there about the city. But *not* in pictures. Out at a little "greasy spoon" restaurant on Santa Monica Boulevard is a girl who came from one of the Southern States a couple of years ago. In another, a block away, is a girl from New England. A half dozen from the Middle West are in the neighborhood. Beauty-contest winners once—waitresses and sandwich jugglers, now.

"Go back home?" one of them said not long ago. "Never! I couldn't face the folks. I didn't make good. They know it. Say, I'm planted here for the rest of my life, unless some fellow marries me and takes me away. If I'd stayed at home I could have had any young man in town for a husband. But I made a mistake. I came to Hollywood! Cream in your coffee, sir?"

A Country Boy and a Siren

Continued from page 32

that they called themselves his "Sunrise Family."

The task of obtaining a serious interview with him, all about art and such portentous subjects, was beset with difficulties, due to his unwillingness to regard the occasion with due sobriety. He *will* make a joke of everything. Everything is a great lark to this giant who towers six feet three or more in the air.

"The camera invariably reveals one's character," he said, when I had at last succeeded in pinning him down to serious conversation. "No amount of artificial—what do you call it?—veneer, ah, veneer, can hide from the camera what is or is not in the soul."

From the camera's revelations, in application of his theory, he selected his cast for "Sunrise." George O'Brien he had seen in "The Iron Horse" and "Havoc." From other films projected for him, from their revelation of character, he chose his other actors.

Pauline Frederick he considers our screen's supreme genius. He vividly described to me the feelings which had stirred him when he witnessed her performance in "Madame X."

"Magnificent! Direct her? If they would arrange it, *never* would I go back to Europe!" he exclaimed.

Next to Miss Frederick he listed Zasu Pitts. Chaplin to him is not only our prime pantomimist, but—"He shows feelings that maybe he does not know he has; he is an ingenuous, naïve genius." Next to Chaplin, Jean Hersholt is to his mind our screen's finest actor.

During the filming of a production he refuses to see other pictures, and carefully secludes himself from activities beyond his own horizon. So my news that Hersholt was playing in "Old Heidelberg" under Lubitsch's direction threw him into a frenzy of excitement.

"It is the truth you tell me? *Ach*, that will be a picture! Lubitsch has been just playing, with his light things full of joy and humor and piffle. He flirts with his great gifts."

Knowing that he had acted in and directed stage plays, I asked if he had ever acted in pictures. He hung his head in shame, his eyes laughing up at me.

"I tell you. You will not repeat? Never mind, I do not care. I go once to a costume company. They ask will I come to act. For forty marks a day I would have committed murder. It was a fortune. They

measure me—for the chauffeur's uniform, for the business man's suit. Aha! thought I, I shall star in the cinema! But it is, I learn, the advertising film. They make me up. I wear the uniform, the suit. I hold the imitation of coffee, I show the tires. I ride around town grand in the car. But"—like a boy, he crinkled up his nose and laughed in high glee—"my face does not show on the screen!"

He broke into pictures as a director. Having achieved a name as a stage director, he was engaged to direct a film, though he had been in a movie studio only once, and then for only ten minutes. Swaggering about, according to his own confession, he had not the slightest idea what it was all about. His wily brain, however, did not fail him.

"When they ask me what I wish about this or that—the lights, the camera—I frown and stride around and bellow, 'Why you annoy me with details? I think of the drama! Have I not assistants to attend to paltry matters?' They apologize and fix the lights and focus the camera, while I smile my approval. And all the time I watch, to learn what it all means."

There are so many unique things about this man Murnau. Though surrounded by a retinue of interpreters and art directors and assistants that would lead to another director an aura of royalty, Murnau never loses the jovial simplicity of his manner. His hearty laugh booms; his long legs, shod apparently in seven-league boots, whisk him everywhere. He gives an order, then helps execute it. His men's faces reflect his grin; they call him "a great guy." The whole set is pervaded by his contagious humor, electric with his vitality.

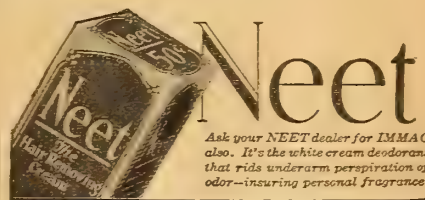
Though he brought his "household" with him to this country—secretaries and servants—he neglected to bring along a German cook, and his inability to obtain real German food over here may be one of the reasons why he is returning to Europe. Will he come back? "Maybe," he says, "if they like 'Sunrise.'"

Those who have seen the rushes of "Sunrise" proclaim it equal in every artistic way to his "Faust." But it should be of more interest than "Faust" to the American fans, because of the presence in it of players known to them, and already popular. All in all things augur well for the film.



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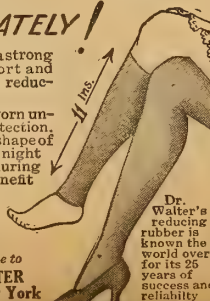
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How "Dutch" Became Mr. Hersholt

Continued from page 27

When the day's work was at an end and the sweaty men crowded into one dressing room, he told them, in his meager English, that he was not going to let the opening drop. He could and would prove to the great Mr. Sidney that he had been a fine actor in Europe—an actor with a reputation, an actor capable of doing much more than shooting Indians on a July day. He would prove it so emphatically with photographs that Mr. Sidney would make him a star. Dutch chuckled to himself at the simplicity of the plan. The others chuckled, too—at the same thing. "Don't you know," said one of the "Indians" who wasn't too tired to talk, "that all stars is cuties? And you ain't no cutie, Dutch."

Perhaps Dutch didn't hear. Perhaps he wouldn't have cared if he had. The next day found him outside Sidney's office with the precious pictures under his arm—the pictures that were to establish his identity as an actor of note and make him a star for the man who recognized good acting when he saw it. When the director stepped out of his door, Dutch, beaming like the rising sun, tapped him reverentially on the arm.

"I haff some pictures," he grinned, speaking heavily, gutturally, but smiling so that every tooth showed.

Mr. Sidney frowned.

"Don't you remember me? I am the one that shot the Indians yesterday. I haff some pictures——" He made as though to untie the twine that held them.

"I'm not interested," snapped Sidney. He didn't mean to be unkind, but he was busy. "Show them to the casting director."

The curtain is lowered to denote a lapse of time.

It rises on the office of the general manager of the Universal studio—an office luxurious with soft chairs and long mahogany tables. Back of one table sits the general manager. Facing him is a star—one of the company's best bets. He is carefully and successfully groomed. He is not under twenty-one, nor particularly handsome, nor dimple-chinned. He is, in short, living testimony to the fact that not all stars are "cuties."

This star and the general manager are, if you want to know, in conference on the details of the film, "The Wrong Mr. Wright." An inner door opens, and a director enters.

"Mr. Sidney," begins the general manager, "I want you to know Jean Hersholt."

"We know each other," smiles the actor. They shake hands. "I used to work for Mr. Sidney."

The director looks surprised.

"Used to shoot Indians for him. Do you remember when you picked me out from the crowd?"

Indeed Mr. Sidney does remember. They laugh.

"Remember when I brought my photographs around and you weren't interested?"

Mr. Sidney looks vague. No——

"Well," says Hersholt, "that's all right."

All of which goes to prove, as Anita Loos so aptly puts it, that "fate keeps on happening." You never can tell where it is going to strike. Or whom. Or how.

In the interval between scenes 1 and 2 Jean Hersholt has become more than a commercial proposition to his employers, a splendid character actor to the public, and a substantial citizen in Beverly Hills. Dutch, the foreigner, has become an actor with a press agent, and if that isn't the *n*th degree of success nothing is.

It was under the latter circumstances that I met him one day at the Montmartre, and over the stimulus of an elaborate salad he related the foregoing story. As he himself put it, "Funny how things happen."

As usual, he was immaculately groomed. Unlike Wally Beery, Von Stroheim, Chaney, and several other of his character-actor friends, Jean Hersholt has never seemed to find it necessary to slouch around off the set in an open shirt and a spotted cap. Lew Cody himself is no more of a sartorial display than this man who attracted attention through his portrayals in "Greed," "Dulcy," "Stella Dallas," "The Old Soak," "My Old Dutch," and "It Must Be Love," to name only a few of his outstanding successes. Perhaps this immaculateness is a reaction from the time when he boasted only one suit a year, for his career has been an inspiring pull against odds.

As he is a native of Denmark, there was when he first came to America the struggle with a difficult alien tongue.

"I came to this country as the manager of a show—its name isn't important," he said, smiling as foreigners always smile when they speak. "We came down through Canada into San Francisco, where the show broke up. It wasn't," he explained carefully, "any too good. So I think, what to do? It was very

hard to get work, because I didn't speak the language very good."

"You don't speak it any too well, now," volunteered the press agent, who is also a friend.

"Ha!" roared Jean, turning to me. "That's good." Which ought to be an indication of his sense of humor. It's so sure that he can see a laugh on himself. In fact, his whole personality glows with that warm humor that somehow reminds one of those pictured friars who spent their days over their beads and their nights over their mugs.

"In a little while I hear about these moving pictures"—going on with his story—"that pay actors big money. I am an actor. I put two and two together and get—get to

Hollywood somehow. For a while, like I tell you, I do only extra work and carry a spear. But pretty soon they see I can look bad, and funny, and sad and silly, and they make a star of me. That's nice."

"That's great!" I insisted. "And shall I say in the story that you feel just the same toward the world today as you did then? That's always a good thought to finish with."

"No!" protested Mr. Hersholt violently. "With all I've got now—a wonderful wife and a husky little boy, and a home for them, and work I love to do—I should be a fool to say I feel the same. You can say I feel so different you wouldn't ever know me."

Well, Scott Sidney didn't!

A Welcome Invader from Germany

Continued from page 91

things in the picture colony, the tale of Veidt's genuflection was a gross exaggeration. What really happened was this: as he stepped off the train Veidt did kiss the hand of a lady he knew. So Barrymore, in facetious pantomime, kissed Veidt's hand. Veidt, who recognized a fellow spirit of humor, capped the climax by kissing John on the cheek. And that is all there was to the kissing episode.

Some fifteen years ago, Max Reinhardt, the great producer, put on a production of "Faust" at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. If you had told any one in the audience that the young player standing in the wings, intently watching every gesture made by the more experienced actors, was called Conrad Veidt, it would not have aroused the slightest interest. He was only a supernumerary.

Neither would the fact that his young friend, playing the very insignificant part of *Famulus*, was called Ernst Lubitsch have caused any demonstration of feeling. In fact, just a year before, Lubitsch had been just one of a mob of two thousand in Reinhardt's London production of "The Miracle."

Lubitsch, Veidt, and Emil Jannings have been great friends ever since those early struggles together. Each possesses an unconquerable sense of humor. Lubitsch was the first to come to America. Veidt and Jannings went on making pictures in Berlin. Jannings' films were more fortunate in being shown in America than Veidt's. Except for his rôles in "Doctor Caligari" and "Lord Nelson," Veidt remained unknown to the American public. It seemed that

fore, when Jannings received an offer to come over here and make pictures for Paramount, that Veidt was to be left behind. But before Jannings had had time to pack up and set sail, Veidt was invited by Barrymore to come to Hollywood to play in "The Beloved Rogue."

When I saw him he was just completing his work in that picture. The week following, he told me, he was returning to Germany for a brief period and then would come back to America, for he had just signed a five-year contract with Universal. From now on he will probably divide his time between Hollywood and Berlin, making pictures in both cities.

His first for Universal is the film version of Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs."

One of Veidt's best characterizations was in a recent German production, "The Brothers Schellenberg," which may or may not come to America.

We need not worry, however, about not seeing Conrad Veidt's foreign pictures. His performance in his first American one is comparable to any of his previous work. Bear in mind, though, that however gruesome the rôle you may see Veidt play, he is not like that away from the screen. His breezy, humorous personality is the exact antithesis of the mood he usually assumes on the screen.

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Such Popularity Must Be Deserved

Continued from page 43

were strictly program, aimed directly at the box office.

"My nose worried me then," he confessed. "I hated to see my pictures because I always felt that my nose ruined my work. It just shows how foolish we can be. After 'The Big Parade' I decided not to cut it off. Now I pay no attention to it. It isn't the nose, it's the story."

Weary of the factory routine that was then the rule at Fox's, he left that organization to cast his lot with Metro-Goldwyn. One of his first assignments was the title rôle in "The Snob." People told him that he was crazy to take such an unsympathetic part, that it was rank judgment, that his status as a leading man would be impaired. He played it, won good notices, progressed a notch.

In "The Big Parade" he played the doughboy realistically instead of romantically. He let his beard grow, dirtied his face, muddled his uniform, achieved genuine illusion.

He whacked the table forcefully.

"Sincerity cashes in every time. Be honest and you won't have to worry about box-office touches. It will all be box office. If I could do as I pleased, I'd make only honest pictures—about two a year, with Irving Thalberg, who is a financial genius, to supervise, and King Vidor to direct.

"But with program pictures, of course, anything can happen. Take 'Bardelys the Magnificent,' for example. I never should have done a swashbuckling story like that. For Doug Fairbanks, fine! He can do it, just as I can do some things he can't do. When I went to congratulate Jack Barrymore at the opening of 'Don Juan' he laughed at me. 'I never should have done this,' he said. 'But when you open in 'Bardelys' I'm going to have the laugh on you!' And he did.

"We all have our specialties—Barrymore his, Fairbanks his, I mine. And I can't do Fairbanks' sort of picture any more than Barrymore can do mine."

As he said this, there seemed to be no egotism in it. He was simply making a point. But there can be no doubting that he appreciates Gilbert, the actor. He knows he is good.

"If I could select what I wanted to make, I would take things like 'An American Tragedy' and that marvelous book of Donald Ogden Stewart's, 'The Crazy Fool.' Both would make great pictures, if no compromising were done with the originals."

I asked how he accounted for the spiritless results from "La Bohème," a promising venture that ended disastrously.

"Too damn much repression," he said quickly. "We had to make the thing idyllic, and the verve of Murger's racy romance was diluted. The result was wishy-washy. Vidor and I were unhappy all through that picture because we weren't able to do the thing the way we wanted to."

He had spoken vehemently about each actor sticking to the sort of thing he can do best. But was he not afraid, I asked, of being sidetracked into doing the same type over and over? Was he not fearful lest he should become a one-part actor?

"Not at all," he assured me. "Every part offers a chance for complete change of characterization. But you cannot realize the part unless there's an honest story backing it up all the way. There is earthly realism in 'An American Tragedy.' There's biting satire in 'The Crazy Fool.' Both of them would be worth doing."

Although much of what he said was idealistic enough to be classified under "hot air," he said it all with such gusto, such enthusiasm, such fine fervor, that I am ready to believe that it was sincere. Gilbert is anxious to make pictures that will be remembered, but he realizes that the program system makes memorable productions a rarity, if not altogether an impossibility. The dream of not more than two pictures a year, slowly and carefully made, has been realized only by such as Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, and Lloyd.

"Making a picture or two a year is devilishly expensive, of course," said Gilbert. "When a company holds you under contract it is anxious to keep you constantly before the public as long as your vogue lasts. That's the sad part about pictures—the fact that it is a business."

In his latest picture, Gilbert has done one of the things he has always wanted to do. The character of Molnar's roughneck *Liliom* has been a favorite of his. In "The Show," he has managed to reshape the hero, with the aid of Tod Browning, into another *Liliom*.

As it grew dusk he left the hospitality of Metro-Goldwyn to find our way through the crowds to Fifth Avenue. There we went in opposite directions, and my last glimpse of John Gilbert was to see him swinging briskly through traffic, an idol with rubber heels and a conquering smile.

Has Success Changed Ben Lyon?

Continued from page 34

He came back then, with a long, jagged tear in his topcoat. "One hundred and fifty for that coat," he declared in dismay, while a prop man came over to take it to be mended for the rest of the sequence. There had been a scene in which Ben had been dragged into an automobile, and the coat had been torn in the rough-house.

"I've never had any big specials to play in," Ben remarked, "like 'The Big Parade' or 'Beau Geste.' But there's one consolation about it. The exhibitors in small towns can't afford to pay the big rentals asked for such specials, but they can always afford program pictures, so my films are shown in every little village in the country."

Which is quite true. Ben is known even in the tiniest hamlets in America, where, frequently—and this is actual fact—John Barrymore has never been heard of.

Yes, Ben is still the same boy, a little concerned about his future, the size of his fan mail, and what the critics think of him—not because of vanity, but because such things offer an indication of how your career is progressing.

Large groups of street urchins were clamoring upon the running boards of Ben's car, gazing at him in admiration. He has learned in these years not to be embarrassed by such gawking. Perhaps you think it would not be embarrassing to have crowds follow you on the street, starting at you as if you were a freak from the circus!

There was another call for Ben on the set. When he next came back he sat down and banged the door in annoyance.

"I'm going to get temperamental!" he declared. The press agent and I sat up eagerly, thinking perhaps he was going to strike for some lunch. But no, it wasn't that.

"If they think I'm going to take close-ups in this light, they're mistaken! They take a lot of close-ups on a cloudy day like this and tell me they won't be used if they're no good. But when the picture comes out, there they are! And I look like the devil in them. And the critics say, 'Well, well, too many late hours for Ben.' There has to be good lighting for a close-up to look like anything, and I've fallen for that 'won't be used' gag often enough!"

tor, came over. "You're wanted, Ben."

"I'm not going to take close-ups—not unless the sun comes out," said Ben.

Then came the director himself, James Ashmore Creelman. He sat down in the front seat beside Ben. "Now listen," he said soothingly, "I'm just as anxious as you are for these close-ups to be good. The camera man says he can do it, and if he thinks it's all right, don't you think you and I ought to take his word for it?" He spoke in tones one might use to mollify a small child. "If they're not good, I won't use them—I promise you."

"Is that a go?" Ben brightened.

"Absolutely; I swear it."

So Ben clambered out again to take the close-ups. Don't blame him for the little outburst; his point was perfectly well taken. Besides, it was two thirty, and he was starved and cold and tired. Working in the movies is not fun—it's a series of petty annoyances, as any one will tell you after spending an hour on the lot.

This Ben Lyon who can stand up for his rights has progressed a long way from the boyish Ben who went through all sorts of hardships at the beginning of his career. It amuses him now to look back on those days when he traveled from one town to another on the milk train.

"The one morning train in those places was never later than six thirty," Ben explained. "And we made so many towns so fast that, honestly, if some one asked you where you had played the night before you couldn't remember."

This was with the road show of "Seventeen," back in 1919. The best hotel in some of the towns was fifty cents a night and couldn't have been worse.

Ben likes now to laugh at those days, which were no laughing matter at the time. Days of discomfort, when he would have starved if a check from the family hadn't arrived at crucial moments. Now it is he who gives the family money instead of receiving it, though his family is in very comfortable circumstances. He has several married sisters, and a brother who sells insurance. Ben is the baby of the family, the boy grown older, yet very much the same boy, despite his fame, as he was at that very first interview, four years

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Can You Answer All These Questions?

Answers to Questions on page 52

- Mary Pickford.
- 1915.
- Its cast included Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall, Ralph Lewis, Mary Alden, Wallace Reid, Miriam Cooper, Bobby Harron, Walter Long, Josephine Crowell, Raoul Walsh, and George Siegmann.
- F. W. Murnau.
- Hope Hampton.
- Lloyd's initial success was as *Lonesome Luke*.
- "Old Heidelberg."
- Peter Brimmer.
- Erich von Stroheim has made only half a dozen—"The Devil's Pass-key," "Blind Husbands," "The Merry Widow," "Foolish Wives," "Greed," and "The Wedding March."
- (a) Fred Niblo; (b) Irvin Willat; (c) King Vidor; (d) James Cruze; (e) Marshall Neilan.
- (a) Claire Windsor; (b) Doris Kenyon; (c) Mabel Norman; (d) Lilyan Tashman; (e) Marie Prevost.
- Four times—twice by Fox, once by Hodkinson, and once by an independent company.
- "Queen Elizabeth," starring Sarah Bernhardt.
- "The Count of Monte Cristo," starring James K. Hackett.
- "Tess of the Storm Country."
- Such players include Helene and Dolores Costello, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Lincoln Stedman and Ruth Mix.
- Opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."
- Postmaster general in the cabinet of President Harding.
- The Moores—Tom, Owen, Matt, and Joe.
- Roscoe Arbuckle. His latest directorial work was "The Red Mill," starring Marion Davies.
- John Barrymore.
- Such sisters include Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, Katherine MacDonald and Mary McLaren, Lois Wilson and Diana Kane.
- Lois Weber.
- Alice Terry.
- Mary Brian.
- "The Miracle Man" made stars of Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, and Lon Chaney.
- (a) Hungarian; (b) Swedish; (c) Hungarian; (d) Norwegian; (e) German; (f) Russian.
- Jannings has appeared in "Passion," "Deception," "Peter the Great," "Quo Vadis," "The Loves of Pharaoh," "Othello," "The Last Laugh," "Variety," and "Faust."
- "McTeague," by Frank Norris.
- Malcolm St. Clair.
- Texas Guinan.
- Renee Adoree.
- Fred Thomson.
- Gloria Swanson is married to Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye; Mae Murray, to Prince David Divani.
- H. B. Warner.
- (a) Tony; (b) Silver King; (c) Silver Buck.
- George Billings.
- Mack Sennett.
- Rupert Hughes.
- Theodore Roberts.
- "The Black Pirate," produced by Douglas Fairbanks.
- Famous Players-Lasky.
- "The Kid."
- Thomas Edison perfected the projector which made movies possible.
- James Cruze.
- Colleen Moore.
- Wallace Beery.
- Rex Ingram.
- (a) "America;" (b) "The Birth of a Nation;" (c) "Hearts of the World."
- "Ben-Hur."

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

"She is so sympathetic, so charming, and so fine to look at"—those were the words of a renowned Dutch author. Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, England—Miss Talmadge is very popular in all those countries.

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Continued on page 114

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

tresses because of the following traits: beauty plus brains; fine qualities in their acting; vivid personalities, and Elinor Glyn's much-used word, "It," which these three girls possess.

Next I shall say that Alberta Vaughn has become a star because she is cute and peppy. Her smile is fascinating. She also has "It."

Elinor Fair, Eleanor Boardman, and Vera Reynolds have become stars because they show depth in their screen work. They have little physical beauty, but an inner loveliness.

Now as to Lawrence Gray, Malcolm MacGregor, and Richard Barthelmess. They are three of the most handsome men of the cinema. They are three of the finest actors. Each has a winning personality and shows distinctive qualities in his acting. They have the ability to fit themselves into their rôles, so why shouldn't they be popular?

I certainly would like to know what stars "Anti-Constance" does like!

A MOVIE FAN.

6740 Smiley Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Ramon's Fans Rise in Wrath.

Consuelo Marsh's call to Novarro fans finds me answering "Here!" I, too, saw red when I read Mr. Oettinger's estimate of Ramon, but I let it pass with a mental note that Oettinger's value as a critic became zero. I can only second what two or three fans have said before. Mr. Novarro is not merely handsome—he is beautiful, and his every motion is a picture of poise and grace—a sight in itself for tired eyes. But when you add to all this, intelligence, nobility of character, a sense of humor, and exceptional acting ability, why then you've something to talk about. I'm not basing this estimate on his performance in "Ben-Hur," which I happen not to consider his best—but think of his delicate character etching in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Arab," and "Thy Name Is Woman." And, as for "The Midshipman"—well, Ramon was a good sport!

What I cannot understand is the stupidity of M.-G.-M. John Gilbert is popular, and deservedly so, but he shouldn't have all the plums. I imagine my group of friends is a typical one, and among them, for one who likes Jack, there are five or six who are quietly, but quite everlastingly, devoted to Ramon. We can only say M.-G.-M. seems to be turning a new leaf with "Old Heidelberg."

E. H.

489 West End Avenue, New York City.

Although I am a rotten writer, I cannot ignore Consuelo Marsh's plea to "speak up," especially as her opinions are identical with mine.

To begin with, I, too, think that Ramon Novarro is by far the best bet on the screen, in spite of the fact that Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, and John Barrymore have had more chances than he to make good.

Take away Ronald Colman's mustache, and what have you? A strange-looking actor whom few would care to see. Do the same to Jack Gilbert and I'm willing to bet that his popularity would suffer a tremendous loss. Then deprive John Barrymore of his historical costumes in just one picture and watch the result. Take Richard Dix's adorable smile away from him and then note the reduction of his fan mail. I could go on down the list of

same way, and but few would stand the test.

Those few are, to the best of my knowledge, Ramon Novarro, Rod La Rocque, and Buster Collier, all of whom have remarkable ability for acting and, if given the chances that Gilbert, Colman, and Barrymore are getting, would prove by actions what I have feebly tried to prove by words.

But, as it is to Ramon Novarro this letter is dedicated, I will show how perfectly he stands the test. He is handsome with or without a mustache and with or without a wig. He looks just as charming in a modern suit of clothes as he does in a historic costume. Last, but not least, he can portray just as convincing a youth as he can a man.

He is the greatest actor on the screen to-day or any day. MARION YOUNG.

6515 Langley Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am glad I did not read the article purported to have been penned by some kind of critic in attempted derogation of Ramon Novarro. But I have read some of the many fine letters written in his defense, though, really, he needs no defense, and articles like the one mentioned are only fit to be glanced over amusedly, if read at all.

Ramon Novarro—I wish some one would help me form into tangible phrases the intangible and splendid things Ramon Novarro has inspired in my heart and soul. Ramon Novarro—the dear greatness of him; but, yes, there are some things too precious, too delicate for articulation.

Even in cold analysis, it seems that any one who could deny his greatness as an actor must be merely an imbecile; and any one who could deny his greatness of soul must be something worse.

I have seen him act—in person, I mean—heard his voice. And his voice in the emotion of his acting struck me like thunder, and the sincere power of his actions, like lightning flashes. Similes may seem poor things sometimes, yet express perhaps what we are impotently trying to say. I had not known that in all our world there were eyes so clear and bright as the eyes of that young man.

And to my friends—I consider every other earnest admirer of Ramon Novarro a friend of mine, even though we be unknown to each other—I would like to ask of them wherefore they fret and stew over the seemingly hard deal allotted to Ramon by the M.-G.-M. studio officials. That is of total unimportance, for Novarro will still be here after all those others who are flashing about so flamboyantly just now have passed into their natural oblivion. Ramon Novarro will still be here, luminous and enduring. More remote than any of the others, perhaps, and glowing always with the gentle brilliance of a fixed star.

V. T.

151 North Berendo Street, Los Angeles, California.

Barrymore Isn't In It.

In a recent issue I read with interest the numerous letters in praise of John Barrymore.

As far as I am concerned, other fans may compare this gentleman to John Gilbert forever, but when the "screen's greatest actor" is spoken of, I think it is time another artist's name is mentioned—Ramon Novarro.

I may be considered absurd and even presumptuous to mention so young a man

in comparison with the Barrymore, but it is an acknowledged fact, I think, that Don Ramon has, despite his youth, shown very definite signs of genius.

If Clara B. Fochi is sincere in saying "No one but Barrymore could portray pain and sorrow so poignantly, or change so from a happy, handsome hero to an embittered, heartbroken man—I can only conclude that she did not have the privilege of seeing Señor Novarro in "The Red Lily." For the young Mexican to have changed the purity and boyishness of his face to a look of repellent hardness, mixed with the bitter wisdom of years, with no make-up but a week's growth of beard, is undeniably a greater feat than for Mr. Barrymore to practically hide his face with grease paint to gain the desired effect.

What has Barrymore given us to compare with the devilish, debonair *Rupert*, the idyllic *Motauri*, the impish *Jamil*, the passionate, disgraced soldier of "Thy Name Is Woman," and, above all, the unforgettable, stupendous *Ben-Hur*, whose beauty and sincerity almost hurt.

"Jekyll and Hyde," of course. And that brings me to an important point: If Mr. Barrymore would content himself with character rôles and leave the handsome, dashing heroes to his more youthful or romantic colleagues, the very justifiable complaints of a score of fans would disappear. Would Novarro play *Macbeth*? Would Wallace Beery portray *Puck*? Would Reginald Denny essay the rôle of *Oberon*? No! Then why is John Barrymore playing *Francois Villon*?

MARY LYTTON.

146 Norwood Road, West Norwood, London, S. E. 27, England.

Stick to Comedy, Corinne.

I have recently seen Corinne Griffith in "Syncopating Sue." If that isn't her finest picture I would certainly like to know what is, with the exception of "Black Oxen."

I believe Miss Griffith has found her forte—comedy. She can hold her own with any of our comedienues. She was excellent in this picture. Beautiful, yet clever and funny.

The whole cast was excellent. Good teamwork all the way through. Tom Moore, as the trap-drummer, ran Miss Griffith a close second. He was fine. Joyce Compton was clever as the kid sister. Rockcliffe Fellows was as fine and wicked as ever. And Lee Moran—I am glad to see that he has stepped from slapstick to high-class comedy. It is usually a fortunate step, and Lee is a clever comedian.

Now, praise for just one other person—Ralph Spence, who wrote the subtitles. I really can't imagine a comedy without his witty wisecracks. He is the High Supreme Subtitled of them all.

So I say, "Corinne, stick to comedy. You are fine in drama, but great in comedy!"

HELENA HOPE LEONARD.

It's a Shame.

I would like to voice a protest against the shameful treatment which is being dealt out to our younger stars and "discoveries." Most of them have proven their real and "reel" worth, and deserve much better parts than they are getting.

Mary Brian and Lois Moran are, I think, the chief victims. Mary, who showed, in "Peter Pan," what a clever little actress she is, has since been burdened with such atrocities as "Paris at Midnight" and "Stepping Along." Lois, although she showed very little promise in "Stella Dallas," proved her worth in "Padlocked." Following this wonderful film, she

were bored by her acting in "The Reckless Lady" and "The Prince of Tempters."

Another sufferer is Louise Brooks. Proving in "The American Venus" that she deserved better, she was thrust into that impossible "A Social Celebrity."

Betty Bronson, however, is faring better with each successive picture. After nearly wrecking her career with "The Cat's Pajamas" and "Paradise," the producers finally gave her at least half a chance in "Everybody's Acting" and "Paradise for Two." I hope this is kept up.

Among the actors, Larry Gray is having the worst time struggling with such impossible rôles as he had in "The Untamed Lady" and "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." Larry is one boy I want to see get ahead, and I hope that some one soon wakes up to the fact that he is a real actor. Almost the same can be said of "Buddy" Rogers.

ROBERT RUFFING.

156 King Street, Dunkirk, New York.

A Champion for Jetta Goudal.

I've never written to "What the Fans Think" before, but I just had to write in defense of Jetta Goudal, who received a staggering bunch of most unjustified knocks from Miss June Whitehurst.

Miss Goudal is a very rare type, and I think her the most fascinating girl on the screen, with her piquant features, midnight hair, and mysterious, smoldering eyes. She has a bewitching personality; there is a subdued, repressed fire about her acting which gives it an intense quality, without being too emotional.

I must admit that "The Coming of Amos," which was "spoiled" for Miss Whitehurst by poor Jetta, was not one of her best pictures. For one thing, it had such a ridiculous and childish story! For another thing, I do not think the average American actress, or any kind of actress for that matter, can adequately portray royalty. It's just not in her. Queens and kings aren't suddenly made. They are born to it.

Pola Negri, a really fine actress, became merely ludicrous when she essayed to play *Queen Catherine* of Russia. She gave what amounted to silly travesty. It's such a pity to see Pola wasted like that.

Some, of course, are exceptions. Louise Dresser, for one. She gave a fine performance in "The Eagle" as the same *Catherine*.

Let's have fewer queens, please. What do you think, fans—about "reel" queens as real queens, and Jetta?

MARRILYN MAE EDGELOW.

Lowther Lodge, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, England.

Leave the Poor Photo Collectors Alone.

This is in answer to Miss Kathryn L. Young regarding photos from the stars. I agree entirely with her, and if every one got as big a kick out of receiving pictures, or appreciated them half as much as I do, I am sure that the stars would not mind sending them to us.

I also have spent many pleasant hours writing to stars; and if what one reads about them is true, they are glad to have our opinions regarding their work; and I am sure they are glad to hear from fans who are interested enough in their work to write to them.

I also agree with Miss Young that those fans who are against "photo collectors" should "lay off." We're a harmless species.

TONY.



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A Star Remembers An Old Friend.

I want to write about Alberta Vaughn, my favorite movie star. She is from my home town—she was born and educated here in Ashland. I knew her when she went to school.

In 1923 I wrote to her, asking if she remembered a Chinese friend of hers—I'm a Chinese girl. In a week or two I received a lovely picture of her, and on the picture was written, "For my dear Soonta Elsie, with love and best wishes, Alberta Vaughn." Then in 1925 she sent me another nice picture of herself, with another message written on it. And I hadn't even written to her for a photo that time.

In 1926, she came home to Ashland for a short visit, and went to her grandmother's home in the country to rest. About a week after she left town, I wrote to her, saying how glad I was that she had come home for a visit. I didn't expect her to answer. Imagine my surprise when one morning, a week after I had written her, the postman gave me a special-delivery letter, and it was from Alberta! And it was all written in her own handwriting—three pages long!

That isn't all, for a few days before Christmas in 1926 she sent me a lovely hand-painted Christmas card. I prize everything that she has sent me, and I wouldn't part with one of her pictures for anything in the world.

Don't you think it is very nice of Alberta to remember her little Chinese friend? I wonder if all the movie stars are as kind and loving as she is, after they have become famous? S. E. D.

1719 Greenup Avenue, Ashland, Kentucky.

She'll Tell the World!

To the most handsome and talented actor on the screen, a *huge* bouquet! Who? No one but George O'Brien!

For over a year Mr. O'Brien has been my favorite actor, and I want to tell the world. To me he is simply perfect—incomparable. And a sublime actor. Never a poor picture, never a wrong gesture. He is young, handsome, and has such an appealing personality that one couldn't help admiring him. He is alpha and omega to me, and all the John Gilberts, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymores, and others don't mean a thing. MARY EDWARDS.

5107 Troost Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Movies Are Growing Up.

Motion pictures are no longer in their infancy. They are not, however, full grown as yet. We might say that they have arrived at the age of "awakening." Recent films have shown a vast improvement, but we can expect a great deal more in the future.

A word or two about that marvelous "Variety." "Variety" is called a wonderful picture because it is absolutely true to life. There has never been another film like it. If the censors would only let American pictures alone, we might have more logic and sense in our stories. Emil Jannings' portrayal of *Boss* may go down in history as one of the greatest performances of all time. Why? Because it was true to life.

On the other hand, realism isn't always what we want. As has been said many times, the movies help us to forget ourselves and our troubles and take us into the Land of Make-believe, which, after all, is a very pleasant land, isn't it? Gloria Swanson's "Fine Manners" was an example. A burlesque girl becomes a society woman, only to find that she would rather be her-

self than the artificial *grande dame*. And wasn't Gloria wonderful? Didn't she make you laugh and cry at the same time? And yet the story was rather foolish and unreal. But I liked it and Gloria. She is such a good little artist, and so versatile. We must keep her at the very top, where she so rightfully belongs. Be loyal to her, fans, for we cannot afford to lose "Our Gloria."

Cecil B. De Mille's productions are all laid in the Make-believe Land, but they are always enjoyable. Some of us who haven't gold bathtubs and gilded ballrooms like to pretend that we have, once in a while, and De Mille gives us the other side of life, the luxurious side, which most of us long for.

Yes, the movies are growing up. "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," "Beau Geste," "Mare Nostrum," and "Don Juan" prove it. But wait until you see them ten years from now! GATES HEBBARD.

2215 Wickham Avenue, New York City.

Wake Up, Movie Magnates!

I am writing this letter to ask why Virginia Brown Faire is so neglected. She is beautiful! She can act! She has personality! Why does she not get the breaks? I see all of her pictures two or three times, no matter how terrible they may be—and they usually are terrible. I read she had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn, but now she seems to have left them, because she has appeared only in one of their pictures—"The Temptress." In that they cut her part so as not to take any glory away from Greta Garbo. I think Virginia would have been perfect in Miss Garbo's part.

Wake up, movie magnates! Can't you see the wonderful star you are not noticing? Good luck, Virginia, and a nice, fat, starring contract! JOHN BREWER.

11 Meade Terrace, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

All the Mothers Love Him.

I just want to say a few words toward boosting Charles Emmett Mack.

Charles Emmett Mack may be a bit lacking in the so-called sex appeal, but his is a wistful boyishness that appeals to mothers the world over. Charles Emmett Mack will win, with mothers praying for his success, because he brings them memories of their sons.

Behind the shyness of his features is a "gray-brown" determination to fight hard. He will gain his goal.

Just keep your eyes on Charles Emmett Mack. GEORGIA MCKAY.

1723 Polymnia Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

If the Worm Turns

I've heard it said that certain stars,

Who don high hats and snobbish poses,
Look on their fan mail as a bore
And at the fans turn up their noses.

The humble and adoring fans—

Poor earthworms gazing at the sky—
Worship the stars that shine so bright,
The little gods they've set on high.

But 'tis the fashion among worms

To turn—and this is movie lore.

The worm's a power, after all—
The star falls like a meteor!

Think where you'll be, oh, star to-day,
When all the fans have turned away.
Though you may laugh at "Jake" and
"Lizzie,"

Without 'em you'd be far less busy!

DOROTHY GRACE SHORE.

11 Drayton Gardens, London, S. W. 10, England.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—Paramount. Unexpectedly good. Tale of two sisters in a department store, the disappearance of some funds, and one sister's sacrifice for the other. Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Lawrence Gray.

"Magician, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rex Ingram's latest. Gruesome film of girl who comes under the spell of a maniac magician and is barely saved from death by her fiancé. Alice Terry, Paul Wegener, and Ivan Petrovich.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinarian, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Midnight Lovers"—First National. Respectable and amusing in spite of the title. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone as husband and wife, each suspicious of the other without cause.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Nell Gwyn"—Paramount. Pleasing entertainment. Dorothy Gish, in the historical rôle of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, displays her well-known talents as a mad-cap comedienne.

"Nervous Wreck, The"—Producers Distributing. Fairly amusing farce of the bloodcurdling adventures of a nervous young man in Arizona. Harrison Ford and Phyllis Haver.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnapped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"One Minute to Play"—F. B. O. "Red" Grange makes his screen debut in a highly agreeable football picture, with an exciting climax.

"Perfect Sap, The"—First National. Mystery melodrama, with a boy detective. Ben Lyon is the boy, and Pauline Starke a beautiful lady crook who turns out to be a girl reporter.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which Pa doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Prince of Tempters, The"—First National. Interesting, though heavy, drama of young English duke whose soul is torn between a good and a bad woman. Ben Lyon, Lya de Putti, and Lois Moran.

"Private Izzy Murphy"—Warner. Screen debut of the stage comedian, George Jessel. Another mixture of Irish and Jewish characters, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the Irish heroine.

"Quarterback, The"—Paramount. A wholesome college film, brightly and intelligently done, with the usual football scenes. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

"Return of Peter Grimm, The"—Fox. Charming transcription of the play, full of emotional appeal. Alec Francis in rôle of *Peter*, whose spirit revisits the living. Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling.

"Silent Lover, The"—First National. Milton Sills exceptionally good as an irresponsible count who gets into trouble and seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion. Natalie Kingston is the girl.

"Sorrows of Satan, The"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith's latest. Disappointing. Adolphe Menjou is *Satan* in modern clothes, Ricardo Cortez the youth he tempts, Carol Dempster the distraught sweetheart, and Lya de Putti the siren.

"So's Your Old Man"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in an entertaining comedy of a small-town goof scorned by his fellow townsmen until a bona-fide princess, Alice Joyce, unexpectedly drops in on him.

"Sparrows"—United Artists. Mary Pickford is a waif again in a gloomy melodrama of cruelly treated orphans in the midst of a deadly swamp.

"Stepping Along"—First National. Johnny Hines in a dashing comedy of an energetic newsboy who rises to be an assemblyman, with Mary Brian thrown in.

"Stranded in Paris"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in gay, sophisticated, hilarious comedy of shopgirl who goes to Paris and is mistaken for a countess.

"Strong Man, The"—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the most human comedy he has made. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambling assistant of a professional strong man.

"Subway Sadie"—First National. Unique and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Summer Bachelors"—Fox. Trashy but amusing. Madge Bellamy as a naughty young lady who brightens the lives of husbands whose wives are away for the summer.

"Syncopating Sue"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a sprightly characterization of a gum-chewing jazz player. Lively comedy with laughs galore. Tom Moore as a trap drummer.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Temptress, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A triumph for Greta Garbo. Ibáñez's tale of a beautiful woman whose tragedy is that all men who love her come to ruin. Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore.

"Tin Hats"—Metro-Goldwyn. The farcical adventures of three buddies overseas. Romance of a gum-chewing doughboy and a haughty German baroness. Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.

"Twinkletoes"—First National. Colleen Moore appealing as a Limehouse girl who suffers all kinds of villainy before she and her prize fighter, Kenneth Harlan, fade out in a cabbage



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LENNISTER OF BLUE DOME	James Roberts
TWO-GUN GERTA	
	C. C. Waddell and Carroll John Daly
RAINBOW LANDING	Frank Lillie Pollock
THE PHANTOM ALIBI	Henry Leverage
MARK TURNS WEST	Mary Imlay Taylor
ON THE TRAIL OF FOUR	David Manning
STRAIGHT CROOKS	Howard Fielding
POISONOUS MIST	Gordon MacCreagh
THE LOOTED BONANZA	E. Whitman Chambers
JUST BUCKAROOS	Robert Ormond Case
THE PURPLE LIMITED	Henry Leverage
MASQUERADE	William Morton
SPANISH NUGGETS	Emart Kinsburn
THE AWAKENING OF ROMOLA	Anne O'Hagan
MARCIA	Anne O'Hagan
COWGIRLS—PLUS	George Gilbert
THE INCA'S RANSOM	Gordon MacCreagh
THE CRIMSON BLADE	Madeleine Sharps Buchanan
THE AMATEUR DETECTIVES	
	Christopher B. Booth
THE GLACIER GATE	Frank Lillie Pollock
WILD BILL	Joseph Montague
RIM O' THE RANGE	
	Ethel Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance



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"Upstage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer in a deft, humorous picture of vaudeville life, with a thrilling climax. Tale of a pretty dancer whose head gets turned.

"You Never Know Women"—Paramount. Florence Vidor's initial starring film. Novel tale of a Russian vaudeville troupe touring America. Clive Brook is the knife-throwing hero.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Ace of Cads, The"—Paramount. None-too-successful transference of Michael Arlen story to screen. Adolphe Menjou is the self-sacrificing hero, Alice Joyce the lady.

"Amateur Gentleman, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a dull, spiritless picture adapted from Jeffery Farnol's novel and laid in the time of the regency. Tale of a pugilist's son who aspires to be a gentleman.

"Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl"—Fox. Madge Bellamy in old-fashioned melodrama of girl model who is decoyed to a gentleman's yacht, but saved in time by a young shipping clerk.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Cheerful Fraud, The"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a strenuous but not particularly funny comedy about a British nobleman in disguise. Gertrude Olmsted is the girl.

"City, The"—Fox. Dull film of a once daring and successful play. All about a blackmailing dope fiend. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Walling, and Walter McGrail.

"Diplomacy"—Paramount. Only mildly interesting. Adapted from the well-known play dealing with international intrigue. Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton.

"For Alimony Only"—Producers Distributing. Unrealistic attempt to show the evils of alimony. Leatrice Joy and Lilyan Tashman are the successive wives of the alimony slave, Clive Brook.

"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"Girl from Coney Island, The"—First National. See "Just Another Blonde."

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"—Paramount. Not entirely satisfactory. Tale of a waitress, two sailors, and a girl from prison. Lois Moran, Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, and William Collier, Jr.

"Hotel Imperial"—Paramount. Disappointing wartime film. Pola Negri, as a hotel chambermaid, and James Hall, as a spy disguised as a waiter, scheme against an enemy general and incidentally fall in love.

"It Must Be Love"—First National. Colleen Moore as a delicatessen man's daughter who tries to rise above her hated surroundings. Not as sparkling as her best films. Malcolm MacGregor is her hero.

"Just Another Blonde"—First National. Also released as "The Girl from Coney Island." Slow film dealing with two Coney Island girls and two gamblers. Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, and William Collier, Jr.

"Lady in Ermine, The"—First National. Just piffle. Corinne Griffith, as an Italian duchess of the period of 1810, apparently suffers at the hands of an Austrian general, but—it's only a dream.

"Lily, The"—Fox. Belle Bennett in a complicated, old-fashioned film of a young woman who sacrifices romance for the sake of her father, and grows old a slave to duty.

"London"—Paramount. Dorothy Gish in feeble film of soubrette of the London slums adopted by a rich old lady.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Masked Woman, The"—First National. Feeble and ineffective. Anna Q. Nilsson, as the wife of a young doctor on the Riviera, is compromised by a crafty baron, but all ends well.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is the tippler, George Lewis and June Marlowe the youngsters.

"Paradise"—First National. A mistake from the beginning. Milton Sills and Betty Bronson are miscast as sweethearts in a story that shifts from Broadway to the South Sea Isles.

"Popular Sin, The"—Paramount. Not so good. Sophisticated comedy of marriage and divorce, with Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, and Philip Strange jointly entangled.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the rôle of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.

"Take It from Me"—Universal. Not up to Reginald Denny's usual standard. Escapades of a reckless young man who assumes charge of a department store.

"Tin Gods"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan as a silently suffering builder of bridges in South America who turns to drink, but is redeemed by Renee Adoree. Aileen Pringle is the ambitious wife.

"Valencia"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dull film showing Mae Murray as a Spanish dancer who is wooed simultaneously by a sailor and a nobleman—Lloyd Hughes and Rôy d'Arcy.

"White Black Sheep, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unconvincing film of a disowned son who goes to the Orient, saves the British nation, and is forgiven by father.

"Winning of Barbara Worth, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman somewhat miscast in this film of the great open spaces. Beautiful scenery and a capital flood, but story heavily told.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith, in a subtle but rather tedious satire on mystery stories, is a dapper coroner called to the scene of a smart society murder.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Joseph, form the royal family, and Bessie Love is the American girl.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

working in England, I believe, in "Madame Pompadour," with Dorothy Gish. See BLONDIE, and STATION B-L-A-H.

A GEORGE O'BRIEN FAN.—I'm glad I haven't got a fan on a cold day like this! George's new picture is "Sunrise," adapted from Sudermann's "Trip to Tilsit." There are several George O'Brien clubs. The George O'Brien Athletic Club sends out his photos to members—write to Ralph Savy, 17 Edgewood Street, Stafford Springs, Connecticut. No, Josie Sedgwick did not play in Evelyn Brent's picture, "The Jade Cup." Violet Palmer was the only other woman in the cast besides Evelyn. Josie's newest picture is "Outlaw Love." The leading players in "Havoc" were George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, Walter McGrail, Margaret Livingston, Leslie Fenton, and David Butler; in "The Flaming Frontier," Hoot Gibson, Anne Cornwall, Dustin Farnum, Ward Crane, Kathleen Key, Eddie Gribbon, and George Fawcett. Tom Mix doesn't give his exact age, but he is in his forties, William S. Hart in his fifties.

GRACE MARENA.—I'm sorry, but Frank Puglia has never been sufficiently prominent on the screen for me to have a record of his films. You are the first person who has asked me about him. PICTURE-PLAY, as far as I know, has never published a story about him, nor a picture.

NYDIA.—Who would I say is the most popular actor on the screen? I should hesitate to commit myself, but the box offices report that Tom Mix is. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1895, in Logan, Utah. "Heart of the Hills," with Mary Pickford, was one of his first pictures. His newest is "Twelve Miles Out." Ronald Colman is English, and in his thirties. His first screen appearance in America was opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." He has just been making "King Harlequin." The very fact that Richard Dix does not play in big specials makes him more popular—his films are shown in all the tiny towns that can't afford specials.

RAH! RAH! RAH!—I suppose you're cheering because of all the work you've given me to do. When I get all your questions answered, I don't see how this department can continue—there won't be any questions left to answer. Yes, I think Constance Bennett was one of the most glamorous young ladies on the screen, and I hope she comes out of retirement. She is the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison Bennett, both well known on the stage, and she was a dancer before she began playing on the screen. Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901, and played on the stage at the age of four. She was about fourteen when she began playing in pictures. She has a secretary, as have most stars, to answer her fan mail. In "The Crowded Hour," Kenneth Harlan was her leading man, Eddie Burns in "The Manicure Girl," Robert Frazer in "Miss Bluebeard." James Hall's films are "The Campus Flirt," "Hotel Imperial," "Stranded in Paris," and "Love's Greatest Mistake." Ivy Harris had the leading feminine rôle in "The Potters." Iris Gray has played in "The Popular Sin," "High Hat," and "Love's Greatest Mistake." "Buddy" Rogers has the lead in "Wings," with Clara Bow. Frances Howard played opposite Richard Dix in "The Shock Punch," Mae Busch in "The Christian." Louise Brooks is playing opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Evening Chords." There is

a Vilma Banky Club—Donald Phillips, president, 215 West Twenty-third Street, New York City. Dolores Costello Club—Francis Wilson, Blountstown, Florida. PICTURE-PLAY published interviews with your favorites as follows: Bebe Daniels, January, 1925; Richard Dix, September, 1926; Betty Bronson, December, 1925; Mary Brian, August, 1925; Colleen Moore, May, 1924, and January, 1927; William Collier, Jr., July, 1925; Dolores Costello, June, 1926, "The Sketchbook;" Helene Costello, September, 1925; Dorothy Mackaill, March, 1927; Vilma Banky, February, 1926.

MARGUERITE M.—Did I play the weather vane in "East Is West?" You've got me all wrong—I played the piccolo. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden—she doesn't say when. Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, in 1895. Blossom Bremen I know little or nothing about—oh, let's be accurate, make it nothing. I suppose you know that Patsy Ruth Miller comes from St. Louis and is about twenty; her screen career dates from about the time of "The Affairs of Anatol," in which she was one of the dozens of feminine players. She has never been married. I don't know where Luciano Albertini is; in fact, I never did know. Einar Hansen was born in New Stockholm, Sweden, and played on the stage there. He toured all over the Scandinavian countries, played in films in Sweden, and was "discovered," I understand, by Corinne Griffith, who engaged him for the male lead in "Into Her Kingdom." Since then he has played leads in "Her Big Night," with Laura La Plante, "The Lady in Ermine" and "The Masked Woman." He is engaged at this writing on "Fashions for Women," with Esther Ralston starred. Einar is tall and, unlike most Scandinavians, dark. Arthur Rankin free lances and does not give his home address, so I don't know where to suggest your writing him.

AUBURN HAIR.—How I envy you down in Florida as we shiver to press! Anna Q. Nilsson's middle name is Querentia. I'm sorry I have not heard of Frances Fuller; perhaps she has not yet been given anything but bits to play. Many stars will send their photographs free, but it is nicer to inclose a quarter with your request, as the expense of their fan mail runs up into thousands of dollars a year.

M. C.—The only Greeks in the movies that I know of are George Rigas and Lou Tellegen. Lou is half Greek, half Dutch.

JUST A FAN.—I'm glad you liked Jack Joyce as well as you expected to. Yes, I agree with you that Marc MacDermott is a wonderful actor, but he isn't the matinee-idol type, so there is little demand for interviews with him. Earl Metcalfe has been in movies for many years and was, as you say, quite well known at one time. He plays in pictures only occasionally now; you can reach him, I think, at the Lambs' Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. He has been working recently with Josie Sedgwick in "Outlaw Love," a Universal film. Randle Ayrton is an English actor. The only address I can suggest for him is care of British National Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Your letter would doubtless be forwarded to him. "Nell Gwyn" was made in England by that company, with an all-English cast in support of Dorothy Gish. She has been making a series of films in England for the past couple of years. "Hush" and "The Sign of the Cross" are the latest.

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"Madame Pompadour." "New Lives for Old" was an original for the screen. Peter B. Kyne's stories always appear in magazine or book form, or both. I don't know in what magazine "The Shamrock Handicap" appeared, but it was not an original for the screen. Perhaps your local bookstore has a copy of it.

H. A.—Lillian Gish a flapper! Perish the thought! She's a most retiring, shy young lady. She is five feet four inches, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, is thirty years old, and has never been married. The only address I know for her is Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

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Warner Baxter Club—Robert Allen, Wise-carver Apts., Waynesburg, Pa.

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Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

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Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugh-

erty, Richard Talmadge, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Gilda Gray, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Carol Dempster, Lois Moran, Louise Brooks, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

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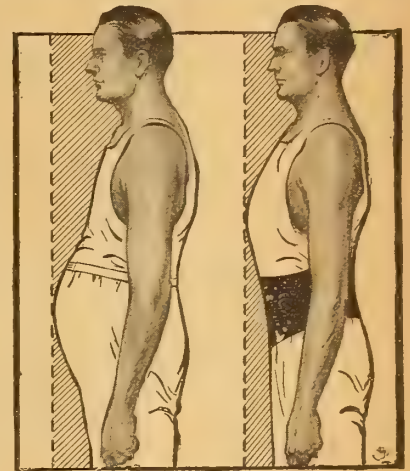
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A Priceless Prize for the Keenest Eyes!

from Ramon Novarro

YOU attend an exhibition of a truly wonderful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Settings, action, titles pass swiftly before your eyes. You marvel at them. But when you get home how much of the performance can you remember—and enjoy over and over again?

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Here are five questions. The best set of answers to them will win a prize that money could not buy. The man who sends the best set of answers will receive the guitar I used in "Lovers" and a cash prize of \$50.

And for the best set of answers from a woman, Alice Terry will give the earrings she wore in the same picture and a cash prize of \$50. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph especially autographed by yours cordially,

Ramon Novarro

Ramon Novarro's Five Questions

- 1 In what recent production does Lon Chaney appear without his usual makeup?
- 2 What do you think of M-G-M "Historical Westerns" such as "War Paint" and "Winners of the Wilderness" starring Tim McCoy? (Not more than 50 words.)
- 3 Who directed "Flesh and the Devil"? and name two of his previous productions.
- 4 Name a brother or sister of the following screen players, Marceline Day, Lionel Barrymore and Owen Moore.
- 5 What photoplay holds the world's record for length of run and name two other pictures next in length of run.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Marion Davies' Contest of January

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Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

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JUNE
1927



LEATRICE JOY
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WHY IT'S SO HARD TO GET
INTO THE MOVIES TO-DAY



Who Killed the Sleeping Woman?



Mrs. Sarah Copping was mean and miserly. When she was murdered as she slept no one in the little town of Crown Point could muster much regret for the deed.

But it was up to the District Attorney to try to solve the mystery. He soon found that he had a strange and compli-

cated case on his hands. Read what he and his friend, Luke Osgood, did to apprehend the murderer in

The Green Bag

A Detective Story by

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The author is an experienced teller of detective stories who has the knack of keeping the reader guessing to the end. **THE GREEN BAG** is one of the latest of the Chelsea House offerings—good fiction at low cost to you. Chelsea House publishes books of mystery, Western stories, love and adventure stories at a price within the reach of every reader. Ask your dealer to see the books published by

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They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebestäume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying



me with rapid questions. . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story. "Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson."

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy

it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the lessons started I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

* * * * *

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You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
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Picture Play

Volume XXVI

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Coming Soon! The Twice-a-Week *Paramount News*



Beginning in August and twice weekly thereafter, the name of a new and greater news reel will flash on the screens of thousands of theatres—PARAMOUNT NEWS. It is backed by the power and resources of the largest motion picture organization on earth and produced under the direction of Emanuel Cohen, acknowledged the world's foremost news reel expert. Ask your Theatre Manager to book Paramount News and PARAMOUNT COMEDIES (once a week) and PARAMOUNT NOVELTIES. Only now can you see short features of the same high standard set by Paramount in feature pictures. *Watch for them.*



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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BEERY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts, Sterling Holloway, Iris Stuart. <i>Directed by Monty Brice.</i>	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen. <i>Directed by Frank Tuttle.</i>	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Donald Keith, Jobyna Ralston and William Powell. <i>Directed by William Goodrich.</i>	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore, Chester Conklin and Mona Palma. <i>Directed by Robert Vignola.</i>	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray, Hale Hamilton. <i>Directed by Herbert Brenon.</i>	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook. <i>Directed by E. H. Griffith.</i>	
TOO MANY CROOKS	With Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes, George Bancroft and El Brendel. <i>Directed by Fred Newmayer.</i>	
ARIZONA BOUND	Starring GARY COOPER. With Betty Jewel. <i>Directed by John Waters.</i>	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON. With Einar Hanson and Raymond Hatton. <i>Directed by Dorothy Arzner.</i>	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall. <i>Directed by Richard Rosson.</i>	
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WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Ford Sterling. <i>Directed by Erle Kenton.</i>	
TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG. NEW YORK

Richard Dix in **Knockout Reilly**

A MALCOLM St. Clair Production, from Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." With Mary Brian and Jack Renault.



Clara Bow in **Rough House Rosie**



FROM the Sat. Eve. Post story by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Frank Strayer. With REED HOWES and all-star cast.

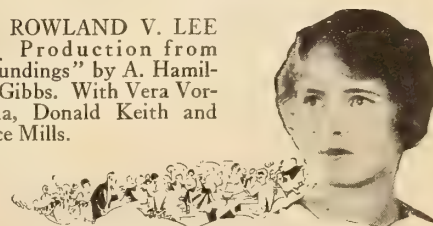
Bebe Daniels in **Señorita**

THOUGH they called her *senorita* Bebe preferred being just Bebe, and you know what that meant. With James Hall and William Powell. Directed by Clarence Badger.



The Whirlwind of Youth with *Lois Moran*

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production from "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Vera Voronina, Donald Keith and Alyce Mills.



Ed Wynn in **Rubber Heels**



EDWYNN, famous musical comedy star, as detective who solves a mystery through sheer stupidity. With Chester Conklin and Thelma Todd. Directed by Victor Heerman.

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THE STAR NOBODY KNOWS



HE has been a conspicuous figure on the screen for years and years. He is a star of the first rank; his pictures are absorbing, powerful. Yet little or nothing is ever written about him. Who is he? What conditions have brought about his reticence? Why do you never see photographs of him, except in the characters he portrays? He is popular with his associates in Hollywood, and is respected by all who know him. But he conceals himself from the fans behind a screen of mystery. Now, for the first time, his story will be told in the July number of PICTURE



PLAY, and the reasons for his attitude will be fascinatingly set forth by Elza Schallert, who also will make you acquainted with one of the gentlest and most likable men in motion pictures.

YOU WILL MEET OTHERS, TOO,

whom you have long known as familiar figures on the screen, but they will be brought to you as fresh and interesting discoveries by the brilliant writers who have interviewed them for PICTURE PLAY. Blanche Sweet, Chester Conklin, and Joan Crawford will come to you as *human beings* rather than important players, and you will like them the more.



Renee Adoree is another favorite who will captivate you anew in a remarkable story which explains how her hunches guide her daily life, and what part her psychic intuitions play in getting her just the rôles she wants!

Yes, you guessed it—PICTURE PLAY for July will *lead* in entertaining features. Don't miss it.





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What the Fans Think



Defend Yourselves, Fans!

I'VE been reading *PICTURE PLAY* since it was first issued, but never had read "What the Fans Think" until recently. Now I appreciate what I've been missing. Yes, I've missed lots of fun by not reading the illuminating letters written by our self-appointed critics.

They all seem so earnest, discussing this actor or that actress. They always look for faults, are forever bragging about their particular favorites, and ridiculing all other players. Poor things, how can they ever enjoy movies? How can they, if their main purpose is to knock, tear to pieces, or else blindly to idolize?

Why don't these fans take the movies for what they're intended—entertainment? Let them forget who the individuals are, and think of the plot. The producers' real aim is, not to exploit any particular star, but to provide entertainment. Let these ardent fans, or rather fanatics, leave the criticism to experts who know what they're talking about.

Really, it's funny reading some of these letters. And there are hundreds of people who feel just as I do, and get a hearty laugh from the rantings of the Gerald's, Lilicas, Lynns, Jackies, Dorotheas, and others whose letters appear in these columns.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

Stanley Hotel, Gary, Indiana.

One Fan Who Can't See Novarro.

I wonder if those who are not Ramon Novarro enthusiasts—and perhaps even some who are—aren't becoming just a wee bit weary of the type of publicity printed about this star.

Now, in my opinion, it is perfectly laudable to praise a player's talents and looks and personality, but it appears to me that the hysterically enthusiastic stuff appearing in the various magazines about Novarro lately is spreading it on a bit thick.

Perhaps Novarro only allows interviews to be published about him that come from his publicity department, and if this is so it would account for some of the extravagance of the praise showered on him, but surely even press agents should draw the line somewhere!

No doubt Novarro isn't getting over as big as his backers had hoped, and so they deem it necessary to paint him in such glowing terms, to sing his praises so very highly, that the public will feel it positively sacri-

legious not to like him. I've noticed that already some of the fans have become infected with the enthusiasm. Which probably proves that this method of boosting a star is a clever one, and that it is putting the star on the map.

However, and notwithstanding all the shouting, here is one fan who is just atheist enough to declare that she can't see Mr. Novarro—either as an actor or as a personality. I wonder if there are others who will dare to agree with me!

JOAN PERULA.

San Francisco, Cal.

She's Through With John Gilbert.

How much longer are they going to allow that woman chaser, John Gilbert, to appear on the screen? After reading the story about him and Greta Garbo, I have decided that John Gilbert is too much of an egotist to suit me. In view of the fact that he deserted a lovely wife and child, he has a lot of nerve playing on the sympathy of the public now. He was at one time my prime favorite, but that affair with Greta Garbo finished him for me.

It seems he has so much love to waste where it is not wanted. Have you ever heard of his mentioning any love for his child? You never hear of Ronald Colman telling every feeling of his to the whole world. He has too much sense.

Who is as lovely as Leatrice Joy? Nobody. And how did Gilbert treat her? It's needless to answer.

He was once my idol, now he is just another sap to me. Trying to help Greta Garbo live her rôles! All this crazy stuff is going to hurt Gilbert more than he thinks.

Give me Leatrice Joy any day, and send all the eye-rolling Gretas back to Sweden.

IRENE HART.

2520 St. Charles Place,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Who Can Compare With Him?

In a recent issue of *PICTURE PLAY*, L. J. S., of Lafayette, Louisiana, wrote that any ordinary actor could have taken John Gilbert's place in any picture he has ever played in. Also that Jack Mulhall has him beaten a mile. How utterly ridiculous!

Continued on page 10

BILLY DOOLEY

"The Saltiest Sailor Afloat or Ashore"

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Could, I ask L. J. S., any ordinary actor have played *Jim Apperson* in "The Big Parade," as Mr. Gilbert played him? Could any ordinary actor have shown the evolution of the hero from a wealthy, pampered son to a soul-shocked veteran with as true artistry as was Mr. Gilbert's? No! And who else on the screen could have portrayed—the penniless, impetuous poet-lover in "La Bohème?"

Mr. Gilbert does not act from the outside. He acts from within, which shows a true appreciation of his art. He actually lives the character he is portraying, throwing himself body and soul into the part. *That is acting!*

I do not mean to say that Jack Mulhall and some of the rest are not good actors. They are; and I enjoy them, but when it comes to comparing them with Mr. Gilbert, that is another thing again!

DARLEEN GEHRKE.

3435 Taylor Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Too Much Sympathy for Charlie Chaplin.

So much sympathetic publicity has been given Charlie Chaplin in connection with his second matrimonial failure that I think it's about time a fan's opinion is given.

I think Charlie a mighty poor sport. He's only getting what is due him. Why doesn't he take his medicine like a man? Instead, he runs away from the scene of battle to the protecting arms of his lawyer at the other end of the continent and through him begs the public to withhold judgment until he is proven guilty. Then his attorney sees fit to announce to the misguided public that poor Charlie has had a nervous breakdown as a result of his wife's charges.

However, we are entitled to our own private opinions, and mine is that Charlie's "breakdown" was the result of the money demands being made upon him. The world has no record of his ever having been a philanthropist. Why, he's not even an American citizen, after all these years of harvest for him in this country.

Whether Charlie was tricked into the marriage or not, it was up to him to make the best of it. He's old enough and has had enough experience, surely, to know which is the straight-and-narrow path. After the mess he made of his first marriage and the unfavorable publicity attendant upon the divorce, it's hard to believe that he's innocent in this case.

However, I think the action of banning an actor's pictures from all moving-picture theaters just because he has committed an indiscretion, is a foolish one. Charlie's pictures, so long as they are clean and funny, will not harm any one now any more than in the past. However, I doubt if his followers number as many now as they did before his matrimonial mix-ups.

A FAN.

Chicago, Illinois.

Three Cheers for "Beau Geste!"

"What the Fans Think" should be simply full of bouquets for each and every one in that wonder picture, "Beau Geste."

Major Wren is one author who can look at the screen presentation of his novel, and feel that it has but added more glory to his work. "Beau Geste" is a picture that will live for many years. Mere words cannot express the bigness of it, nor can our tongues sing loudly enough the praises of the actors and their director.

To every fan there is usually one outstanding piece of work in every big picture. And while each and every one in the excellent cast of "Beau Geste" deserves a

gold medal, I'd like to pin my special bouquet on Neil Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton's emotional work where as *Dig*, he gives the dead *Beau* taps, "ever so softly," with tears coursing down his cheeks, lips trembling, and throat convulsed with sobs, is one of the big moments of the picture. His capable handling of that tender scene should place him head and shoulders above most of our young men of the screen.

And now I come to that golden boy from England, Ralph Forbes. That young man's conception of *John*, the "baby" of the family who proved himself a soldier and a man, is excellent. His look of terror as he takes time between firing to give a swift glance around the fort, hoping to see his brother *Beau* still untouched, yet fearing the worst, deserves special mention. Also his emotion as he holds the dying *Beau* in his arms.

Yes, Ralph Forbes is not only a capable actor—he strikes one as being gold clear through. Success to you, Ralph Forbes!

HAZEL TALLMAN.

2414 K Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Tired of Scantily Clad Women.

Will the producers ever wake up to the fact that the public is tired of the feminine nudity displayed in nearly every picture on the market?

Often when viewing what is potentially a great picture, I feel like exploding when there is inserted a close-up of some woman's pedal extremities, or a languid pose of the heroine *dishabille*, or a back-to-nature bathing scene in a woodland brook. Now how do they get that way? Decent men and women do not like it, and they are not prudes, either.

A. ROBERTS.

Los Angeles, California.

From the Philippines.

This letter comes from a distant land, and is the first we have written to *PICTURE PLAY*. We would not write this one, due to our "faulty English," but we cannot help expressing the grief that submerges our hearts at the death of our dear, incomparable Valentino.

Our grief at Rudolph's death was great, and the wound of sorrow still aches and will ever ache. It seems impossible that the daily routine of life can go on when Rudolph is no more. He is buried so far away, in the States. Even Christmas came again, with its accustomed fun, and every heart felt its joy, but Rudolph, in his cold, dark grave, saw it not, felt it not.

Yes, we have dreamed to see him, touch his hands, look in the dear eyes and tell him of our love and admiration. But now, were we to go to the States, his hands would lie limp, his dear eyes closed, and not an echo of our sad complaints would reach the depths of his grave. We have waited so long—and now a silent tomb awaits us. It is, indeed, a shattered dream that confronts us!

It was he who first portrayed passionate love on the screen to such perfection that it seemed a part of his own being. We have always looked upon him as the synonym of love. He was, as some one said, "Love personified." Whenever we see love in the future, we shall remember our dear Rudolph, and as love never dies, he shall dwell forever in our hearts.

His life was a life of constant struggle in a foreign land. He drank the wine of success as no one had, but he also found in it the bitterest pills of adversity. Yet, as if these were not enough, he was constantly attacked by merciless critics, who wounded with their pens his already wounded yet loving heart.

As conclusion, we address his millions

of admirers, asking them to keep forever a warm place in their hearts for him.

CARMENCITA AND LOLITA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

A Boost for the Newcomers.

Mrs. Olive D. Thompson is right. I, too, secured some of my very best friends through a letter of mine which was printed in *PICTURE PLAY*.

We fans are indebted to *PICTURE PLAY* for boosting so many of the younger screen players who are entirely ignored by other magazines. The interviews with Gary Cooper, Barry Norton, and most particularly Arnold Gray, were most enjoyable.

I'd like to call attention to several other newcomers—they would make good material for "Among Those Present."

Paddy O'Flynn—The idol of many friends and fans. He is certainly making good use of his time. He has been in the picture game for only about seven or eight months.

Hayden Stevenson—Who can forget the irrepressible "manager" of Reginald Denny in the now-famous "Leather Pushers" series? Those twinkling brown eyes, the smile, the ever-present cigarette!

Matty Kemp—A beautiful boy, and not effeminate, either! He's the sort of boy girls fall for in real life.

And Philo McCullough needs no introduction.

My toast to the fans' magazine that is for the fans—may it continue on its upward path!

EVA GAUNT.

425 Walnut Street, Benton, Arkansas.

Some More Friends Made Through "Picture Play."

Prompted by Mrs. Olive Thompson's letter in the March issue of *PICTURE PLAY*, I am writing to tell of the friends I have made through these columns.

About two years ago, I answered a letter from an English fan which had appeared in "What the Fans Think." It led to my joining the Norma Talmadge Club, and last summer, while motoring from Connecticut to the State of Washington, I met Constance Riquer, the club president, at her home in East Cleveland, Ohio. Since then we have become stanch friends.

I have several pen friends in England whom I came to know through *PICTURE PLAY*. Two of them, through me, met each other.

Something over a year ago I noticed a letter from Miss Jean Webster Brouch, of London, so I wrote to her. We have been corresponding ever since. Her letters are very interesting, as she is an actress and played opposite Ivor Novello in "The Rat" in England. She has just returned from an acting tour in South Africa, so her letters recently have been especially fascinating.

Another of my *PICTURE PLAY* friends is a man living in London who was in the war for five years, and has also served in Egypt. He has met many stars personally, and he and I have corresponded for almost three years.

My greatest surprise of all was a letter from a fan in Siberia! Then came two from fans in India. So *PICTURE PLAY* is certainly read the world over.

I could go on and on, but will stop with a big, hearty "Thank you" to *PICTURE PLAY*, the very best of all movie magazines! It has afforded me many hours of pleasure, not only through its pages, but through the many fan friends it has brought me.

ELINOR GARRISON.

6022 29th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Washington.

Continued on page 12



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and laughs!
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Manoli Benachi Replies to His Critics.

I have read with interest the various responses which my last letter to this department raised, and sincerely congratulate the girl from State Teachers' College, Farmville, Virginia, who is not a flapper and proves it by her clever and sensible letter.

I do not consider all American women as foolish as those movie stars I mentioned in my previous letter, and I know quite well that there are many who have sane ideas and thoughts, and are not so very extravagant regarding fashions. And I am sure these are chiefly interested in the principles, character, and the other real qualities of men, and do not lay too much stress on such a superficial thing as etiquette, which may be nice, but surely is not essential to make a man a man.

I was much amused by Mrs. G. Lawrence's letter, and must confess she has even a greater amount of nerve than myself. I meant no hatred whatever against the American movie actresses in that first letter of mine to which she so strongly objected. Mrs. Lawrence got quite a wrong impression from my letter. I did not mean to imply that I expect women to kotow to men. But I do like them to be sensible, and to measure a man by his principles and character, rather than by superficial things.

I suppose Mrs. Lawrence was referring to the Egyptian women when she spoke of "veiled and tangled in cumbersome, entangling drapes." I never even thought of such a thing. I happen to be a Greek myself, and Greek women do not dress in "cumbersome and entangling drapes"—they wear short skirts like everybody else, which I think very becoming. But there is a vast difference between ordinary pretty dresses and mannish attire for women.

Although I very much admire many of the American screen actresses, I still hold to my opinions in regard to the present-day fashion of the shingle, women in men's clothes, and the foolish ideas of some of your stars. They might be very clever on the screen and still have stupid ideas about what they admire most in a man.

MANOLI A. BENACHI.

Alexandria, Egypt.

It's No Cinch, Mr. Young!

Frank Young's letter in the March issue pooh-poohed the idea that it is hard to get into the movies. All right, Mr. Young, let's see you get in!

Getting into the movies is *anything* but easy. I know a chap who is out in Hollywood now, trying to crash the gates, and I wish Mr. Young could read some of the letters I receive from him. They are heart-breaking, to say the least.

Mr. Young stated that all a woman had to do was to shoot her husband and get her name in the papers, and she'd be offered a movie contract. Now, that is an exaggeration. It is true that Dempsey, Tunney, Grange, and others who had become famous through their athletic feats, were given movie contracts as a result, but that was because the producers are wise. They know the public will gladly pay out their money to see these athletes on the screen, but Mr. Young is very wrong in thinking people are going to go to the theater to see a murderer.

Anything but the *right* kind of publicity hurts a star with the fans. Take, for example, Arbuckle, Mary Miles Minter, and Mabel Normand. To me, there is nothing wrong with these players, but because they

became involved in scandals, the fans will have nothing more to do with them.

It is true that almost every day we read of some new discovery in the movies, but bear in mind that each "discovery" is just one out of a thousand. What becomes of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine? They never get a chance!

If you think it's so easy to get into the movies, Mr. Young, just try it, and let me know when you've made good. Then I might begin to believe in fairy tales!

LORETTO MORGAN.

736 South Logan Street, Denver, Colorado.

In Defense of England.

May I first of all say that I am not a movie fan, and that this is my first letter to any movie magazine. I happened to see Miss Ryan's letter, and while the contents of the same are not worthy of special notice, I resent some of her statements.

First of all, she says that it is "common knowledge" that English critics know nothing. Just because she reads the comments of an English critic on "The Big Parade" and doesn't agree with him, she comes to the conclusion that they know nothing.

Secondly, she raves on to say that it is an organized attack by English critics and that England is jealous of America. She concludes her letter hoping that England, for her own sake, will soon get hold of a few picture critics with at least a "little intelligence!" And may I hope, Miss Ryan, that as you grow older—for I have the presumption to think you are yet immature—you will grow more broad-minded and, may I say, a great deal more *intelligent*.

Does it not show how small you are to give expression to such thoughts, merely because some one criticizes a picture you like?

America criticizes English pictures, and why shouldn't she? England has the same privilege.

You talk of advanced Dominions. I am afraid you are deteriorating.

MISS G. DAWSON.

333 32d Avenue W., Calgary, Alta, Canada.

Don't Blame the Foreigners—Blame the Producers.

Many fans have voiced their disapproval of the method in practice of importing unknown foreigners and giving them so much golden opportunity to make good, when there are hundreds of born Americans who have worked hard for years, and have not yet succeeded in climbing out of the extra ranks. Now, my explanation of this foreign importation is this: it is a known fact that many of our great moving-picture magnates were born in foreign countries, so was it not to be expected that they would give encouragement, and even preference, to other foreigners? Could we have looked for anything different from the producers?

True, we expect them to become Americans, but I wonder, really, how many of those interested in the movies as a means of livelihood *have* become American citizens. It is not just for the great American public to blame the stars and players who are imported. Rather should we blame the producers who import them.

There are some foreign players who have become, or are in the process of becoming, American citizens. Those people deserve our acclamation. For they are showing their appreciation of the oppor-

Continued on page 116



She Hired a Convict as Her Chauffeur

Just in the nick of time "Smiler" Carey came out of nowhere to rescue the beautiful Anne Carfax from an attempted holdup. And for reward, Anne took him on as her chauffeur. At the same time she took on a series of stirring adventures that are set forth in dramatic manner in

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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Eleanor Boardman, James Murray, and King Vidor, the director, are bringing to the screen an adventure in commonplaceness, in their picture entitled "The Crowd." It goes without saying that it will not be a commonplace achievement, but rather than being an unusual story, the strength of this one will be in its faithful picturization of an average young man—a clerk—and his wife, during the span of their lifetime. Miss Boardman and Mr. Murray are here seen as the young couple.



It's just as hard for children as for any one else to get onto the screen. Each day large numbers are brought to the Casting Bureau by hopeful mothers, but very few find jobs.

Why It's So Hard to Get Into the Movies

The reason is that there are about 11,000 too many people trying to get in at the same time. The Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood, through which the studios now obtain all their extras and bit players, is so swamped with applicants that it has had to close its registration lists.

By A. L. Wooldridge

SHE carried a scrapbook under her arm. A pair of lustrous brown eyes shone beneath the brim of a jaunty little hat, and her slender figure was clothed in a dress of slinky silk. She looked like a magazine cover, and walked with all the grace of a Russian wolfhound entering a drawing-room—confidence personified.

Marian Mel, assistant in the Central Casting Bureau, in Hollywood, glanced at the girl casually, then continued her conversation with me.

"It isn't that we want to keep girls from pestering the studios," she said, "but that we want to save them the trouble and expense and heartache of making the rounds and finding no work to do."

Lowering her voice, she continued. "Do you see that girl who just came in?"

"Yes," I replied. "She's very beautiful."

"She will never get a chance before the camera," said Miss Mel.

I was surprised by this blunt assertion. To me, the young woman looked sufficiently beautiful to adorn any set. I of course wanted to know how such an instantaneous appraisal of her could be made.

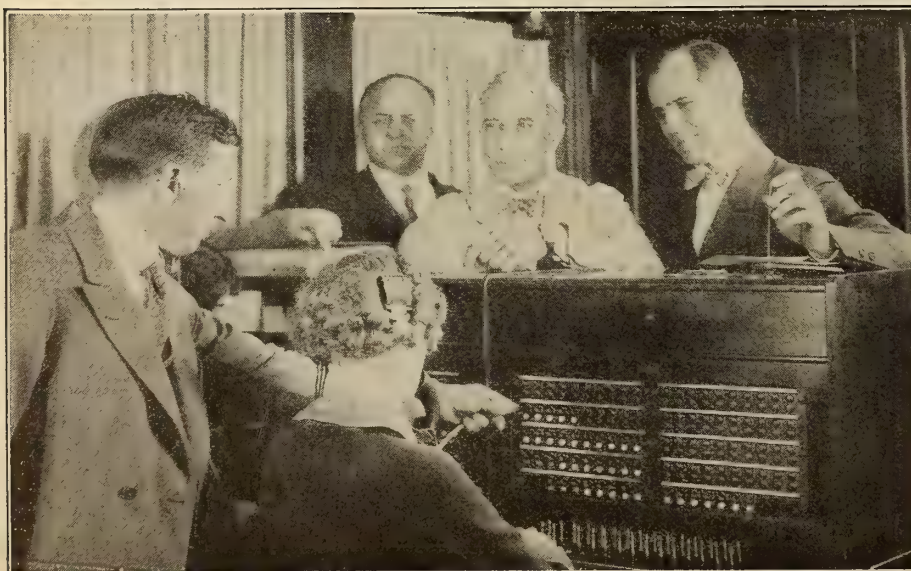
"In the first place," said Miss Mel, "it's plain to be seen that she's a beauty-contest winner. She has brought her scrapbook along to show us what the hometown paper had to say about her, which means absolutely *nothing* here. As a result of her triumph at home, all her friends no doubt urged her to go into the movies until at last she consented. She probably attended a farewell party or two, told every one good-by, and here she is, all ready to start. In a few minutes, I'll tell her she can't even register."

"But why not?" I insisted.

"Because, primarily, she is too tall—probably five feet eight. She would tower over the other girls like a monument. She is pretty, yes. But we have six thousand pretty girls and women registered. Most of them aren't earning enough to pay their board.

"We have every conceivable type clamoring for employment, willing to take anything that will bring in a few dollars. But of the six thousand girls and women registered here, not more than eight

Will Hays himself visited the bureau one day and helped the telephone girls plug in on some of the many calls coming in from the studios.



hundred—possibly not more than five hundred—are earning a living in pictures. The others have to find something else to do, to keep alive.

"Under such conditions, would it be fair to those already here to take on more? Would it be fair to that girl waiting to see me, to add her name to the list? Would it not be better to tell her straight off that she had better look for something else to do, because we can't promise her anything here? It may seem hard, but it can't be helped."

Miss Mel reached into a drawer for a copy of the annual report issued by Colonel O. C. Wyman, head of the bureau. Its figures offer a clear answer to the question, "Why is it so hard to break into the movies?" Glancing over the rows of statistics, Miss Mel continued.

"During the year 1926, this bureau made placements of 259,259 persons in pictures. With more than 12,000 persons registered, the daily average of jobs was only 710. Only 710 positions a day for 12,000 persons! Some of those jobs lasted for several days, and some for several weeks. *But what about the other 11,000 persons registered?* They sat idle, or hustled up something else to do.

"The average wage paid extras during 1926 amounted to \$8.46 per day, ranging from \$3 to \$15, with the majority around \$7.50. And, strange as it may sound, the girl earning \$5 a day was better off than the one earning \$15. Why? Because the one earning \$15 had to maintain a wardrobe worth hundreds of dollars, while the \$5-a-day girl simply went on the set in street clothing. No costly evening gowns, no beaded slippers, were required of her—just a pretty face, pretty figure, and neat clothing.

"A very pretty girl, alive with personality, came in not long ago and we registered her. Almost immediately we began finding work for her. But she reported at a studio one day wearing afternoon slippers with an evening gown. Dave Allen, the man who acts as a go-between between the bureau and the studios, spotted her immediately and came to me.

"I wish," he said, "that you would speak to that new girl about her shoes. She's wearing



Colonel O. C. Wyman, head of the Casting Bureau, reports that of the 12,000 persons registered with the bureau, a daily average of only 710 get engagements.

black pumps with a light evening dress.

"When I approached her, as diplomatically as possible, and spoke of her footwear, she replied, 'I didn't know till I saw the other girls. I—I'm sorry!'

"No camouflaging, no pretense, no little white lie. She just didn't know. But she was honest about it. And honesty pays here as well as in any other business. We gave her some more jobs, and she made no more little errors.

"We were talking about beauty-contest winners. What does such a girl do when she comes out here and finds that she can't get work in the movies? She doesn't want to go back home and say she has failed to make an impression—not with the home town's applause ringing in her ears. No, she bravely tramps from studio to studio for a while in the vain hope that some casting director will see her and give her a chance. Then what? It all depends on how much money she has. Eventually, she has to either go home or work.

"We are surfeited with beauty out here. We have it of every kind and description. We have thousands pleading for work which isn't here. And, naturally, we get the most pitiful tales imaginable. There are young women who have gone without food sometimes for days, girls with notices of eviction from their landlords or landladies, girls who have sat for weeks fearing to leave the side of the telephone, girls who have lived on peanut-butter sandwiches and coffee. What else could result, with only 710 positions a day for 12,000 persons!

"But, please understand that our registration list is not rigidly closed. We do take in some new people. But there is a special reason for the acceptance of each one. That reason has nothing to do with beauty. We have all of that we need. But there are openings for

girls with really new personalities. Such girls hit you in the eye the minute they step through the door. But how many such are there? Very, very few!"

Colonel Wyman, head of the Casting Bureau, had much the same to say about the situation as his assistant.

"The truth of the matter," he said, "is that the field for extras is in a super-saturated condition. We have

Continued on page 115



Though a dozen of the Bureau's employees are kept busy all day long calling extras and bit players needed by the studios, there doesn't begin to be enough work for the thousands of applicants.

Why I Was Married

Laura La Plante's marriage to William A. Seiter had never been held in the film many years. What this reason was is re with some of her views

By Elza



Photo by Raybuff-Richter. People wondered why such a busy person as Laura should take the time and trouble to have one of the largest weddings Hollywood had ever seen, but they didn't know the sentiment that lay behind it.

MY mother was not married in a wedding veil. And so—I was."

Thus spoke Laura La Plante, who one Sunday afternoon late last fall was married to William A. Seiter in a large and beautiful church in the heart of the fashionable district of Los Angeles.

"You see," she continued, "there always used to be a note of regret in my mother's voice when she told me about the unfulfilled dream of her girlhood. She had wanted to have a big church wedding, with many attendants, and had dreamed of wearing a trailing lace veil. But her dream was not realized.

"So I had promised her that if ever I married, I would have a big church wedding—just the kind she had wanted for herself. It would sort of make up for what she had missed."

The La Plante-Seiter wedding was probably the most formal and elaborate ever held in the colony. The appointments in the church, and later at the La Plante home, where a reception for a hundred guests and friends was held, were beautiful, and reflected impeccable taste. No wedding in the colony has ever evoked so much comment.

Recently, in a smart apartment, high up on the thirteenth floor of a modish apartment house, within

words, but they had been *just words*, and their deep meaning never really touched me until I stood before a real altar and spoke them for my real self.

"The sacredness of marriage," a phrase that had always been just a phrase to me before, kept rushing through my head, and I suddenly realized the full mean-

ing of the words. I kept thinking of mother during the ceremony, too. For years she had been talking to me about the beauty and sanctity of marriage, and now for the first time I appreciated all that she had meant."

When Laura La Plante told me about her marriage and expressed some of her ideals in regard to it, I kept thinking what a perplexing young creature the much-discussed modern girl is. She has been psycho-analyzed, dissected, and put together again by specialists ranging from neurologists to maiden aunts with wilting memories. And the preponderant opinion seems to be that she is an individual who wants and takes her freedom, an arch-destructionist of sentiment

Seiter, who is thirty-five, is thirteen years older than Laura, but she says that the difference in their ages was the very thing that attracted her to him.



Photo by Schellenberg

in a Wedding Veil

Seiter was probably the most formal and colony—and for a reason that dates back vealed by Laura in the story below, along about marriage in general.

Schallert

in any form, and a ruthless defier of convention and tradition.

Yet here was Laura, only twenty-two, a veritable symbol of 1927 young womanhood, telling me a story that was so old-fashioned and sentimental that it made me look for hoop skirts and a powdered wig instead of the saucy yellow shingle and the tight short skirt that I saw.

It was the old, old story of devotion. But this time it was a very modern girl's devotion to the dreams of an idealistic mother. Laura went on philosophically:

"Mother and my father were separated when I was very young, so that's why I have been so close to her. She has been both father and mother to me, and because her own married life was not as happy as she had dreamed it would be, she has been all the more anxious that I should start mine right."

William Seiter is considerably older than Laura, and much wiser in the ways of the world, though this young girl who has in six or seven years risen from the extra ranks to stardom carries no small amount of wisdom in her golden head.

Seiter is thirty-five years of age and had already had two unsuccessful ventures into matrimony. He comes from a representative New York family, and is very well thought of in the colony, both as a man and a director. He has been ardently in love with Laura ever since the first time he directed her in a picture, about three years ago. I asked her why she hadn't married some one her own age, and whether Mr. Seiter's previous marriages had at any time made her hesitate about marrying him.

"Oh, I never could have married a boy my own age," she replied. "I've always admired men older—much older—than myself. It was all right to go to dances and parties with young chaps, but as to marrying one of them—never!"

"I couldn't respect a very young man as a husband unless he were a genius, and then he would probably be too smug to inspire anything but my intense dislike. One thing

Laura and Seiter first met when he directed her in a picture about three years ago. He has directed her in many other films since and is still directing her.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Laura says that the inspiring ceremony of her big church wedding impressed upon her the sacredness of marriage in a way that a smaller, more informal wedding never could have.

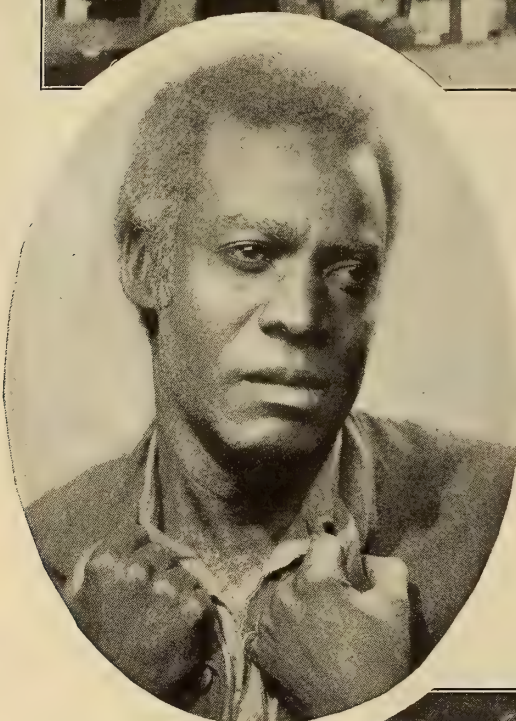
that immediately attracted me to Mr. Seiter was his maturity. And I think a man who has already been married, if he is the right sort, makes a much better husband than one who has had no previous knowledge of marriage. Bill is so kind and considerate, and always knows just what attentions to show me. Much of that is natural with him, but surely some of it must be the result of having been married before.

"Mother used to go with us to so many affairs before we were married, and she so thoroughly approved of Bill that it only strengthened my faith in him. Oh, and he has the loveliest mother and sister. I just knew that any man who had such a charming family must be fine and splendid.

"That is another thing. I never could have married Bill if I hadn't liked his family, or if they hadn't like me.

Continued on page 109





James Lowe, the skilled negro actor, lends virility as well as the usual pathos to the title rôle of UNCLE TOM.

UNCLE TOM, Little Eva, Topsy, Eliza, Aunt Ophelia, Simon Legree, Marks the Lawyer—all to come to life on the screen!

And the screen should be able to do for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" what the stage could never do—what even the novel itself could hardly do, except for the truly imaginative. It should be able to make the story so real that you will feel you have never truly known it before.

A good old-fashioned negro orchestra helped to brighten the eight long weeks that the "Uncle Tom" troupe spent on board the old Mississippi River boat, LA BELLE RIVIERE.

Way Down South

That famous old classic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now being brought to the screen, and with

By Grace

Those poor old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" road-show companies—frozen in bad hotels in the winter, roasted in tents in the summer. But there is something so superbly vital in the story, that nothing could kill it. Not even the indestructible ice when it got out of control; not even the obviously bored and unwilling bloodhounds; not even the decrepit *Little Evas*, the horribly jocose

Margarita Fischer is here shown about to enact the famous scene of ELIZA crossing the ice.

Lawyer Marks, the minstrel *Uncle Toms*, the jumping-jack *Topsies*. Travesty cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of "Uncle Tom."

It is with the most thoughtful care, almost with reverence, that Harry Pollard has been filming this American classic for Universal. Here is no papier-mâché ice, crumbling at the touch of *Eliza's* swift and slender foot, precipitating her to the river's green baize bottom and revealing skidding rollers beneath the ice blocks. Here is no burnt-cork *Uncle Tom* with an intermittent Southern accent. Here is no precocious *Little Eva* reveling in the tenth summer of her twentieth year. Here we have "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought to life with genuine realism.

Harry Pollard knows his "Uncle Tom." He made a picture of the story for Universal once before, away back in 1912,





with "Uncle Tom"

long a sturdy perennial of the theater, is such realism as should give you the shivers.

Kingsley

with himself as *Uncle Tom*, Margarita Fischer as *Topsy*, Bob Leonard as *Simon Legree*, Eddie Lyons, now dead, as *Marks the Lawyer*, and Gertrude Short as *Little Eva*.

"It was the world's longest picture up to that time—three reels," said Mr. Pollard, when I recently talked with him, "and made a great deal of talk. Gertrude couldn't swim, and when she jumped off the boat into the Sacramento River, I really saved her life. There were no doubles in those days."

But "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies traditionally meet with a lot of grief, and the present production has already had its share. Pollard has been working on the picture for more than a year, and through no fault of his own. In the first place, there was the difficulty of finding a suitable *Topsy* and *Little Eva*. But at last, in the persons of Mona Rey and Virginia Gray, he has two perfect types.

Then, when he went to Plattsburg, New York, to take the frozen-river scenes, he met with such a setback as no true artist should ever have to suffer. He went to a dentist to have a tooth pulled, and the dentist broke his jaw! This laid him up for six months. However, he did manage, in spite of everything, to get some wonderful river scenes.

"But," he said, "there was trouble with the bloodhounds, which we had brought with us from California. It was so cold, they wouldn't work—just beat it for the wagons where it was warm. Finally, however, we induced them to do their stuff. And they did it with a vengeance! They were well-trained bloodhounds—two of them had aided in trapping murderers in California.

"We started out, by the way, with six bloodhounds, and there are now eighteen! We have enough of them to furnish all the 'Uncle Tom' companies in the country for the next ten years."

There was nothing half-hearted nor make-believe about the bloodhounds used in the film—two of them had aided in trapping murderers in California.



Mona Rey as TOPSY.



Virginia Gray
as
LITTLE EVA.

When Pollard was able to resume work, after his trouble with his jaw, the company traveled down the Mississippi River on an old boat, *La Belle Rivière*, filming scenes along the way.

"The boat was funny and old-fashioned in its appointments," said the director, "but it was very picturesque. The scenery was lovely and interesting. There was a good deal of fog at times, but it softened the landscape. We took scenes on the old battle-grounds of Memphis, Natchez, and Vicksburg."

He has many old newspapers



LITTLE EVA visits the quarters where the slaves are chained alongside the animals on board LA BELLE RIVIERE.



Jack Mower as SHELBY.

Lassie Lou Ahern as LITTLE HARRY.



given him by Southerners he met. Some of them are full of red-hot news of the Civil War!

In the film there are shown some old Southern estates that haven't been lived in since the war. In Natchez, Pollard found an old home which had belonged to a man who lost his money in the war, and though it was still beautifully furnished, nobody had lived in it since those days.

The director had little time for exploration, however, as he left the boat only three or four times during the eight weeks the company was on location in the South.

"My wife"—Margarita Fisher, who plays *Eliza*—"and I had spa-

cious quarters aboard the boat," he explained, "yet life was very primitive. There was no running water in the staterooms, and only one shower aboard. I believe nobody on the boat had a bath in anything except a wash-bowl during the entire eight weeks."

John Roche, who plays *St. Clair*, *Little Eva's* father, also had something to say on the subject.

"If I wanted warm water, I tipped a negro boy to go down into the kitchen and get me a pitcherful. I got it only if not too many of the other players had been before me. And it was almost impossible to get any laundry done.

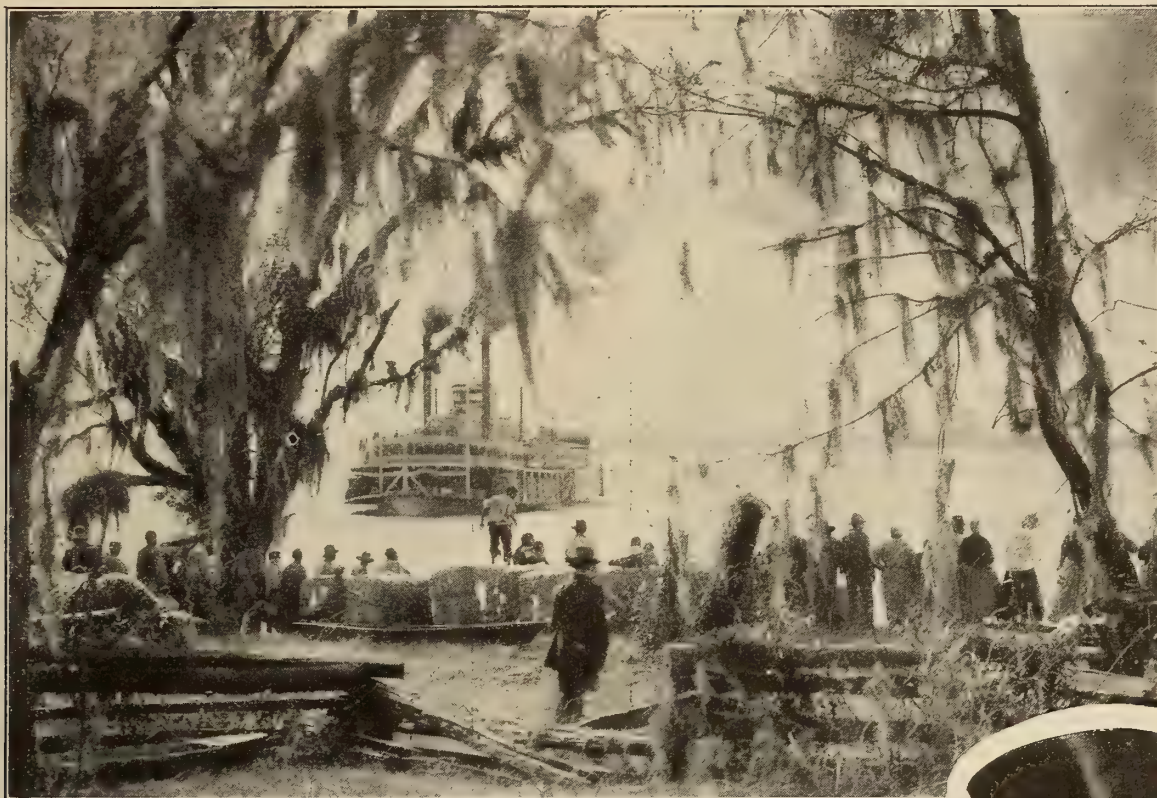
"The boat traveled about five miles an hour—when she traveled at all! There wasn't much to do when we weren't working. Card playing, reading, and dancing filled our hours. Arthur Trent, one of the negroes in the troupe, was a wonderful singer. He helped make the trip pleasant. Then there was another negro who played the banjo, and negro spirituals were sung a good deal."

Fire was an ever-present menace. And when one realizes that there were one hundred and fifty people aboard the boat, one can imagine what that must have meant. Three times, fire did break out, and many of the extras were restrained only with difficulty from flinging themselves into the river, though they must have known that they could never have reached shore against the treacherous currents. The big stores of fuel gasoline aboard, as well as much cotton, didn't make matters any better. The men, however, pitched in and put the fire out. Since then the boat has burned completely.

Pollard declares that the negro extras in the company were wonderful in their acting.

"They were especially good in emotional scenes. Tears ran down their cheeks without any seeming effort on their part. I learned a lot from those negroes."

James Lowe, the negro who plays the title rôle of *Uncle Tom* is said to be unusually fine in his portrayal, and to imbue the famous old character with a tremendous amount of virility as well as the usual



The troupe traveled all the way down the Mississippi on LA BELLE RIVIERE, landing here and there to film scenes at historic points.

pathos. He presents a younger *Uncle Tom* than has been customary.

There was one negro in the troupe called "The Preacher."

"I don't know why," said Pollard. "He was anything but a holy man. Every once in a while he used to disappear, just when we needed him, and production was held up while a group was sent out to look for him. The film was costing us \$6,000 a day down there, too. One day, after looking for The Preacher for hours, we found him curled up in a hollow tree sound asleep.

"We had great difficulty at first in getting the negroes down there in the South to work in the picture," Pollard continued. "I don't know whether they considered all forms of theatricals wicked, or whether the white people down there had prejudiced them against 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in particular, but the difficulty was there.

"We had to leave Memphis, because we couldn't get a single negro there to work with us. Not even the chamber of commerce could persuade them to do it.

It was through a negro preacher that we finally got our colored actors. Not until he persuaded them, would they join us.

"There was, for instance, the negro stoker on the boat, who was filmed in the course of his work. He seemed to take such a great deal of interest in appearing before the camera, and showed so much



Lucien Littlefield as MARKS THE LAWYER.

Aileen Manning as AUNT OPHELIA.



John Roche as ST. CLAIR, LITTLE EVA'S father.



ability that I asked him to come into some other scenes. But he wouldn't work except in those stoking scenes! Somehow he had got it into his head that the movies were very

wicked, and he simply refused to work for them. "But you appear in the picture as a fireman," we told him.

"Oh, that's my job," was his reply. "But I won't work in no movies."

"One colored girl we used was a correspondent for a Southern paper. We used her in a scene where the slaves are chained down with pigs and sheep. She played a bit that I put in for her. We put a white make-up on her, and got two or three

Continued on page 108

The Stars

And who would stop them? Especially when the
their pranks



Children will be children—upper left, Rod La Rocque and his little dog steal grandma's specs and play they are two old hayseeds lost in the big city. Below them, Janet Gaynor gets mother's permission to go for a ride on her new velocipede. Above, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman behold themselves in a distortion mirror, and below them, Monty Banks and Jean Arthur play angels.

Left, Raymond Keane gives Ethlyne Clair a slippery ride on Hollywood's indoor skating rink.

Must Play

camera is always standing by, ready to let the fans in on and pastimes.



"You be the audience, and I'll be Harry Lauder with a saxophone!" said Hoot Gibson in great glee to "Slim" Summerville, but after a few minutes of this little game, Slim decided that the fun was all Hoot's.



Above Desperate Daisy, alias Marie Prevost, decides to end it all with the garden hose.



"What!" said Bobby Vernon. "No snuff! But I must have my sneeze!" And he got it!—as you can plainly see. To think that men really used to do this for pleasure!



"Pooh! A mere trifle!" says Tom Tyler, as he nonchalantly balances little Frankie Darro on his hand.

But, after all, that's no funnier than Ruth Clifford's pushing a lawn mower for pleasure—and in a gym suit, at that. Beware of that California sun, Ruth—it may feel nice and warm now, but wait till you begin to blister!





During Victor McLaglen's adventurous career he has been farm hand, prospector, soldier, engineer, clerk, prize fighter, and now is an actor of unique abilities.

Photo by Autrey

He's There

Victor McLaglen is a hero in the the home folks of Hollywood as

By Ann

IT is one thing to be an idol in the movies—and quite another to be an idol of the movies.

You know what I mean?

Rip-snorting Lotharios, who can quicken the pulse of the nation with one lingering look, have been known to rate as low as the German mark among the home folks in Hollywood. And, on the other hand, Hollywood has idols who can't even get a line in the fan-letter departments of the magazines. It is only once in a long while that some one comes along who wins the acclaim of his fellow artists and at the same time rakes in the out-of-town votes. Such a one is Emil Jannings; Wallace Beery is another; and more recently Victor McLaglen has bounded into this class.

Without a doubt the last named is the new hero of Hollywood, this six-foot-three Englishman who cursed his way into screen fame through the cannon smoke of "What Price Glory." In a great bit of acting that passed the understanding of many people who hadn't, at first, been able to "see" him in the rôle, he breathed humanity into the shadow of the profane *Captain Flagg*, and awoke the morning after the première to find himself not only the talk of a good part of this movie-going country, but a hit with his neighbors as well. Producers, directors, and even other actors, were so lavish in their genuine appreciation that you would never have suspected that they had ever doubted his ability to do the rôle.

The opening of the picture at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles comes to mind as a remarkable tribute to McLaglen. It had been a long time since Hollywood had worked itself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm over an American picture. The producer, the director, the players, were on the tip

of every one's tongue. But McLaglen in particular. Emphatically McLaglen.

John Ford grinningly insisted that McLaglen was his favorite actor. Little Jobyna Ralston confided that she was writing for his photograph and would even go so far as to inclose a quarter. Kathleen Key went around bemoaning the fact that she had once missed an opportunity to make a picture with him. Even Edmund Lowe, who did such excellent work in the picture himself, said, "It's Vic's picture," and thus proved himself an unusually generous critic.

"You know," McLaglen told me, several weeks later, "when

I think of the generosity I have found on all sides, the happiness that has come to me in the two years I have been in this country, I get a crazy, choked-up feeling. I am an alien, a foreigner, and yet I have never known such contentment. It seems that only good luck and good things have come

to me since I have been here."

The only reason I brought that in immediately is because it is testimony in direct antithesis to that of a certain little immigrant star who insists that his art is a thing apart and owes nothing to any nation. The only thing that is more like a serpent's tooth than the ingratitude of a child is the ingratitude of an adopted child. But McLaglen cannot say too much in appreciation of the opportunity that has been his in American studios. Which is pleasantly surprising.

The man himself is more or less surprising. Having never seen him before in what we call "the flesh," I was not prepared for what I found him to be—a home-loving Englishman, proud of his wife and two children, of his home in Beverly Hills, and of the rôles that are coming his way. He might have been a perfect picture of the Average Citizen, if it were not for the incongru-

ous strain of adventure that has run through his life.

With the aid of a publicity sentinel I traced him to his dressing room, where he was resting a few moments between scenes of "Carmen." For the purposes of *Escamillo* he was wearing a toreador's costume, and presented a vivid, if not exceptionally personable, figure.

He isn't handsome. That is, I guess he isn't. He isn't supposed to be. If you were to ask people if Victor McLaglen—he pronounces it McLock-lin—is handsome, nine out of ten

His lighter moments in "What Price Glory," with Dolores del Rio, are as captivating as his profane ones.



with the Goods

fullest sense of the word, for he qualifies as such with well as with the fans who know him only on the screen.

Sylvester

would say "No!" and some would say "—, no!" after the fashion of a "What Price Glory" subtitle.

But it is only fair to report that he is not unpleasing in appearance. Due to the excellent care he has given his body, and his early training as a prize fighter, his physique is youthful and iron-muscled. He is straighter than an Indian. And as graceful. His teeth flash amazingly white in contrast to his brown skin. When he grins, the entire set is on display. He grins often.

Somewhat after the manner of a boy boasting of freak facial contortions, he told me he could fake a "real smile" at a moment's notice without feeling any particular amusement. He got a job that way once. The rôle called for a steady grin from start to finish. When he applied for the part he grinned all through the interview, though nothing amusing was taking place.

"I had to go after the part of *Flagg* somewhat in the same way," he said, after I was comfortably seated and he was comfortably smoking. "At first they couldn't see me in the part. I had to prove myself.

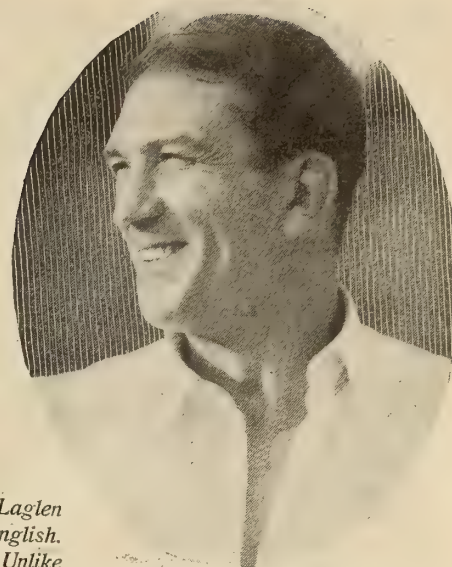
"I was working in 'Beau Geste' when a friend told me that my name was down as a possibility for 'What Price Glory.' My friend also told me he didn't think there was much chance of my getting the rôle. I wanted to know why not. He told me the studio people didn't think I was tough enough.

"So they didn't think I was tough enough! I'd show them, I promised myself.

McLaglen and his horse are rarely seen apart in Beverly Hills.



ESCAMILLO, the toreador in "*Carmen*," is his latest rôle.



McLaglen is English.

Unlike

some foreign players, he is grateful for his success in this country.

"At the first opportunity, I came busting down to the Fox studio. I didn't announce myself to Walsh or Sheehan. I didn't even know who Sheehan was. Even if I had known he was the whole works at the studio, it wouldn't have made any difference to me. I went to the 'No admittance' gate and shoved by the gateman. He yelled, 'Hey, where you going?' I said, 'What the — is it to you!' I thought as long as I was going to show them how tough I was I might as well start right away.

"Into Raoul Walsh's office I sailed. I said, 'Mr. Walsh, I'm Victor McLaglen. I understand you are considering me for "What Price Glory."'

"Walsh looked vaguely surprised, as though he didn't remember having considered me for anything; but he ran his pencil down a list of about sixty names, and mine was about the forty-ninth. 'Yes,' he said, 'you're down here.' He looked me over a moment. 'I don't think you're brutal enough for the way we're planning to play *Flagg*,' he said.

"Then I started talking. I blustered through a recital of all the tough rôles I had ever done in pictures—and a few I hadn't done. I told him all I asked was a test for the part.

"He sat there listening, and finally said he would give me a test. 'You know the part?' he asked. 'Oh, sure!' I said. Which was an out-and-out lie. I had never seen the play nor read a synopsis of the story.

"Walsh had some one find me a uniform and took me over onto a set for the test. I knew I could never register there in one of those profile-front-face tests I could see he was getting ready to give me, so I did a lot of tall thinking.

"The only thing I knew about the story at all was that two soldiers got drunk in one of the scenes. An act like that, I thought, would give me a chance to show something. So I asked if we couldn't shoot such a scene just as it might take place in the picture.

[Continued on page 104]



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Gilda Gray represents the triumph of sheer personality, for she is not beautiful as screen stars go.

ONE never says, "No, Miss Gray," to Gilda. One only says, "Yes!" though it isn't at all necessary to kneel when doing so.

For Gilda is what is known as a good scout. Even queens are often good scouts, and Gilda is the queen of the lot at the Famous Players studio on Long Island, or wherever she happens to be. She will be the first to admit it. The erstwhile immigrant from Poland, née Maria Michalski—oh, she's the first to admit that, also—is now one of the biggest stars of them all.

Just off the edge of the "Cabaret" set stood her little dressing room, modeled after a ship's cabin, in which she could make costume changes during the day; it was *such* a long walk to her suite of rooms—parlor, boudoir, and bath—in the regular dressing-room corridor. In her cozy cabin Miss Gray rested between shots, or entertained friends. Her lunch was brought to her there; Miss Gray did *not* eat in the studio lunch room.

Gilda wears costumes of her own designing; her clothes do *not* represent the taste of the studio wardrobe department. The film she plays in is of her own choosing; she does *not* work in any picture she doesn't like. Other stars may, if they happen to be under contract. But not Gilda! No long contract for her—or, anyhow, not unless she could select her own stories.

This is the amazing pinnacle which Gilda Gray has reached;

She Dictates

Gilda Gray, not many years ago risen to such heights of success thousand dollars for her work in a

By Alma

yet "Cabaret" is only her second picture. Seldom has any star on the screen been able so completely to dictate her own terms.

Gilda started right out on her film career, in "Aloma of the South Seas," telling everybody just what was what, agreeing to do this, refusing to do that. Such is the power of box-office success. Gilda Gray, in her half dozen years of dancing on the stage, has achieved perhaps the most dazzling popularity of any star in stage history, with the exception of Al Jolson. She has broken all records in almost every theater in which she has played, all over the country.

When she agreed to make a picture—"Aloma"—it was only because it interested her to do it, financially and otherwise, and because every demand she made was acceded to. Then followed personal appearances with that film—more dazzling popularity; and then another picture, "Cabaret," which, also, she undertook because she wanted to—the little matter of one hundred thousand dollars for five weeks' work being a very, very good reason for wanting to.

Absolutely! One hundred thousand dollars for her services—seventy-five thousand for herself, and the rest for her husband, Gil Boag, whose astute business management has helped largely in her success.

Well, of course, I told her, if her services were wanted that badly she could afford to hold out for her own terms! But Miss Gray announced firmly that her position had nothing to do with it; she always had worked only under conditions that pleased her.

Even back in the dreary, struggling days when she received eight dollars a

week as an entertainer in a Chicago cabaret. Even then,



Her dancing is inspirational, for she never has taken a lesson and she makes up her steps as she goes along.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Her Own Terms

an immigrant in the steerage, has that she commands one hundred picture—and only her second, at that.

Talley

she said, she worked only in her own way; if there were objections she quit, at the risk of not getting another job, even at eight dollars.

She's a girl with a firm will, Gilda is, and confidence in her ability, so that she can say to any one, "All right, take me or leave me"—and snap her fingers. They're only too eager to take her, on her own terms.

"Cabaret" is an appropriate enough story for her to play in. The title describes it, with Gilda of course as the cabaret entertainer, and Tom Moore opposite her as a plain-clothes policeman, whom she marries to save her weakling brother. Sh! We're in the movies now, and Gilda assured me that the story was very real, very human—just, in fact, like a true story. Anyhow—

There was the lavish cabaret set, with its dance floor and orchestra, its gaudy draperies of gold cloth, its dozens of tables surrounded by extras and covered with ginger ale and fizz-water bottles. As the orchestra played, Gilda, when she was not working, was constantly doing little solo dances on the side lines. This caused a little flurry of attention among the extras then at ease, though of course Gilda wasn't showing off. It was merely that she could not keep her feet still while that jazz music was playing.

We retired to her little dressing room that looked just like a ship's cabin, with its bunk, and the water carafe in a socket against the wall. One noticed these details rather belatedly, like the background in a florist's shop, after the eyes got used to the carnations and jonquils and roses arranged in vases all over the room.

Gilda's husband sends her posies twice a week; I forgot to



Photo by Russell Ball

Gilda Gray and her manager-husband, Gil Boag, live in a Colonial home on Long Island.



In "Cabaret," her new picture, Gilda plays a nightclub dancer, of course.

ask whether Gilda or the studio furnished the vases, but there were six in a row across the dressing table, and then I stopped counting.

Just a bower, this room, with Gilda in the midst of it, dressed in a white lace frock of her own designing, studded with clusters of violets; very décolleté—very—with a wide panniered skirt that looked quaint until one discovered that there were no petticoats under the lace.

But she threw a shawl over her shoulders as we went down to the studio lunch room—Gilda's first trip—because four were too many to crowd into her little dressing room.

"They ought to put a sign on the restaurant door," remarked Gilda, "'Gilda Gray is inside.' I never come in here, you know. Such clatter, such staring. It's cozier having my lunch in my own little room. Isn't that a cute place, built just for me?"

"That isn't the same one, then, that

Gloria used to have? And Greta Nissen was sitting in one, too, the last time I was out at the studio."

"Oh, no, honey." Every one is "honey" or "dear" to Gilda, including the maid, and the waitress. "All the stars don't have dressing rooms on the set. Anyhow, not like mine. Not like a ship's cabin, built just for me."

Somehow you don't mind this in Gilda Gray; she seems so naïve about her success. In any one else, what sounds suspiciously like braggadocio would probably make you resentful.

Gilda waited patiently for her lunch. She is on a diet, because she feels better when she doesn't eat much meat. She denied indignantly that her diet was a little matter having to do with weight. "I weigh only one hundred and eighteen," she assured me.

Back in her dressing room we fell to talking of her son, Martin, now thirteen years old.

"Thirteen this April," said Gilda, becoming motherly.

"He was born when I was sixteen. I was just a kid when I married the first time; I married Martin Goretski just to help my father get into politics." Martin Goretski was the son of a man influential in politics in Milwaukee. Gray is the Anglicized version of Goretski.

Gilda's son, Martin, has now taken the name of Boag and has been adopted by Gilda's present husband. He lives with her mother and father in Milwaukee, where she bought them a house, because she doesn't think it would be good for him to be plunged into the theatrical atmosphere, at his age.

"He writes to me every week," she said. "We're looking up a school for him now, but we want to find the very best to send him to. He's the sweetest child. Several years ago when I was getting my divorce, the other boys at school started jeering at Martin. 'Ha-ha! Your mother's a shimmy dancer,' they'd say. But do you think that worried Martin? He came right back at them, 'Well, if your mother had the shape my mother's got, she'd be making lots of money, too!' And now all the boys in Martin's school have written me for autographed photos, and they brag about knowing Gilda Gray's son."

It's amazing, Gilda's success. A triumph of personality, indeed. A marvelous dancer is Gilda, of course. She makes up her steps as she goes along, and when she starts dancing she never has any idea of what she's going to do. Still—the world is full of good dancers. And, really, her dancing itself means little on

the screen. She photographs very well, but she is not beautiful. There might be some difference of opinion as to whether she is even pretty. She wears a golden-blond wig in pictures, because her own ash-blond hair photographs dark, a difficulty suffered by many blondes who do not have their hair "touched up."

Gilda wears as few clothes as possible, because it's more comfortable, she says. And with evening frocks she never wears stockings. She doesn't care much for night life, and that's one of the reasons she likes playing in films; the other reason being, of course, twenty thousand dollars a week.

"I like to go to bed at nine o'clock and get up with the chickens. I can't say the *other* chickens, can I?" She and her husband have a house in Rockville Center, Long Island, where they live most of the time. She comes all the way from the country every day to the studio.

"But of course I drive in, in a Hispano-Suiza car," she explained.

"It's a beauty, too. Gray and black, with silver trimmings. The prettiest car you ever saw. It took first prize at the Paris exposition, and I admired it so much that Mr. Boag"—she always refers to her husband as Mr. Boag—"Mr. Boag bought it for me for Christmas. So I come to work every morning in the Hispano, but I really feel that I belong up in front with the chauffeur."

This last is Gilda's favorite remark, which she has brought into every conversation I have ever had with her.

The most likable thing about Gilda is her frankness. Many stars might

feel that they belong in front with the chauffeur, but who but Gilda would admit it? And she frequently refers facetiously to her "Polish face." She laughingly told about the palmist who read her hands and analyzed the "mounts" at the base of the fingers. "They're 'mounts' now, but in the days when I did my own washing they were just plain callouses."

Gilda takes great pride in admitting her humble origin—and then in the next breath she will say something that, in any one else, would sound exactly—well, like boasting.

"I did solo dances, unprofessionally, at Mitchel's and Le Perroquet, in Paris," she announced a little later, and was quite unabashed when it was pointed out that almost every American girl who has been in Paris has done the same thing, including your correspondent.

"Well, anyhow," said Gilda, "at Le Perroquet, the

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Photo by Russell Ball

Gilda finds it necessary to get away from the theatrical atmosphere that surrounds her most of the time, and preparing her own simple meals is part of her holiday.



Photo by Arnold Genthe

Greta Garbo scorned an increase in salary from four hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars a week, rather than continue to play sirens.

Rebellion Sweeps Hollywood

Stars are rising in the might of their popularity and defying the producers to make them play uncongenial rôles, in spite of contracts and forfeited salaries. What is behind this amazing independence?

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

THOUGH outwardly all seems calm on the celluloid Potomac, there is trouble within the camps. Internal strife is raging with a vigor matched by no era in motion-picture annals. And while business generalship strives to maintain law and order, accord-

ing to the traditions of might, the individual player struggles in the clutches of long-term contracts and studio blunders.

This bitter dispute is being waged between the producers and the stars, with to date, despite rumors to the



In a fiery argument with Samuel Goldwyn, her employer, Belle Bennett protested against his lending her to other producers at a profit to himself.

contrary, the laurels of victory almost without exception reposing on the brows of the stars. How the victors will wear those laurels, whether their newly won freedom will go, like new wine, to their heads or whether they will employ their brains in selecting better and more plausible rôles than those previously assigned to them, remains to be seen.

Or whether, without the rock of a powerful organization behind them, these stars will flounder and sink into obscurity, only time will show. The fact remains, however, that, like seasoned troupers, they have been willing to risk the hazards of failure or success rather than disappear voluntarily into the bottomless pit of dull routine dug for them by the stupidity of studio mentors.

More than half the trouble has, of course, come from the insidious evil known as the long-term contract. It holds a snare for both producer and player, and has no merit at all save

in the case of the "baby" or Wampas star, eager to try her wings. But the producer, ever alert to fill his ranks with box-office talent, dangles before the dazzled eyes of the player the promise of monetary security, or even luxury beyond the wildest dreams; and the player, sometimes through greed, or moved by an earnest desire for freedom from financial care, signs—and the damage is done.

The first fruits of satisfaction are slowly tainted by the cankers of disappointment and disillusionment—often as not appearing in the form of poor stories and unsuitable or colorless parts.

Big business frowns at the first signs of discontent, usually manifested by a daintily clad figure, dripping with brilliants, popping in unexpectedly to see the boss. He listens perfunctorily to her tale of woe, waves a huge paw, and tells "the little girl" to march right home and take a sedative. Instructions are then issued to the guardians-at-arms to "keep that dame out of the office," frequently accompanied by the grumble of disgust, "Can you believe it? And five years ago she was grateful for a square meal! Gratitude? Ye gods!"

But the balance of power in the motion-picture business rests with personalities. The player's the thing. And while showmanship and good stories are vital, neither brings any lasting returns unless hitched as wagons to the stars, or colorful players at least. Ineffective casting has ruined

many a striking story, and stupid miscasting is one of the several deadly sins of the film industry.

So, while the producer may outwardly sneer at the player's tactics, he is greatly alarmed by them. He needs stars, and he knows it. He is just as eager to keep them on his weekly pay roll as the star is to salt away her ducats or display their emblems on her soft lily-white throat and wrists. He most certainly does not want her to slip through his fingers into the hands of any of his competitors. He would rather farm her out at a profit, regardless of her future—à la Claire Windsor, Betty

Patsy Ruth Miller refused to renew her contract, because it meant that her rôles would be chosen by others.

Photo by Melbourne Sparr



Photo by Nikolas Muray

Bronson, and Belle Bennett—than see her name appear on a rival's pay roll. Or even hand her out huge weekly pay checks while she rests between pictures rather than risk the chance of losing her altogether. A producer may have a whole set of ingénues under the lock and key of long-term contracts, yet froths and foams at the mouth when a new luminary appears on the horizon under a rival banner.

Take, for example, the case of Lois Moran, who sprang into fame overnight. Every company, though its pay roll was padded with idle ingénues, jumped into the running for her services.

Miss Moran failed to accept the alluring offers that rained on her doorstep. She preferred to pursue her way unfettered by obligations to any company. As a free-lance her salary has increased by leaps and bounds until to-day she is one of the highest-salaried players. There are no kicks coming from the Moran headquarters on Park Avenue.

But what about Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Lya de Putti, Lois Wilson, and Dorothy Mackaill, whose troubles have been bruited about in the public prints? Not to forget for one moment the rumbles of discontent that have issued from the citadels of Rod La Rocque, May McAvoy, Hoot Gibson, and Belle Bennett? And is it true that the two Richards, Barthelmess and Dix, and the two Raymonds, Hatton and Griffith, all took part in a con-

When Famous Players went West, Alice Joyce objected to leaving New York.



Dorothy Mackaill was perfectly willing to forgo a big weekly check when she couldn't get parts that suited her ambitions.



Photo by Freulich

Not to be left out of the rebellion, Hoot Gibson kicked against the scenarios assigned to him.

certed movement to flout authority and make themselves generally disagreeable, regardless of contracts with their respective companies?

It is true that during the last few months these luminaries have at one time or another gone into the ring with their bosses, but in the case of several an amicable decision was reached after the first couple of rounds—to wit, Hatton and Griffith, whose difficulties were caused mainly by antagonism in the studio, the former's by his failure to get the raise in salary he declared was promised him and the latter's because of the stories assigned to him. Richard Dix's verbal fisticuffs came about when an old picture was acquired

from another company, with a view to sandwiching it in among the more ambitious undertakings of his present schedule, as a means of bringing him to terms. Alice Joyce's contract merely came to an end, and since New York is her happy hunting ground and the studio force moved westward, it was not renewed. And Richard Barthelmess, heartily sick of the maunderings of inept scripts, quietly allowed his contract to lapse and walked across to another studio lot. Hoot Gibson raised a howl of protest against the stories given him to do, and May McAvoy flatly refused to share honors in the same picture with Irene Rich.

The case of Gloria Swanson is pretty well known. After many years in the business, having been fired by Charlie Chaplin, hired by Mack Sennett, and tricked out in everything but the kitchen stove by Cecil De Mille, she made a sensational hit in "The Humming Bird." Then, with one or two fairly successful pictures thereafter, poor stories threatened her with extinction. She realized it, and set up in business for herself. "The Love of Sunya" was the result of her first independent venture and United Artists jumped at the chance to distribute her productions.

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Mother Knows Best

Mrs. Sibbie Borden guides the career of her daughter Olive with a notable combination of maternal solicitude and professional sagacity.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AS soon as I saw "Sibbie" I knew that everything was going to be all right. Sibbie is Mrs. Borden, and Mrs. Borden is Olive's mother. And Olive's mother is her personal representative, chargé d'affaires, chaperon, manager, duenna, and *alter ego*. Sibbie might say that she is also her daughter's very best pal.

Sibbie was there to referee the séance. Sibbie sat in her daughter's corner, holding her hand, guarding her statements, smoothing awkward pauses, verily divining the cause of my visit. She was a great help.

Olive is one of filmdom's débutantes, a slim brunette with ingenuously big eyes and extravagantly pretty legs. Her hair is glossy black and marceled, her lips ruddy, her teeth prominent. She looks warm—melting, should the point be elaborated—but when she opens her mouth to talk, illusion vanishes. She is a child.

Olive cuts a shapely and thus far unimportant figure in world cinema. If you enjoy Mae Murray, and Colleen Moore, and the Vaughn phenomenon, you will probably count yourself among Olive's admirers and well-wishers, hailing her as a new Venus in the Hollywood firmament. On the screen she is coy, fluttering, "cute;" if her face is hardly expressive, her figure is eloquent. Indeed, in "The Monkey Talks," her current appearance, Mr. Walsh shows her in ballet costume after ballet costume, varying these engaging bits with dramatic suspense in the way of a brief bathing costume and a negligible negligee that is little short of climactic.

Did she enjoy "The Monkey Talks?" She pouted sweetly.

"To tell the honest truth, I mean, really, I didn't think——"

"Of course she loved it," interposed Sibbie. "You didn't see the finished picture, darling," she explained to Olive. "It will be fine!"

Thus the afternoon progressed, a duet versus an innocent bystander. They had come from the South, Sibbie explained, with vigorous nods and uh-huhs from Olive. They caressed their a's and slurred their r's prettily, causing one to think of levees, and cotton gins, Kentucky homes, and Memphis mummies, Ca'lina huskin' bees, and Old Black Jolson.

When Olive had decided to join the movies, it seemed, she and her mother left the sunny climes of Virginia for the extra benches of Hollywood.

Early days were spent among the Roachs and Christies and other short-reel De Milles. Then Olive's chance to be dramatic came when she was engaged for "The Dressmaker from Paris," in which her knees registered

so emphatically that the bathing suit was relegated to the trunk; Olive was thenceforth an actress, not a beach beauty; her comedy past was forgotten.

The metamorphosis involved a few months of starvation diet that was dictated by economic pressure rather than vanity: Olive and her mother endured all the hardships for which the picture capital is celebrated. For months they waited the call of drama. Finally, it came. And when drama did rear its head, it wore a false face. That is, Olive played opposite Tony and Tom Mix.

"I actually was turned down for the part," said Olive. "But I got it, anyway.

They wanted a Spanish type, and my agent showed them a

test of me that they didn't like. I never liked it myself. Sitting in the Fox office, waiting to hear the verdict, I saw Emmett Flynn, the director, talking to my agent. As I approached them Flynn was saying, 'No, we can't use her. She's terrible!'

"I hadn't worked for months, hadn't eaten much that day, felt pretty desperate. I flew up, bawled out my agent for showin'

the poor test, told Flynn I didn't give a hoot what he thought of me, then ran away from them like sixty."

The happy ending was furnished by Mr. Flynn's sprint after her, the capture, the contract.

Following the Mix picture, Olive was employed regularly by the Fox forces, one of her most important appearances being in "Three Bad Men," another in "Fig Leaves," which was riotous with lingerie and other box-office touches.

She was surprised, Sibbie said, that in almost every picture Olive was required to participate in bathing scenes, boudoir revelations, and similar episodes that braved the studio drafts.

As one of Olive's designers, Sibbie should be among the first to appreciate her own handiwork. The Borden lines are little short of superb. In reporting that fact, I substantiate

it with a concurring opinion from no less an authority than Raymond Hitchcock, who worked with Olive in "The Monkey Talks." His pet name for the starlet was "Chippendale." Never did that master carver fashion anything more shapely than La Borden. And it is obvious but pertinent to remind you that the outstanding feature of a Chippendale piece is its legs.

Before this degenerates into a maudlin monograph exploiting the symmetrical limbs of one of our cinema

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Olive Borden's aptitude for wearing revealing costumes is a strong element in her popularity.



Photo by Antroy

OLIVE BORDEN'S youthful charm won her many admirers on her first visit to the big city of New York, whither she came from Hollywood to make "The Joy Girl." Malcolm H. Oettinger gives his impressions of her on the opposite page.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

LARS HANSON is proof that fans *do* like strength of character in an actor as well as good looks. He has amassed a large following since his forceful performance in "The Scarlet Letter," and now has the title rôle in "Captain Salvation."



Photo by Hemmel

WARNER BAXTER grew this jaunty little mustache for his society-man rôle in "The Great Gatsby," but now that he has gone back to the great open spaces in Zane Grey's "Drums of the Desert," he has no doubt discarded the adornment.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

OH, what a big boy am I! Jackie Coogan, in brass buttons and a Sam Browne belt, is now attending the Hollywood Military Academy. Besides which, he's busy being a boy bugler in "The Bugle Call," a film of the Civil War.



Photo by Melbourne Kourr

IF you'd have a little versatility, behold Gertrude Astor. Having just distinguished herself as a tough cabaret girl in M.-G.-M.'s "The Taxi Dancer," she went over to the Universal lot to play *Little Eva's* mother in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



THE rumor is that Virginia Valli may be given the rôle of *Iris March* in "The Green Hat." If there's any truth in it, Virginia will be the envy of all the girls in Hollywood, for they're all longing to play *Iris*.

Photo by Melbourne Sparr



Photo by Eugene Robert Eiche

WHAT has happened to our little Clara? She seems suddenly to have become, oh, so demure! Who would ever think, from this puritanical pose, that Miss Bow had just been tearing things to pieces in "Rough House Rosie?"



Photo by Hoover

WILLIAM BOYD is the first De Mille leading man not to have that "foreign look" about him, according to William H. McKegg in the story on the opposite page. Which is most decidedly one up for America.

A Breezy Blond Named Bill

William Boyd's cheerful greeting—"Hello, kid! How's things?"—echoes through the years, unchanged by his rise from extra to leading man.

By William H. McKegg

LOOKING back over all the previous De Mille leading men, I find that not one can be pointed out as a breezy one-hundred-per-cent American hero. De Mille's men have always looked foreign—that is, until William Boyd sprang up from the ranks.

"I never thought, three and a half years ago, that I'd ever see you coming to interview me," remarked Mr. Boyd, but there I was, in time for the interview and also in time for lunch. In fact, neither did I think, three and a half years ago, that I would ever be writing a story about Bill Boyd.

In those days Bill was under contract to Famous Players, doing extra work at something like thirty dollars a week. I used to pass him on the old Vine Street lot, or while on my way to the studio cafeteria.

In a mad moment some Famous Players official in New York had sent out to Hollywood a French edition of "My Man"—which metamorphosed into "Shadows of Paris"—suggesting it for the volcanic perturbations of Pola Negri. Turning the story into English was the only excuse I had for being on the right side of the studio gate.

I knew no one, but accidentally discovered that my quietness was making many suspect I was of some consequence—perhaps an importation from Budapest.

One person, however, failed to be impressed. He used to come up behind me, as I went for something to eat, and shout, "Hello kid! How's things?" This breezy, blond pest was named Bill.

With Bill in the cafeteria I often used to see another chap called George. Not bound to time, I usually sat alone reading long after the others had returned to work. Bill and George seemed never to eat. They drank coffee—one cup lasting each an hour or more—neither of them talking, but just staring vacantly ahead. Sometimes I heard them arguing over a couple of dimes and some nickels and pennies. "Fifteen cents, you chump; that's all they charge," Bill used to insist to George.

"I hope they stay at their own table," I used to think. "If I let them talk to me they'll probably try to borrow money. That Bill chap must be kept in his place."

Then, when I got up to go, a cheery voice used to ring out, "Hello, kid! How's everything with you?"

Finally, I asked the girl at the cash register the full name of the grinning, blond fellow. She told me it was William Boyd.

"And the other?" I asked.

"George O'Something-or-other," she replied. "It's an Irish name—O'Brien, I think."

Came many dawns after that. I had stopped going to the cafeteria. I had stopped running into Mr. Boyd. Then, a couple of years later, I one day visited De Mille's Culver City stu-

dio. "The Volga Boatman" was being made; and there, no less, was Bill Boyd, the former down-and-out extra, playing the title rôle!

"Hello, kid!" Where had I been? He hadn't seen me for ages. Was I getting along all right?

"Yes, sir. Very well, sir. Thank you, sir," I felt like saying. Instead of which I remarked, "Things have changed. You are doing very well, I hear." A guilty conscience prevented my adding, "I always thought you had it in you."

As the deep-chested boatman, Boyd won his laurels, and also his second wife, Elinor Fair, who played the Russian princess in that production. They were together again in "Jim the Conqueror" and "The Yankee Clipper." Then, for the honor of being present, Bill played a few scenes as *Simon the Cyrenian* in "The King of Kings." And right after that he sat for this interview.

"I pity any one interviewing me," he sighed gustily, "for there's nothing to say. I've never been to college, and never had a cruel father who commanded me to keep out of pictures. There's neither family crest nor illustrious relatives."

"You remember when you used to see me in the old Famous Players cafeteria with George O'Brien?" Bill inquired. "Well, at that time I used to feel ashamed to take my salary every week. It seemed I did nothing for it. I used to spend my thirty as soon as I got it, and was always in debt, too. George and I used to scrape up forty or fifty cents and divide it, so we could go to a movie matinée. I got over being irresponsible when De Mille started to let me play small parts."

"I think C. B. has a trick of testing you, of seeing how long you will stick it out, and what you will do with yourself while waiting. At the very beginning he

told me to be prepared to stay at the bottom for at least five years. In that time I could study the technique of the work. For seven years I have stayed with him, and now I don't regret it.

"I wasn't at all struck with that 'Boatman' rôle, though it did gain me notice, and I enjoyed working in the picture. But the part I played in 'The Yankee Clipper' had more pep to it.

"Westerns? I should say not! In

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Perhaps Bill Boyd is looking for a four-leaf clover, but he is the last one to say he needs it to bring him luck.



Over the

Fanny the Fan bestows a glance
wood, and delivers verdicts that are

By The



Photo by Melbourne Sparr

Now that it's all the rage to film musical comedies, Marie Prevost is going to make a screen version of the famous old one called "Madame Sherry."

IF Anna Q. Nilsson didn't live 'way out in Beverly Hills, I might be able to get somewhere on time," Fanny offered as her excuse for rushing into luncheon half an hour late. "But she has almost finished her picture, and if I wanted to get my washing done, I had to get it to her to-day."

It didn't sound quite lucid, somehow; it had all the earmarks of one of those "What is wrong with this sentence?" tests. Only by dint of determined questioning did I finally get Fanny to explain what she was talking about.

"Anna's making a picture based on 'Lily of the Laundry,' in which she plays a hard-working girl if ever there was one. For days and days she has been doing washing in front of the camera, and the director is one of those realists who makes her do it thoroughly. At first, she just took in whatever washing they gave her at the laundry where the scenes are being made, but then Mrs. Tim McCoy had the bright idea of making Anna useful to her friends. So, she solicited business for her at a party one night, and the result was that a fine collection of bulging laundry bags were left

at Anna's house next morning. But Mrs. McCoy wants it distinctly understood that if Anna flourishes on the screen one of Tim's shirts with holes in it, it is in no way a reflection on her as a wife. As long as he makes Westerns, she says, those bullet-riddled shirts are indispensable.

"Have you ever seen one of his pictures? Neither have I. I'm going to start a campaign called 'Know Your Neighbor's Work,' and the first week will be devoted to taking crowds of people to see Westerns. There are loads of people in the film colony who have never seen Fred Thomson, Ken Maynard, Colonel Tim McCoy, or Gary Cooper on the screen. Yet Western stars are so overwhelmingly popular throughout the country that the other actors are beginning to be openly envious of them. In fact, the current slogan is, 'My kingdom for a horse.' Famous Players, by the way, has at last located a beautiful and talented horse for Gary Cooper, so he can now be listed as a sure success.

"People who are working continually in pictures rarely know what is going on beyond their own sets, and when some of our best, sleek, city-feller actors read that Fred Thomson had signed a contract to make his own productions for Famous Players at a figure second only to that guaranteed Harold Lloyd, they had that 'How long has this been going on?' feeling and rushed out to buy chaps and flannel shirts.

"The biggest turnout of picture people I have seen in ages paid court to Will Rogers the other night when he lectured here—if that is what you would call it. He really should be scolded for making

Anna Q. Nilsson took in washing for all her friends while she was making a picture based on "Lily of the Laundry."

Photo by W. F. Seely



Teacups

on the passing show of Hollywood-friendly if not always unbiased.

Bystander

a one-night stand of Los Angeles. It is hardly fair to the old home town. He introduced Morris Gest, Lady Diana Manners, Fannie Ward, Bill Hart, and some others from the audience and wisecracked about them, but the biggest burst of applause came when he made some searching comments on the Chaplin divorce case. He said, 'If mothers would only protect their daughters *before* they get into court as well as afterward—'

"Speaking of Lady Diana Manners, doesn't it seem odd that she didn't stay in Hollywood to make pictures? Almost every one else of consequence in the cast of 'The Miracle' was so pleased with the picture colony that they were happy to settle down here and leave the stage for the screen. Elinor Patterson is scheduled to make a series of pictures for Universal, and Rosamund Pinchot is under consideration for several big rôles at Metro-Goldwyn.

"A lot of foreigners with names that you just can't remember walked out of 'The Miracle' and into pictures. By far the most interesting of them is Fritz Feld. He has a big part in Norma Talmadge's 'The Dove.' He played the insolent, swaggering *Piper* in 'The Miracle,' and played the part so well that, no matter how many other people were on the stage at the same time, one's attention was always held by him. Mine was, anyway. After having seen 'The Miracle' from every other part of the house, Margaret Livingston and I went down one afternoon and sat in the second row so as to watch Mr. Feld's facial expressions from close range. He really is amazing.

"Don't ask me for the latest news about Margaret. She is

Lya de Putti gave Fanny an awful shock by not being at all like the wicked girl she played in "Variety."

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



Photo by Russell Ball

At last Maria Corda has been assigned her first rôle in this country—HELEN OF TROY—and Fanny thinks she will be gorgeous.



probably busy signing a new contract, because I haven't heard a word from her since she broke her contract with Fox, and haven't seen her anywhere.

"You can hardly blame her for wanting to go to work for some other company. Fox never gave her any really good parts. I saw a preview of the last picture she made for them, and 'strange' is the only word I can apply to it without getting really critical. It was 'The Secret Studio,' in which Margaret supported Olive Borden. Olive was supposed to be an innocent young thing who worked in an interior decorator's shop, getting only twenty-five dollars a week. Yet, through most of the picture she outdressed Margaret, who was supposed to be a flamboyant and well-upholstered gold digger. I can't understand it, unless Olive is so short-sighted that she wouldn't allow any one in the cast to be better dressed than she was.

"If you want to see two girls looking very smart, and wonderfully alive and fit, just keep your eyes on the door until Evelyn Brent and Priscilla Dean come in. They have been quite upset-



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Hollywood didn't seem the same without the Duncan sisters after they went on location to make exteriors for "Topsy and Eva."

ting the lazy noontime calm of Montmartre by appearing daily in riding clothes. They have gone in for a strenuous campaign of outdoor life; they get up early every morning and ride for hours, then come in here at noon and make every one else look sallow and half asleep by contrast.

"Evelyn starts work in 'Underworld' very soon, under the direction of Josef von Sternberg, who has returned to prominence and is doing very nicely, thank you. He made a lot of retakes on Frank Lloyd's last picture, 'Children of Divorce,' and in his spare time wrote the next story for Emil Jannings.

"I used to think that I would simply have to develop ambition enough to study German and be able to converse intelligently with all the recent film imports. But what is the use when hearing some one else talk unintelligently is so much more fun? Willfully giving up a chance to hear Lya de Putti talk scrambled English would be foolish in a world where laughs are all too rare at best.

"Lya went to New York just after finishing 'The Heart Thief' at De Mille's, expecting to stay there for two months at least. But she had been there only two days when she was summoned back to Hollywood on business.

"I got up at the crack of dawn and went down to the train to meet her when she returned. At the station she was presented by her household servants with a

huge bunch of flowers, tied with yards of shaded tulle. 'Little Lya, who looks rather like one of those absurdly cute, highly exaggerated French dolls, was almost completely hidden behind it.

"Lya is quite independent, like so many others of the foreign players. Important companies, thinking that they are making grand and generous gestures, offer her long-term contracts, but she quite coolly turns them down, saying, 'But how do I know I want to be making pictures four or five years from now?'

"I guess I will never get over being a guileless soul who expects players to be just like the best rôle I have seen them in. Lya de Putti gave me an awful shock by not being in the least like the hardened sinner she played in 'Variety.' She has such a childlike manner, and is just the type to inspire people to help her and shield her from disappointments. And, of course, I have always admired women with the courage to disdain color in their cheeks and just fling a splash of Chinese red on their lips, so I knew I was going to like her a lot when first I saw her.

"Really, I don't see how they can go on making pictures over in Europe, unless they discover a new crop of stars each year. For

every time I pick up a newspaper, I learn that two or more foreign stars are on their way to this country. I was anxious to see Lil Dagover in an American picture, but then she had difficulties with Paramount and went back to Europe. Maria Corda ought to be gorgeous as *Helen of Troy*. First National certainly is starting her out in a part that will be hard to beat.

"It must be all very confusing to some of the European stars who come over here with perfectly good contracts and then are not put to work for months and months. There is Nathalie Kovanko, for instance.

Metro-Goldwyn seems to have forgotten that she exists.

"Still," Fanny went on, unconcernedly thinking aloud and ignoring my attempts to interrupt her, "this business of casting pictures is hard to understand, even for people who have been in Hollywood long enough to figure out the sense of it, if there is any. Imagine Ricardo Cortez's feelings when he sees the blond and Nordic James Hall sporting a fandango or tamale, or whatever it is that Spaniards wear around their heads, playing the lead in Bebe Daniels' picture, 'Señorita.'"



Flobelle Fairbanks, Doug's niece, got the big part in "The Climbers" that was originally intended for May McAvoy.

Fanny paused for breath, and I seized the opportunity to ask her what she had really thought of the Wampas Ball, at which the 1927 Baby Stars had been presented. To me the affair had seemed a success only when judged by the standards of a political rally, and when I had caught a glimpse of Fanny sitting in a box with Madeline Hurlock and Evelyn Brent, her expression had been quite pained.

"No one else has wasted any thought on it, so why should I?" Fanny asked unconcernedly. "A less promising and less inspiring group of girls could hardly have been chosen. It looked as though the Wampas had all got together and said, 'Now we'll elect one girl from each company, even if some of the companies haven't any particularly talented newcomers.'"

"I hope I am not treading on the toes of your best friends, but really, with the exception of Patricia Avery, who does beautifully in 'Annie Laurie,' Helene Costello, who has distinguished herself in bad pictures, and Sally Rand, who was very effective in 'The Night of Love,' the new Wampas Stars are a lot of nebulous quantities so far as any possibility of picture success is concerned. No, I partly take that back. I will be fair, even if it doesn't come natural to me. I admit that Iris Stuart was far more impressive than any other girl on the platform. She had poise and distinction, and she looked like a lady. How far that will get her in pictures, though, I don't know. I've seen her in something or other, and don't recall her at all vividly.

"My whole enthusiasm is centered on little Pat Avery—partly, I suppose, because my heart always goes out to any girl who gets a bad break. She is a dear, ingratiating and entirely natural girl, and her work in 'Annie Laurie' is lovely, even against the competition of Lillian Gish. Yet, for no apparent reason, Metro-Goldwyn didn't take up its option on her services, and now she has to go out and battle for recognition in the free-lance field.

"It is much harder for her than it would be for a girl who was forward and enterprising. She doesn't know any picture people outside the M.-G.-M. studio. The first job she ever had was as a secretary there. She didn't ask any one to give her a chance before the camera; it was simply so obvious that she was good screen material that some one just rushed her into an acting job. Then after she had made good, and could hardly be expected to take an interest in going back to typing,

Patricia Avery was given a bad break, which only made Fanny root all the more for her.



Photo by Alexander

Norma Shearer's rôle in "Liberty Bonds" is based on the personality of the cigarette girl at Montmartre.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Metro-Goldwyn coolly let her out, saying they had no parts for her. It's certain that after 'Annie Laurie' is released she will have no trouble getting jobs, but meanwhile, she has a career and she hasn't.

"There is another girl who was threatened with being put in the same position, but a good manager came along and promoted a good job for her. That is little Alice White, who is a sort of blonde Clara Bow. She was a script girl, and a mighty good one, until some one made a screen test of her. Then she got a short contract with First National, and played second lead in Milton Sills' picture, 'The Sea Tiger.' But amid shouts of 'Well done, little girl,' she was informed that her contract would not be renewed. But Ivan Kahn, who launched the careers of Sally O'Neil, Gilbert Roland, and various others, saw a film test of her, put her under his management, and got her a rôle in support of Norma Talmadge in 'The Dove.'

"Screen-struck girls all over the country think that any girl who has once broken into pictures is there to

Continued on page 110

musical
Copyright by FEODOR KOLIN

Ramon Navarro

Cantabile, ben marcato.

Leisurely, dreamy

reanimated

The tone portrait of Ramon Navarro's soul is a leisurely, dreamy melody.

Musical Portraits of the Stars' Souls

All the stars are having their characters read on the piano by Feodor Kolin, young Russian composer.

HAVE you had your character read on the piano by Feodor Kolin? You haven't? Then, my dear, you simply must!

Thus spoke one Hollywood star to another. The fad for having a tone portrait of one's soul composed in musical terms by Feodor Kolin has every one in the colony quite excited.

The composer characterizes these tone portraits of his, which mirror human traits and individualities in harmonies, as a new form of musical clairvoyance. Most of them are improvisations, done impulsively at parties when the composer feels the air vibrant with the magnetism of some particular personality.

Two are reproduced on this page. Try them on your piano.

Ramon Navarro's musical portrait, to use the composer's descriptive words, is "a leisurely, dreamy melody. Beneath a clear-cut strain of Grecian calm, flow tones chromatically changing." Clara Bow's quick and peppy personality, on the other hand, is translated into the liveliest jazz.

Tired of having their fortunes read in tea leaves, by horoscope and crystal gazing, the stars are now besieging Feodor Kolin to "paint their portraits in music." These portraits thus far have consisted of a few measures each, but Kolin plans eventually to compose more lengthy ones to be published

in sheet-music form. Then you will be able to play and hear the "souls" of your favorites.

The idea of these tone portraits was originated by Robert Schumann, in whose "Carneval" are melodic likenesses of Chopin, Paganini, and others.

"It is a form of character analysis and presentation," Kolin explains. "I may be called a sort of medium. I penetrate behind the outer mask of a person, seeking by intuition the hidden traits and moods. It is a new channel through which to translate personality, a process of changing magnetic personal vibrations into tonal vibrations. All the forces of nature, as well as moods and feelings, express themselves to me in tone, so why not put into music my conception of various personalities?"

Kolin, who has played before royalty, is a young Russian Pole. His compositions are well known on the Continent. He has conducted orchestras in London, Paris, and Vienna. Just now he is composing the musical synchronization for King Vidor's latest picture, with a likelihood that he will also write the score for Edwin Carewe's "Resurrection." And in his spare moments or at social gatherings, he improvises these novel tone portraits of the stars, which are making all of Hollywood buzz with interest.



Feodor Kolin, the young Russian musician who has been composing these musical pictures of the stars, has played before royalty and conducted orchestras in London, Paris and Vienna.

Clara Bow's volatile personality is pictured in several measures of the liveliest jazz.

musical
Copyright by Feodor Kolin

Clara Bow

Pulchritudinous - Jazzy!

Deliberate Teapies, but with a syncopated accent!

Twice as quick -

Both movements:

R.H.

L.H.

A Credit to Kansas

Phyllis Haver, once a bathing girl, now marches gayly in the front rank of comediennees, and there's no telling where she'll stop.

By Madeline Glass

EVERY time I see Phyllis Haver I have a fatuous inclination to quote poetry. A particular passage from Scott's "The Lady of the Lake" comes to mind whenever I see her flit through her scenes.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dash'd the dew.

For Phyllis is as light and graceful as a fawn. It was not so long ago that her small feet, smartly shod in bathing slippers, disturbed the sands of California beaches in pursuit of her histrionic career. As you undoubtedly know, Miss Haver won her initial fame as one of the young ladies who made Mack Sennett's pictures of dry swimming so popular.

Strangely enough, those preposterous slapstick comedies have turned out some of our finest actresses—Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver being three striking examples.

In her early screen days it was not uncommon for Phyllis to be the film sweetheart of Ben Turpin, or some equally incredible Romeo, with Gloria or Marie as a formidable rival. On one such occasion Phyllis returned Ben's engagement ring—she had found Marie's picture in his pocket, I believe—and Ben decided to bring her to terms by faking suicide. Phyllis rushed in, repentant, just in time to prevent the "tragedy."

"It's all right," said Ben soothingly.
"The gun isn't loaded. See!"

He pulled the trigger. The gun fired.
"Ye gods, what a narrow escape!" he exclaimed.

In the midst of this merry atmosphere, Phyllis decided to try her talents in drama. Accordingly, she accepted the emotional rôle of *Polly Love* in Richard Dix's "The Christian." It was a severe test, but Phyllis, till then famous only for her beautiful face and figure, carried off the part with honors.

Shortly after that she wisely retired from slapstick comedies. Since then she has worked constantly, playing a wide variety of rôles with signal success. So extensive has her training been and so increasingly good her performances that people are beginning to mention her as a suitable candidate for the great rôle of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," if that play is ever permitted to reach the screen.

We often hear of people being delightfully natural, but Phyllis Haver is the only person I have ever met who is delightfully artificial. Her manner is the acme of exuberant graciousness. Though one immediately recognizes the superficial quality of her extreme friendliness, one finds it infinitely

Mr. Sennett's swimming school never boasted a fairer mermaid than Phyllis.

© Mack Sennett Comedies.



Photo by W. F. Seely

There are many delightfully natural stars, but few, if any, says the author, so delightfully artificial as Phyllis Haver.

agreeable. She would not be so charming if shorn of her endearing artifices.

"Will you ever forgive me for making you wait so long?" she inquired, her treble tones seeming to indicate deep concern. "I didn't know the appointment was for to-day, and I had to get my costumes fitted so Mr. de Mille could see them."

She led me to the outer edge of the set on which she was working—the film being "The Little Adventuress." Behind us a small studio orchestra was playing a waltz. A few feet away, William de Mille, a quiet man with a forceful personality, was directing Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, and Robert Ober in a scene for the film. Theodore Kosloff was a mildly interested spectator.

It seemed that Phyllis was again, for some incredible reason, playing a neglected lady. I expressed disapproval of such casting.

"Well, you see, dear," said Phyllis, "this girl I am supposed to be is too good to her husband. She is such an extremist that she becomes almost as annoying as the kind of woman who enjoys poor health. So, he elopes with another girl."

I still felt a bit dubious. As she sat there, a marvel of perfection, exquisitely tailored and groomed, and as sparkingly lovely as crystal, I wondered if any man in his right mind could grow weary of her wifely solicitude.

Presently Mr. de Mille asked her to come and watch the scene he was directing. When it was over Phyllis started back toward me, pulling her

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The Stroller

Humorous observations on various phases of motion-picture activities along Hollywood Boulevard.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



THE practice of greeting incoming or outgoing movie producers at the train in Los Angeles is a widespread, though, as far as I can see, a thoroughly harmless practice. However, I have never been able to see why the producers enjoy it, as it costs them money.

When any producer goes to New York for a visit of more than a week he is greeted at the train on his return by studio officials, stars, directors, press agents, and a battery of cameras, the latter supposedly from the newspapers, but generally coming from his own studio.

"Uncle" Carl Laemmle, genial president of that asylum known as Universal City, has been departing from and coming back to Hollywood on an average of four times per annum for the last ten years, yet the novelty of being "welcomed" by his employees never wears off.

On every departure and return his studio is bedecked with flags and banners, a band is engaged, his employees knock off work for the afternoon and troop down to the station, and his innumerable relatives fight to be the first to shake the hand that signs the pay check.

Next to Universal, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio has developed the custom to the highest point. The practice first gained a foothold there, I believe, when Louis B. Mayer first went to New York after the merger of the three companies. Irving Thalberg, no doubt remembering his Universal training, staged a raucous welcome on his return. The multitudinous executives of that studio have been going and coming ever since, each getting the personal reception due him, so that no one can feel slighted.

It was my duty to participate some years ago in the reception upon the first visit of Marcus Loew to the West coast, following the formation of the new company. The studio bosses were still highly excited about the new combine and it was resolved that the welcome to Mr. Loew should outdo anything Universal had ever attempted.

The studio and all of Culver City were decorated with flags and bunting and "Welcome" signs. Almost every studio employee from star to property man was on hand at the station half an hour early. Press agents were everywhere. All available cameras were lined up in an imposing battery. A band was on hand, and an escort of motor cops. Irving Thalberg, marshaling his forces, was busier than Napoleon at Waterloo.

The din and confusion attracted an immense crowd, and a rumor swept through the throng of outsiders that the pope was arriving incognito. The mayor was there in his silk hat, and so were a score or more of actors and directors who didn't have M.-G.-M. contracts, but wanted them.

As the train arrived, shouts burst from a thousand throats. The band played, the motor cops tooted their sirens, the greeters surged forward like the British at Bunker Hill. Other passengers alighted, saw what they assumed was a race riot, and fled. The whole thing was such an impressive spectacle that I wondered what manner of man it might be who merited it.

Then, out stepped Marcus Loew.

I had never seen him before, and I have never met him, but those who have say he is an able executive, a splendid employer, and a great showman. For all that, he is hardly impressive to the eye. He was obviously embarrassed by the uproar and grinned like a high-school boy receiving his diploma. His appearance was a distinct anticlimax, and I had the feeling of a man who covers his ears for a cannon explosion and hears a cap pistol instead.

Phineas J. Ginsberg, famous picture producer, discovered one morning that he had acquired a college.

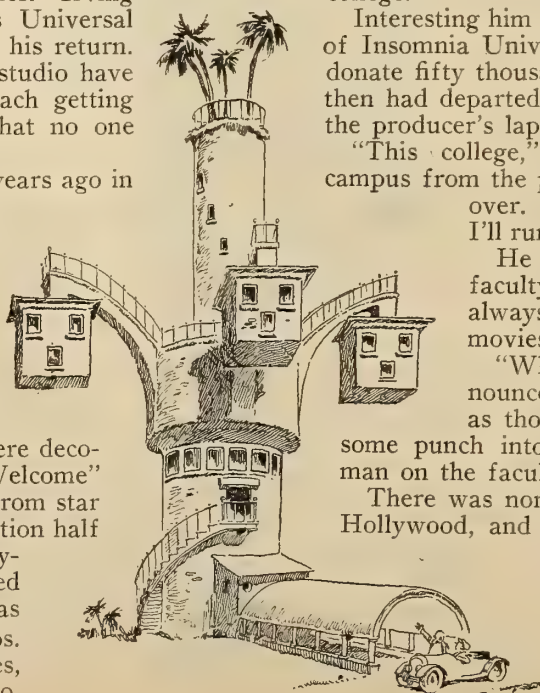
Interesting him in philanthropy, the president of Insomnia University had persuaded him to donate fifty thousand dollars to the institution, then had departed, leaving the whole works in the producer's lap.

"This college," he declared, viewing the campus from the president's office, "can be put over. It needs a good showman. I'll run it."

He called a conference of the faculty, knowing that conferences always fix everything right in the movies.

"What we gotta do," he announced, scanning the curriculum as though it were a script, "is get some punch into these courses. Got a gag man on the faculty?"

There was none, so he imported one from Hollywood, and brought a publicity director with him.



Fantastic architecture is common in Hollywood, but one apartment building has been erected which exceeds all in oddness.

"Sell the courses to the students—thassa idea," he said. "Jazz up the studies. Frinstance, who'd take a course called 'Bacteriology?' Call it 'Microbe Love' or some snappy title."

Egyptology became "Pyramid Passion," and so it went. He surveyed the athletic department, and admitted, "Y'gotta great football team, I'll say that, but there ain't a box-office name on it. Steal 'Red' Grange away from F. B. O. Pay him what he asks. He'll draw some money at the gate."

He signed up Fannie Brice to star in chapel, engaged a chorus, and interpolated some acts by the gag man. The press agent spread billboards about the campus, advertising the courses to the students. Trips to Hollywood were given as scholarships. Beauty contests were held weekly.

By the end of the semester, the enrollment had swelled to ten thousand, and half the alumni returned for post-graduate work.

At the beginning of the second school year, seventeen other movie producers had started colleges.

Were I a sob-story writer I'd produce a tear-compelling article on the sad state of affairs to be found in the various casting directories published in Hollywood for the convenience of producers in choosing players for their pictures.

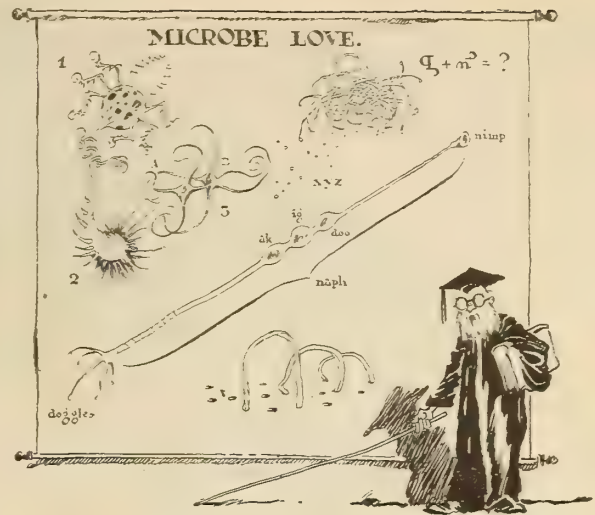
Actors and actresses—most of them obscure—buy advertising space in these publications for the purpose of keeping their names before those who may hire them, displaying their pictures, and listing their accomplishments. There is a good deal of humor to be found in some of the advertisements, and there is also a touch or two not at all funny.

Actors who never amounted to much and who haven't worked for months keep on advertising, bravely trying to maintain their "front." They list as "just finished" pictures completed and released months ago. "Available now," or "Now free-lancing," are favorite statements of players who never had a contract anywhere. "Leads or heavies" is another—meaning, in other words, that the actor will accept anything.

Extra girls adopt fancy names and list their "releases" as though they had played leads in them. It fools no one.

Few of the really prominent players advertise, and those who do seldom take the trouble to list their recent pictures, knowing that their records are familiar to those whose business it is to be informed.

Alla Nazimova,
Hollywood's cham-



When a motion-picture producer sets out to put pep into a college curriculum, he calls bacteriology "microbe love," and it's a hit with the students.

pion hard-luck star, has sold her beautiful estate to a sub-divider who has turned it into a group of fantastic apartments and bungalows.

It is known as "The Garden of Alla" and is said to contain the most expensive apartments in Hollywood, to say nothing of the oddest in design, decoration, and inhabitants.

All this is but a preamble to the observation of one who inspected one of the dwellings with a view to residing therein, and, departing, observed, "Harry Thaw shot the wrong architect."

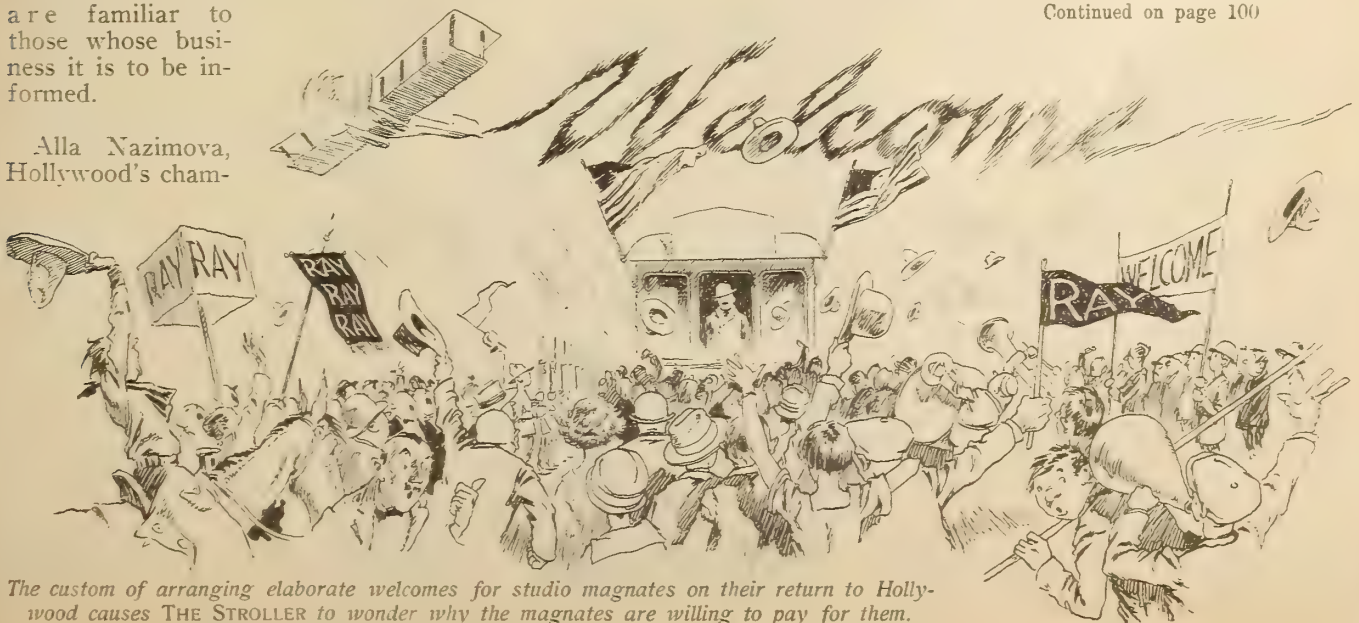
Some five years ago I was an enthusiastic young press agent with the now-absorbed Goldwyn company, and my duty was to keep the name of Emmett Flynn, the director, in print.

"My next picture," he told me, "will be a million-dollar special based on John Kendrick Bangs' 'The Houseboat on the Styx.'"

It was not his next picture, it developed, although I mailed out an announcement to that effect, which was published here and there.

Since then, on an average of five times a year, I have read in the public prints that Mr. Flynn's next picture was to be "The Houseboat on the Styx." The other day an

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The custom of arranging elaborate welcomes for studio magnates on their return to Hollywood causes THE STROLLER to wonder why the magnates are willing to pay for them.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Blanche Sweet, who dislikes crowds, was the one celebrity in New York who stayed away from the Roxy Theater opening.

Manhattan Medley

A bright chronicle of news and impressions of stars and events in the East.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

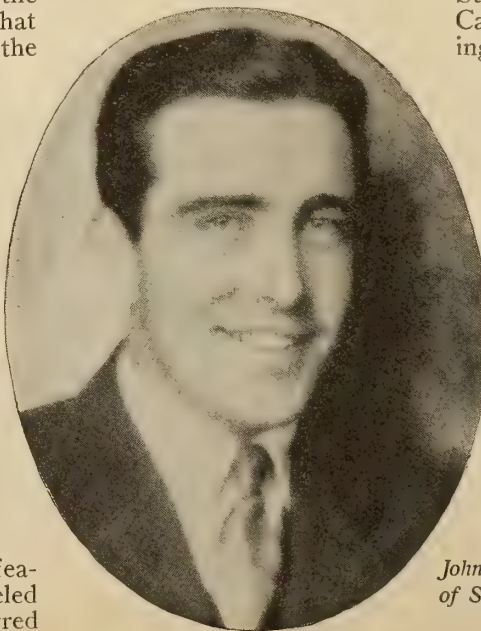
IT was with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth that Manhattan saw the studio camps fold their tents like the Arabs and silently move away to California. First National set the pace nearly a year ago, and rumors that Famous Players planned to follow the departing caravans appeared like magic. Finally, the rumors became an actuality in the form of an official announcement that all activities would immediately be transferred to the Coast.

This was followed by much grumbling among stars and directors who claimed the East as their working place, but e'en so, the celluloid mandates were adamant, and on March 15th, along with income-tax returns, the doors of the Astoria studio were closed and the transcontinental journey began.

Two hundred or so employees were thrown forthwith on their own resources, while stars and featured players, bearing in their jeweled hands fat contracts, merely transferred

their make-up boxes from Long Island to Hollywood. A frenzied packing of suit cases, wardrobe trunks, and a search for borrowed umbrellas began, while Malcolm St. Clair and his assistant, Arthur Camp, led the exodus to start proceedings on a new Richard Dix opus, while the star remained behind to join in the fray of cutting "Knockout Reilly," his last film made in the East. That noble deed accomplished, he sallied forth with Ray S. Harris and Sam Mintz, who wrote the story for the new production en route.

Ralph Block, editorial director, mustered up courage to say goodbye to Manhattan the same day, while Walter Goss, Robert Vignola, Ivy Harris, Mona Palma, and Josephine Dunn trekked westward the following afternoon. Close upon their departure came the news that Thomas Meighan,



John Boles acquitted himself so well in "The Love of Sunya" that he will be Gloria's leading man in her next picture.

too, was following Horace Greeley's advice, and though his contract calls for five more pictures, or two year's work, rumors of his subsequent retirement popped into notice.

Then Gloria Swanson decided that she, also, must make her next picture in Hollywood, and in company with the marquis, a brace of children, fourteen trunks, three servitors, two dogs, a canary, and innumerable boxes of flowers, she embarked on the Lake Shore Limited. A farewell party a few hours before her departure brought all ye widely known scribes and metropolitan pharisees to the Ritz, and Gloria's au revoir was attended by the largest gathering of bon voyageurs that have ever impeded traffic at a depot, as Theodore Dreiser would say.

After a brief and gay visit to the big city, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, guarded by the ever efficient Joe Reddy, looking, with his horn-rimmed glasses, more like Lloyd than Lloyd himself—who doesn't wear any—dashed back to Hollywood.

Harold Tries New Spectacles.

Mildred, while in town, divided her time between Broadway and Fifth Avenue—Broadway to see the plays, and Fifth Avenue to buy pretty dresses and toys for baby Gloria, who was left in California during her parents' merry jaunt to New York. With their return home, Gloria can boast of more yellow-billed wooden ducks, and two of the prettiest crying-baby dolls of any tot on the block; and we haven't a doubt that her new multiribboned party frocks will make her the best-dressed girl under four in her set. Papa Lloyd spent considerable time experimenting with newfangled optics, but decided that, after all, the horn-rimmed variety best suits his type. His contributions to Gloria's welcome-home party were horn-rimmed glasses for the dolls, and a hobby-horse for his daughter.

Lois Wilson Forsakes the Bright Lights.

Lois Wilson, bathed in tears, was on the same train as the Lloyds. For Lois has become a confirmed metropolitanite, and said good-by to her cozy apartment, dancing classes, and long list of swains, with a deep sigh of regret as soon as she had com-

Iris Gray astonished every one by refusing to go West—because of her marriage to Frank Lynch.



Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd, true parents that they are, spent most of their time collecting presents for Gloria.



pleted her work in "Broadway Nights." After cavorting about in abbreviated spangles, Lois went West to make "The Gingham Girl" for F. B. O., and Mary Brian and the Marquise de la Falaise, disguised in a huge fur coat, were at the station bearing bonbons and baskets of fruit.

Marriage Takes Its Toll.

This tremendous migration, you may have guessed, was caused by the call of art; but there is one little girl—ambitious, too, and talented—who wouldn't listen to the bugle call. Her name is Iris Gray, one of Paramount's "junior stars."

When the general muster was ordered, Iris refused to report. She had been eager and industrious, and studio officials failed to understand her strange reluctance to move to the hub of the industry. And then Iris, amid blushes and a few stammers, admitted that Cupid's arrows held her fast to the East. And that, unknown to any one, Frank Lynch, a young vaudeville actor, had led her to the altar, the day before. And that she had promised, "whither thou goest, I will go." Jesse Lasky raised his hands and said, "Bless you, my children," and ordered the cancellation of her ticket to Hollywood.

The Seventh Wonder of Manhattan.

A pretty blond vision in the prevailing blue of the mode, accompanied by an effervescent Irishman, breezed into town and registered at the Biltmore as Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan. Or, if you prefer, they are Blanche Sweet, the star, and Micky Neilan, the director.

One afternoon, about tea time, somehow or other the conversation drifted to the subject of long and short film stories, and why the latter are thought to be unpopular; for, in the parlance of the film industry, short themes don't go.

"But I think the public likes them and simply isn't given a chance to decide," said Miss Sweet. "The short story is popular, so why not the short fictional photoplay? Micky made a stab at it in 'Bits of Life,' and every one liked that. And I am sure that if we took our courage in our hands a little bit more and made some really good short-story films, they would be as popular as O. Henry is in his field. And I hope to try it some day! It will be soon!"

Miss Sweet was the only star in Manhattan who did not cast her ray of light on the Roxy opening, for this event was attended by every film dignitary, public official, playwright, author, and artist who could get a couple of eager fingers on a pair of the sixty-two hundred seats which fill Roxy's playhouse. You've known Roxy, of course, for a long time. You've listened to him over the radio. You've sat in theaters under his guidance in New York and elsewhere, ever since the film business was a toddling infant, stumbling to get along, trying to gain a secure footing.

When S. L. Rothafel was in the little mining town of Forest City, Pennsylvania, he had a dream. He promised himself that one day he should have the largest theater in the world devoted to pictures.

It took him many years to realize that dream, but on March 11th that dream came true—and another landmark in the development of the motion-picture was passed. This great edifice, which houses ten thousand people on busy days, once again demonstrates the audacious genius and energy of a nation which to-day creates and controls the bulk of all the films in the world.

Columns have been written about the sumptuous beauty of the theater, its size and capacity, its comforts, opulence, and organization; and encomiums have been printed on the clocklike precision and decorum with which the large audiences are handled. But, better still, there is an air of admirable restraint and good taste in the Spanish design of the vast auditorium, and an air of intimacy, and freedom from the conventional movie palace, which make the Roxy not only distinctive in itself but a credit to the industry. And, further, there is an intelligent blending of the novel features that Roxy has devised for his playhouse—the ballets, orchestral programs, and choral music sung by a hundred voices—each, as Roxy says, "a picture to establish the mood for the photoplay." Yet, little more than a decade ago Roxy's audience was composed of a handful of miners and day laborers who deposited a nickel at the door.



Every day is still a honeymoon to Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman.

On the opening night, crowds swarmed the streets for blocks away, while a cordon of police kept the peace, and restrained the excited throng eager to catch a glimpse of Mayor Walker or Gloria Swanson, the first lady of the night, whose latest picture, "The Love of Sunya," was to be on view. In the front row of the mezzanine sat a quiet little figure, silent and alone, whose sad brown eyes, intent on the scene before him, lighted occasionally, as some friend grasped his hand in passing. This was Charles Spencer Chaplin. In the front row of the orchestra a lady and gentleman were presented, amid smiles, with a bouquet—the mayor and his wife. The Premier of Canada journeyed down for the event, a carload of disabled war veterans came on from the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, Mr. and Mrs. John Boles witnessed the singer's debut as Gloria's leading man, Andrés de Seguro compared monacles with Lowell Sherman, and the Marchioness of Queensberry represented the nobility of Great Britain. The chimes rang out, and "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" sent forth its cinematic blessing.

Meighan High Hat? Nonsense!

But apropos of Thomas Meighan's reported retirement, Meighan couldn't retire, even if he wished to, and any one who knows his enthusiasm for his work won't even credit the rumor. For Meighan's admirers range from New York to the antipodes. He has a hold on the public imagination which nothing can shatter, and only last week our correspondence brought a letter from Hayward, California, vowing that admiration for Tommy was shared by the whole family, and that the entire community argues over the right to display his photograph on the grand piano.

So Meighan, like a certain famous sandwich, has become an institution. Some nonsensical story had reached one fair correspondent as to Meighan's reported tendency to wear a high hat, and though not believing it for a moment, she wrote, however, that she would like to know if it was true. Well, truth must out. Meighan never even owned a high hat. He wouldn't know what to do with one, because it would be too unbecoming to his native geniality. And to illustrate our point, Meighan is the only actor we know who singles out some lesser member of the cast, whenever a reporter is on the set, and requests as a favor that

the writer help the young player along with a few kind words in print.

A Texas Boy Makes Good.

John Boles, plucked from musical comedy to play opposite Gloria Swanson, came to the screen, was seen, and conquered, so that when Ouida Bergere's story of life in the African desert was selected as Gloria's next picture, Boles was unanimously chosen as her leading man.

Love's Young Dream Comes True.

Pauline Garon is combining the duties of *hausfrau* and actress, both as the wife of Lowell Sherman and as

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A Man Who Makes a Monkey of Himself

Jacques Lerner, the French actor who portrays the title rôle of the "monkey" in "The Monkey Talks," has for years been making a specialty of impersonating apes.

By Herbert Moulton

WHEN Jacques Lerner came to Hollywood, the monkeys decided that it was time that they too joined the general protest against the "foreign invasion."

Jiggs, out at the Universal zoo, was reported particularly upset over the little French actor's arrival in the film colony to play the title rôle in the William Fox production, "The Monkey Talks," which he had already played on the stage.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," Jiggs was quoted as saying, "when capable American monkeys have to struggle along on small parts while a foreign human comes over here and gets the leading monkey rôle in the only film that has featured one of our race since I don't know when."

Hollywood's cinema simians had a lively time squawking about it, but Jacques Lerner went ahead and played his rôle and skipped back to France.

Hollywood had seen men make monkeys of themselves before, but I doubt whether it had ever before witnessed the spectacle of a chap getting paid handsomely for doing it. Lerner has practiced the fine art of simulating simians for so many years that, by comparison, a real monkey looks like a rank impostor. He is said to be the only actor who has ever played monkey rôles without the use of a mask. He claims to understand monkey talk, he knows all their little mannerisms, and can cut capers with the best of them.

Lerner won world-wide fame when he created the "monkey" rôle in the stage production of "The Monkey Talks," appearing both in this country and abroad.



Photo by Autrey

His rôle in "The Monkey Talks," however, called for more than the ordinary antics expected of apes. There's a lot of pathos attached to the part. As a man disguised as a monkey in a French traveling show, Lerner is burdened with many repressed sorrows, chief among which is his futile love for a girl. Inasmuch as the lady takes him for what he appears to be—a monkey, not a man—it may readily be seen that he has rather a tough time of it romantically.

It is not until the close of the story, after Lerner, still in the guise of a monkey, has been mortally injured by a real ape, that the girl discovers his identity. She is in love with the "monkey's" trainer, and has, of course, cared for the "monkey" only as a pet. Then, after he has saved her life at the cost of his own, and is dying, she learns the truth. As a tear-wringer, this scene is a winner. It is akin to the familiar situation of the clown hiding his sorrows under a grotesque mask of tomfoolery, but it has a refreshing touch of novelty.

Lerner has been impersonating apes on the stage for many years, and has come to be regarded as one of the foremost character actors of Europe as a result. His study of monkeydom began in 1911, when he observed the performances of a couple of apes in the "Folies Bergère." Since then he has learned all that science has been able to discover about the monkey tribe, plus a lot of knowledge that came to him through his own observations.

He thinks that Darwin overlooked several anatomical facts when he propounded his theory of evolution. For monkeys and men, he declares, have little in common physically, and he goes on to point out that the ape's head, arms, and legs, in particular, are strikingly different from those of man.

As for the ape's intelligence, Lerner thinks that the race has been grossly libeled.

"They're more intelligent than any other animal," he says. "And, though man is supposed to be the only creature that reasons, I've seen monkeys figure things out for themselves in a way that would shame some of our best citizens."

Lerner is very small in stature—a fact that immensely

Continued on page 115



He is probably the only actor who has ever portrayed apes without resorting to a mask—he transforms his face entirely through the use of make-up.



In and Out of the

Informal glimpses of the players caught by

The blushing violets above are Clara Bow and four of her side-kicks in "Rough House Rosie"—doing the Black Bottom, of course. That's Doris Hill on the extreme right.



Not eggs—but baseballs. And Babe Ruth is about to autograph every one of them for an orphan benefit in Hollywood.

Right, Barbara Kent makes believe she's a circus rider, but she plays perfectly safe and is very careful about the steed she picks on which to do her daring stunts.

In the corner, Lucien Prival looks things over out in Hollywood, whither he was sent by First National after he had done such good work in some of their New York productions.





Hist! I hear burglars!
And Wally Beery, left,
well protected in nightcap
and nightshirt, ventures
forth to investigate, in
"The Big Sneeze."



Above, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie
Lowe, in the patio of their home, pre-
sent a perfect picture of wedded bliss,
with flowerpots and everything.

The drummer girl at the left is Sally
O'Neil's kid sister—the one who is call-
ing herself Molly O'Day and is play-
ing the much-coveted lead opposite
Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent
Leather Kid."

Phyllis Haver, right, has just been tell-
ing her pet Persian cat the glad news
that she has been assigned the vamp
rôle in Emil Jannings' first American
picture, "The Way of All Flesh." This
rôle was originally intended for Lil
Dagover.



Edward Everett Horton had
better beware of those slant-
ing almond eyes. Between
Winnie and Bernice Parks,
the only Chinese twins in
pictures, he needs to watch
his step.



Studios

the camera.

In and Out of the Studios



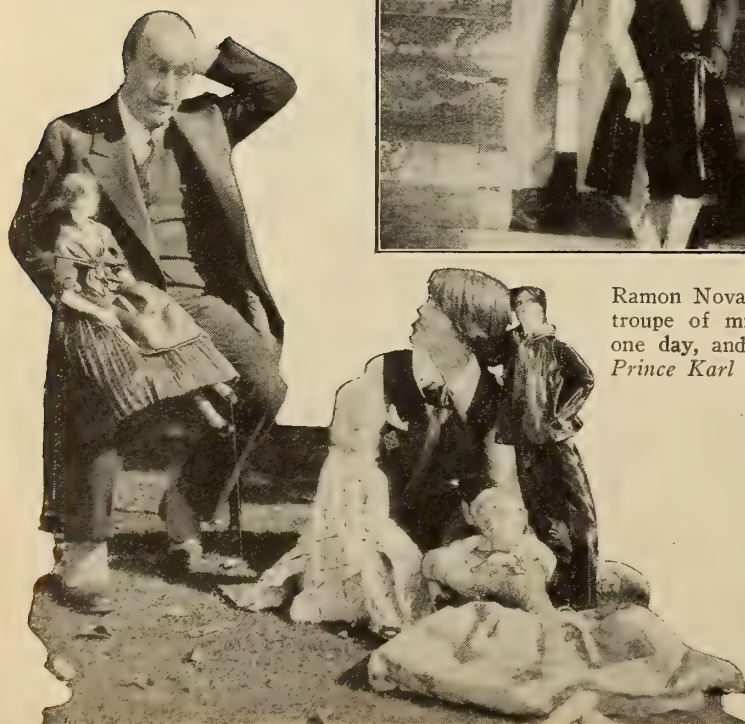
"Do you like my costume, daddy?" "You bet!" says Dick. Little Mary Hay Barthelmess and her dad, below, celebrated her fourth birthday by giving a fancy-dress party on the lawn of Dick's home.



Above, Arthur Stone takes a picture of Arthur Stone, proving that most people are all wrong, and that it is possible for a person to be in two places at once.



Ramon Novarro and Ernst Lubitsch entertained a troupe of midgets on the "Old Heidelberg" set one day, and production was halted while young Prince Karl and the director posed for a picture with their tiny visitors.



When J. Farrell MacDonald was asked to his daughter Lorna's doll party, he eagerly accepted, but when he got there and one of the ladies insisted on sitting on his knee he wondered whether he hadn't better go.

F i l m S t r u c k

Another installment of this entertaining novel of the movies, in which our hero finds himself thrust before the camera against his will.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER X.

THRUST INTO THE LIMELIGHT.

AS Penny started away, Carter called to her. Oscar recognized the newcomer as the authoritative person in puttees who had delivered the ultimatum in the dormitory tent a short time before. He was not, after all, a chauffeur.

"Get some of that stuff off your winkers, Miss Holt," he instructed. "You're supposed to be one of God's pure in heart—a virgin, not a vamp. Tone down your paint or DuVal will spout brimstone. And hurry!"

"I'm on my way," the girl responded, scampering off.

When she had gone, Carter bestowed a none-too-cordial glance upon Oscar. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "You working to-day?"

"Yes, sir. I was just—" Oscar began apprehensively.

"Just buzzing, eh? Well, just forget the sex appeal. You've got ten minutes to climb into your wardrobe and get onto the set."

Oscar noticed, with a start, that the dining tent was practically deserted, and guiltily he took to his heels, his destination still a matter of uncertainty.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Carter's commanding voice halted him. He looked back to find the man surveying him with critical eyes. "Come with me. Guess I'll use you special."

Wonderingly, Oscar followed the assistant director. They entered a tent where all was hurry and confusion and a babble of excited voices. A hundred men, it seemed, were dressing, making up, darting this way and that.

Carter elbowed his way to the far end of the tent, where a harassed wardrobe attendant was swearing and perspiring, trying to carry out all the demands made upon him.

"Here!" Carter said to Oscar, pointing to a bundle. "Climb into this stuff and let's see the result. Make it snappy!"

Five minutes later, Oscar appeared before the assistant director arrayed in the picturesque habiliments of a cowboy—spur-decorated boots, hairy pants, a gayly checked shirt, knotted bandanna, and a monstrous ten-gallon hat. A wide belt encircled his waist, and from it dangled a six-shooter. He walked awkwardly and with difficulty, for his high-heeled boots rocked and the leather chaps, like so much armor plate, interfered with his knee movement. Also, the heavy, broad-brimmed hat gave him the sensation of balancing a water bucket on his head.

But the clothes fitted, and Oscar's broad shoulders and height set them off to no mean advantage. Out-

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

One of the prime attractions of the town of La Belle, Iowa, is the Rosebud delicatessen, and the Rosebud's great attraction is Oscar Whiffle, its young chef. His eventual marriage to Gladys Padgett seems certain, though they disagree on one subject—the movies. She is a rabid fan, but Oscar scoffs at her enthusiasm.

Lester Lavender, famous screen lover, makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Gladys' infatuation for him leads to a quarrel between her and Oscar. Later the same night, Oscar comes upon Gladys and Lester in the park. In a rage, he pitches into Lester and knocks him cold. Thinking he has killed the famous star, he flees, boarding a train for the West.

Alighting at a small station in the midst of the Arizona desert, just as a large troupe of movie people is deposited by a train from the opposite direction, he is swept along with them without realizing who they are. Only when they reach the location camp and he is presented with a ticket headed "The Super-Apex Film Corporation," does he realize that he has stumbled onto the very thing he hates most—the movies!

Though he has been mistaken for one of the extras and, by a fluke, has been giving the name Oscar Watt, he is determined to flee at the earliest opportunity. One girl in the troupe, Penelope Hope, known as Penny, makes a friend of him, discovers he is there by accident, and urges him to bluff it out. He refuses, but when he wakes in the morning and finds that his wallet has been stolen, he realizes to his horror that he will have to stay.

wardly, at least, he left little to be improved upon, and Carter, looking him over, nodded approval.

"Switch your gun to the other side," he ordered. "Now slap on a little grease."

"Grease?" Oscar wavered.

"Exactly. Didn't mean to go on with a naked face, did you? Not too heavy now. No pink cheeks or beaded lashes. You're not doing ballroom stuff, remember. A few shadows won't hurt."

Oscar nodded vaguely, understanding not at all, but recalling Penny's admonition to bluff his way through, he turned away. His rather blank expression and uncertain footsteps must have aroused Carter's mistrust, for after a quick glance at his watch, he called to him again.

"Hold on! Can't afford to take chances at this late hour. Hey, Rodney!" he lifted his voice. "Right this way." And when the man summoned appeared, he said, "Take this glorious Apollo and give him a he-

complexion, will you? Make it real lively now!" Rodney, make-up artisan, grumbled.

"What's the matter, anyhow? Can't these supers learn anything? They're running me ragged."

"We'll all be running ragged if the make-ups aren't O. K.," Carter reminded him. "It's *your* responsibility, but *I'm* usually the goat."

So once more, luck came gallantly to Oscar's rescue, and saved him, if not from disaster, at least from humiliation and abuse.

Rodney continued to grumble over the task assigned him, but methodically followed instructions. Under his skilled fingers, Oscar's cherubic countenance was speedily transformed. The customary yellow grease paint and blending powder, that lent one a decidedly jaundiced appearance, and a few deft lines and shadows did the trick.

"Can't I have some whiskers?" Oscar inquired, suddenly remembering the inexorable eye of the camera and chilled at the thought that he might be recognized on the screen. A disguise of any sort would be comforting.

"Whiskers!" jeered Rodney. "What do you think you're playing? Santa Claws? Huh, don't need any ferny façades decorating *your* chin!"

Oscar's spirits sank. "Just—just a mustache, maybe?" he begged.

"Aw, forget it! A handsome guy like you wanting shrubbery! You're playing this straight, so far's I'm concerned. Take my advice, young fellow," Rodney added, stepping back to survey his handiwork. "If you expect real money, keep away from character stuff."

Presently, stumbling along the street, as much at ease in his Western regalia as a Zulu in pajamas, Oscar became one of a colorful procession of cowboys, miners, and gamblers, dance-hall ladies in spangles, and girls in modest calico. The once-drab thoroughfare suddenly became vibrant with life, as picturesque as wardrobe and characters could make it, furnishing an animated background against which the continuity was to develop.

Soon he beheld DuVal, surrounded by hovering, excited attendants, saw cameras, heard unintelligible commands barked through half a dozen megaphones.

All at once Penny was at his side, her eyes glowing. "Oscar!" she cried. "You're wonderful! The best-looking man on the lot!"

"I feel awful," he confessed. "What happened to you?"

"Everything is lovely," she told him. "I got the bit. They're shooting my scenes first."

"That's fine!"

The girl adjusted the bandanna at his throat and straightened the sagging, cartridge-studded belt in which the formidable-looking revolver hung.

"Don't look so scared," she reproached. "Be natural! Swagger a bit. You're supposed to be hard-boiled, Oscar—a two-fisted, fire-eating son-of-a-gun!"

Then she was gone, lost in the throng that milled about him, and Oscar, more miserable than ever, his face stiff and itchy, his clothing uncomfortably hot, his nerves on edge, waited for something to happen—anything.

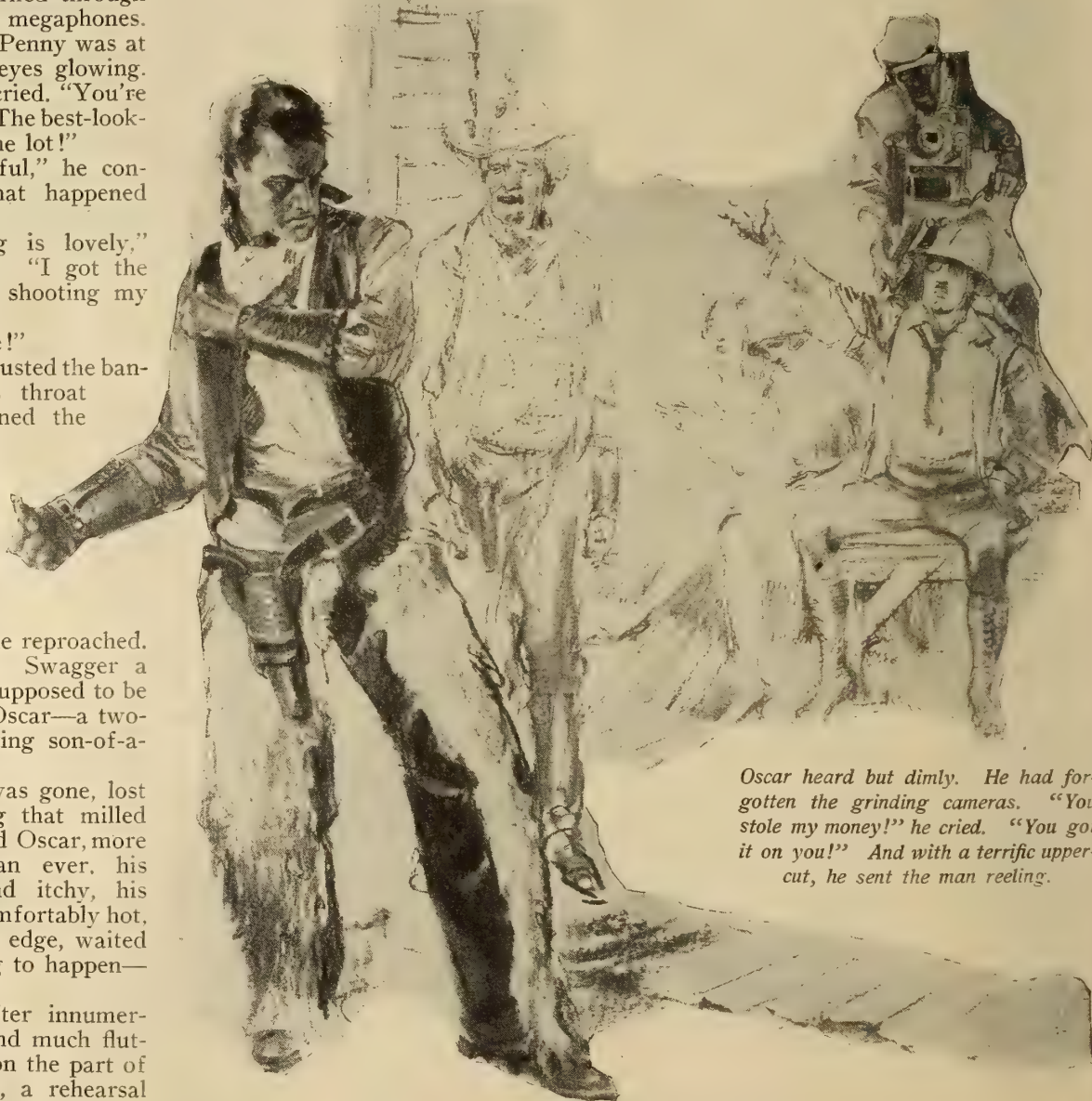
At last, after innumerable delays and much fluttering about on the part of DuVal's staff, a rehearsal began. Carter selected certain of the extras, Oscar among the number, and waved the others aside.

With the walk in front of the saloon as a background, the characters chosen for the flash were initiated into the nature of their business during the time two of the principals were registering a scene nearer the camera. One of the principals, Oscar saw, was Penny. The other, playing opposite her—a slim, dapper individual in a high hat and flowered waistcoat, ostensibly a gambler—he heard referred to as Rufus Metford, a prize Super-Apex heavy.

"This is a busy street," DuVal shouted, taking charge after Carter's brief preliminaries. "Give us plenty of activity in the background. Miss Holt comes along

just as you, Mr. Metford, step from the saloon door. She tries to avoid you. You reach out and clutch her shoulder. You're frightened, Miss Holt, and attempt to pull away. You, Mr. Metford, laugh contemptuously. Your line there is, 'I'm coming over to your cabin to-night, girl. If your brother can't pay the money——' Miss Holt shrinks from you, and you attempt to put an arm around her.

"Now you, there!" DuVal cried, turning suddenly toward the group in which Oscar waited expectantly.



Oscar heard but dimly. He had forgotten the grinding cameras. "You stole my money!" he cried. "You got it on you!" And with a terrific uppercut, he sent the man reeling.

"You boys are coming along the walk, swaggering, laughing, boisterous. You're just off the range, in town for a good time. You intend to get gloriously drunk. A little later you'll be shooting things up. You see Miss Holt in distress and advance toward Mr. Metford threateningly. He backs off with a shrug and walks away. Give us a little smirk there, please, Mr. Metford. You boys look after him, talk among yourselves a moment, registering hostility. Then you straggle into the saloon. The last man in hesitates, turns to glance at Miss Holt, grins."

DuVal's searching eyes fastened themselves upon Oscar, who shrank back. "You do that!" the director commanded. "Miss Holt smiles gratefully. You, en-

couraged, seem ready to desert your friends and talk with the girl, but she turns away, exits. You look after her a moment, just a little disappointed, sorrowful. Try to convey, in the look, the thought that you would have preferred this girl's companionship to the sort you'll find in the dance hall. Delicately, though—just a suggestion, a touch. You understand, of course? All right, everybody! Let's run through it!"

The rehearsal began fairly well, with DuVal constantly interrupting, changing the business, rearranging his background characters. Penny and her annoyer pantomimed their scene; the cow-punchers swaggered toward them, and looked threateningly at Mr. Metford. Oscar, nervous and perspiring, his heart thumping, tried valiantly to remember all that was expected of him. His companions straggled through the saloon door, and Oscar, bringing up the rear, stopped to look back at Penny, endeavoring to register, as DuVal had instructed, a touch of sentiment, delicately portrayed, but his face seemed as stiff as cardboard, and the grin that came was ghastly.

DuVal came forward, scowling. "Relax!" he shouted. "You're frozen. Be natural, can't you? Give us a soft, lingering smile. Put some feeling into it, man! A look and a smile—just a flash. You would like to make this girl's acquaintance, but you see she isn't for you. Put all of that into your expression. Don't you understand?"

"I—I think I do. Yes, sir," Oscar gulped weakly. A hundred critical, derisive eyes were upon him, he fancied. The thought of flight, of taking swiftly to his heels, tempted him; but that, he saw, would avail him little. He could not escape into the desert, clad as he was, penniless, unfamiliar with the barren waste that stretched beyond. Too often had he read gruesome tales of those lost amid the treacherous sands.

The second rehearsal progressed somewhat better—for all except Oscar. Bathed in cold perspiration, his gestures stiffly mechanical, his facial expression anything but natural, he evoked a torrent of lava from DuVal. After the eruption had subsided, DuVal again attempted to demonstrate precisely what he wanted, went through the scene himself, illustrating every detail of business, and again Oscar, growing weaker by the minute, failed to qualify.

The director stiffened, his fingers clenched, and a sudden, ominous hush fell upon the assembly as they waited for a second and more devastating hurricane to break.

"Hadn't we better let a bit man do this thing?" Carter suggested to his chief. "That cast-iron hick is impossible."

"Oh, you merely *thought*, did you?" DuVal jeered. "What about the rest of you gentlemen?" he demanded, scowling at those who, figuratively, composed his advisory council. "The man's utterly impossible, is he? Is that the consensus of opinion? Yes?"

The staff nodded and held their breath. Something was about to happen. One of their number had dared offer a suggestion—had, rashly enough, ventured an opinion. And now all of them were in for it. A grim, satirical smile touched DuVal's lips. His wrath seemed to pass. And reading those symptoms, pronounced and unmistakable, the staff individually and collectively trembled.

The director's voice became surprisingly gentle, honey-sweet, as he turned to confront Oscar, who, dumb and wretched, stood at the saloon door. Of all the spectators who were witnessing and seemed to be enjoying his ignominy, Penny alone had a brave smile for him.

"What is your name, young man?" DuVal asked.

"Oscar Watt." The question took him by surprise, and no less the director's kindly tone.

"What?" DuVal repeated, frowning a little.

"Yes, sir," Oscar replied. "Watt."

"Oh, Watt." The director smiled once more. "And may I presume to inquire, Mr. Watt, how long you have been honoring the profession?"

"I haven't been in it at all till now."

"Really? You are, then, a mere novice? Well, this is most interesting, I am sure. And you are, I judge, deeply interested in all matters pertaining to the cinematic art? You have hope of achieving, in some small way, at least, success in the motion-picture field?"

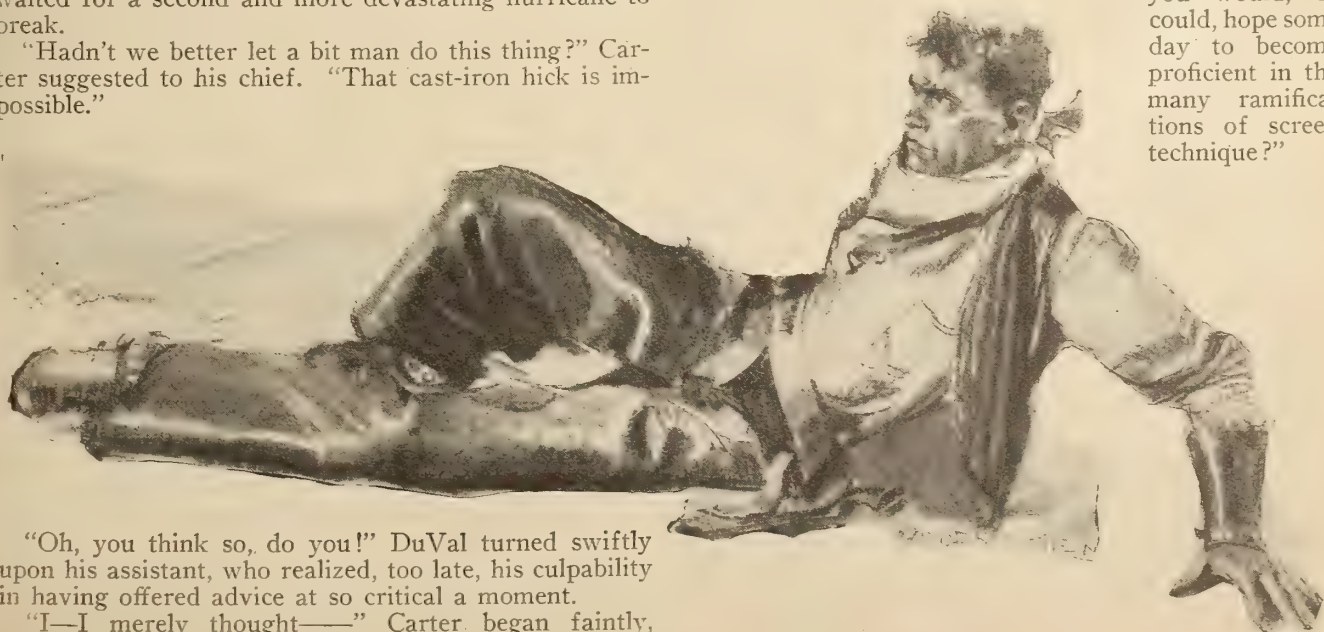
The crowd tittered, but at a reproving glance from DuVal, they instantly subsided.

"No, sir," Oscar declared frankly. "I don't care for it at all."

"Excellent!" the director exclaimed, beaming warmly upon his victim. "You do not think you have the talent, the gift, or any of the essential qualifications waiting to be developed and perfected by experience, that would attain for you, even in a modest way, a recognized career upon the silver screen?"

"No, sir!" The erstwhile Rosebud cupbearer was most emphatic.

"You do not feel, from your slight experience this morning, that you would, or could, hope some day to become proficient in the many ramifications of screen technique?"



"Oh, you think so, do you!" DuVal turned swiftly upon his assistant, who realized, too late, his culpability in having offered advice at so critical a moment.

"I—I merely thought—" Carter began faintly, shrinking from the director's withering glance.

"You mean picture acting? I'd rather do most anything else," Oscar declared boldly, beginning to take heart at the trend of the questions.

"That is splendid! Splendid indeed, Mr. Watt! May I inquire if you are adept at riding, swimming, fencing, dancing? Have you even a smattering of any one of those accomplishments?"

"No, sir," Oscar declared eagerly. "I can't do any of them," he ran on, quick to pass sentence on himself, whatever the cost, so long as it barred him from all further participation in the activities connected with filmdom.

A rapt and beatific smile garlanded DuVal's countenance. "Perfect!" he cried, and turned jubilantly toward his staff.

"Here, gentlemen," he went on, "is the ideal material—a lump of clay for me to mold and shape. Carter, you will please see that Mr. Watt is placed upon a regular salary. I intend to prove my theory by this example. What you gentlemen, as well as the layman, are wont to call screen talent, is simply and wholly a matter of brilliant directing. It is, as I always have maintained, the direction, not the story or the puppets, that creates the successful picture."

Whatever private ideas the subservient staff may have entertained relative to their director's experiment were discreetly concealed. As one, they smiled and bowed. None dared whisper against the decision.

"And now, Mr. Watt," DuVal began briskly, "now that we have reached a complete understanding, and you are to place yourself in my hands, let us go on with the rehearsal. I am sure your mind is now clearer. Once more, everybody! From the beginning!"

CHAPTER XI.

DREAD MISGIVINGS.

A mental fog settled about Oscar. He had neither the power to speak up, to declare himself out of sympathy with DuVal's amazing purpose, nor the courage to run from the scene and trust himself to the mercy of the wide, open spaces. There seemed to be little choice between the two evils. He accepted the verdict like an unreasoning, domestic animal, meekly, in a dumb sort of way—a doomed creature, too wretched to protest.

In stumbling out of the camera range preparatory for his next entrance, oblivious to the activity and the murmur of voices about him, he brushed against Penny. She touched his arm, stayed him an instant, her eyes shining.

"Oh, Oscar!" she breathed rapturously. "This is wonderful! You are *made*! Be yourself now. Don't be afraid. Show DuVal. Please!"

And somehow the miracle came to pass. Although he moved as one in a daze, a kind Providence guided his footsteps, directed his business in the scene, and thawed his frozen facial muscles. He turned at the saloon door to look at Penny. Her pleading, wistful smile gave him sudden courage and assurance. He smiled back. What a girl she was! DuVal, the battery of critical eyes, even the scene itself—all were forgotten. His smile was for Penny.

"Very good, Mr. Watt!" DuVal cried. "You got my idea that time. All right, everybody!" he went on. "We'll shoot this now. Remember the business and tempo. Ready! Action! Camera!"

And this time, with the cameras clicking, with every one doing their pantomimic best, Oscar's performance did not fall short. His mind was far away, but his gestures were natural, and he put his heart into the smile bestowed upon Penny.

"Admirable!" Again DuVal was all praise. He

turned to consult with his camera man and staff, then resumed his directing activities.

"Now the next scene, please," he announced briskly. "At the end of the street. Are all the props ready?"

More rehearsals, repeated endlessly it seemed—more shooting, with the sun creeping higher and hotter—scampering property men, carpenters, painters—a constant babel of voices. Oscar had moments of leisure, but DuVal, it seemed, had decided to use him in other flashes, introducing him in later scenes to the despair of the scenario builders. He and Penny again; then he and Metford; once, he and a gorgeous creature who made her entrance on the driver's seat of a stage coach—the leading lady, he understood. And once he actually achieved a close-up!

Oscar followed instructions meekly, with DuVal ever beside him. What he did and why, was a mystery to him—everything seemed to be in a jumble. His lips formed senseless words, he gesticulated according to DuVal's will, made entrances and exits that appeared to lack rime or reason. He moved with the crowd from one end of the street to the other, and back again, stood in doorways, climbed through windows, sat on the walk, flourished a heavy revolver.

Then noon. The crowd melted away in the direction of the big tent. The tent itself hummed with voices and the clatter of dishes. Appetizing odors filled the air. Smitten with a devastating hunger that temporarily blotted from his mind the unpleasant activities of the morning, Oscar found himself at a table.

Penny was with him, so enthused, amazed, that she scarcely ate at all. Her own good fortune was eclipsed by Oscar's monumental opportunity.

"It's like a beautiful dream," she babbled. "Don't tell me there are no fairies! You fall into a job and, right off the reel, DuVal picks you out of the atmosphere—decides to put you across. And maybe he can't do it! Say, I know a hundred hopefuls who'd part with ten years of their lives to be in your boots. Aren't you thrilled to death, Oscar!"

Oscar, still a bit dazed, smiled feebly. "I—I don't know," he confessed.

"Think what it'll mean! How can you take things so calmly?" Penny chided, her eyes searching Oscar's countenance.

"Mean?" he repeated. A chill crept over him. Yes, he knew what it would mean. Exposure! The instant this film was released, the grim arm of the law would be stretched toward him. His face on a thousand screens! Then the relentless man hunters on his trail!

"How soon do you think the picture will be done?" he inquired.

"Maybe a month. And maybe it'll be two or three months more before it'll be released. You never can tell. Why? Getting anxious? Want to tell the folks back home, maybe?" the girl added.

Oscar shook his head. As if that interested him! "There are no folks," he told her.

"Nobody?" Penny persisted. "No—girl?"

He started involuntarily at the unexpected question; but conscious that her eyes were fixed upon him, he shook his head resolutely, without a qualm. Somehow Gladys Padgett and all she once had meant to him were very dim now in his thoughts. Regret did not touch him. Although she had passed out of his life forever, he felt strangely indifferent. He supposed the topsyturvy world into which he had been flung had something to do with his impassiveness.

It was odd, though, he reflected, that the very thing that Gladys had urged upon him, that he had scorned and sought to avoid, should have come to pass. Of



Here is a new way to propose to your girl—via the penny-in-the-slot fortune-telling machine. There are persistent hints of a romance between Clara Bow and Reed Howes, her leading man in "Rough House Rosie."

Hollywood High Lights

Flashes of news straight from the movie town.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT'S a mere million dollars? This year's picture productions would indicate that it is not such an enormous sum as you might imagine. Nearly every big company is releasing at least one feature which has cost somewhere up in seven figures.

"The King of Kings" cost approximately \$2,000,000. "Wings" and "The Rough Riders" together are rated at \$3,000,000. "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—\$1,500,000. "Sunrise"—\$1,000,000. And now First National is planning to expend a like amount on both "The Miracle" and "The Patent Leather Kid," the latter a war film of the tank corps, featuring Richard Barthelmess. "The Wedding March" has already cost \$1,250,000, and Erich von Stroheim is said to be considering adding a few more sequences. At last reports, the picture had reached thirty reels.

Two elaborate features which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is producing, "Old Heidelberg" and "The Trail of '98," the latter a story of the Alaskan gold rush, are bound to involve huge investments.

It is a year of big money in film production, and there is little hokum about the estimates.

Some Engagements Are Broken.

Romance has been having some setbacks in Hollywood. We hear rumors that two reputed engagements have suddenly and without warning been broken. One is the May McAvoy-Bobby Agnew betrothal; the other, the reported engagement of Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice.

The latter rift is more of a surprise than the former.

We never have felt quite sure that May would marry Bobby, because she herself has so often said that they have known each other too long. "We are just like brother and sister," has been May's oft-reiterated plaint. The story now going the rounds is that May will be married this summer, but to another man—not to Bobby.

Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice also agreed to disagree, it is said, but they were subsequently seen in public together, so maybe it's not so serious.

Tom Mix and Mixville.

Tom Mix is seriously thinking of disposing of historic old Mixville, where for many years he made his pictures. There are two plans that he is considering. One is, to have the place subdivided into lots and put on the market, the other, to make it a public playground for children. Tom is inclined to favor the latter scheme since, after all, he is very rich, and the acquiring of a little more money through a real-estate enterprise would mean little to him. Also, he is very fond of children, as is shown in his complete devotion to Thomasina, his little five-year-old daughter.

The Mixes are interesting hosts—Tom in his baronial living room, which is adorned with silvered and inlaid saddles, pistols, and guns, and Victoria in her private French sitting room adjoining, which reflects exquisite feminine taste in every drape, cushion, and chair. We have an unforgettable picture of her gracing this room one evening in a full-length gown of azure tulle and lace. She looked like one of the famed Gainsborough paintings.

Wally Goes In for Satire.

Wallace Beery seems intent on satirizing all the big pictures of the day. He is now scheduled to do an airplane comedy, a follow-up on "Wings." It's called "We're in the Air Now." And his "Behind the Front" was a take-off on "The Big Parade."

Beery and his lovely wife, Rita Gilman, built a mountaintop home a few years ago, but the road leading up to their place is in such poor condition that they have lived in virtual seclusion ever since. It is like climbing the Alps to get to their domicile.

Clara Wins the Cup.

Yet another Wampas Ball and Frolic, with the customary presentation of thirteen potential stars, and with throngs and throngs of people looking on, has passed into history.

The affair this year was distinguished by an unfortunate, though not serious, incident when Adamae Vaughn, one of the newly chosen Baby Stars, fell in a faint during the ceremonies. She had been so excited all day that she had failed to eat anything, and the nervous strain became too much for her. She had just been introduced to the audience and was standing at the side of the stage with some of the other girls when she swayed and toppled over.

The outstanding event of the evening was the awarding of the silver cup to Clara Bow. This was given Clara because it was voted by the various dramatic critics that she had achieved the most progress of any of the Baby Stars elected two years ago.

Cue for the National Anthem.

It has been the contention of most fans that Vilma Banky looks much more American or English than Hungarian. Personally, we think that she does not strongly typify the characteristics of any one particular country. Her beauty is quite cosmopolitan. However, she may soon be claimed as an American, for she has applied for her citizenship papers. Vilma loves America, also Hollywood.

The charming thing about Vilma is that she has not changed perceptibly from the girl she was when she first arrived in this country. She still remains dreamy, romantic, and idealistic—Old World, perhaps—with calm eyes and a mysterious smile that remind one of a Tennyson princess.

Vilma and Ronald Colman are once again playing together, this time in "The Magic Flame." There is no question that the combination of these two players is superlatively successful, and it will be a pity if, as announced, they are soon to appear separately.

Paprika and Punishment.

The bromidic adage, "Boys will be boys," must have some truth in it. Also, it must mean that boys, even very, very nice boys, will occasionally stick pins in teacher's chair, or throw pepper about the classroom to make the fellows sneeze.

As a result of this irresistible temptation to have "a

little fun," it would appear that Jackie Coogan recently had his rating in a Los Angeles military academy set back several notches. It is said that one day in the dining hall of the school, Jackie just simply couldn't resist making mischievous use of a near-by paprika cellar. It so happened that some of the pepper that he sent drifting around the room got into the eyes of one of the other young soldiers, and though the lad was not really seriously damaged, Jackie was called onto the carpet by the school authorities and reduced in rank. He thus had his first taste of the army.

Those Entertaining Duncan Sisters.

Hollywood has lost two of its best entertainers for the nonce. For the Duncan sisters have started to work on "Topsy and Eva," and are so busy learning how to act before the camera that they haven't time for much else.

The Duncan girls certainly take life lightly, and they are very generous with their talents at informal social affairs. They write a new song every few days, and they have tried out enough of them on the colony to furnish material for several musical shows, which are, of course, their specialty on the stage.

Topsy and Eva are two characters that they have made very popular on the stage throughout the country during the past few years. They are not the same *Topsy* and *Eva* that devotees of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" know, but a rare and original comedy pair, based, however, on the "Uncle Tom" characters.

The film of "Topsy and Eva" ought really to be registered on the Vitaphone as well as the screen, so that audiences could get the benefit of the charming songs of the Duncans and their merry line of chatter.

Babe Ruth in the Movies.

Babe Ruth has come and gone, and is said to have left a very dignified impression of himself on the screen, in the film entitled "Babe Comes Home."

Babe has a great penchant for olives, and whenever he was invited to a party in Hollywood, the hostess always saw to it that he had a nice large supply of them placed in his vicinity. Babe has been known to eat the contents of a quart can at one sitting. Perhaps this olive habit has something to do with his flair for home runs.

Johnny Hines Cuts Up.

Johnny Hines has joined the ranks of the Hollywood cut-ups. He has been in the West some months, but we didn't have a chance to meet him until just lately, at a party given at the residence of Carl Laemmle. This home, by the way, is the old Thomas H. Ince hacienda, one of the most famous Spanish houses in Southern California.

Johnny gave evidence at the Laemmle affair of his skill in dancing the Charleston and the Black Bottom, and filled in with a rippling line of comment and small talk. He appears to be very well liked in the colony, and has entered gayly into its social life.



Photo by Seely.

Little Gloria Lloyd's proud parents hurried home from New York to celebrate their baby's third birthday.

Out of the East.

Everybody seems to be returning to the Coast. Gloria Swanson, after an absence of two years, has come West to film a picture for United Artists. Thomas Meighan was among the many stars who were brought West by the closing of Paramount's Long Island studio. Richard Dix was another in this group.

Fannie Ward was recently welcomed by a large throng of film people upon her appearance in a vaudeville sketch at the Orpheum. She looked just as young as ever.

We also beheld Fannie in nun's habit in a benefit performance of "The Miracle" for the aid of the actors' fund and a charity sponsored by Marion Davies. Many of the screen stars took part in this production as extras. Miss Davies herself was among the supernumeraries, as were Tom Mix, Jetta Goudal, Irene Rich, Conrad Nagel, Claire Windsor, Natalie Kingston, Anita Stewart, Belle Bennett, Hedda Hopper, Kathleen Key, Elinor Glyn, and others.

Mix was robed as a friar. He was supposed to kneel during his scene, but the duty became somewhat irksome on account of a sore knee from which he suffered much. After standing the pain for a few minutes, Tom looked round, saw that there were about a dozen other extras between him and the audience, and calmly laid down.

Country Ladies and Gentlemen.

Country homes are fast becoming quite the thing with the film stars. A number of players have had both beach and city homes, but not until recently has the rural domicile become popular, except among some of

the Western stars, who possess ranches where they keep and occasionally breed stock for their pictures.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have the most elaborate plans for their new estate, located near San Diego, where they intend to revive the spirit and many of the traditions of old California. This project will be several years in reaching completion, but when it is completed, Doug and Mary will have what will amount to a royal domain.

Also, Irene Rich, among others, has lately acquired a rustic setting for her personality. This is a place near Santa Barbara. Irene means to build a Spanish home there.

"I thought it would be ideal to live there when I retire," she said, in commenting on her purchase. "But I hope that won't be for quite a while yet. Anyway, I am going to build, so as to have a nice place to visit over the week-ends."

To Have or Not to Have—a Mustache.

Victor Varconi has been sporting a very neat mustache. He grew it for the leading rôle of a Russian officer of the czar which he was to have played in "Anna Karenina," before other plans were made for him.

He shook his head a little doubtfully when we complimented him on the style of his mustache, and remarked, "Who knows? I followed the advice of one expert on Russian military affairs when I started growing it, but later on another came along and advised me to shave it off, insisting that Russian officers were always smooth shaven. The funny part of it is that they both were right. So what is a mere actor to do under the circumstances?"

Varconi is one of the most genial and engaging of all the foreigners we have met, and understands the gentle but rare art of taking life just seriously enough, but not too seriously. His wife is a clever and charming woman, and very sociable. Many of the foreigners are not overfriendly with each other in this new land, but Mrs. Varconi is on good terms with everybody, and so is her husband.

Better Days for Aileen.

There's lots of grief these days among certain of the actors and actresses. They complain that, though they have perfectly nice contracts, they seldom get good parts. One of the main sufferers in this respect has been Aileen Pringle.

But now she and Lew Cody are to be featured together in a series of comedies. The first of these is "Her Brother from Brazil," which must have something to do with the place "where the nuts come from," though we can't find any one to authenticate this. Anyway, whatever good happens to Aileen is deserved, for she is intelligent and merits the brightest fortune.



"Try and get it!" says the postman to the dairymaid in this scene from "The Branding Iron." Aileen Pringle is the Swiss dairymaid, and T. Roy Barnes the tantalizing postman.

Laura's Stolen Clothes.

Now it is Laura La Plante who has qualified as an actress, according to the most time-honored traditions of the profession. That is to say, the lovely Laura has had her clothes and jewels stolen, or so the headlines reported. On investigation, we learned that the theft was not so disastrous as it at first sounded, but certainly very annoying.

The clothes were taken out of her dressing room at the Universal studio, and as they were part of her wardrobe in the picture she was making, they had to be replaced before work could go on satisfactorily. The film was held up several days, with "mounting overhead costs," as agitated studio executives usually express it.

Dorothy Mackaill's Difficulties.

Dorothy Mackaill was at outs for some weeks with First National, but at this writing everything is at last smoothed over, and she is at work on a production called "The Road to Romance," with Jack Mulhall opposite her. We understand that "Lady, Be Good" is also to be done by Dorothy.

The difficulty arose over the sort of rôles she was called upon to play. Some of her recent opportunities have not been what they might have been.

We have always felt that Dorothy sacrificed her personality when she bobbed her hair to play in "Chickie." Before that she had evidenced interesting possibilities as a romantic type. She is very colorless in the ordinary society or flapper film, but excellent in costume rôles or in such as demand definite characterizations. We should like to have seen her play the girl in "Seventh Heaven," though we believe Janet Gaynor is doing very well with this wildly emotional rôle that Helen Menken did so well on the stage.

The Jinx Again.

The jinx is still pursuing the picture folk, what with Jack Gilbert on the verge of an operation for appendicitis, Tom O'Brien suffering an attack of pneumonia, Joseph Schildkraut bitten by his father's police dog, and Ricardo Cortez and Pola Negri limping as the result of falls for the sake of their art. All these mishaps are of fairly recent date but, by the time this is in print, will probably all have been forgotten.

Now "Abie" Is in the Movies.

That wonder child of the theater, "Abie's Irish Rose," has been purchased by Famous Players-Lasky from Anne Nichols for a sum that is understood to be the handsomest that has ever been paid for the picture rights of a book or play.

When one pauses to consider that Miss Nichols is reputed to have made \$5,000,000 out of her play in the four years it has run in New York, throughout this country, and throughout Australia as well, there can be little doubt as to the veracity of the reports.

In case any readers do not know the story, it offers in a very human and humorous manner the romance, marriage, and parenthood of an Irish girl and a Jewish boy, with all of the many and varied complications resulting from the union, including the attempts of the two belligerent fathers to break up the marriage. It should make a very entertaining picture.

Billie Dove's Charm.

Billie Dove always attracts attention wherever she goes, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful women on the screen. Enthusiasm for her is never mild. Masculine approval, especially, is conferred with a certain amount of raving. And Miss Dove's husband — Irvin Willat, the director — remains, after three years of marriage, her most obviously ardent admirer.

She and Ben Lyon have just completed "The Tender Hour."

More and More United Artists.

Norma Talmadge is in the midst of her first release for United Artists, this being an adaptation of the melodrama of Mexico, "The Dove."

For a long time, as you doubtless know, United Artists was known as the Big Four, and consisted only of Doug and Mary, D. W. Griffith, and Charlie Chaplin. Since then, Buster Keaton, John Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and more recently, Corinne Griffith, have joined the group.

Griffith is the only one of the original group to have left the fold. His latest alliance is with the De Mille company, but at this writing very little has actually been done toward his producing a film.

We hope that D. W. will enjoy a big return to popular favor soon. After all, the pictures that he directed a few years ago, such as "The Birth of a Nation," "Hearts of the World," and others, have in many ways served as models for the big pictures that are being produced in such large numbers to-day.

A Question of Finance.

If Lita Grey Chaplin means what she says, and she undoubtedly does, she will ere long be seen in pictures. She recently announced her intention of going to work, claiming that it was necessary for her to do so in order to take care of her children, and maintain her home—formerly hers and Charlie's—in Beverly Hills. The expenses of the home during Charlie's residence there, she says, were about three thousand dollars monthly, and she claims that her income now, which consists of an allowance obtained from Chaplin's attorneys, is far too little to keep up the establishment.

Lita has never been seen on the screen to be remembered. That portion of "The Gold Rush" in which she took part was remade with Georgia Hale. Among other offers, she has received one for the engagement of her two children as well as herself, but this she declares she will not accept.

No silence has been more sphinxlike than Charlie's since the later developments in this divorce suit.

These two beautiful peasant girls are none other than George Sidney and Charlie Murray in "Lost at the Front."

Harold Lloyd's Leading Ladies All Win.

Harold Lloyd's former leading ladies—the three that he has had during his career as a star—recently worked on the same studio lot, on sets quite close to each other. This was at the Paramount studio. Bebe Daniels was working on her new picture. Mildred Davis was playing in "Too Many Crooks" at the time, and Jobyna Ralston was appearing in "Wings."

Every one of Harold's leading ladies is getting along so well, that each feels she owes a certain share of her good luck to her former association with Harold, including Mildred, who has the best rea-

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Photo by Sasha, London. Lupino Lane lives quietly in Hollywood with his wife and five-year-old son, Lauri, who, according to family tradition, should one day be a comedian, too.

A Nipper from Piccadilly

Lupino Lane, the British comedian who is now a success in films, comes of a family of pantomimists and actors famous since the fifteenth century.

By Margaret Reid

IT was the last night of the current Hollywood Music Box Revue. The Boulevard theater was packed, and most of the audience had seen the show several times before. Their farewell to it was a reluctant one, mainly because of Lupino Lane.

"Of all," rather hard-boiled Hollywood whispered to its theater partner, "the most delicious, lovable, absurd clowns!"

He danced with his loose, flexible legs that seemed not a part of him at all. He sang in his small, ingratiating, comical voice. He played the hero, villain, and heroine in a blood-curdling black-out. His entrance in every skit was the occasion for immediate hilarity. He made, in short, the show.

I had an appointment with him at this closing performance. If there does exist a less auspicious time for an interview, it may possibly be around train time in the Grand Central Station, with the tickets lost and little Mamie missing in the crowd. I waited first for Mr. Lane in the corridor near the stage door. This became difficult when the chorus inundated it, on their frenzied way to change for the next number. Mr. Lane's English secretary rescued me and found me a chair among the gaunt, towering labyrinths of back stage.

Mr. Lane, he apologized, was swamped with visitors. His dressing room was crowded, but if I would be so kind as to wait just a bit longer—

After just a bit longer, I was

He is a little man, with bright brown eyes and a naïve smile.

Photo by W. F. Seely



again taken in tow and led down a winding flight of stairs. Doris Eaton ran past us, frantically trying to tie the silver ribbons on her slippers as she ran. The stage manager stood at the bottom of the stairs, his fingers twined in his hair, bellowing hoarsely for "Al—for God's sake, Al!" The chorus rushed noisily up toward the stage, stamping out cigarettes as they reached the "No Smoking" barrier. They were dressed for the Spanish number, and

since this was the last night and traditional "murder" must be committed, the blondes all wore their black wigs on the backs of their yellow heads. Through the amiable discord, the orchestra could be heard faintly.

We arrived at Mr. Lane's dressing room as the last visitor—Ernest Torrence—was leaving. Lupino greeted me in his mild, English voice.

Could I forgive him for keeping me waiting so long? The last night, and so many people, you know—

A little man, with bright brown eyes and a naïve smile. He was more or less disguised in the blond bobbed wig and blue tam he wore in the skit dealing with the girlish men and manly girls of 1976. As a conjuror, he produced a chair for me from among the volcanic disarray of the dressing room. I sat down, just as the call boy cried, "Curtain, Mr. Lane!" outside the door.

Again contrite apologies. It was all a little hectic. Lupino hastily tied his flow-

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Kenneth Thomson and Jetta Goudal appear as husband and wife in "White Gold," a picture that cannot be recommended too highly.

WHITE GOLD" is so exceptional a picture, and such a fine one, that if you ordinarily consider Westerns unimportant, and Jetta Goudal, the star, not to your liking, you will reverse your opinion of both when you see this combination. On the other hand, if you like pictures of Western locale, this will qualify among the best ever produced; and if you have found Miss Goudal interesting in the past, you will be amazed at her now.

She plays *Dolores*, a Spanish girl who sings in a cantina, and who marries *Alec Carson*, the son of a sheep raiser. The major part of the story occurs on the ranch, where the efforts of *Dolores* to overcome the old man's suspicious hostility, and adapt herself to the crude environment, bring about acting on the part of Miss Goudal as fine as I have ever witnessed.

It is quiet acting, however, made up of mental reactions rather than moments of showy emotion; but so grippingly has William K. Howard directed his players that you feel they are concerned in a story with as much suspense as a serial, and the cumulative effect of a finely wrought novel. This happens rarely on the screen. When it does, those responsible for it should be showered with praise.

There is more to the story than might at first be supposed, and when George Bancroft swaggers onto the scene he strikes a menacing note, subtle, sinister, which instantly alters the entire situation between *Dolores*, *Alec*, and his father. You know that he means to try to tempt the unhappy young wife, and you fear that he may be successful.

The climax of his efforts, and the conclusion of the picture, yield proof of courage on the part of the producer, the director, and the scenario writer. For the ending is grimly honest. It might belong in an Ibsen play. It leaves you gasping, because it is truth, not hokum. Superb as the acting is, you feel that the director is the real star of "White Gold."

Kenneth Thomson is the husband, George Nichols the father.

A Slice of Life.

"Stark Love" is strong meat, but it should be very palatable to those who are tired of routine pictures, familiar casts, and lame plots. Not one of the players has ever been on the screen before, and the story combines

The Screen

Critical notes on all the latest pictures

By Norbert

extreme simplicity with startling originality. The result is highly refreshing, to put it mildly.

The picture was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, and the players, with one exception, are from that region. The exception is Helen Munday, a school-girl of Knoxville, Tennessee. These people do not act—they *live*. They are not camera conscious, because they do not, apparently, know that a camera has been set up in their homes, to record with microscopic fidelity what is happening there.

And you feel that what does happen among them is of everyday occurrence, for the reason that nothing seems to have been rehearsed or staged. Also, there is a feeling of completeness, of documentary thoroughness in the picture, so that you get not just a fleeting glimpse of life among the mountain folk, but a sweeping panorama of their existence.

As before mentioned, the story is simple. *Rob Warwick*, a youth, is ambitious for an education, not alone for himself, but for *Barbara Allen*. With a visiting preacher, he goes to the nearest town to enroll in school, but substitutes *Barbara's* name for his own, and then makes the long journey over the mountains to tell her. In his absence, his mother has died, and his father is about to take unto himself another wife. It is not fair to tell you the rest of the story, but I feel in duty bound to beg you to see it.

The Hero of San Juan Hill.

"The Rough Riders" might easily have been a case of mock heroics and sentimentality, but it has turned out to be a finely wrought picture of Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American war of 1898, when, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he overrode Congress, organized his own regiment, and captured San Juan Hill from the Spaniards. Whether you know your history or not, you will find all this entertaining.

Around this incident has been built a simple, human story, sure to appeal to most picturegoers. It is enlivened with a great deal of comic detail and wholesome sentiment, to say nothing of splendid acting on the part of Charles Emmett Mack, Charles Farrell, Noah Beery, and George Bancroft. Mary Astor also is in the cast, looking pretty and smiling often, but like "Beau Geste"—which it doesn't resemble a particle—"The Rough Riders" is what is called a man's picture. And in respect to the acting it is all of that.

The first part of the picture is given over to the training of the troops—drilling and seasoning a wild gang of cowboys at San Antonio, among whom is seen the droll character of *Happy Joe*, who enlists just in time to escape capture by *Hell's Bells*, the sheriff, who also enlists in order to be ready to handcuff *Joe* the minute he is discharged from service.

The second portion takes the troops to Cuba, where more serious business is at hand. Mack proves a coward, while his rival, Farrell, storms into battle like a war horse. In the end Mack dies a hero, while Farrell lives to win *Dolly Grey*. "The Rough Riders" has fas-

in Review

are offered for the guidance of the fans.

Lusk

cinating detail of the period, and should not be missed. Frank Hopper does well in the rôle of *Roosevelt*.

As Through a Glass Darkly.

Gloria Swanson's first venture as a producer brings her forth in "The Love of Sunya," a picture not nearly so important as her independence warrants; but with beautiful settings, fine direction, a capable cast, and a rôle which hardly permits her to leave the screen for a moment, it is decidedly a florid occasion—one that any self-respecting star would order for herself. And one that I fancy audiences, particularly those made up of Miss Swanson's fans, will greatly like. But for all the fine feathers on view, and the four rôles provided for the star, the net result is claptrap, unreal as a fairy tale, and shallow as a babbling brook.

This is the fault of no one except the author of the stage play, "Eyes of Youth"—of which "Sunya" is a new version—and Miss Swanson's choice of it. When it was done on the screen several years ago by Clara Kimball Young, it had the same demerits. Now that it is repeated, with the addition of superior technical resources, it has gained nothing but technique.

Miss Swanson's first rôle, in a brief prologue, is that of an Egyptian maiden who flings herself into a flaming abyss to escape a villain. Centuries later, the villain wanders the earth in the guise of a yogi, atoning for his sin wherever opportunity offers. He comes upon *Sunya Ashling* at the moment of her greatest perplexity. Shall she marry the poor young man she loves, shall she put him off while she accepts the offer of an impresario to make an operatic début in Paris, or shall she marry a rich roué, and save her father from financial ruin? The yogi bids her gaze into his crystal ball for the answer.

Sunya is transported into the future by means of ingeniously imaginative camera effects, and sees the whole of her shameful, hectic career as a prima donna laid bare before her eyes. She shudderingly rejects the career of a singer, only to peer again into the crystal depths, and behold herself enacting the tragic melodrama of the roué's wife. Whichever way she turns there is, apparently, only misery before her. But her mind is made up. She flies to the arms of the young man, who offers her only love, and there is an unexpected solution of her father's difficulties; so the moral is nothing more than, "Be yourself, especially where your heart is concerned."

Never has Miss Swanson been photographed to better advantage than in *Sunya's* several incarnations. She makes the singer, the unhappy wife, and the girl, *Sunya*, sharply distinct characterizations, by appearing to do nothing more than believe in them. Her sincerity never wavers. Her skill as an actress becomes all the greater for never being apparent. John Boles, her new leading man, promises to take his place with the best of the profile artists.



Forrest James and Helen Munday make their first appearance on the screen in "Stark Love," and will not soon be forgotten.

A Hundred Years from Now.

In "Metropolis," a German picture of great magnitude, the producers set out to show what life in a big city may be a hundred years hence. It is weird and fantastic, symbolic rather than sympathetic, but interesting as the only picture of its kind ever seen in this country.

The huge city is built by *John Masterman*, who represents capital. The manufacturing plants of *Masterman* are built underground, and far below these is the city of the workmen. Only the lords of creation live where there are air and sunlight. *Ratwang*, an inventor, creates a figure which has every appearance and function of a human being. He calls it *Efficiency*, but it has no soul. He succeeds in giving it a soul, however, as well as the appearance of a girl named *Mary*, whom the workmen love. This counterfeit *Mary* is an evil spirit which creates havoc instead of good, and the city is nearly reduced to ruins. In the end, an allegorical scene brings capital and labor together in perfect harmony.

"Metropolis" is brilliantly imaginative, but interesting on the score of the settings and other technical merits, rather than its appeal to the emotions. The cast is made up of strangers—capable ones.

A Ragamuffin De Luxe.

Trust Constance Talmadge to choose interesting backgrounds for her pictures. "Her Sister from Paris"—Vienna; "The Duchess of Buffalo"—Petrograd; and, now, Italy for "Venus of Venice." Some day she may throw her sparkling light upon the ghetto and make it beautiful; or put knowing charm into the coal mines, and cause us to wonder why no one had never done it before.

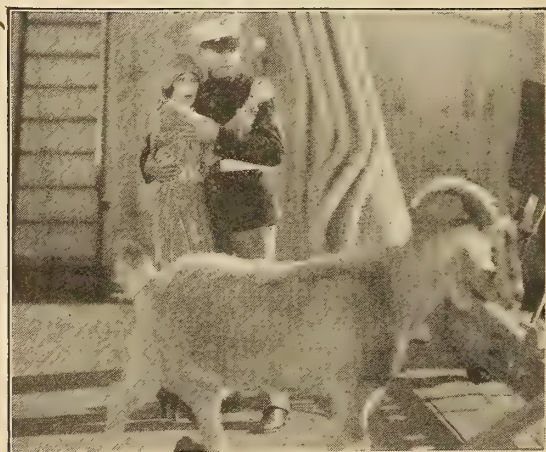
"Venus of Venice" is a gay, improbable yarn, beautifully spun by Marshall Neilan and the camera man. Just how improbable it is you will guess when I tell you that Constance is a picturesque—oh, very—beggar maid who is also a thief. But for all her rags and tat-



"An Affair of the Follies."



"The Rough Riders."



"Let It Rain."



"The Taxi Dancer."

ters, she wears stolen finery with the air of a waif who knows her Rue de la Paix by heart. That's as Constance should be. As well expect Mae Murray to play a *hausfrau*.

Carlotta, pursued by the police, lands in the gondola of Antonio Moreno, who takes her into his home as the first step toward reformation. You can guess how reluctant *Carlotta* is to be reformed, and it doesn't happen until all manner of flirtations, escapes from the police, and dives into the canal have had their moments on the screen. "Venus of Venice" is a good reason to forsake the family hearth, either to go on a foreign tour, or to the movies as the next best thing.

Why Wives Leave Home.

"Three Hours" is the kind of picture which producers say women love. Perhaps they will love Corinne Griffith in it, if they understand why a mother must steal to get the wherewithal to trick herself out in a thousand dollars' worth of ostrich feathers, for the purpose of visiting her baby. The reason given by *Madeline Durkin* is that she can't bear to let the child see her shabbily dressed, but as Miss Griffith is just as beautiful as when she deserted her child, a year before, it seems to me that overdressing herself is a personal vanity. The child, a tot of three, is rather young to know what well-dressed mothers are wearing, anyway, but one never is sure what children are thinking of these days.

This is led up to by *James Finlay's* discovery of *Madeline* as a thief, her confession of what caused her to become one, and their joint visit to the home of her estranged husband, who at last has consented to let her see their child. *Finlay's* chivalrous sympathy in the episode that follows leaves you with the hope that he will continue to console her.

Most of the picture is in retrospect, beginning with *Madeline's* story of the circumstances which caused her to steal, and then reverting to the present.

"Three Hours" is unusual, with lots of plot, the glamour of "high society," as it is supposed to be, and excellent acting on the part of Miss Griffith, John Bowers, and Hobart Bosworth. If it is, as the producers say, a woman's picture, then go to it, my dears.

Ladies Must Live.

"The Taxi Dancer" isn't so gay and daring as the title sounds, but it is tolerably entertaining by reason of Joan Crawford and a lot of wise subtitles of the kind to make an audience chuckle and even roar. *Joslyn Poe* is a girl who will dance with any man for pay—a sort of modified, feminine *gigolo*—only the place where she disports is a cheap dance hall and her fee, alas, is but a dime. The thought of having a dance with Joan Crawford for ten cents is enough to put the picture in the class of idle dreams, but it is occasionally painfully realistic as, for example, when you see some of her partners.

Joslyn begins as an impoverished Southern girl who comes to New York to make her way by means of the only talent she possesses—dancing. Through necessity, she is swept into the life of the dance hall and becomes involved with various Broadway types good and bad, until a crisis shows her who's who, and the picture ends back in Old Virginny, where some of the city folks—the nice ones—have followed her. It is all agreeably diverting, and Miss Crawford is alluring, with stardom just a few steps away.

Lost in a Great City.

Captain Dan Kirby marries *Maria d'Alvarez*, a South American who is *not* a siren, and brings her to New York for their honeymoon. An automobile accident renders him unconscious. When he recovers, he goes in search of his wife, but she has left their hotel and is searching for him. You see them missing each other by the fraction of a second or a straying glance, but in the end they are reunited.

This is the picture called "Blind Alleys," with Thomas Meighan as *Captain Dan*, and Greta Nissen as his bride. It is a slow, solemn undertaking, in spite of crooks who get hold of

the wife, and a girl of the underworld who befriends the husband. Though written for Mr. Meighan by Owen Davis, a noted playwright with two hundred or more dramas and comedies to his credit, the plot has holes in it. For example, when *Dan* leaves the hotel his wallet slips from his overcoat pocket, and he remarks to *Maria* that he won't bother to take it with him because he intends to cash a check at the desk. So he seemingly prepares himself to be minus identification when the accident occurs.

What's in a Name?

"Ankles Preferred" is a trifle, and a very trifling trifle at that, which verges pretty near the classification of a hodge-podge, seemingly made up as the director went along. It has a pert shopgirl heroine, who lives with two others, and who is determined to get on in the world without knowing just how to go about it. Somewhere in her gay and thoughtless career she attracts the attention of a "nice young man"—Lawrence Gray—who is incensed when he finds her in the doubtful position of a hosiery and lingerie model for a couple of merchants who use her to swing a big financial deal. There's a moment of frightful misunderstanding, but you don't have to be told that every cloud has a cooing close-up. The picture is lively, goodness knows, but it is far from important, even though there's a swarm of good performers in it: Madge Bellamy, Lawrence Gray, Barry Norton, Allan Forrest, Marjorie Beebe, Arthur Housman, J. Farrell MacDonald, Joyce Compton, and even more.

Not an Everyday Affair.

Billie Dove comes forth as the star of "An Affair of the Follies" and looks a dream of daintiness and beauty. She acts the rôle of *Tamara* with a pretty sincerity, too. *Tamara* is a dancer, who goes through those *adagio* gyrations with a male partner and brings down the house with every leap, just as you see it done in the prologues when you go to the movie theaters that have them. Her hand is sought, as the Victorian phrase has it, by a rich producer, or man about town, or wealthy clubman—the type played by Lewis Stone. But little *Tamara* will have him only as a friend. She prefers *Jerry*, a clerk, at sixty a week, and, furthermore, marries him, retires from the "Follies," and sets out to be just a wife.

It doesn't work, of course, and a silly misunderstanding separates them. All of which is routine stuff. In the last reel a sudden turn in the plot gives the picture a flavor of novelty that really saves it. *Jerry*, the rich man, and an inventor who has been vainly trying to see the latter, all meet without knowing each other's identity, and the three confide their problems. This is put over in highly amusing fashion, and ultimately the rich man brings the young couple together and falls for the inventor's proposition. Lloyd Hughes is the clerk. "An Affair of the Follies" is handsomely produced.

Gayety in the Doldrums.

The implication of merriment in the title of "The Gay Old Bird" is a cruelly false alarm, for the picture is dull and dreary. Its demerits are too numerous to mention, but the chief one is a story based on the antiquated idea of a husband, temporarily separated from his wife, who must needs produce one, in order to get a present of twenty-five thousand dollars from his doting uncle. So the cook is pressed into service, with all the clumsy mishaps common to the preposterous situation.

Louise Fazenda could not fail in any rôle, but she is hard put to make anything out of the cook but an imbecile. The rest of the cast—John T. Murray, Jane Winton, William Demarest, and Ed Kennedy—easily qualify as idiots.

Oh, Me, Oh, My!

Some one started out with the idea of making "High Hat" a satire on a motion-picture studio, but only succeeded in being foolish and making fools of Ben Lyon, Mary Brian, Sam Hardy, and the rest of the cast. What little plot there is comes from asking us to believe that Ben Lyon, as an extra, would be goofy



"The Love of Sunya."



"Venus of Venice."



"The Show."



"The Beloved Rogue."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeaten, younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, acrobatic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Blonde Saint, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in an entertaining film of a cynical author who abducts a lady to Sicily and meets with plenty of melodrama.

"Canadian, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan is a man of the soil in his best rôle in some time. Slow-moving but interesting film of gingham dresses and khaki shirts.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor. Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Corporal Kate"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, an Irish and a Jewish manicurist, join the war as entertainers. Comedy and tragedy mixed.

"Eagle of the Sea, The"—Paramount. Ricardo Cortez as a gallant pirate in a picturesque costume film laid in New Orleans in 1815. Florence Vidor is the lovely rescued heroine.

"Everybody's Acting"—Paramount. Pleasant story of the romance between a young actress and a wealthy young man whose mother opposes the match. Betty Bronson and Lawrence Gray.

"Flaming Forest, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Stirring story of the Mounted Police in the lawless western Canada of 1850. Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree.

"Flesh and the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson in a striking film of two lifelong friends who are incited against each other by a scheming, unscrupulous siren.

"For Wives Only"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a giddy light comedy of a young Viennese wife who skates on thin ice. Victor Varconi is the husband.

"Getting Gertie's Garter"—Producers Distributing. Slim but harmless farce, featuring Marie Prevost's frantic efforts to return to Charles Ray the bejeweled garter he gave her before he became engaged to another.

"Gigolo"—Producers Distributing. Best acting of Rod La Rocque's career. Tragic experiences of a young man who, after being battered up in the war, becomes a scorned *gigolo* in a Paris café. Jobyna Ralston and Louise Dresser.

"Great Gatsby, The"—Paramount. Excellent acting in a none-too-pleasant story of society intrigues on Long Island. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, and Georgia Hale.

"It"—Paramount. Clara Bow makes entertaining this film of an impudent shopgirl who cops the owner of the store, Antonio Moreno, in spite of a ritzy rival.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"Kid Boots"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor's screen début. Sometimes funny, sometimes not. Thrilling climax. Clara Bow, Billie Dove, and Lawrence Gray.

"Kosher Kitty Kelly"—F. B. O. Really entertaining. Another case of entanglements between the Jews and the Irish. Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Vera Gordon, and Nat Carr.

"Ladies at Play"—First National. Riotous escapades of a girl who, to inherit a fortune, must marry in three days a man who won't have her. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, and Louise Fazenda.

"Lady of the Harem, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous Oriental spectacle, featuring Greta Nissen, in a glamorous, seductive rôle, and William Collier, Jr.

"Little Journey, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. A Pullman-car romance between a boy and girl who meet on a trip to California. William Haines and Claire Windsor.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—Paramount. Unexpectedly good. Tale of two sisters in a department store, the disappearance of some funds, and one sister's sacrifice for the other. Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Lawrence Gray.

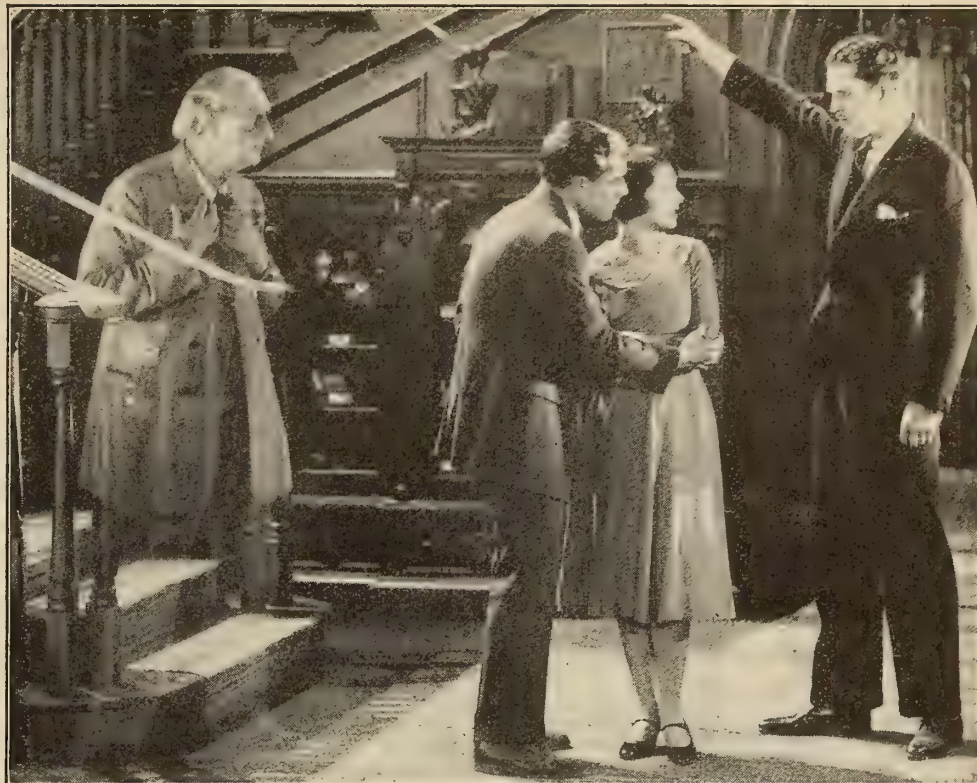
"Lunatic at Large, The"—First National. Leon Errol in highly amusing picture of a hobo who is mistaken for a millionaire and accidentally put into an insane asylum. Dorothy Mackaill and Kenneth McKenna.

"Magician, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rex Ingram's latest. Gruesome film of

When Ghosts Go Visiting

Whether you believe in spooks or not, they make their appearance on the screen with all the uncanny effects that the camera men can devise.

The nameless gentleman below paid a visit to Louise Fazenda in "Finger Prints," and left her a nervous wreck.



Quite another kind of ghostly visitor was seen, above, in "The Return of Peter Grimm," when Alec B. Francis, as *Peter*, reappeared in his home and was a silent witness to the villainy of his nephew, John Roche, whose wrath was falling upon Richard Walling and Janet Gaynor, dear to old *Peter's* heart. Because he is a ghost, he cannot help them.



Quite the most horrific of all the ghosts is menacing Laura La Plante, right, while she, poor dear, all unknowing, gives her concentrated attention to solving the mystery of "The Cat and the Canary." And we can tell you right now that she succeeds in spite of the spook.



Rod Takes the Bitter with the Sweet

Along with the tremendous success that has come to Rod La Rocque in the past four years, there has crept into his soul a trace of bitterness, but Rod takes bitter and sweet alike with a grin, and holds himself alone responsible for whatever happens to him.

By Katherine Lipke

JUST four years ago I was sent out to interview a new and practically unknown player. Cecil De Mille had given him a gripping, dramatic rôle in "The Ten Commandments," and the public was beginning to ask, "Who is this Rod La Rocque?"

At that time there wasn't much to tell. Pre-De Mille information on Rod was scarce. In the film world he was an immensely unimportant person. Two leads with Mae Murray were his chief claims to credit—and every one knows how meager playing with Mae can be.

But the release of the De Mille religious production changed all that. Within a few months the name of Rod La Rocque became of considerable importance in the film world. A tempestuous, likable fellow personally, he became very popular in Hollywood as well as with the fans.

Things have run fairly smoothly for Rod since then. There hasn't been another "Ten Commandments" in which he could startle us with his dramatic fire, but neither has he had any decided reverses.

Now, in the rôle of *Prince Dimitri* in Edwin Carewe's film version of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," Rod has reached another important milestone in his picture life. It would seem that his career is destined to run in cycles of four. He was twenty-four when De Mille discovered him. In the four years which have followed he has been featured in sixteen pictures. Of these, four are worth mentioning, in his opinion—"The Ten Commandments," "Feet of Clay," "Gigolo," and "Resurrection."

In these past four busy years, Rod personally has remained practically unchanged. He is much the same restless, laughing boy whom I interviewed before, with ideas on everything, a willingness to express them, a dynamic energy, an impish humor, a complete lack of pose.

There is just one difference. A little iron seems to have entered Rod's soul. It crops out in satirical comments, bitter remarks. His indifference to Hollywood's social life, in which he no longer takes any part, seems not his usual good-natured indifference, but a sharp cynical contempt.

"I go to none of these social affairs," he said to me. "They do not interest me. I have my home with my father, mother, and sister. Occasionally, I invite a few friends to my own fireside."

"Picture people?" I asked.

"If I have any friends in film circles, I don't know it," said Rod, with a bright and glittering smile.

Yes, the iron is there!

A couple of years ago, Rod was a constant attendant at social gatherings in the colony. He was seen everywhere, at premières and parties, with Pola Negri. They were always together. Now all that is changed. He now seldom appears in public, and almost never entertains outside his own home.

Matrimonially Rod is apparently immune. "I doubt if I will ever marry," he announced with a grin. "I am not the type. Some men possess a positive gift for marriage. They survive one unfortunate venture only to plunge gayly into the next. Now, that would never do for me."

"And really, I haven't the nature to make any one woman happy. Feeling as I do, it would be insanity for me to try. Marriage is a luxury I think I had better do without. I cannot conceive of myself as a married man."

An unhappy marriage would probably wreck Rod. He is not one of those light and irresponsible men who can slip in and out of matrimony unscathed. For Rod holds himself responsible for everything he does. The blame he never tosses to any one else. It rests always on his own shoulders.

"It's my fault and mine alone when things go smash," he said. "I always realize that I ought to have had more sense in the first place. If I walk down a railroad track in front of an oncoming train, I should know

that I'm going to get hit. So why should I blame the train?

"Remember *Cassius'* advice to *Brutus* in 'Julius Caesar'? 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' That is one of my favorite lines. It exactly expresses my view of life. I tell you, old Shakespeare had the right idea."

When Rod fails, then Rod takes the blame. This is the theory on which he lives.

Personally, I admire his courage in facing everything with shoulders back and a grin on his face. And, the more I admire him, the more I hope that, if ever he breaks his resolve not to marry, he will have the good fortune to choose well, for an unhappy venture would shake him to the base of his being.

He has two interesting hob-

Continued on page 111



No director ever has to work Rod up to a dramatic situation—the difficulty is in holding down his explosive energy. This photo reveals him in his rôle in "The Cruise of the Jasper B."



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Though the past four years have brought great success to Rod La Rocque, they also seem to have embittered him a little, says Katherine Lipke in the story on the opposite page.



The Largest

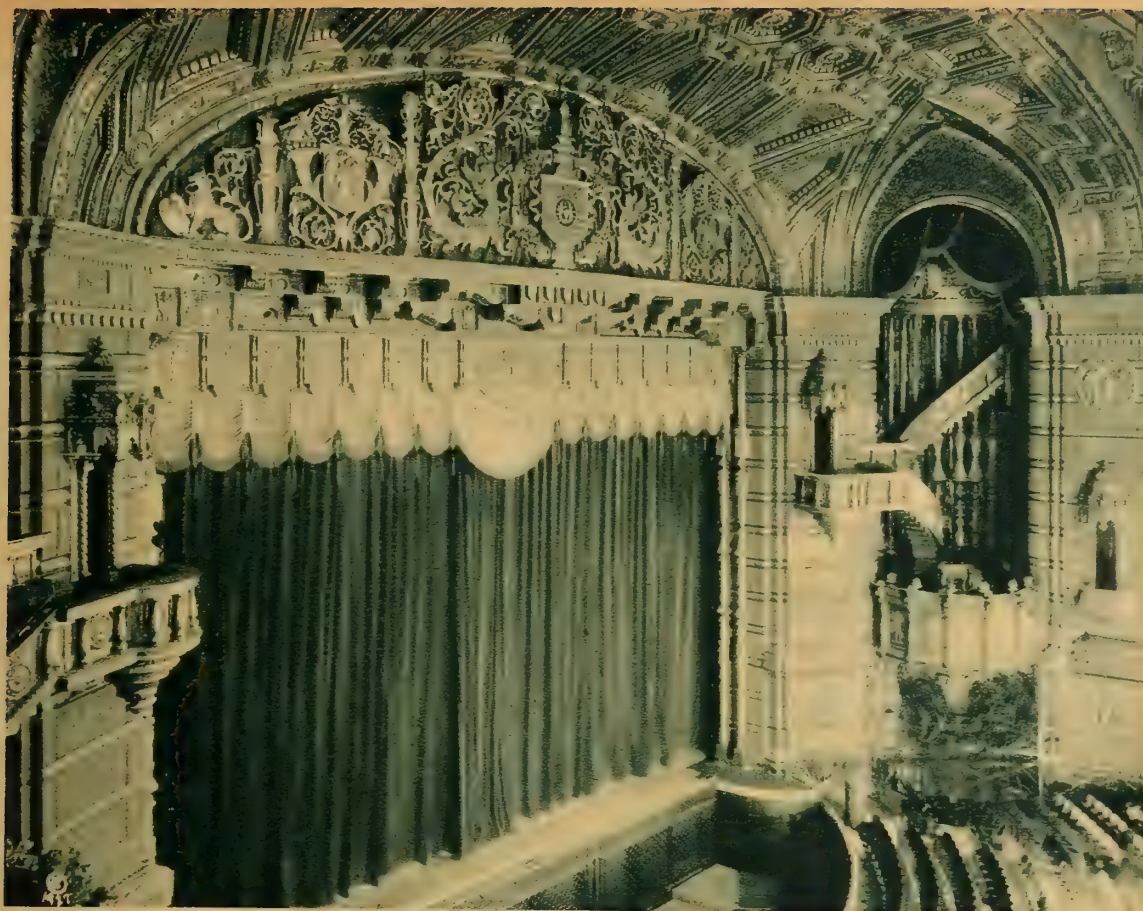
At last the huge and magnificent
pleted, and has been opened to the



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It was a milestone in the history of the movies when the doors of the Roxy Theater were thrown wide early in March. The largest movie theater in the world, it is probably also the most elaborate in design and decoration. Done in dull gold and brown in the plateresque style of the Spanish Renaissance, its interior is a distinct artistic achievement.

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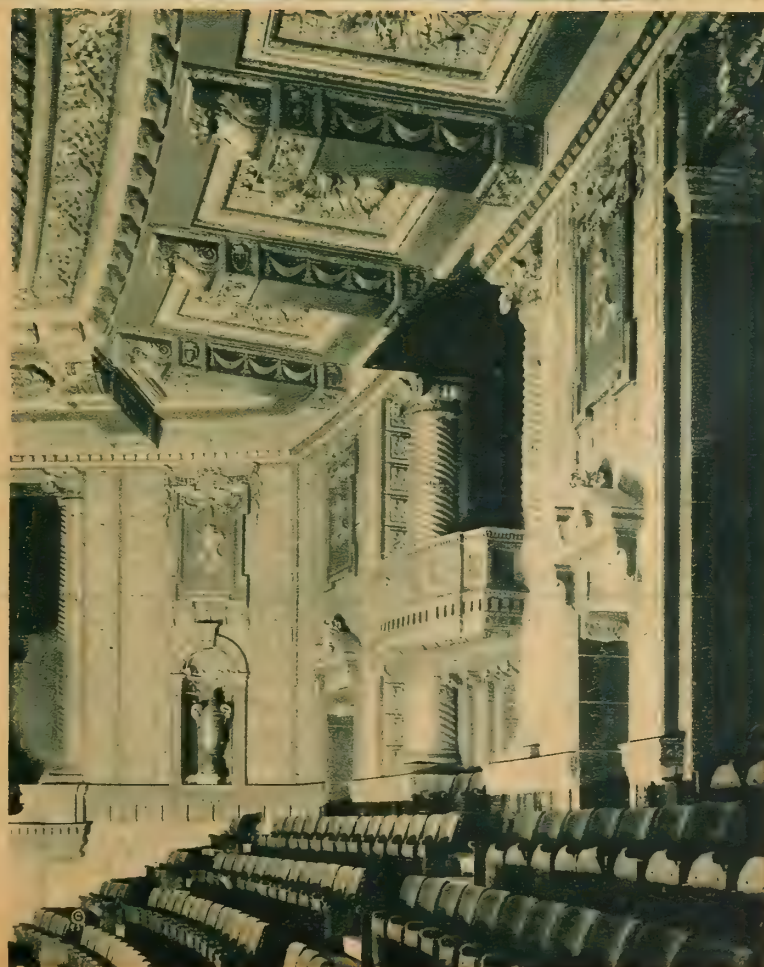
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in the World

Roxy Theater in New York is com-
public with great pomp and ceremony.



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This theater has long been the dream of that master showman, S. I. Rothafel, but it is hard to believe that anything so grand has been dedicated to the mere movies. The immense and richly decorated proscenium arch, shown at the top of the page, is worthy of an opera house. Right, is shown a section of the balcony, and above, some of the stonework on the front of the theater.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

It was impossible to ignore the many requests from the fans for a picture of Wanda Wiley, so here it is. Wanda, who is another girl from Texas and has been in the movies about two years, has evidently been making quite a hit with her dare-devil stunts in Century comedies. Lately she has been at work on a series called "What Happened to Jane."



Dolores Costello appears in this perfectly lovely costume in "A Million Bid," but we do wish that a little sunshine would come into the poor girl's life. Always the sad, sad heroine with the tragic eyes, she is as drooping and forlorn as the lonely rose in her lap.

Morning, Noon and Night

Presenting an array of fashions for every hour of the day.

Hoop skirts are decidedly coming in again. Left, Marceline Day wears a hoop-skirted evening frock of peach-colored chiffon, trimmed with rhinestones and self-colored ostrich feathers. The evening gown at the right, worn by Gertrude Olmsted in "Becky," is of purple chiffon trimmed with rhinestones and pearls.

Right, Sally O'Neil appears in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," in this afternoon dress of pink organdie, trimmed with black velvet.

And for sport wear, what could be smarter than Gwen Lee's two-piece suit, left, of blue and white checks, worn with a blue felt hat.

Half the charm of Joan Crawford's dinner frock, above, lies in its delicate coloring—pale blue, brocaded in silver—which, of course, does not show in a photograph. A dancing hat of silver cloth and silver lace is worn with it.





Lya Transformed

The golden curls that take the place of Lya de Putti's own dark locks in "The Heart Thief" do not detract in the least from her allure. Lya left Paramount because she did not like the vamp rôles that they were giving her, but she seems to be stealing just as many hearts with Producers Distributing.



Photo by Eugene Robert Heche

May we present Jobyna Ralston's young husband—Richard Arlen, to be sure. And besides being the man who recently married Jobyna, he's one of the featured players in "Wings," Paramount's big aviation picture.

How Sojin Does It

It's simply a question of teeth, says Sojin, the remarkable Japanese character actor. How he achieves some of his eccentric make-ups is here revealed, along with a glimpse into his interesting past.

By Julia Williams

BEAUTY isn't everything.

Often an eccentric appearance or a deformity of some sort is as much of an asset on the screen as the most flaming of beauty.

Take Sojin, for instance—the Japanese actor whom you all must know from the many unique characterizations that he has given the screen. As himself Sojin isn't such a bad-looking guy—though distinctly different in appearance—but when made up for one of those eccentric rôles he plays, well, he's an eyeful. Like Lon Chaney, he specializes in weird make-up. And it's this very power to look strange and unnatural, combined, of course, with his Oriental nationality and a pronounced gift for acting, that has placed him in tremendous demand among the film producers. For certain types of rôles he is unrivaled.

Seeing Sojin at work one day on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, during the filming of "The Road to Mandalay," I strolled over and tried to engage him in conversation. But as he has not added a mastery of our language to his other accomplishments, our talk was not very satisfactory. I wanted to hear something of his entry into motion pictures. But he did not understand very well—"Bring my wife to-morrow," he said. "She spik' Engleesh ver' good."

So the next day I met Lady Sojin, and in very good English she told me something of her husband's background and experiences.

He was born in Sendai, Japan. His father was a member of Parliament and from his early youth Sojin was surrounded by an atmosphere of learning and



Which should it be? Prominence in Japan or obscurity in America? That's what Sojin and his wife had to choose between, and they chose obscurity in America—all because of the movies. They had won fame on the Japanese stage, but they left it behind them and came across the Pacific—all because of the movies. Strangers in a foreign land, and they didn't know the language—not so good. But now the obscurity is gone, and they sit in their Hollywood home, and smile—all because of the movies.

One of their two sons is shown with them in the picture above.

literary achievement. When still a very young boy, he entered the University of Japan, where his innate love of poetry and literature was fostered and encouraged. In this sympathetic environment he wrote and published several books of lyric poems.

As he grew older he became deeply interested in dramatic literature and decided to devote his life to the study and presentation of drama in Japan. Under the able direction of Professor Tsubouchi, the great Japanese authority on drama and literature, Sojin made rapid progress and later became associated with the professor's dramatic school as teacher and director.

When the little-theater movement spread to Japan, he became one of its most ardent and valued supporters. Having been through a thorough training in acting and directing, he undertook to organize a company of his own, which became most successful. In his own theater, he presented in Japanese the best European and English plays. Often he played the lead himself, and numbers among his repertory such rôles as *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Shylock*, all popular in Japan, where Shakespeare is greatly admired. Ibsen, too, is a well-liked dramatist

in Japan, so Sojin presented and appeared in many of his plays.

Finally, he was called to the Imperial Theater in Tokyo, which is owned and controlled by a group of wealthy Japanese. Here Sojin reached the peak of his career.

Previous to this, while still director of his own company, he had fallen in love with his leading lady and

How Sojin Does It



Merely by removing his teeth Sojin acquired the comic expression that made him such a hit as the Jewish jeweler in "The Wanderer."

married her. They now have two sons, one of whom shows great literary promise and is attending school in this country.

About six years ago, becoming interested in the possibilities in motion-picture work, Sojin came to America with a view of entering films. But, not knowing English, he had no means of gaining access to those in a position to help him. After a long, fruitless effort to find work, he decided to give up his movie ambitions for the time being. He went up to Canada and traveled about, enjoying a prolonged vacation, which he sorely needed after his years of hard work in Japan.

Later he settled in San Francisco, where he founded and edited a monthly magazine called *The East and West Times*. This was a Japanese publication intended to encourage friendly feelings between Japan and the United States.

Then, one day, when he was on a fishing excursion off San Pedro, he met an old friend, a Jap, who had heard that Douglas Fairbanks was in need of an intelligent Oriental to play an important part in "The Thief of Bagdad." Thinking that perhaps this might prove to be his long-awaited opportunity, Sojin hastened to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio and made application for the part. Although many Orientals had already applied, Sojin's appearance and long experience, added to numerous screen tests,

finally secured the coveted rôle for him. His work in this important film was such an outstanding characterization that it led to many other important engagements for him, until now he is well established on the screen and in constant demand for unusual Oriental rôles.

When Sojin was first considered for the part of the Japanese butler in "The Bat," it was decided by Director Roland West that his appearance lacked a certain sinister quality necessary to the rôle—his teeth were too perfect, his smile too bland—so some one else was sought for the rôle. All this was not explained to the clever Oriental, because of his limited knowledge of English, but an effort was made to find a Jap or a Chinaman with a "fearful, frightful, frantic" smile, to paraphrase the famous song in "The Mikado." Dozens and dozens of Orientals were interviewed—tall, short, lanky, obese, with and without pigtailes—but none had the proper tusklike teeth.

Finally it was decided that perhaps Sojin was the best bet after all, in spite of his too-pleasant smile. He was called in and given the part. But the director added that he did wish he didn't have such nice, even teeth. And with much gesticulating, it was explained to him why he hadn't been selected without hesitation. Slowly a broad smile spread over his usually impassive countenance. With a soft "Excus'," he told Mr. West that was all right, he could fix it. "Come back tomorrow," he said.

Wondering, Mr. West let him go, first signing his contract at a nice, fat salary to play in "The Bat." The following day Sojin appeared. As he came into the room where West sat

dictating, he took off his hat and smiled fiendishly, horribly, at the surprised director. For there, protruding from the corners of his mouth, were two short tusks. They lent just the proper amount of sinister ugliness to his appearance. West clapped him on the back joyously and asked him how he had done it.

"I have plenty teef," he said, smiling fiercely and showing both tusks genially.

He pulled a case from his pocket and opened it, revealing set after set

Continued on page 107



For the rôle of the imbecile-looking SULTAN in "The Lady of the Harem," he made his teeth few and far between.

Sojin as the brutal coolie in "The Sea Beast."



Allay Up!

How Jobyna Ralston keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

Instead of running down to the corner drug store every time her rouge gets low, Jobyna Ralston runs over to the gymnasium and turns a few handsprings with her trainer. Left, the trainer converts himself into a human trapeze for Jobyna to chin herself on.

Now that acrobatic rôles are so prevalent in the movies, Jobyna's gymnastics should stand her in good stead. After she has rolled and tumbled, stood on her head several times, and walked upside down along parallel bars, she is ready for anything—be it the leading rôle in a circus film or just a strenuous evening in Hollywood society.



Just imagine a clinging vine of yore engaging in a little fencing match! But Jobyna, the modern vine, handles foils and curls with equal skill. She may look like an ingénue, but she fences like a D'Artagnan.

We're afraid that steed that she has mounted at the left won't carry her very far, but she has by this time worked up so much energy that she could win a race on her own momentum.



Photo by W. F. Seely

Constance Howard is the younger sister of Frances Howard Goldwyn, and bids fair to carry on the career Frances cut short when she married the producer.

A Flapper Who Watches Her Step

Though technically a flapper, Constance Howard has the wisdom and poise of a veteran in life's affairs. She even avoids ice water to safeguard her health for the long career ahead of her.

By Madeline Glass

CONSTANCE HOWARD, the interesting younger sister of Frances Howard, who retired from the screen a year or so ago and married Samuel Goldwyn, had invited me to luncheon.

The place she had designated is an elegant establishment where the cover charge suggests refined banditry and the bill looks as if you were buying an interest in the place.

I merely mention this fact so you will know she did not take me to an ordinary café—which would not have insulted me at all—nor to one of those colorful, bohemian emporiums where the walls are decorated with such signs as, "We trust your face but we can't put it in the cash register."

Constance is a flapper, and flappers believe in doing things up brown.

I was genuinely interested in meeting this sprightly newcomer whose screen work has attracted instant commendation from the press. Since the motion-picture in-

dustry is burdened with so many young women of insipid, artificial prettiness and practically nonexistent talent, it is a treat to find one who shows a flash of individuality.

Small, straight, neatly tailored, with nimble steps and elevated chin—that is Constance Howard. A small, wine-colored hat was pulled down over her very blond hair, and under her arm she carried a copy of a travel magazine. Constance swaggers just a trifle and looks a bit like Mae Murray, or rather as Miss Murray looked about three divorces ago.

As soon as we were seated at the table she asked for water without ice.

"I think ice water is bad for the digestion," said she. "It chills the stomach. I don't understand how some people can eat heavy, rich food and drink bootleg liquor. I try to guard my health, but I must confess to one vice—smoking. I am trying to quit, though."

My Sherlock Holmes activities soon brought to light the information that Constance is nineteen years old, was educated in a convent, and had a season or two in the "Follies."

She needed poise and training, she said, and her "Follies" experience helped her a great deal. While still very young she began earning her own livelihood. Acting, posing for artists, and dancing kept the old, well-known wolf at a safe distance. She played her first real screen rôle in "Hold That Lion," with Douglas MacLean, after a year of extra work in the East.

Mr. MacLean, she said, was "wonderful," and it had been a pleasure to work with Richard Barthelmess in "The White Black Sheep." Barthelmess had taken her to Catalina in his sloop when she had missed the boat. Moreover, he had carried her suit cases for her.

"Can you imagine having Dick Barthelmess for a porter?" she exclaimed.

No, I couldn't.

"Every one has been so kind to me lately," said she, "that I feel as if I had been touched by a magic wand."

Fan mail is coming in and that, as every one knows, is a good indication of public interest.

"I get fan mail, too," I said.

"Why, one well-meaning but eccentric young man wrote to say that I was the greatest artist on the screen! He also said that it made him very unhappy to miss one of my pictures! I wonder," I added, "how such people manage to keep out of the lunatic asylum?"

Constance didn't know. No one does.

Attacking her salad with healthy interest, Miss Howard gave out bits of personal data between bites.

"Last night I had dinner with my sister, Frances. She is the most wonderful sister any one ever had. She is so kind and takes such an interest in me. When we were on the road to-

gether she used to get up at five in the morning, after traveling half the night, and take me to Mass. Last night she gave me one of her hats." [Continued on page 105]



Slim, erect, Constance is a graceful and dignified little figure in Hollywood

"Here's Looking at You!"

Ernest Torrence, in the peace and security of his picturesque home, toasts the fans who have made possible a collection of old pewter and other things dear to his heart.

By Joan Stuart McCosh

HERE'S looking at you!" And it was through the bottom of an old English pewter mug that I saw Ernest Torrence's twinkling brown eyes.

Did you know that the old drinking cups used to be made with glass bottoms? So when a friend said, "Here's looking at you!" and drained the cup, the words became literally true.

We enacted this little bit of social ceremony in his typically English dining room not long ago. It is a dining room that harbors the finest collection of old pewter in Hollywood—lovely, battered, old Dutch platters, and quaint, squatty, English teapots, mugs, and jugs of all sizes and shapes—all glowing with the soft, dull luster that only pewter has.

It's peculiarly like Ernest Torrence to care for old pewter. As I watched him standing there

Ernest Torrence with Ian, his son, and Mrs. Torrence.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

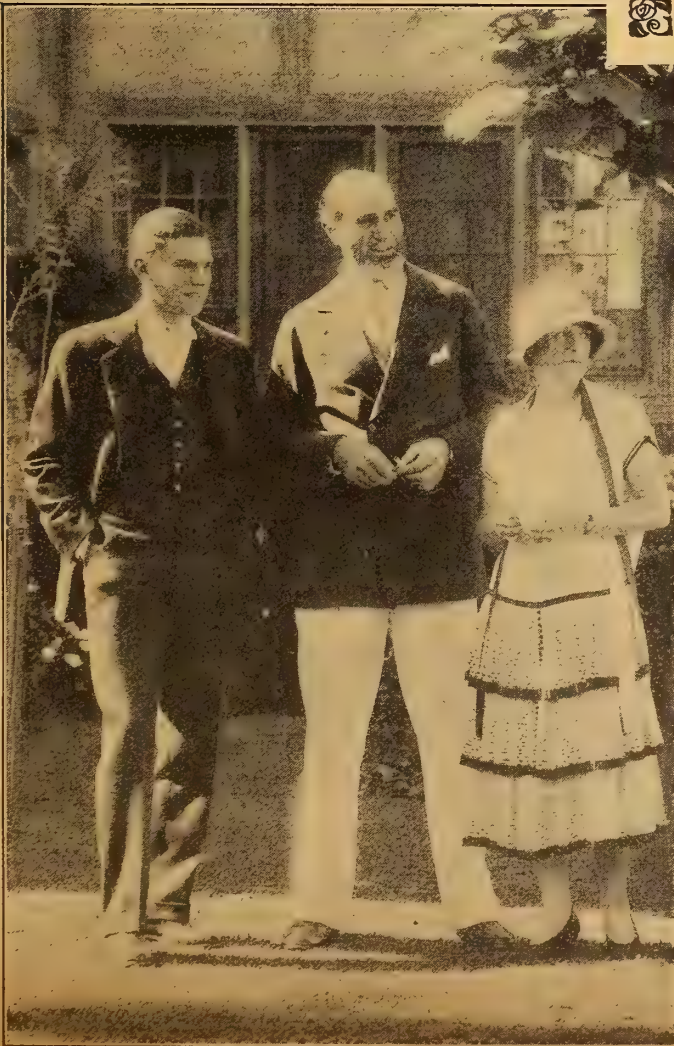


Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

A lovely English garden is the pride and joy of Ernest Torrence, while the rose garden is Mrs. Torrence's especial care.

with the queer old mug in his hand, explaining the ancient custom, Time seemed to turn back, and it was as though we were in an English inn a century or two ago. He fitted into the picture perfectly, and the house that he has built in the most modern city in the world reflects the spirit of another country and the charm of another century.

It is English, of course—simple, comfortable, and yet dignified. The floors in the dining room and hall are of dull red tiles, striking just the right note of warmth in the midst of dark oak and dully gleaming pewter.

The drawing-room is large, with that feeling of space which does not sacrifice livableness—a quality which so few rooms seem to have, particularly in new houses—and there are deep chairs and divans, most luxuriously deep, covered with chintz. There were bowls of flowers in the room, and through an open door one caught the most enchanting glimpse of a walled garden.

There was a sense of peace and plenty—a feeling of security. A man in his castle is Ernest Torrence in his home.

And just a few years ago he didn't have a home. He didn't have that sense of security. The stage isn't as lavish in her rewards as is the screen. I wondered how he felt about it. Individual reaction to success is one of the most interesting phases of life in Hollywood. In many cases we find the combination of youth and fortune without the balance wheel of experience. Skyrocket fame! Skyrocket luxury! Everything for a year and a day, then—nothing!

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At the country club, Blanche's feet may be seen shod in alligator suède.

Every Shoe Has a Place All Its Own

And all these shoes, worn by Blanche Sweet, are in their proper places.



On the dance floor Miss Sweet prefers plain satin slippers, varying in color according to her gown.



Formal surroundings are correct for these black-and-silver satin slippers, trimmed with metal-cloth rose buds.



Photo
by
Keyes

In her bedroom, below, Blanche wears pink satin mules edged with white rabbit fur.



Above, brown-and-tan kid slippers for afternoon outdoor wear. Below, brown oxfords for the street.



Left, at afternoon tea, appears a pair of slippers of black patent leather and light-tan kid.



Could a Broken Neck Stop Him? Not Much!

Richard Talmadge is a living example that a man can break his neck in the movies and still go on doing daredevil stunts. It's only a matter of nerve, he says. But if you lose that, you're gone!

By A. L. Wooldridge

TEN thousand persons jammed Olive Street and Pershing Square in the heart of Los Angeles one day about a year ago. On a hotel window ledge, five stories up, a young man was poised, about to leap to the street. The door to his room was locked.

"It's suicide!" a nervous little woman said.

"It will kill him, sure as fate!" replied another.

"He will break his neck! Why don't the police stop him?"

Morbid curiosity held them. If he did break his neck—well, it was *his* neck. If he killed himself—well, they would see the suicide.

The strange thing about it was that the young man *had* broken his neck several months before—and had lived. And he was now trying to find out just what effect a broken neck would have on a fellow's nerve. He had been making leaps into space for years—in fact, had been raised as a gymnast and had been a tumbler in a circus. So he wasn't afraid of aerial stunts—that is, he hadn't been, up to the time he had snapped a vertebra at the base of his skull. He wanted now to find out whether that accident would make him afraid. Would his self-assurance desert him?

You see, Richard Talmadge was taking stock. He was studying himself. His heart bravely told him, "You're all right again. You're as good as ever." But from away back in his mind there came the warning, "Be careful, now! That's how you got hurt."

One of his most notable feats was a seventy-two-foot plunge down the side of a mountain. He landed uninjured.



As soon as his broken neck had healed, Dick went out and jumped from a five-story building, just to make sure he hadn't lost his nerve.

Young Talmadge had once plunged seventy-two feet down a mountainside into a pile of sliding sand and had escaped uninjured. He had driven an automobile over a cliff, jumped from the car in mid-air, and landed without a scratch. Then, in making an almost inconsequential leap from the roof of a small building into a motor car, his head had struck the back of a seat and his neck had snapped. Paralysis had threatened and the surgeons had given him up.

I sat in Dick's office at Universal one day not long ago and heard him describe how he had felt that day as he had poised himself on the window ledge of that hotel. He very frankly admitted that the intended leap of forty-five or fifty feet had seemed more important to him than almost anything he had ever done in pictures.

"It wasn't that the distance was so great," he said, "but I wanted to know myself. I had done more dangerous things, but the point was, what would my mind say to me now? Would it stop me? Let me tell you that one of the happiest moments of my life was when I jumped from that window and landed safely on the mattress in the



Could a Broken Neck Stop Him? Not Much!



A sixteen-foot leap between two structures is mere play to Dick Talmadge.

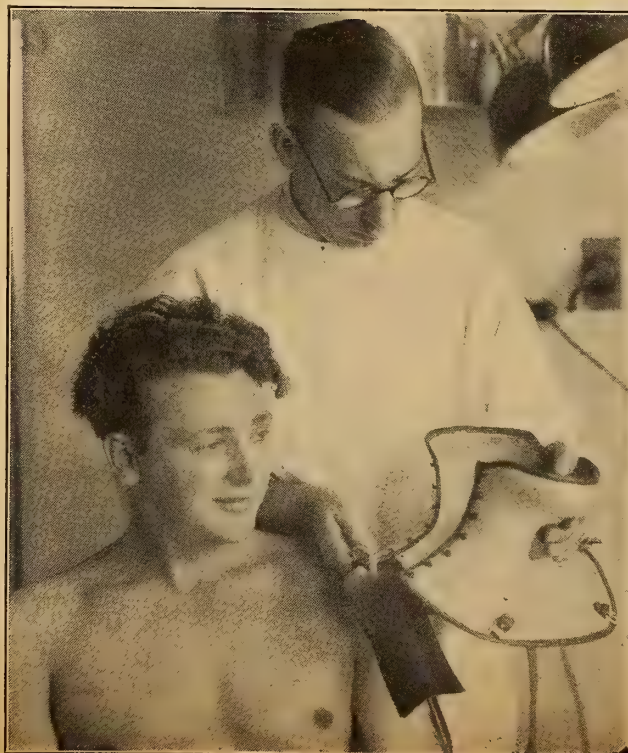
street. I felt a positive exultation in discovering that I was not afraid. Can you realize what that meant to me? It meant that I could go on in pictures. My mind still had confidence in my body.

"Place yourself in my position," he continued. "How would you feel if you had dived into a passing automobile from the roof of a house and had broken your neck? Wouldn't you have hesitated about doing such a thing again?"

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, we are told. Then there is the old adage that 'a burnt dog dreads the fire.' But my case was a little different from the usual because I had been born in a family of gymnasts and from my earliest days had been taught tumbling and daredevil stunts.

"My father had trained me not to fear anything that we worked out mathematically as being physically possible. It is quivering nerve, doubt, hesitancy, he told me, that causes accidents in stunts.

There was a broad grin on Dick's face the day that the shoe was at last removed from his neck.



The fellow who boldly, bravely steps into a situation, confident that he can achieve a thing, usually does achieve it.

"Let me see if I can illustrate what I mean. There are men who can easily make a running jump of fifteen feet. On level ground, with no danger involved, they will do it repeatedly for the fun of the thing. But when called upon to jump only twelve feet over a chasm a thousand feet deep or from the roof of one building to another, they will say, 'Not on your life. If I slipped, it would kill me!' Yet they know that they can easily jump three feet farther on level ground and never slip.

"You can stretch a rope from the limb of a tree to a fence and many a man will swing hand-over-hand along it without any fear whatsoever. But put that same rope across an abyss a mile deep and you won't find one in a thousand who will attempt to cross it. It's that little old subconscious mind that plays tricks on us from the self-preservation angle. Only when you approach these things with utter confidence, with the feeling, 'Why, this is simple!' can you accomplish them.

"A year or two ago I was making a Western thriller in which I was to drive an automobile up a small incline at a high rate of speed and then leap a chasm. The stunt looked simple and I thought I would have a lot of fun doing it. But the runway that had been constructed was faulty and, instead of clearing the gap, the car went into a nose dive and smashed into the opposite wall of the cañon. I landed at one side. When the machine had started on its dive I had had enough presence of mind in that bit of a second to jump. I landed in sand, unhurt except for a slightly bruised back.

"You see, as I landed, I rolled up in a ball to distribute the force of the fall throughout my body. That is the secret of falling. If you throw an egg into the air and it falls with a thud, it will break. But if it falls where it can go rolling and bouncing along until it loses its momentum, it can stand a lot.

"That seventy-two-foot leap down the side of a mountain that I once did was supposed to be a dangerous feat. But like the egg, I went bounding and bumping along in the sand until I stopped and wasn't hurt a bit. I got two dollars and fifty cents for that fall. That was a long time ago.

"The subconscious mind has much to do with stunts in the movies. I was asked once to double for George Walsh in a scene in which I swung from a rope through a plate-glass window and landed on the floor inside. It wasn't a hard thing to do but it looked spectacular. Several young men had undertaken to do it but, when the time had come to let go of the rope and go slam-

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A New Home for Billy Haines

Stardom and a grand new home both at once! Life, says William Haines, is almost *too* full.

Billy Haines is sitting on top of the world these days. The past year has been for him just one good thing after another. And now, like every other successful movie player, he has used his newly acquired wealth to build for himself a large, spacious, and luxurious home, filled to the brim with antique furniture and *objets d'art*.



And as it happened that his home was completed just about the time that M.-G.-M. decided to star Bill, he wasn't for a while down on this earth at all—he was wandering around some place up in the clouds. Even now he goes about pinching himself from time to time, to make sure he's not just a dream movie star in a make-believe house.



Various corners of the house are shown in these four pictures. Bill is particularly delighted with the antique desk at the top of the page, and he has suddenly, for the first time in his life, become a prolific letter-writer, just for an excuse to use the desk. Above is a glimpse of the living room, with the proud owner perched on the end of the davenport.



Over on another side of the living room is a very artistic fireplace, but we're afraid it doesn't draw very well—judging from the amount of smoke-black that has already accumulated just above it. Left, Bill is even tempted by the comfort of his surroundings to sit down quietly and read now and then, though he's ordinarily never happy unless he's on the go.

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course, he told himself hurriedly, this situation was merely temporary—an unforeseen emergency, a condition to which he had surrendered only because of his destitute circumstances. He would get some salary shortly; then DuVal and all the misery-makers would find him missing.

"You're keeping something back," Penny ventured, breaking in upon his thoughts. "It's that terrible, dark secret again, I'll bet. Oh, don't tell me—I don't want to hear. But I know it's a girl. That's what drives broken-hearted men to the wide, open spaces. Something *drove* you here, Oscar—and you'll tell me one of these days."

"It isn't worth telling," he said, lying gracefully. What if she did find out? About Lester Lavender! The very thought made him panicky. Then he forced a laugh and endeavored to close the unpleasant subject.

"I wonder who stole my money?" he ventured. "I haven't seen that slinky-eyed fellow around, have you?"

"I saw him," Penny replied. "He's dressed something like Mr. Metford—and he certainly looks the part! A slicker! He'd steal a fly from a blind spider. If he didn't lift your roll, I'm a second guesser. We want to watch him."

"If I really thought so," Oscar stated belligerently, "I'd mighty soon choke it out of him. Maybe I can't use my head so well, but I can use my fists!"

"Go to it," the girl urged, measuring the breadth of her companion's shoulders. "I'll back you with all I have."

They rose from the table and walked from the tent. "Better touch up your complexion before the afternoon shooting," Penny advised. "It's a bit streaky. By the way," she added, "how did you ever do so good a paint job? You told me you'd never—"

"A man that Carter called did it," Oscar interrupted, and he revealed what had befallen him that morning when the assistant director had taken him in charge.

Penny shook her head. "God's certainly good to you," she murmured. "I never saw the like. You're the original lucky lad."

"I'm lucky when it don't mean much," he returned, his thoughts concerned with the loss of his wallet.

"Poof! What's a trifling three hundred to a chap with your prospects?" she reproved, quick to divine his thoughts. "Here, stand still!"

Sheltered from curious eyes, Penny opened her make-up kit and began to repair Oscar's damaged grease-paint veneer. "There! That'll do," she observed, surveying her handiwork critically. "As good as new. You're certainly a handsome brute, Oscar! Say, Lester Lavender and the rest of those dashing screen Apollos had better watch out. You'll be crabbing their act."

Oscar's heart skipped a beat at the mention of that name. "Do—did you know Lester Lavender?" he asked faintly.

"Well, I can't exactly say I'm chummy with him," Penny remarked, "but I've worked in a number of pictures on his lot. A real fellow, too. He doesn't give you a severe pain in the neck like some of his competitors—treats every one of us like human beings. No high-hat stuff with Lester. That's why he's the most popular star in the business."

An unmistakable chill played up and down Oscar's spine. The girl's splendid tribute filled him with dread misgivings. Certainly Mr. Lavender had not displayed his true character that night back home.

Oscar, troubled, didn't quite understand things. And he thought it strange that Penny had not, by this time, heard of the La Belle affair. Surely the news must have gone out, and those of the picture world would have been among the first to hear. There was, he decided, just one possible solution—that Mr. Lavender had *not* been fatally injured, and had, for some purpose unknown, preferred to keep the mishap a secret.

"Mr. Lavender's been in the East," Penny went on blithely, unaware of the turmoil going on in Oscar's breast. "Making personal appearances to help along his last release. Have you seen 'Wandering Wives?'"

Oscar nodded. As though he ever could forget that picture and all the misery that had come out of it!

"Not so much, did you think? I did a slavey in one flash. I hear the picture's a flop at the box-office. Guess fans are getting fed up on society gush. Wouldn't surprise me none if Lester did some red-blood, he-man tripe, like this piece DuVal's shooting. That's always sure-fire. I understand he's had a falling-out with the Hi-Class people and is considering other offers."

A dozen pertinent questions trembled on Oscar's lips, but none of them escaped. Then some one shouted his name and he started away toward the cameras.

Penny, following at a more leisurely pace, ran into Carter.

"Is that *your* protégé?" he inquired, nodding toward Oscar's broad back.

"He seems to be DuVal's just at present," Penny responded.

Carter shrugged. "You said it! How the boss loves to pull his stuff! The DuVal temperament! What price idiosyncrasy. He's making a colossal idiot of himself, and of that dumb-bell besides. Clay to mold and shape! His fine master hand that is to bring forth a genius from a clod!"

"Strange things have happened in filmdom," the girl remarked. "I'll tell you this much," she added. "Oscar himself isn't a bit thrilled over his dazzling prospects."

"Oscar? Is that the bird's name?" Carter laughed. "Oscar Watt! I might have expected it. He doesn't know what it's all about—never will."

"Why not tell DuVal that?"

"I did," Carter made a grimace. "You see the result. If 'Ossified Oscar' ever achieves fame, he can thank me. Now if I had taken it upon myself to murmur into my liege's ear that Mr. Watt looked like excellent film material, DuVal would have kicked him into the middle of the desert. In other words, that's DuVal! So you see by what a slender thread hangs screen renown."

"Then whisper to DuVal, please, that as prospective screen timber, you think I'd make a fair dish-washer," Penny urged, her eyes twinkling. "Do that, Carter, and I'm made."

The assistant director grinned. "It doesn't *always* work," he confessed. "Well, I see the boss in action again," he added, with a glance down the street. "I hope we shoot more footage this afternoon than we did this morning. Otherwise we'll be marooned out here for the next three months."

CHAPTER XII.

FISTS FLY AND THE OUTLOOK BRIGHTENS.

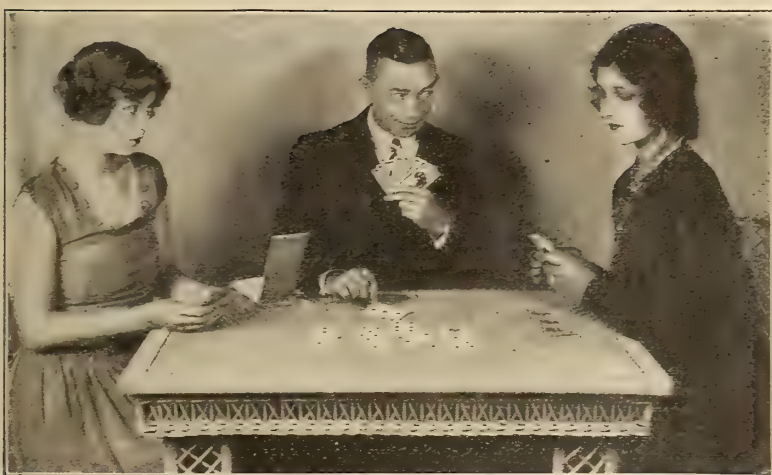
It was a treat to see DuVal in action, provided one was on the side lines, and enjoyed a rare display of pyrotechnics. Unmistakably he knew what he wanted, and attained it at whatever cost, financially, physically, or mentally. His pictures had that elusive something variously called charm, atmosphere, personality—a smoothness, completeness, an interest-holding quality that placed them in a class of their own. Box-office patronage attested to that, and his enemies had to give him credit.

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When Hollywood Discovered Bridge

That ancient game of cards, which all the rest of the world has been playing for many decades, was suddenly and ardently taken up by the film colony as though it were a newly invented pastime.



If a fourth can't be found, it makes no difference—three-handed, or "cutthroat," bridge will do just as well, and is sometimes more exciting. Above, Alice White, Arthur Stone, and Natalie Kingston have a little three-handed game at the First National studio.

Below, Bebe Daniels, one of the crack players of the colony, pits her wits against Director Arthur Rosson and his assistant, Richard Blayden, while Phyllis Faber, Bebe's partner, sits out.



And it's feverishly played not only at home—the craze has spread even to the studios. Everywhere, round about the sets, you find little groups gathered at stray tables, squeezing in a few hands.

Or occasionally, for variety, some other form of cards is indulged in, but bridge is the favorite. Above, Syd Chaplin and his camera man, "Dev" Jennings, opposed Sandy Roth and Director "Chuck" Reisner in a game of pinochle during lunchtime on "The Missing Link" set. That's Chuck's small boy, "Dinky Dean" Reisner, leaning on Syd's shoulder.



The "Flesh and the Devil" quartet—Greta Garbo, Lars Hanson, Jack Gilbert, and Director Clarence Brown—more than once took time off, during the production, to play a hurried rubber. As may be seen, though, Greta and Jack, who were usually partners, didn't always give their full attention to the game.

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At any event, the Super-Apex organization gave him free rein and profited hugely by it, although at times the officials at the helm were close to apoplexy and wandered about the studio with haggard countenances and frayed nerves.

DuVal's eccentricities were known and discussed from one end of Hollywood to the other. Ego was never soft-focused with him. No was yes, the impossible possible. His staff was ever in a turmoil, and they were the finest crew of "yes-sirs" that ever danced attendance upon a czar.

Precedents, rules, hallowed custom, all that went to make up the constitution of filmdom, DuVal ignored, overrode, or otherwise cast to the California zephyrs. He vented his wrath upon the highest-paid star and in the next breath invited a spear carrier out to lunch. He sought advice from a stage carpenter and turned a deaf ear upon the learned counsel of an expert. He was bitter and jovial, sarcastic and sympathetic—a combination of vitriol and milk, sunshine and storm.

But a DuVal release added to the Super-Apex bank account, and towered head and shoulders above the army of ordinary films that marched eastward from Hollywood. His name in the billing was printed in letters as big as those of the featured players.

DuVal had little faith in the shining lights of actordom, and grumbled whenever a prominent star was thrust upon him. He handled stars mercilessly, granted them no favors. And if wails of anguish resounded in the Super-Apex front office, their echoes had no effect upon the director. Moreover, the office did not attempt to intervene; the high lords of decision knew better. DuVal once told them he could pick a cast from any street corner and produce a super film. Direction, he insisted, was everything.

But Mr. Oscar Whiffle, late of the Rosebud, La Belle, Iowa, and now known as Mr. Watt, was neither impressed by nor interested in his director's activities, so long as DuVal confined them to personages other than Mr. Watt himself. After the noon recess, several short scenes were rehearsed and shot in which Oscar had no part, and he hoped his trials were over for the day.

However, DuVal and circumstances willed it otherwise, for when the few short scenes were finished, the director proceeded to outline a scene in which Oscar and one other were destined to participate.

"I want to get a flash of a street brawl," DuVal proclaimed. "The punchers are making their exit from the saloon, a bit unsteady from drink, perhaps a trifle ugly. The crowd on the walk gives way to them, except one man."

The director's searching eyes rested upon the desired type. "You will do," he announced. "Step here, please. Your name?"

"Kirk," the man responded, and as he spoke, recognition suddenly dawned upon Oscar. It was the tall, slinky-eyed individual with whom he had had words that morning—the man occupying the cot adjoining his own.

"And you, Mr. Watt!" DuVal's voice startled Oscar, whose thoughts at that moment were far removed from the scene.

"Pay attention, please!" the director resumed. "Mr. Watt leaves the saloon with his friends, trailing them. Except for Mr. Kirk, the crowd outside surrenders the sidewalk. You two men collide. You stand a moment eyeing one another insolently. Then Mr. Kirk reaches for his gun and at the same time you, Mr. Watt, knock it from his hand. Mr. Kirk lands a blow; you retaliate. There follows a brief give-and-take until, finally, Mr. Kirk is worsted, and you, Mr. Watt, grinning, walk off to join your companions, leaving your victim in the dust of the street."

"You understand? Very good. We'll run through it quickly. You time your entrance, Mr. Kirk, as the saloon doors open. Ready! Don't land any blows until we shoot the scene."

Oscar trailed his puncher companions out from the saloon. He felt more at ease now in his costume and make-up, had more self-assurance. The battery of critical eyes no longer disturbed him, and he found himself paying strict attention to DuVal's rapid-fire instructions. Kirk confronted him, insolently enough, and reached for his gun, which Oscar knocked aside. Then Kirk's fist landed none too gently on Oscar's chin, and Oscar, considerably jarred, launched a blow that made Kirk double up like a jack-knife.

"Take it easy!" DuVal warned. "Fake your blows until we're ready to shoot. That's better. Biff, biff, bang! Over the walk into the street, Mr. Kirk. Spill yourself. You exit grinning, Mr. Watt. That's good. Nothing else to it. All right, we'll shoot this time. Both of you in the picture now. Keep talking. Ready! Action! Camera!"

Once more Oscar filed out of the

saloon, and once more Kirk barred his way with a scowl of contempt.

"Move aside or I'll bust you wide open," Kirk growled, his lips twisting, his purpose unmistakable. "I'll put you out of the picture for good."

"Try it!" Oscar retorted.

The hostility that registered on his face was not assumed. He recalled, bitterly enough, the affair of the morning, and Kirk's jeering comments relative to the missing wallet.

An oath escaped Kirk as he whipped a revolver from his holster. Oscar's hand sent it spinning into the dirt of the street.

"You're a dirty thief!" he charged. "You took my money. You know you did."

Kirk leered. "You big, corn-fed hick," he snarled. "I'll teach you to call me a thief!" His doubled fist caught Oscar on the point of the chin. "How'd you like that?"

Oscar reeled, dazed and surprised by the vicious blow, but instantly he recovered, shook his head, and grimly waded in.

Kirk knew a thing or two about sparring, and presented an able defense, but what Oscar lacked in the way of science was compensated by the steam behind his long, muscular arms. For a moment the going was brisk and interesting.

"Keep it up!" cried DuVal. "Make it realistic! Hammer and tongs! Plenty of action!"

The director had no occasion, however, for those promptings. Oscar, incensed, blazing mad, had Kirk dancing. Presently they clinched, and when they broke, Kirk's coat was ripped. As it flapped open, Oscar's storm-filled eyes discerned, protruding from an inner pocket, the end of a wallet that looked suspiciously like his own.

A bellow of rage broke from him; white-hot anger pounded through his veins. "I see it!" he cried. "You got my wallet!" His fist caught Kirk below the ear.

The man staggered. "You're a liar!" he panted, and landed a blow that threatened to separate Oscar's ribs.

But Oscar was case-hardened, injured to punishment. Only one thing mattered now. He hurled himself at Kirk. "You stole my money! You got it on you!" A terrific uppercut that broke through Kirk's defense sent the man reeling.

"Good work!" shouted DuVal. "Once more, now!"

Oscar heard but dimly. He had forgotten the grinding cameras, the crowd, all the business of the scene. He rushed upon Kirk again, pin-

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enough to mistake the false jewels used in the movie for real ones, and steal them. It will surely not please Ben Lyon's fans to see him in the rôle of a halfwit, and not a sympathetic one at that. And just as absurd is the casting of Mary Brian, a girl under twenty, as the wardrobe mistress of the studio, a job invariably held by a mature, if not middle-aged, woman. But for that matter, the whole picture is a blunder. It's the sort of footless satire that represents the director as a bored young man with a monocle, a cane, a carnation, and a handkerchief tucked in his cuff.

The Dove and the Hawk.

It's an error to allow one's faith to waver while in love. That is the moral, so-called, pointed out by a subtitle in "Love's Greatest Mistake." For the rest of it, the picture goes on to tell the more or less old story of the girl from the country who comes to visit her sister in the city, and is pursued, in the usual way, by the wealthy villain, and is doubted by the worthy hero, this time an architect. And in the course of time the heroine's pearls, a gift from the villain, are torn from her neck by the hero and scattered all over the place, quite in the manner of well-trained movie beads. The ending is peaches and cream. How did you guess it?

However, in spite of a worn story, the picture is made interesting by bright direction and little surprises from time to time.

Josephine Dunn is the rural heroine, but hardly looks the part. A more knowing buttercup you never saw. The fine talents of Evelyn Brent are wasted on the sister who is no better than she should be, as the saying goes, and James Hall seems not wholly at ease. William Powell gives by far the best performance.

Those Charming Peorians.

If you know your recipe for sophisticated comedy, à la "The Marriage Circle," just add a dash of "So This Is Paris," flavor with "For Wives Only," think of some others of the same school, and you will have "Don't Tell the Wife." Only, of course, you may not consider this dashing, flavoring, and thinking worth the result. "Don't Tell the Wife" scarcely is worth while, and certainly not as a starring picture for Irene Rich.

She is Mrs. John Smith, of Peoria, Illinois, in Paris with her husband, who becomes enamored of Lilyan Tashman. To get even with

him Mrs. Smith flirts with Miss Tashman's husband, a double divorce is procured, new marriages are seemingly arranged, but at the last moment—oh, quite the last moment the censors would allow—the kindly lawyer interrupts the two honeymoons with the news that the original marriages were not dissolved at all. So the quartet decide that things were best as they were. It is all supposed to be quite smart and just a bit naughty. Huntly Gordon is John Smith.

The Wigmakers' Revel.

"The Beloved Rogue," John Barrymore's new picture, purports to be the story of François Villon, vagabond poet of France, in the 15th century. Whatever Villon may have meant to you, you will find him a romping fellow now, given to comic tumbles and falls, with a predilection for acrobatics. All this instead of the woeful, tragic dignity, the fiery eloquence, and those darker sides of his nature without which no presentment of the character should have been attempted.

The story set forth has François the leader of the beggars, vagabonds, and petty criminals, given to defying law and order, but always harmlessly. He falls in love with Charlotte, ward of Louis XI, but before anything can come of it the king orders her marriage to the Duke of Burgundy. When this is about to take place, Villon and his vagabonds throng the courtyard to rescue Charlotte; and the king, disguised as one of them, hears the traitorous Burgundy proclaim himself the next monarch of France, and puts a stop to the marriage. Villon captures the fancy of the king is installed in the palace, woos Charlotte, is eventually taken by the Burgundians and put through elaborate torture.

Evidently a great deal has been cut out of the picture, for important events are covered by subtitles, and at times the story limps feebly, while pranks hold the screen.

Conrad Veidt, the German actor, gives the only convincing characterization in the picture as the king. Marceline Day, as Charlotte, gave all she could to her marcel before the picture began, so there was little else to give when she started to act.

Join the Navy.

"Let It Rain" is a story of the marines, but it isn't another war picture by any means. All the warfare that happens is the prankish rivalry between the gobs and the leather-necks aboard a battleship, and that is put over with such discretion and good humor that the picture may be

said to be another reason to join the navy and have a jolly time.

That deft good taste we have come to expect of Douglas MacLean, as well as his pictures, is fully present in this one. It is smooth, effortless comedy, with no one straining a sinew to be funny.

The plot? I beg to be excused, except to say that MacLean is "Let-it-rain" Riley, a dapper marine, who instigates most of the tussles with the sailors. His chief rival is Kelly, who becomes his rival in love when Shirley Mason pays a visit to the ship, is naïvely mistaken for a millionaire's daughter because she uses engraved visiting cards, but is found to be a telephone operator. All this makes for light, wholesome entertainment.

More to Be Pitied Than Scorned.

"Rubber Tires" is certainly no misnomer. The picture is as dull as the title, though it has a good cast and somewhere there was a novel idea. But it seems to have been painstakingly deflated, until nothing remains but the sight of familiar faces in interminable footage. The proceedings begin with the Stack family—Pa, Ma, the freckled Charley, and Mary Ellen, the flower of the family, because she, at least, sprouts an idea. It is that they sell their furniture, buy an automobile, and cross the continent to California in search of Lady Luck. This is done in an antiquated car, and they become just another group of drab tourists. While all this is taking place, the manufacturer of the car offers ten thousand dollars for its return, because it is the first model put out by the company. Ignorant of its new value, Mary Ellen exchanges it en route for another car, and the rest of the picture is given over to its recovery. Harrison Ford, Bessie Love, May Robson, and Junior Coghlan are featured.

Not to Be Trifled With.

Bebe Daniels offers an excellent, though conventional, characterization as Ginette, in "A Kiss in a Taxi"—that of a hot-tempered waitress in a Montmartre café—and she manages, rather successfully, to look like a French girl of fiction. The picture is entertaining, too, with the flavor of the stage farce which served as its inspiration. It begins with a lively situation in which a group of masculine patrons bet that among them is not one who can win a kiss from Ginette. Various attempts are made, which the girl violently frustrates by means of a bombardment of glassware. But when the right

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ioned his arms to his sides, and snatched the wallet from his pocket. Then, jubilantly, as his opponent swayed groggily, Oscar's bleeding fist connected solidly with the point of his chin.

Kirk flung up his arms, tottered on the edge of the sidewalk, and pitched backward into the street.

"Perfect!" DuVal megaphoned. "Walk off slowly, Mr. Watt!"

And Mr. Watt, flushed, breathless, smarting under his battle scars, his hat gone and his hair awry, but wearing a seraphic grin because of the wallet that again reposed safely in his own pocket, turned to stage a perfect exit.

DuVal shouted, "Cut!" The cameras stopped clicking, and once more the circle of rapt spectators became noisy and active. But sprawled in the dust of the street, his clothes torn, his face soiled and damaged, Kirk remained inert, steeped in oblivion.

Oscar leaned against a hitching rail to feel gingerly of his bruises. A swift inspection of the wallet assured him that it was his own and that all the money seemed intact.

"Say, big boy," a man beside him spoke up, "that was the hottest scrap I've ever seen outside the ring."

"The only trouble," said Oscar, with a casual glance toward his victim in the street, who was now slowly getting to his feet, "was that it wasn't long enough."

The man stared at him. "Well, I guess it was plenty long enough to suit your partner," he observed. "Looks to me like a casualty."

Although Kirk was on his feet, having been assisted by several bystanders, he swayed uncertainly, and his knees threatened to collapse under him. After mumbling incoherently to himself, he rubbed his eyes, blinked and, sighting the figure of Mr. Watt, weaved his way toward him.

"I'll—I'll get you for this," he snarled. "Just wait!"

"You better forget it," Oscar replied, unperturbed. "If you start anything more, I'll have a few things to say myself. You know what I mean, don't you?" He tapped his pocket significantly. "Just keep away from me, that's all."

Carter pushed his way to them through the crowd. "What's all the trouble here?" he demanded. "The shooting's over. Seems to me you were a trifle too realistic, Mr. Watt," he added, after a glance at Kirk's damaged wardrobe and countenance. "No occasion for that."

"Wasn't there!" Oscar came back. The possession of his wallet and the wealth it contained gave him sudden courage. "A lot *you* know about it!"

Carter looked thoughtful. "A little personal matter, eh? I had a hunch it was. Well, pack this chap off to the doctor, some one. The rest of you come along."

As Kirk was led away, he turned to flash a malevolent glance at his recent antagonist; but perhaps for a very good reason, he discreetly kept his mouth shut. Still, the man's look and attitude convinced Oscar that his enmity, still smoldering, was quite likely to flare up again at any moment.

Penelope Holt, who had been an interested onlooker from the first rehearsal to the dramatic curtain of the final encounter, slipped up to Oscar when Carter had hurried off. "You got your wallet?" she queried.

"In Kirk's pocket," Oscar told her. "He had it all the time, just like we thought. I guess I made him sorry—he won't be likely to do any more stealing."

"But you haven't told——"
"What was the use? I got it back. I don't want to make a lot of fuss," Oscar explained.

"Oh, I'm glad," said Penny. "Glad for lots of reasons," she smiled. "You've done yourself proud!"

Oscar didn't say so, but he, too, was glad for many reasons that things had turned out as they had. Above all, because now was banished the suspicion he had momentarily entertained against Penny. And now, with his money and confidence restored, he would no longer be at DuVal's mercy. He could do precisely as he wished. Already he had made plans for leaving.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Breezy Blond Named Bill

Continued from page 43

that 'Last Frontier' thing I did nothing but stand around, dolled up in a trick outfit. I looked a mess. No," asserted Bill, jabbing his fork into a piece of steak, "no more Westerns for me.

"What would you say to any one like myself doing a series of comedies like Wally Reid used to make—like those Reginald Denny makes?"

I said what I thought.

"They're the kind of pictures I want to do. Something with plenty of dash. I don't want those romantic rôles. The Latin-lover line kills you—don't you think so?"

I assured the perplexed young man that so long as he remained himself on the screen he was sure to stay popular. And that is no lie.

Bill has repeatedly been designated a "clean American youth." What is meant when that description is applied to Bill Boyd is that he has always maintained a breezy humor. He is nothing but a little boy grown up. Assumed sophistication is not tol-

erated by him. I knew a friend of his who nearly became a mental wreck through reading from ten to fifteen very cynical books a week, until he talked the stuff he was reading. From a dashing youth he became a neurotic.

"Now, listen," Bill hissed at him, after giving him a good tongue lashing, "if I don't see you looking better each time we meet, and if you don't stop trying not to be yourself, I'll give you a punch in the nose every time I see you."

The crazy reading stopped and the young fellow soon got back to normalcy.

Bill is not easily flattered. After the opening of "The Volga Boatman," he was invited to attend one of Pola Negri's exclusive soirées and arrived in high spirits, intending to settle an old score.

"Say," he remarked to Miss Negri when she started to praise his manly physique as the *Boatman*, "what's all this bunk about asking me here? When I was a half-starved extra you

wouldn't speak to me. You wouldn't look at me, even."

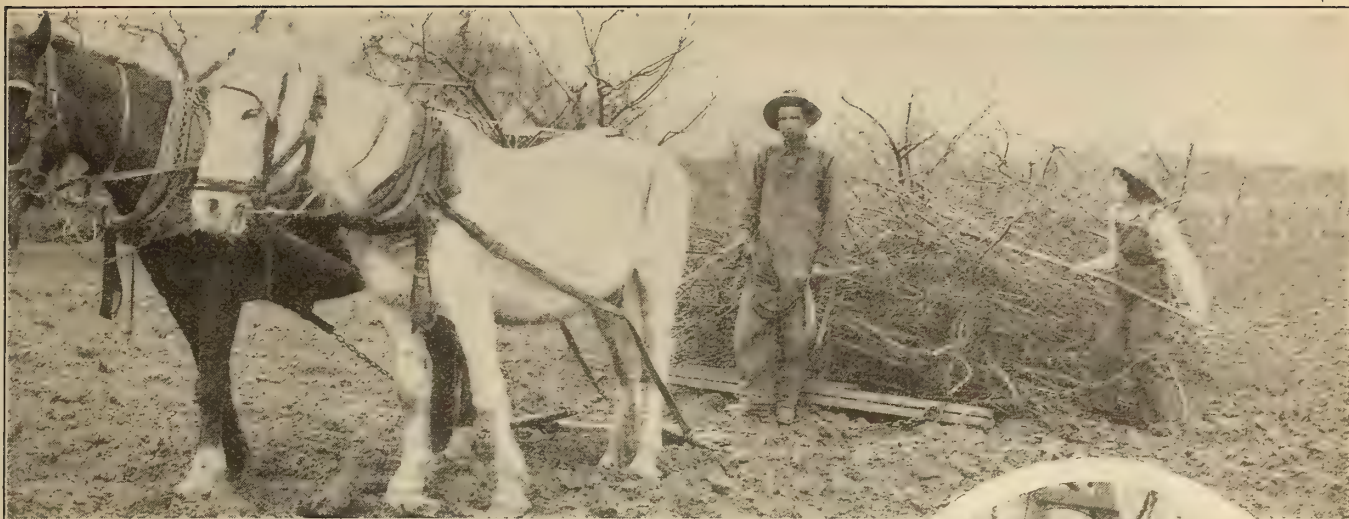
"Ah, no, no," throbbed Pola. "I never saw you. So many there are on the sets. I certainly would have spoken to you. Oh, yes!"

"I suppose you want me to tell you that you're beautiful. Well, I don't think you're so beautiful. And I don't think you're the greatest actress by a long run. And what's more, I'm going home."

All this amused the not-often-amused Negri. It was so original—even if it was not what she had expected!

To-day, Bill's troubles—if he ever had any—are over. He has a beautiful home, a beautiful wife, and a beautiful baby daughter. And his salary has been raised three times since "The Volga Boatman."

After telling Bill what I thought of him, and what the fans think of him, I got up to make a dignified departure, and the same voice I had first heard a long time ago rang after me, "So long, kid! See you later!"



Louise the Farmerette

Louise Lorraine climbs into overalls and does some of the work on her ranch in San Fernando Valley.



"This beats movie acting all hollow," says Louise, as she offers her pony a lump of sugar for having stood so still while she was grooming him.



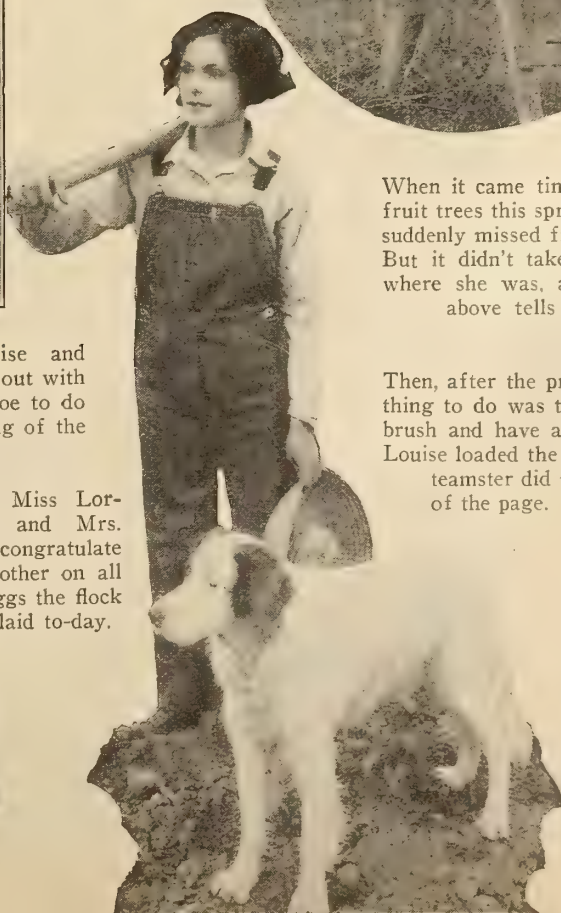
Right, Louise and her dog set out with spade and hoe to do a little tilling of the soil.

Left, Miss Lorraine and Mrs. Hen congratulate each other on all the eggs the flock has laid to-day.



When it came time to prune the fruit trees this spring, Louise was suddenly missed from Hollywood. But it didn't take long to guess where she was, and the picture above tells the tale.

Then, after the pruning, the next thing to do was to collect all the brush and have a big bonfire, so Louise loaded the brush while her teamster did the driving—top of the page.



Continued from page 33

Lya de Putti wept bitter tears of thwarted ambition when, after many months in America, she discovered she was being relegated to satin, sequins, and ogling—the trade-mark of the conventional vamp. She sought release from her contract, obtained it, and heart whole and fancy free set out for Hollywood, got a job with De Mille, came back to New York radiant, was summoned back to California by Universal, became more radiant, signed again with De Mille, with the proviso that she could choose her own rôles, and settled down to a life of histrionic ease and contentment.

Yet Lya de Putti says that her best friend in her fight against vamping and the inevitable ruination of her career, was Adolph Zukor, her boss. She wept on his shoulder in her native Hungarian, and he patted her on the back and said, "All right, little girl—go ahead and fight it out your own way. We won't stop you." And he kept his word.

Likewise, Lois Wilson pays a tribute to Mr. Zukor for his sense of fair play when, in her struggle against stereotyped Westerns, she signed with Robert Kane and went into the business of wearing tights and dancing the Black Bottom.

And now we come to Greta Garbo, whose subtle technique in the art of heartbreaking has captivated fans and critics alike.

One fine day Greta Garbo stamped her Swedish foot on the studio floor and refused to work. Though threatened by an angry official with everything from a spanking to deportation, she still refused to work. The reputed cause of her revolt was money, but it went deeper than that.

Receiving a salary of four hundred dollars a week, she justifiably demanded more wages, but when the weekly stipend was raised to twenty-five hundred dollars she still refused to punch the clock. And the bone of contention proved to be the old, old one—injudicious rôles. Greta felt that she, too, was harming her reputation by continuing to play "the other woman," or the woman whose frequent emotional lapses place her beyond the pale of sympathy. Not that Miss Garbo refused to play wayward ladies now and then, but she objected to playing them all the time. She does not want to become a type, for a vamp's popularity is doomed to sudden death. The public soon ceases to regard her frequent shortcomings with any degree of interest, for it is the good, old-fashioned virtues which make for a lasting reputation with the fans. So Miss Garbo felt

that she was only claiming her just dues.

Dorothy Mackaill vies with Greta Garbo in issuing an ultimatum and not being swerved from it by argument, cajolery, nor loss of money. Miss Mackaill has been off First National's pay roll for months, although she is nominally under contract to the organization.

Her grievance came to a head when she did not get the rôle opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid"—which she vowed she was promised. So she refused to play the next best thing, and when she was disciplined by the forfeiture of her salary, she continued to decline the rôles offered her.

"I want to act, not pose," she said, "and if I can't get rôles that are suited to me, I won't go back."

Let Samuel Goldwyn tell his own story about the battle which occurred with Belle Bennett, when her indignation reached such a pitch that her hand slipped forth and rapped her employer in the eye.

"Miss Bennett is a very charming woman and a very excellent actress, but her case is not unusual in the motion-picture profession. Her first contract with me, made only a little over two years ago, provided for a salary of two hundred dollars per week. She was very glad to make the contract at that salary and was glad, later, to get another contract at five hundred dollars per week and play the part which I assigned to her—that of the mother in 'Stella Dallas.'

"Her salary was later increased to seven hundred and fifty dollars per week, and recently to one thousand dollars per week. Under the conditions of her contract she will receive still further increases.

"The contract is wholly fair to Miss Bennett and has justified the satisfaction she felt when she signed it. One of the provisions of the contract is that when I am not making pictures I shall have the privilege of assigning Miss Bennett to some other producer, paying her, of course, the salary guaranteed under the contract. This is a usual provision. In fact, everything in connection with this situation is quite customary, including Miss Bennett's somewhat exaggerated opinion of her value. It is necessary, however, that a contract be maintained both for the benefit of the producer and for the benefit of the artist. Courts uphold them when they are just and set them aside only when they are unjust. I am perfectly willing to leave the justice of this contract to the courts and to the sense of fairness of the public."

Among minor rebellions of recent date, the case of Rod La Rocque comes to mind. He threatened suit against the Cecil De Mille organization because his name did not appear in type larger than the titles of his pictures, and pointed to his contract which stipulated that this very condition should be carried out on each and every bit of advertising issued by the company.

Rod's wrath was temporarily appeased when the proper assurance was given him that this detail would be strictly observed in future.

Patsy Ruth Miller reached a decision, without any evidence of revolt. No public evidence. But it is certain that she revolted within herself when she decided it would be best for her to pick and choose her rôles, instead of playing whatever her employers had open at the moment.

So, when the time came for Warner Brothers to exercise their option on Pat's future services, she up and told them not to bother—that she would free lance. Like many others who have had a taste of the financial security of a long-term contract, she concluded that playing rôles to which she could not give her heart and soul wasn't such a grand life after all, for a rising young actress.

The major part of all this bickering could easily be avoided by a little forethought, both on the part of the producer as well as the player.

Those familiar with studio conditions are all too well acquainted with the hurry-up, catch-as-catch-can tactics in the choice of production material. Ask any book publisher, and he will tell you that a group of madmen are rational compared to studio executives in quest of stories, in many instances only a week before camera work is expected to begin; while the star, often as not, sits calmly by, wrings her hands, and bewails her lot, instead of parting with a few ducats weekly to those who, for a consideration, would make her interests and needs their own.

If the company does not place at her disposal an intelligent man or woman whose duty it is to find suitable material solely for her, it would be a wise plan for her to open her pocketbook, use that delicate instrument known as her brain, and on her own initiative help to relieve the situation by doing a little of her own thinking and acting.

It would be wisdom in the long run, by no means as costly as long waits and arguments. And there would then be fewer revolts, rebellions and the like—and far, far less discontent.



Did Some One Say Dolls?

If they did, they were certainly right, for there are more dolls in Hollywood than there are cameras.



Two hundred! That's how many Claire Windsor alone is said to own. Some of her collection are shown above.

Colleen Moore is shown at the left with two of her latest acquisitions.

Mary Philbin, right, of course had to have a Czecho-Slovakian doll to go with her costume.



Joan Crawford, below, has a particular fancy for animal dolls and eccentric dolls. Elephants, monkeys, dogs, teddy bears, cats, and ladies tied up in knots, are among her vast collection.



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item caught my eye. It said, "Emmett Flynn is preparing to direct 'The Houseboat on the Styx' for United Artists."

If Emmett ever really produces that picture I'll make him a promise: I'll go and see it.

For some reason, Jack Mulhall, who plays the lead with Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine," wears spectacles throughout the picture. I asked why, and a cynical employee of First National replied, "So you can tell it from the other two pictures they made together."

A hurried dinner, not too good, a dash through wet streets through numerous traffic jams, with my companions squealing because I drove too fast, stumbling into the wrong entrance of the auditorium twenty minutes late, then three long hours of befuddlement, with nuns and priests and villagers parading about the stage, figures symbolic of life and death and temptation and what-

not doing dances and wriggling bony fingers, hundreds of supers carrying torches and candles, pouring on and off the stage and scurrying past me in the aisles, much offstage organ music, and choruses chanting, characters dying horrible deaths on the stage, and miraculously coming back to life in the next scene—then home in a daze, wondering what my actual impression had been of "The Miracle," which Morris Gest and Max Reinhardt brought to Hollywood with a mighty fanfare of trumpets.

"It would make a great prologue for Sid Grauman when he shows 'The King of Kings' in his new Chinese Theater," some one observed, "only it's not nearly long enough."

"My picture."

It's etiquette in Hollywood to use the possessive pronoun no matter whether you directed it, produced it, played a bit in it, or rustled the props.

"See my picture down at the Forum this week?" asks the scenarist, as he goes to lunch with you.

"My picture got great reviews on the photography," says the man who turned the crank, as he fades five dollars into the crap game in the studio laboratory.

"My picture's standing 'em up," lisps the gag man. "I wrote the titles on that baby, and every one is a wow."

"My picture just opened. What a performance!" says the character actor who dies in the first three hundred feet.

There's only one variation:

"Your picture down at the Forum," moans the producer to the director. "Oi, what a flop."

A literary note is found in this excerpt from an announcement sent out by the Famous Players-Lasky press department:

"Emil Jannings is to be starred in 'The Way of All Flesh.' This is the title chosen for the adaptation of Bruce Barton's story, 'The Man Who Forgot God.'"

Where does Samuel Butler come in?

A Credit to Kansas

Continued from page 49

chair behind her. She had taken but three steps when several men rushed to her aid.

"Ask me anything you like, dear," said she, seating herself beside me again.

I soon learned that Phyllis had been born in Kansas. Whereupon I promptly confessed to being a native of Oklahoma. After that Phyllis took me right into her confidence.

It transpired that she came to California when a child, and now lives with her mother and two Persian kittens. The family name is O'Haver—which explains many things.

Twice Miss Haver very nearly committed matrimony. She offered no explanation for the shattering of her plans, so I didn't ask. But I'll wager it was *not* because of neglect on the part of the men involved!

Regarding her ambitions, Phyllis has her blue eyes set on the heroine of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Much as I respect your ability," I said, "I don't believe you could act as dumb as *Lorelei Lee* in ten years."

"Now isn't that *sweet* of you!" exclaimed Phyllis. "Looking at the matter in that light," she added, hesitantly, "playing the part successfully would be a real demonstration of ability, wouldn't it?"

"I didn't go to see 'Don Juan,'" she continued, "for I knew I wouldn't

like myself in that picture. They made me wear an unbecoming wig—neither blond nor brunet—and my part was so silly. I hear that although 'Rain' has been banned as screen material, there is some talk of making a picture from the life story of *Sadie Thompson*. I should love to play that part. It would be the opportunity of a lifetime."

There has long been a rumor afloat, I believe, to the effect that Phyllis is a half-sister of Marie Prevost. But, as Mark Twain said about a premature announcement of his death, the report is greatly exaggerated.

"I wish she *were* my sister," said Phyllis, "but she isn't. We have been the best of friends since childhood, playing together and working together. She is so happily married that she often says to me, 'Why don't you marry and be happy, too?'"

Phyllis laughed her lilting laugh, an expression of elfin mischief playing over her lovely features.

"Do you know, I am the poorest letter writer in the world. About once a year I write to my relatives back in Kansas, and then all I can think of to say is"—scribbling on her left palm with her right index finger—"How are you? I am well. The weather is fine. I am working in a new picture. Hoping you are the same, Phyllis." So last Christmas they sent me the largest box of stationery I ever saw!"

The thought of that little joke provoked her to another tinkling laugh.

"Seven or eight of my fans have been writing to me ever since the old Sennett days. Two boys in Japan are very faithful. One sent me a beautiful scarf. So about once a year I write each of these loyal fans a little letter."

One might expect a girl of Miss Haver's type to make fluttering remarks about her hopes for stardom, but the truth is that she is wisely avoiding any such thing. She has no desire to shoulder the risks and responsibilities of stardom. The jungles of Hollywood are littered with the histrionic bones of ambitious young men and women who chose to see their names in big letters prematurely. Facing oblivion, after knowing the exhilaration of ephemeral success, must be a bitter experience. Some stars refuse to admit it until the last possible moment.

In the case of Phyllis Haver, it is safe to assume that she will make no mistakes. She has a shrewd mind underneath her flaxen bob. Art—a technical word meaning apple sauce—is to her a matter to be taken seriously but impersonally. She has the ability and the sound, fundamental training necessary to a real star. I predict that another spring will find Mrs. O'Haver's little girl near the head of the cinematic class.



A Lady in Her Home

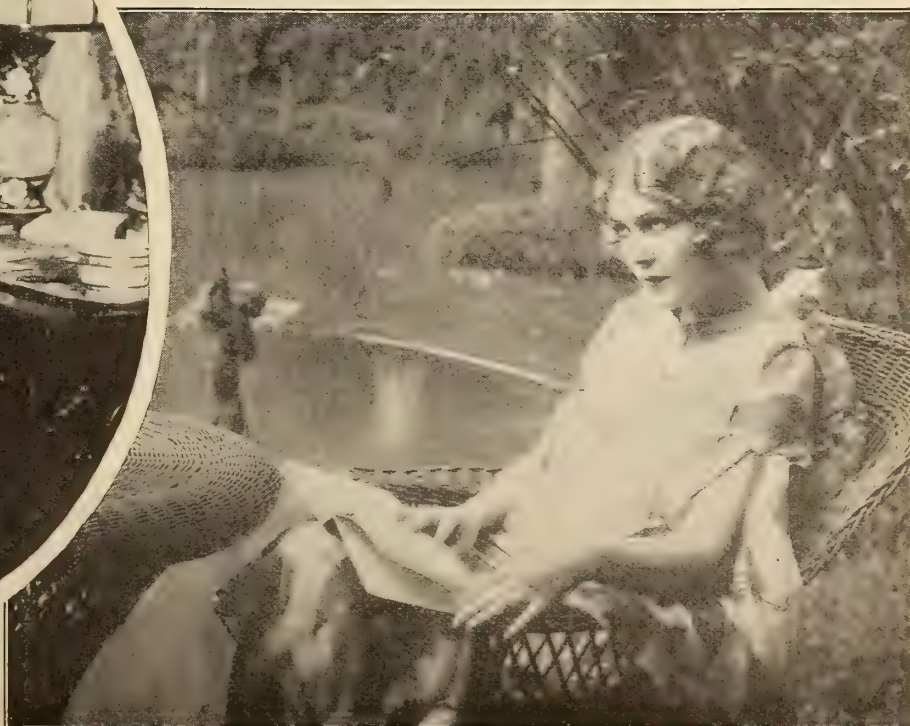
Vilma Banky sits contentedly in her Hollywood home and thinks not at all of returning to Hungary—except for visits.

Vilma Banky was homesick when she first came to this country from far-away Hungary, but since then she has grown so fond of Hollywood, and created for herself such a charming home in the film colony, that thoughts of returning to her native land, except for visits now and then, have vanished.

Seated at her breakfast table, above, she looks back with a smile on the two years or more that she has been in America—years that have been so pleasant that she is now taking steps to become a citizen. Left, she is shown before one of the fireplaces in her home, and below, by the pond in her garden.



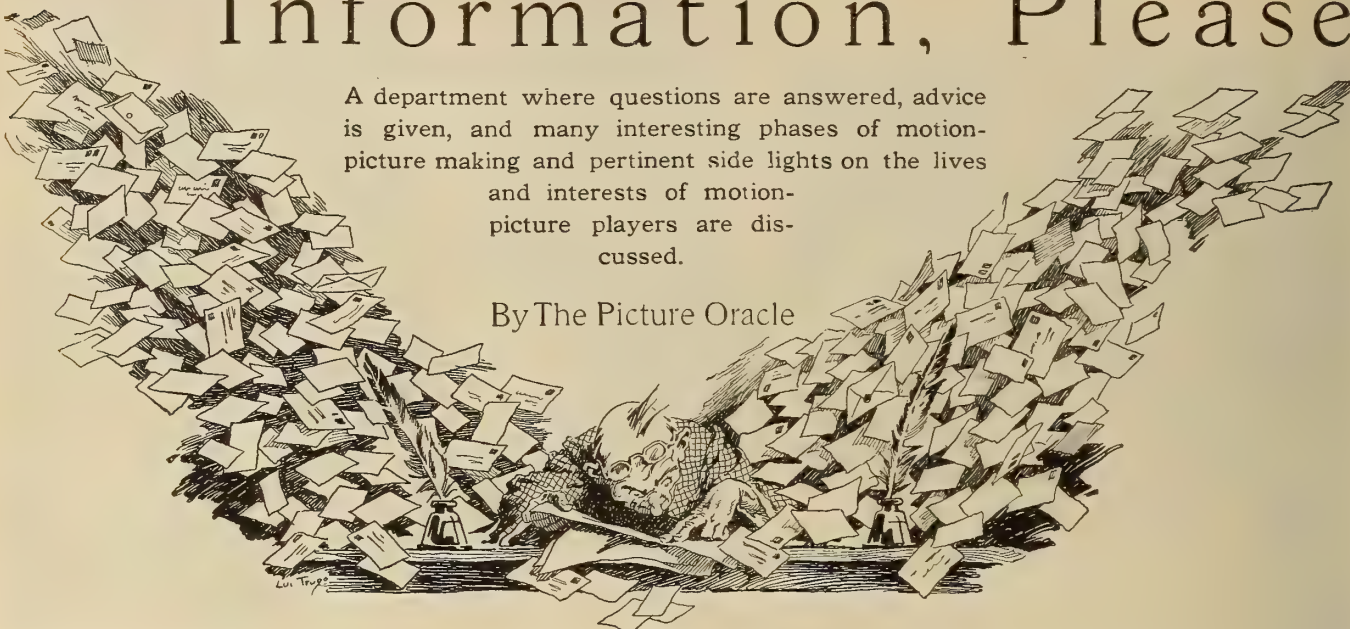
Only when she sits down to write to the folks at home, does she grow sad and pensive, and yearn to be back among the old familiar scenes.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



SORREL TOP.—Well, Sorrel Top, I'm sorry, old top, but the chances for film success are discouragingly slim, even if you *have* made a success in amateur theatricals. There are already so many extras in Hollywood that the Central Casting Bureau, which furnishes players to all the studios, is refusing to register any more newcomers for the time being. Your best chance for professional success would be to go on the stage—stock or road companies first. Then, if you really have it in you to shine above the mob as an actor, it will eventually come out. From the stage to the movies is not a difficult step. Sally Long is neither married nor engaged. She is about nineteen, I think.

REDHEAD.—Now, Redhead, you shouldn't look for your answers in "next month's PICTURE PLAY," because that's a wasted look. It requires several months to publish an issue of a magazine and get it distributed all over the country. Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. He is married to Lorraine Abigail Long, and they have a daughter, Sally Ann, born in May, 1925. Herbert was formerly married to Roberta Arnold, well known on the New York stage.

M. E. B.—Let you know what I look like? Never! I don't like to hurt my feelings by knocking myself in public. I don't know much—yet—about Gloria's new leading man, John Boles, except that he was on the stage and was "discovered" for the movies. Robert Agnew was born in 1899; yes, he is still unmarried. "If so, why?" you ask. Perhaps because May McAvoy is still unmarried also. He and she are frequently reported as engaged, but apparently haven't made up their minds about it. Eddie Polo announced his intention several years ago of taking a long trip around the world. I haven't heard of him since, so he's probably doing it. Erich Arnold is news to me.

EVE OF ARKANSAS.—I'm ever so grateful for your information, and would be glad of details about your other "discoveries." It's almost impossible to keep track of all the newcomers who make hits in small rôles. L. C. or Lee Shumway (Leonard C. Shumway) was born in Salt Lake City in 1884, and attended the University of Salt Lake. He began his theatrical career in a stock company. I can't find the name of the old picture in which

he and Eva Novak and George Chesbro appeared together. I believe Tullio Carminati played the title rôle in "The Bat." Yes, I remember Paul Willis, but he seems to have left the screen.

VIN DUANE.—"Dear Oracle—or Dear Picture," you address me. I may be an oracle, but "I ain't no picture!" Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1905. Her screen career began when she won a film-magazine beauty contest. She is under contract to Famous Players. Jack Holt recently left Famous Players. Lois Wilson is free lancing at present.

DIX FAN.—I'm sorry about the fan clubs which did not answer your letters. I've always suspected that some of those clubs are formed in moments of enthusiasm and abandoned after the novelty wears off. No, Richard Dix did not play in "Hungry Hearts"—Bryant Washburn had the male lead. There is a George O'Brien Athletic Club—Ralph Savy, president, 17 Edgewood Street, Stafford Springs, Connecticut. There's also another O'Brien club, with Mary Knapp as secretary—94 East Fifth Street, Corning, New York.

JERRY.—Thanks for the information that Barbara La Marr played in "St. Elmo" with John Gilbert years ago. I haven't heard anything of Louise La Grange since she played in "Shadows of Paris" and "The Side Show of Life."

F. G. B.—EVE OF ARKANSAS was kind enough to write me concerning Paddy O'Flynn, about whom you inquired. He was born in Pittsburgh, and grew up in Canada. He went on the stage when he was very young, and was recruited into the movies last year from vaudeville. He has brown, curly hair and blue eyes.

A BRUNETTE FROM PITTSBURGH.—If all I hear about Pittsburgh is true, you're all brunettes there! A French actress, Andrée Lafayette, played the title rôle in "Trilby," with Creighton Hale opposite her. In "Penrod and Sam," Marjorie Jones was played by Gertrude Messinger. Ben Alexander has been starring in a serial called "Scotty of the Scouts." Elinor Fair was born in Richmond, Virginia—she doesn't say when. She is married to William Boyd and can be reached at the De Mille studios. Her newest picture is "The Yankee Clipper." Elinor is five feet four

inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Carmel Myers was born August 9, 1901; she is five feet three inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Her latest films are "The Demi-Bride" and "The Understanding Heart."

MISS SAUCY.—So you'll dance at my wedding, in seven veils! That seems hardly fair—no one would look at the bride and groom. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia about twenty years ago, Olive Borden in Virginia. Olive is five feet two inches, and weighs one hundred and five pounds. Clara Bow is five feet three inches; see VIN DUANE. Louise Brooks comes from Wichita, Kansas; she is about twenty and is five feet two inches tall.

MARY MACDONALD.—Another Elinor Fair fan! I believe Elinor was not married before, but William Boyd was formerly married to Diana Miller. I don't know whether he went to war or not. Jocelyn Lee is now under contract to Famous Players—address her at the Hollywood studio.

JOSEPH VARHALAK.—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. As to the flower for his month, look it up in an almanac at your public library—I'm no authority on flowers.

A RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN.—I don't see how you can get an autographed photo of Valentino at this date, but perhaps United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, would send you an unautographed one. Be sure to inclose a quarter with your request. "The Eagle" was shown at the Strand Theater, New York City, more than a year ago. It would be impossible for me to keep a record of the bookings of pictures, with thousands of them making the rounds of the country. Alice Terry's hair is auburn; she wears a blond wig in films. She has blue eyes. She was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and is in her late twenties. Ricardo Cortez gives his birthplace as Alsace-Lorraine.

KIT MURRAY.—Most unusual—a request for information about a "heavy." Most villains are like fat men—nobody loves them. John Miljan was born in Lead, South Dakota, and played in stock before his advent to the screen. His newest film is "A Million Bid," a Warner Brothers production.

Continued on page 113

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Easy Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors



① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



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Continued from page 27

"'All right,' agreed Walsh, 'You go ahead and shoot anything you want. I've got to get back to the office.'

"I told the camera man what I wanted to get over and he was all for it. However, we needed another actor to play the other drunk. There wasn't anybody around—or there didn't seem to be—and here is where little old Lady Coincidence comes in.

"I had to run across the street to get my hat just before we were ready to shoot, and who should I run into but an actor pal of mine. He had been hanging around, waiting to see somebody. He was a gift from Heaven to me. I asked him to come on in and make the test with me. So the two of us—neither knowing a thing about the yarn—played the drunk scene together."

The outcome, as you know, is screen record by now.

Funny thing, but throughout our talk and through all the things he told me of youthful brawls, and soldiering in alien countries, and prize-fight rings and prize-fight ears, and other sensational high lights in his tale of masculinity, he never once gave the effect of boorishness or even ill manners. Possibly because no Englishman can give the effect of boorishness in the recital of anything. There is something about the British vowels that lends dignity to the most riotous anecdote.

He told me he had been born the son of a clergyman father and a devout little mother in a sedate suburb of London. However, in spite of the good influence of his surroundings, he ran away from his father's home at fourteen and joined the army.

"Because I was a big boy, overgrown for my age, a recruiting sergeant assigned me to the Life Guards—the crack troop of bodyguards to the king. The first night I got my uniform, another six-foot boy and myself went down to an alehouse to celebrate. We were feeling pretty swanky and important. After we'd had about six bottles apiece we were joined by another soldier. He made the mistake of bragging that his regiment, which was not the Life Guards, was the finest in the kingdom. I resented that. I told him as much. He said he didn't give a damn.

"That started the fight—the most inelegant, fist-to-fist, shin-to-shin battle that ever was before or since. We rolled on the floor, cuffing one another, swearing, and swinging wild blows like a couple of infuriated bulls, until we were exhausted and the ale had worn off. My beautiful uniform was torn to rags. We were thrown out."

Here was certainly not a drawing-room tale, but in McLaglen's telling of it he might have been the raconteur of pleasant fiction. For there is no getting away from it, no matter how many barrooms he has been thrown out of, nor how many close-ups he has cussed through, he carries distinctly the marks of a gentleman.

The span between his army life and his acting career is filled with tales as bizarre as can be found between the covers of the most adventurous novel.

"I've been everything—I've done everything," he said. "I've nearly frozen to death prospecting the fields of northern Canada, and I've blistered under the sun of the African deserts."

His checkered career has seen him

farm hand, prospector, engineer, clerk, and prize fighter. It was while he was in the last-named profession that he was approached by an English motion-picture producer with an offer to try his hand at the movies.

To the adventurous McLaglen here was a new field to conquer. He accepted the offer with such ultimate success that he was selected to support Lady Diana Manners in her initial film, "The Glorious Adventure."

But even the honor of supporting titled heads of Europe in cinema débuts did not lessen McLaglen's appreciation of the wider opportunities of the American studios. So with his wife and small child he set out for the newer fields, and in a surprisingly short time he established himself in this country in Western pictures and Indian-guide rôles.

By the way, how many of you remember him as one of the crooks in "The Unholy Three?" Not many, I wager, for it was not until "What Price Glory" that he established himself as a personality to be reckoned with.

The Fox people, with a weather eye on the box office, are now buying all the available material in which to exploit him. A lot of people who ought to know prophesy that the next year will see him a box-office attraction second only to one or two old, familiar faces. Certainly, "Carmen" will afford him a widely different characterization from his first hit, and an equally vigorous one.

Anyway, no matter what the fans do, Hollywood will be on hand to give the picture a big send off, because "Vic" is our favorite star.

We've got his photograph framed out here!

Could a Broken Neck Stop Him? Not Much!

Continued from page 90

ming through the glass, each one in turn had reneged.

"A lot of people have the idea that, as a result of trick photography, there isn't so much danger nowadays in making thrilling scenes for pictures. The fact of the matter is that there is more danger than ever because the public expect greater realism in the movies than they used to. Young men show up at a studio declaring themselves willing to do any stunt within reason, believing that in some mysterious way they will be safeguarded from possible injury. But when the time comes to do something that really involves a bit of daring, they usually beat a retreat. There is

danger in most of the spectacular things you see in the movies."

He drew forth a sheet of paper and began recounting the various injuries he had sustained in his screen career. The list was amazing. He had broken his neck, broken both ankles, broken both collar bones twice, broken three fingers on his right hand, broken two fingers on his left hand, broken both elbows, broken his right shoulder, chipped away a piece of his left elbow, and broken three ribs on his left side.

He had leaped fifty-three feet from the North Broadway Bridge in Los Angeles to a passing freight train and from the train to the ground. He had run a motor cycle into an auto-

mobile truck, catapulting himself over the hood by the force of the collision. With both hands tied behind him, he had leaped over a team of horses and landed on his face. Innumerable times he has jumped from twenty to fifty feet from a building to the ground or has leaped across areaways from fifteen to twenty feet in width.

And yet his broken neck has healed, the broken bones throughout his body have knit, and most important of all he has lost none of his nerve.

In spite of the price he has paid for fame in broken bones, Dick Talmadge fairly bubbles with the joy of life. That is probably one big reason why he has made such a success in his profession.

A Flapper Who Watches Her Step

Continued from page 86

Constance talks easily, interestingly. She does not call you "dear" nor does she refer to her escort as "my friend." Her ideas on marriage, birth control, and careers are uncommonly sound for one so young. Eventually, of course, we got onto the subject of moving pictures and I was surprised to find that she had not admired Mady Christians in "The Waltz Dream." She had, however, been fascinated by Willy Fritsch.

"He stands a good chance of becoming a great idol if he can survive the enthusiasm of our man-eating flappers," I observed.

Constance raised her head and gave me a long, level look.

"I like flappers," said she.

Here was an idea. Possibly Constance, with her quick mind and varied contacts, could offer a bit of flapper philosophy.

"What do you think of modern youth?" I inquired. "Don't answer if it will incriminate yourself!"

"Why, I think young people, most of them, anyway, are splendid."

Turning to the waitress she inquired, "How did that ice get in my water?"

Then: "Take my little sister, for an example. She is only a thirteen-year-old flapper, yet I feel confident that, if necessary, she could go out and earn her own living and take care of herself. She knows the value of money—she earned eighty-five dollars on the Richard Dix set last summer.

"A few years ago a girl of that age could not even begin to care for herself. Of course, a young girl out alone has to use discrimination in choosing her friends. The business of living, either in the movies or out, is no job for a weakling. Most of the men I have met have been gentlemen, and I don't understand all this talk about girls walking home from auto rides. I believe that if a girl respects herself she will be respected."

I like Constance. Her clean, intelligent outlook on life is admirable. She had with her a little package of stockings with "runners" in them.

"I am taking them to be mended," said she. "It seems wicked to throw away stockings because of a small defect. I was taught economy."

When the waitress came with the bill Constance asked gayly, "How many million dollars do I owe you?"

The last I saw of her she was swinging briskly up the street, a graceful and dignified little figure, breasting life with a shield of discrimination. A flapper, yes, but a flapper of the finest type.



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THE COMOS MAGAZINE CO., COPENHAGEN V. DENMARK. 7. (Europe).

"Here's Looking at You!"

Continued from page 87

But Ernest Torrence does not belong in that category. He is one of the conservatives. One of the group that Hollywood—that part of Hollywood which is represented by the chamber of commerce—considers a solid and desirable citizen.

Five years ago perhaps you had never heard of him, but he had been playing in musical comedy for a number of years. I was very much surprised when he said that he had never played in drama on the speaking stage—always musical comedy, and music is now his happiest recreation.

"But life on the stage is so uncertain," he said. "Always such sudden things are happening. I remember when right here in Los Angeles our engagement with Kitty Gordon in 'The Enchantress' closed—not at the end of the week, but right in the middle of a performance. Kitty was somewhat temperamental," he added whimsically. "Then we had to get back to New York and begin all over again. There was always something like that.

"I had thought of pictures, but every one told me I hadn't a chance. I was too tall. Then along came the offer of the part in 'Tol'able David.' I don't know why I got that—probably nobody else would take it—and I remember thinking, 'Well, this will pay Ian's school bills this year.' My son was just getting into his teens and the problem of his schooling was one of the things that was a bit difficult to manage.

"But I hadn't an idea that that one picture engagement would be the turning point in my whole life. In fact, I didn't think very much about it, except to be glad to get it.

"Things happened quickly after that. I was very lucky." That's the way he expresses it, and maybe luck had something to do with it, but we all know that the personality of Ernest Torrence flashed across the screen like a meteor. You couldn't fail to notice him and you couldn't forget him. He wasn't like any one else. He was a startling new presence. He had a peculiarly screenable self. The screen seemed to emphasize his vitality.

In "Tol'able David," he was the most evil-looking villain I can remember. In "The Covered Wagon" he was a hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-fighting cuss—but lovable nevertheless—an unforgettable scout, who just about ran away with the picture. He has run the gamut from the heaviest heavy to the lightest comedian. He is anything he chooses

to be—but always the Ernest Torrence that the public likes shines through—not that he doesn't wring everything that he can from his rôles, but he has never had a part as big as he is.

All of which seems to suggest a very positive sort of a person, but the quality which makes him what he is has no such tangible form. The Ernest Torrence who lives in his English house in Hollywood is almost shy—his voice is gentle, his manner so quiet that one wonders—can this be he? Then his eyes gleam with some sudden enthusiasm and one catches a glimpse of the self that projects itself across the screen straight into the hearts of his audiences.

And keeping faith with that public is his creed.

"They have been so kind, so unbelievably kind," he says, "I must give them what they want. I can't cheat them with mediocre performances—with unsuitable parts in unsuitable pictures. I must give them the best I have—always. That is why I have cut myself loose from all contracts. I want to choose my rôles, and some day I think I should like to try my hand at straight comedy or drama on the speaking stage. I don't know what I could do with it, but I'd like to try—I'd like to try—"

He was looking out into the garden where the swaying eucalyptus trees rustled faintly.

"Aren't they beautiful?" he asked. "Sometimes on summer nights they seem almost to talk. When we were looking for a place to build, Mrs. Torrence said, 'I must have at least one eucalyptus tree on the lot'—and we had to take out thirteen before we could find a place to put this house!"

That is the way success has come to the Torrences, full and overflowing.

We walked out among Mrs. Torrence's roses. She is an ardent gardener, and roses are her hobby. She has exquisite ones. Sturdy little rose trees march beside the flagged walk that leads to the front door—like soldiers with crimson banners!

Roses and old pewter—peace and security—work and friends, a million of them! These are the things that Ernest Torrence found when success smiled upon him—found, and has every intention of keeping—for life has taught him the value of realities. Besides, is he not a Scotsman—and canny?



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How Sojin Does It

Continued from page 84

of false teeth. There was every kind imaginable. These, he explained proudly, were the main features of his wardrobe. His clothes were quite incidental, but the possibilities of teeth—

Sojin long ago sacrificed his original ones, so he is in a position to substitute any variety he wants. When he is given a part he makes a study of it. If he has no teeth that seem just to suit the character, he has new ones made. Then, if necessary, he carefully breaks off one or two to give an expression of cruelty, avarice, or greed. When he wants to portray a comic character, he removes both upper and lower sets, and the result is all that could be desired.

He sometimes has amusing accidents with his teeth. For instance, during the making of the storm scene in "The Sea Beast," when he was exultantly and wildly urging John Barrymore on to overtake the monstrous whale, while huge mountains of water were dashing over the bridge, Sojin became so chilled that he could scarcely go on, and John offered him a "wee drap" to warm him up. The Jap gratefully accepted and drained off the "warmer." But to his consternation, a few moments later one of his long tusks became very loose. When he felt to see what

was the matter, it came out entirely. The potent warmer had spoiled his make-up. So shooting was suspended while Sojin fastened the tusk back in place with a rubber band.

In a scene in "The Lady of the Harem," he was required to eat figs—lots of figs. And every one knows how difficult dried figs are to masticate, even with the best of teeth. After eating just a few Sojin calmly went on with the rest of the scene. But the director thundered, "Eat more figs!" And in spite of the danger to his precious teeth, not to mention the enormous discomfort, he was forced to go on eating, until just the right effect was obtained.

His costumes are worked out by the studio designer in conjunction with Sojin. When he was called upon to depict the wild, brutal coolie in "The Sea Beast," he needed a worn coat, full of holes. Not having one available, Sojin sat up all night devising one. He took a good coat and burned holes in it with a candle, rubbing the grease on the edges to make them appear old and naturally worn through.

In each of his characterizations Sojin tries to bring an entirely new delineation to the screen. That he has been successful is attested to by his steadily growing list of triumphs.

Mother Knows Best

Continued from page 34

soubrettes, without striking any further chords in what might be christened a Symphony in Onyx, let it be said boldly that Olive has other virtues. She reads assiduously. Avidly, in fact, according to Sibbie. And mother knows best.

"My, it's all I can do to just keep her away from her books," said Mrs. Borden, tenderly eying Olive. "After all, I always say there's nothing like books, is there?"

I, too, was eying Olive. She was having difficulty in keeping her trim satin dress a legal distance below her knees. Satin, in its slippery, insidious way, slides, and who shall stop it? But I did agree that there was practically nothing like books.

It developed that Olive is one of our most industrious stellar bodies, having participated in no less than nine super-features—guaranteed by Fox—in the past fifteen months, taking time out for appendicitis, which is hardly to be considered an ideal vacation.

"We've been in Florida for three weeks," began Olive.

"Doing 'The Joy Girl,'" said Sibbie.

"And we hope to go back to Hollywood by way of the Panama Canal," added Olive patiently. "For the ride."

"Don't you think that will be fine?" asked Mrs. Borden.

We did not discuss acting in any of its many aspects, because Olive belongs to that happy group which is simply photographed and put up in tins for the trade. Whatever her rôle, her interpretation varies little. She may be in "Fig Leaves," or "Three Bad Men," or "The Joy Girl," it matters not a jot. She is always a pretty girl supplying heart interest and, if you must know, nice, wholesome sex appeal.

Pictorially she affords a pleasant eye-ful, and there are many who predict a bright future for Olive. She undoubtedly has plenty of future to look forward to, and with Sibbie at her elbow she will never want for guidance. If a mother's counsel is what a starlet needs, Olive has all that it takes.



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Way Down South with "Uncle Tom"

Continued from page 23

marvelous touches over with the idea that she was the daughter of a white man and a colored woman."

Margarita Fischer, Pollard's wife, had some exciting but unpleasant experiences in the swamps of Mississippi, playing *Eliza*.

"Those Natchez swamps are dreadful," she said. "I had malaria, and the mosquitoes were eating me up. I was never so desperate in my life. My husband and I never argue, but we did then. I said I would never work again—"

"Yes, she said I was a regular *Simon Legree*," grinned Mr. Pollard. "Honestly, I was awfully sorry for her, but I knew I would never get such acting again, so I just made her go on. And we had to do those scenes over and over again."

"And," went on Miss Fischer, "it was supposed to be winter, and there were supposed not to be any mosquitoes! But the place was simply alive with them. The doctor stood with handkerchiefs, shooing them away from me while I acted—not just on my account, but for fear they might photograph! And thank goodness, nothing shows in the picture but the agony. There's not a mosquito nor a mosquito bite visible."

"I was really feverish with malaria. Yet it was funny, too," she smiled. "All the time those tragic close-ups of my face were being taken, the doctor was stooping down putting wet rags on my bare legs to keep the mosquitoes off."

One incident occurred in the swamps that might easily have proved tragic. Frank Parrott, one of the assistants, rode on horseback through the swamp looking for some lost oxen that were needed in the picture, and his horse slipped and started to sink in the slough. But he was finally rescued.

The company, having returned from location, is now working at the studio.

The girls, Mona Rey and Virginia Gray, who are playing *Topsy* and *Eva* are not only perfect types, but are very clever little actresses as well. Mona Rey, who plays *Topsy*, is eighteen, but very tiny. She was engaged as a dancer in a movie theater when Pollard discovered her. One day she was visiting Universal City with her cousin, Judy King. Pollard caught sight of her, and sent for her, with the result that she now has the rôle of *Topsy*.

"I am making several departures from tradition," said the director. "For one thing, *Topsy* has hereto-

fore been thought of merely as a little clown. Really she is a wonderful little character. Of course we are keeping the comedy in her rôle, but the pathos of her situation, her wit and her real power of loving will also be shown."

Indeed, we saw *Topsy* do one scene that quite took the breath away, it was so effective. It was a scene in which she was taking a bath. She doesn't want to bathe and runs away.

"I think she should be whipped," somebody says.

"Yes'm," says *Topsy* obediently, and drops the towel from her shoulders to reveal deep welts already there!

Miss Rey has big brown eyes, mischievous and sorrowful by turns. If Pollard had looked the world over, he couldn't have found another girl more suited to *Topsy*.

And then there's little Virginia Gray as *Eva*. We happened onto the set one day, and found everybody weeping. I think even the camera man was sniffing. For *Little Eva* was in the midst of her deathbed scene. Trite and much-abused as is this old scene, when you see it on the screen, you are going. I think, to forget that you have ever before seen *Little Eva* die.

And there is *Aunt Ophelia*, beautifully played by Aileen Manning—not as a hokum character, but as a really fine woman.

Arthur Edmund Carew is making a splendid *George Harris*, and Lucien Littlefield, as *Marks the Lawyer*, will fairly walk away with the picture if Pollard doesn't watch out.

The director has stacks of books in his "Uncle Tom" research department.

"One book is a key book," he said. "And here's an odd thing. I changed the story of *Eliza* somewhat, and months afterward, while studying this key, I found out that my version was right—that my *Eliza* was doing exactly the same things she did in the stories on which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe founded her book.

"*Eliza* and *George Harris* furnish the only love interest in the story, and I carry them right through the picture. I have her captured on the other side of the river, just as she is in the key book."

Universal has spared no expense or pains in the making of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and if Harry Pollard's earnest efforts count for anything at all, it should prove to be a great picture.

She Dictates Her Own Terms

Continued from page 30

manager came over to Mr. Boag while I was dancing and said, 'Who is that girl? I'd like to get her to dance here permanently.' Wasn't that a joke? Mr. Boag told him he couldn't pay me enough to buy my shoes."

All this with the naïve air of a child who comes home proudly to tell mother he has been promoted. But, again, you don't resent this in Gilda. I'm not sure just why, perhaps because her frankness is so all-inclusive. Perhaps it's her eternal incredulous amazement at her success.

Gilda frankly admits that money is her first consideration, rather than art.

"I want to make all the money I can while the making's good," she declared, "because to-morrow the public may get tired of me."

Still, she would not sign a long-term contract, with its guarantee of a certain income. Well—she *might*, but it would have to be a contract on her own terms; she would play only in pictures that suited her, and she should have some choice in the supporting cast. Evidently all her terms have been met by Samuel Goldwyn, for she has now agreed to do one picture yearly for him for four years.

Gilda works only with people she likes. Robert Vignola, the director of "Cabaret," was a "darling." Tom Moore was "charming—a real gentleman." Jack Egan, who plays the weakling brother, was "a nice kid." And Mona Palma was "awfully sweet."

The script girl, too—Pat Donovan—was "sweet." It was her birthday, and Gilda had sent out for a corsage for her. The local Astoria florist had turned pale when Gilda's maid mentioned orchids; the corsage of pink roses, slightly wilted, called down considerable wrath on the poor maid's head. Gilda hates to be thwarted even in little things.

And she seldom is. With a husband who still effuses over her like a bridegroom, the prettiest car in the world—which she wanted and therefore received—a staggering box-office success, adulation, money, friends, herself the dictator of her professional life—this, then, is the ash-blond mildly pretty Gilda Gray, who, not many years ago, as Maria Michalski, came over from Poland in the steerage, and still is a little surprised, as she rolls to work in her imported car, that she isn't in front with the chauffeur.

Why I Was Married in a Wedding Veil

Continued from page 19

There are many people who say that when you marry a man you don't marry his family, too. But I feel differently about that. I think you do marry his family, too."

Miss La Plante has no intention of retiring from the screen as a result of her marriage.

"Why should I?" she asked. "Pictures add to my happiness, and they keep me in close association with Bill. And it is so well proven now that a woman can have both marriage and a career that I have no qualms whatever on that point."

"Bill and I fortunately have the same ideas about a home. For instance, he prefers the English type of architecture, and so do I. Neither of us could live in a Spanish house. The Spanish motif just doesn't go with our temperaments. So we are building an English home on our hillside lot, overlooking Los Angeles and Hollywood, and just at present are having a wonderful time selecting furniture and rugs and things."

Before I left this wise young philosopher, I asked her if there was

any special creed that she had adopted to insure her marital success, and she jumped at the suggestion with enthusiasm.

"There is one cardinal rule that I shall always adhere to, and that is the right of each individual to privacy. Certainly if Bill enjoyed the hours that he had completely to himself before our marriage, he should be entitled to such hours after marriage, too. And I myself assuredly feel the need every now and then of a little freedom and privacy. Familiarity—too much of it—certainly breeds contempt, and kills people's interest in each other."

"I've recently been reading 'Soundings,' and there's a quotation in that which thoroughly expresses my idea of life, and of marriage in particular. 'Life is an uncharted ocean. The cautious mariner must needs take many soundings ere he conduct his barque to port in safety.'"

Knowing that Laura is a cautious and conservative young mariner, and charmingly wise, I haven't the least fear that she or Bill will flounder on their sea of matrimony.



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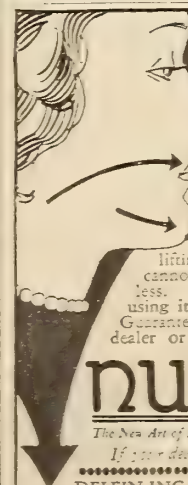
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

stay. They don't realize what heart-breaks and disillusionment come to many after only a brief success."

But Fanny's impassioned lectures on the subject of the trials and tribulations of film players cannot wring a tear from me. I have sworn off feeling sorry for any one who has ever over a considerable period of time made more than two hundred dollars a week.

"I hope that you are as thrilled as every one else over Hollywood's appreciation of its own heroine," Fanny announced, in her most superior manner, turning to wave cordially to Montmartre's cigarette girl. "Monta Bell has written a story called 'Liberty Bonds' that he is going to film for Metro-Goldwyn, and the central character in it was suggested to him by Ruby McCoy, the cigarette girl here, or rather by the whole town's admiration for her. There's a picture that will have to be made right or there will be a general uprising in protest.

"When distinguished people come to town and ask who the real celebrities of Hollywood are, some one always brings up Ruby's name. More people would rush to her defense, I think, quicker than to any one else's, if a word were ever said against her. She is so sweet and gracious and pretty—and so unapproachable. Men have spent years trying to make dates with Ruby, but without success. She is friendly and amused, but aloof, and any fashionable finishing school would be proud of her gracious manners.

"Norma Shearer is going to portray the rôle written around Ruby's personality, and that is perfect, because Ruby is more like Norma than like any other player I have ever seen. It is possible that Ruby herself will play a small part in the picture.

"It doesn't seem quite like the old homestead up here now, does it?" Fanny asked, growing ruminative. "It doesn't seem natural not to see and hear the Duncan sisters wherever you go. They are always ready to oblige with a song and dance anywhere, at any time, even on Matt Moore's tennis court in the midst of an important tennis match. At last, though, they have started 'Topsy and Eva,' and have gone off to Lake Tahoe to make exteriors.

"By the way, not quite all the musical comedies have been filmed yet. Dorothy Mackaill has patched up her difficulties with First National and is going to make 'Lady, Be Good,' and Marie Prevost is go-

ing to film 'Madame Sherry.' It is hardly right for any one under eighty to remember that show, but I always recall it as the one that glorified osteopaths with the song, 'Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own.'

"If that is Bebe Daniels just coming in, I'll collapse."

But it wasn't Bebe, so Fanny, though startled into momentary silence, eventually summoned up strength to tell me the bad news.

"Bebe has been having a run of bad luck. She got a bad gash right over her eye in one of the fencing scenes in 'Señorita.' But she refused to let a little thing like that hold up production on her picture, so she went right on working, with a sort of bandanna tied around her head. She even went to a Mayfair dance bandaged like that. Then, with the pain of that wound giving her frightful nervous headaches, she did a strenuous scene in which there were two breakaway curtains and a solidly fastened one. Of course, in the confusion of taking the scene, Bebe grabbed one of the wrong curtains, it gave way, and she fell five feet, injuring her back. She wouldn't even stop work then, but insisted on finishing some scenes before her back got stiff. The next afternoon I was playing bridge with her mother, and I wish you could have seen the expression on her face when Bebe telephoned to say that she felt better and thought she would go back to work that night. That girl has more sheer, nervous energy than a whole troupe of acrobats.

"Bebe is becoming a realtor in real earnest. She is building two houses to rent down at the beach, and her mother is just sitting back and letting her manage the whole deal herself. Ordinarily, Mrs. Daniels manages all of Bebe's business, but Bebe thought she wanted to take all the responsibility of this herself, so her mother is letting her do it, without even offering advice. Bebe has redecorated her own beach house in the loveliest combination of colors—lilac and jade green. Her friend can hardly wait for summer and the official opening of Bebe's Sunday-night party season."

"Speaking of parties—" I began but I got no further. There was a gleam in Fanny's eye.

"No more teas for me!" she said, with an air of really meaning it. "Carmelita Geraghty has given the perfect one, and I don't want to spoil the memory of it by going to any that are less interesting. Her

mother and father have come West and taken a house, so Carmelita celebrated her emancipation from a small apartment by giving a party.

"Simply every one was there, even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who rarely go anywhere. Virginia Valli came, looking pale and interesting. She had been out of the hospital only a few days, after an appendicitis operation.

"But to go back to the party—little Flobelle Fairbanks was there, highly elated over getting a big part in 'The Climbers.' The part was originally intended for May McAvoy, but Warners found another vehicle for May—'Irish Hearts'—and switched her to that. Zasu Pitts and Hedda Hopper, Arlette Marchal, Norma Shearer, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Charles Ray—just

mobs of all the nicest people in town were at Carmelita's.

"Dick Barthelmess offered Carmelita the freedom of his tennis court, and we all got very ambitious and made elaborate plans for a daily tournament. But the very next day Carmelita got a big part in a picture out at Universal—'The Small Bachelor'—and now I suppose we will all just sit back and grow fat waiting for her to be free again."

Fanny glanced casually at the fast-diminishing supply of little cakes before her and realized that there was cruel truth in her words.

"Let's go out and make a party call on her," she said. "She'll be so surprised, she'll suspect that some one has given me the book of etiquette. And that isn't true—yet. I've only been threatened with having it given to me."

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 66

son of all for being glad of that professional association.

Incidentally, Lloyd's new leading lady may be Dorothy Dwan. The title of his next picture is "The Cub Reporter."

Lya Does Some Traveling.

Lya de Putti believes that a vacation is a vacation—even if it does have to be interrupted by mere business matters.

The lovely Lya recently did the rather extravagant thing of hopping on a train in New York, where she was spending some time between films, and coming out to the Coast for just a single day, because of a certain business transaction. She spent only a scant twenty-four hours in Los Angeles, and then turned and went right back to New York.

Two Marriages.

A surprising secret was uncovered not long ago. Patricia Avery revealed that she had been married for fully a year—nobody had known

anything about it. Her husband is Merrill Pye, an art director at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Miss Avery, you know, is the girl who was taken from a stenographic position at the M.-G.-M. studio, and initiated into a movie career. She is one of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars for this year, and is said, by the way, to give a remarkably good performance in "Annie Laurie."

Another wedding in the younger set was that of Donald Keith to Kathryn C. Spicuzza, who works for a Los Angeles newspaper.

More Revolts.

Ricardo Cortez is another star who has revolted. He recently secured a release from his Paramount contract. His objection was the customary one of dissatisfaction with the rôles proffered him.

Alma Rubens left Fox for much the same reason, and Patsy Ruth Miller not long ago severed connections with Warner Brothers.

Rod Takes the Bitter with the Sweet

Continued from page 74

bies. One is painting and the other is chemistry. In his Beverly Hills home there is a tiny chemical laboratory where he spends much of his time making experiments.

There is a sort of explosive energy in Rod's make-up. He always seems about to emit a roar of pent-up steam. He is never the bored and limp picture star sauntering through a rôle. He looks rather like an amiable giant looking for something to hurl, in the sheer exuber-

ance of living. No director ever has to work Rod up to a dramatic situation. Instead, he has to be calmed down, lest he break up the furniture or wreck the leading lady.

"Resurrection" is an important milestone in his career. Not only does it provide him with a great dramatic rôle, but it is his fourth good picture in four years and, as four seems to be a significant number for Rod, this should be a lucky sign.



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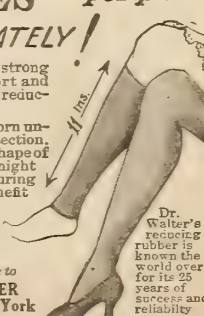
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A Nipper from Piccadilly

Continued from page 67

ing, baby-blue tie and piloted me out of the door and along low, winding corridors that climaxed abruptly in the wings of the stage. From a corner he dragged a pile of velvet curtains and put them down for me, and turned just in time to make his entrance. Immediately a gust of laughter swept the audience.

Lupino was twisting the lines, throwing the other actors into feebly suppressed hysterics. All the last-night foolishness was being indulged in, and the audience was loving it. Lane exited in a thunder of applause, was recalled half a dozen times, and finally joined me in the wings.

He belongs to one of the oldest and most noted theatrical families in the world—the Lupinos. As far back as the fifteenth century, they were famous pantomimists and actors. Grimaldi, probably the greatest of clowns, was a member of the family. Each boy born to a Lupino has been given the special training handed down from generation to generation.

Each little Lupino, without question and without exception, was religiously educated—by the same methods—in athletics, dancing, music, and a technical knowledge of stagecraft and management. And there the schooling abruptly ceased, leaving the child to choose whatever branch of the theater he preferred. It was always taken for granted that a Lupino would be theatrically connected in some way, but it was always left to the child's instinct to lead him to the capacity best suited to him.

On the maternal side of the house, Lupino is of an equally famous line of managers and producers. Mrs. Sarah Lane, his aunt, who was one of England's leading actresses in her day, is now proprietress of a theater in London. Lupino is Mrs. Lane's favorite nephew. From his first appearance on the stage, at the mellow age of three, she watched his footsteps with a fond, as well as professional, eye. Deciding to make him her heir, she expressed a wish that he bear her name. His father, the late Harry Lupino, agreed—and the small actor was then known as Harry Lane. But when this reached the ears of Grandfather Lupino, there was indignation.

"Since the fifteenth century," went the complaint, "Lupino has been good enough for every male member of the family!"

Automatically, Lupino Lane evolved.

After his début at three, he continued his work steadily, doing children in musical comedy, drama, pantomime. When he reached ten years, he was known as the cleverest child performer in Great Britain.

There are no blank spaces, no idle intervals in Lupino's career. When "Afgar" came to this country, Lupino came with it, and William Fox, scouting for new material, signed him for pictures. Lane had made films in England, on the side. During his engagement with Fox, which brought him to Hollywood for the first time, he made three two-reelers and one five-reeler.

From here, he was called back to London, to the Hippodrome. At the close of the season, Ziegfeld brought him to New York for the "Follies." It was there that D. W. Griffith saw him, and engaged him for the pathetic little comic you remember in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Griffith predicted a great future on the screen for Lane, and on the director's urgent advice Lupino decided seriously to look into this movie business. After taking New York by storm as *Koko* in "The Mikado," the comedian returned to the Coast to make two-reelers for Educational.

Although only six or eight of his comedies have been released, exhibitors are clamoring for more. With his first brief series he has established himself in the—to be anatomical—Hearts of the American Public. His questioning, bewildered little face and elastic tumbling will soon be as famous as the Lloyd tortoise shells, the Keaton poker face, the Langdon vacuity.

Like them, he is conscious of the limitations of two-reelers. He would like to introduce something a little different in the way of longer comedies. There would be a market, he is sure, for a series of pictures based on nursery tales such as "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," and "Bluebeard," modernized and made humorous by gags.

In the meantime, Lupino Lane quietly makes two-reelers that sell and sell and sell. He writes most of his own stories and plans his own gags. He lives unostentatiously, with Mrs. Lane—who was Violet Blythe of the Adelphi Theater in London—and their five-year-old son, Lauri. He is known to the colony as "Nip," which is a criterion, since out here only the regular guys get nicknames. Aside from that, if you're in need of a laugh, try one of his pictures.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 95

man comes along, in the person of Douglas Gilmore, it is seen that *Ginette* has been saving her kisses for him.

Call It Budapest.

"The Show" doesn't quite get over, on the whole, as fully as John Gilbert's vivid acting as *Cock Robin* deserves. It is a melodrama of a Budapest side show, and Gilbert plays the barker—vain, cruel, unscrupulous—with authority and zest. It is quite unlike any of his other rôles, and one can easily understand his enthusiasm for it. This makes it doubly regrettable that the picture moves slowly and lacks an arresting quality, in spite of a novel background and colorful hocus-pocus on the stage of the side show. Renee Adoree, photographed to her disadvantage, plays *Salome*, *Cock Robin's* innamorata, but for some reason she is listless. There is the villainous *Greek*, done by Lionel Barrymore, a stupid country girl who blindly adores *Cock Robin*, and an old man, who is made to believe by *Salome* that his criminal son is a brave soldier. It is her kind deception that seemingly brings about a great reformation in *Cock Robin's* character, when he discovers it; but it left me unconvinced of anything except the scenario writer's hard work, and Gilbert's efforts to vivify it.

Darkness Before Dawn.

Her name was *Luena*, but they called her *Egypt* because she was so pagan. Meaning that she was given to jazz parties, country-club high jinks, and the like—all quite re-

spectable, according to everyday standards. *Egypt* was just another of those willful society girls, but the name of the picture, "Sensation Seekers," leads you to expect something hot. Well, you don't find it. *Egypt* high hats the handsome young clergyman, is arrested in a raid, and generally goes her own sweet way until she decides she loves the clergyman. But as he won't give up his calling to marry her, she flounces out to bestow her heart and hand on his dissolute rival. The picture ends with the finely staged wreck of a yacht, whither the clergyman has dashed to "save *Egypt* from herself." Billie Dove is the girl, Raymond Bloomer the cleric, and Huntly Gordon the other man.

Rinty Takes a Bow.

Rin-Tin-Tin's new picture is "Hills of Kentucky," and it is well worth seeing, in the same way that all Rinty's pictures are. The title explains the location of the story, and when you are told that the canine star is *The Gray Ghost*, a wild dog who leads his pack into all sorts of predatory adventures, until he is tamed by human kindness—a child's kindness—you need not know any more of the story.

The players in Rinty's support are Dorothy Dwan, as a dainty school-ma'am, Jason Robards, who has cause, with *Hamlet*, to say, "Oh, would that this too, too solid flesh would melt," and Tom Santschi, as well as Billy Kent Shaeffer, the remarkable child actor, who attracted attention in "The Home Maker" two years ago.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 54

ingénue in her own right. Leaning on the arm of her distinguished husband, she is a familiar figure at first nights. Sherman, his wife, and his monocle, are inseparable, save on those workaday occasions when Miss Garon escorts her blond tresses to a studio and registers. Picture contracts—to go westward, of course—are dangled before the twain, but up to the present, Manhattan has held its lure, and whether it is a Ziegfeld opening or a film event, the Lowell Shermans continue to be among those present, and decidedly worth looking at.

Facing the Music.

Another happy couple joined our midst when Corinne Griffith and her

husband, Walter Morosco, sailed in on the *Leviathan*. When Corinne enters Manhattan by rail she usually detrains at a station some distance from the city, so that she can be mistress of her movements and pass into her hotel unattended by the fuss demanded by some of the stars. But with the passenger list of a big liner open to inquisitive eyes, it was impossible for her to duck the reporters. So she made the best of it.

While in London she acquired the film rights to a play with the piquant title of "The Garden of Eden," but it isn't the sort of piece the name would indicate. It's a society comedy, and Corinne expects to use it as her first vehicle for United Artists.

Why It's So Hard to Get Into the Movies

Continued from page 17

6,000 women, 5,000 men, and heaven only knows how many children, waiting for calls. There are more women than men, yet of the 259,259 placements made last year, 68 per cent went to men, 28 per cent to women, and 4 per cent to children.

"And still the girls and women come—all wanting to get in on those 710 placements a day. Before this bureau was organized, there probably were 30,000 persons in Los Angeles and Hollywood who believed they were in pictures just because at some time or other they had worked a day or two at some studio. The first thing we did was to eliminate some of these, until we have now got the number of movie applicants down to about one third of what it was. But the number must still be reduced. There never has been a time when more than half of the people on our lists were at work at once.

"This bureau is maintained by the studios themselves. We have twelve employees who do nothing but call players as needed by the studios. For the principal companies we supply all the extras they use.

"One thing we feel the bureau has accomplished is the raising of the standard of extra players. Before the bureau was organized, it was

common custom for bootleggers, vagrants and sometimes thieves to say when arrested, 'I am working in pictures.' We arranged with the Los Angeles newspapers to check up on such assertions before they were printed. This not only resulted in eliminating undeserved smirches upon our good name but it also gave us a line on undesirables who really had got work from us.

"Furthermore, the establishment of the bureau resulted in abolishing the employment offices which had charged players 8 or 10 per cent of their wages for whatever jobs they got for them. Now the players can use this money for keeping up their wardrobes."

Day after day and week after week the Central Casting Bureau hums with activity and harkens to heartaches. It is endeavoring to solve the enormous problem of what to do with the hundreds of boys, girls, men and women constantly flocking into Hollywood seeking opportunity in the movies. And its belief is that the only solution is to put a halt to this steady stream, to refuse to sign up any more applicants until the thousands already on its lists have been taken care of—if that day ever comes.

A Man Who Makes a Monkey of Himself

Continued from page 55

facilitates his monkey impersonations. Furthermore, he is an acrobat of no mean ability.

He was born in Russia. At the age of four, he was taken to Paris by his parents, and a short time later the future delineator of monkeys began his stage career. His acrobatics he learned in a circus that he joined at the age of eight. Following this course in tumbling, he traveled about the Continent doing everything from grotesque Russian dances in wandering troupes to slapstick parts in French farces.

As he grew older he devoted more and more of his time to character rôles. To-day he is known as one of the greatest character actors in Europe, being something of a Continental Lon Chaney. His work in the stage production of "The Monkey Talks" brought him world-wide fame, for the play made a hit in three nations, with Lerner in the outstanding rôle.

When William Fox purchased the film rights to the play, he of course sought Lerner for the film production, and got him.

His appearance around the Fox studio in Hollywood, while the photoplay was in the process of being filmed, sometimes caused considerable excitement. Often, while passing in make-up from his dressing room to the set, or going off to lunch at noontime, he was mistaken by some stranger for the real thing, who straightway raised a cry that a monkey was at large, until Monsieur Lerner ambled up and told him, in a mixture of excited French and English, that he was a man.

A problem that has puzzled scientists for many years has been solved by Lerner—at least to his own satisfaction. That is, what is the reason for the habitual look of sadness on every monkey's face—a sympathy-stirring look that bespeaks tragedy, futility, remorse, and unspeakable suffering. And Monsieur Lerner, who may be considered to have a broad understanding of the race, answers the question in this wise:

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

tunities this country has given them. Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch, to name only two, some time ago began the necessary steps that will make of them citizens of the U. S. A.

On the other hand, we have Gloria Swanson, who gave up her American citizenship to become a citizen of France. Of the two women, I personally admire the magnetic Pola far more. Gloria gave up her right to be first with me when she gave up her citizenship. To regain her favor with me, she and her husband must become American citizens.

And so it goes. I do not blame the individuals who take advantage of the offers made them by the "powers that be"—I blame the "powers that be." And I am sincere when I say that I would cease to be a fan, even in the lightest sense of the word, were I to learn that such men as Adolph Zukor and Marcus Loew were not American citizens. It would be too much to expect of me to ask me to continue to give my few dollars to men who were so unappreciative as to remain foreign in my country, after all my country has done for them.

So let us cease our accolade of disapproval of the foreign players, and put the blame where it deserves to be!

MRS. OLIVE THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, California.

The Stars at Close Range.

PICTURE PLAY is my favorite movie magazine, and the letters from the fans are more interesting than some films. I read the letters first of all—and then Myrtle Gebhart's interviews. She is wonderful, and her letters are so sincere and sweet. I know, for she has written me several.

My dearest chum is in pictures now. And it's the most thrilling thing in the world when I see her on the screen. The next thrill comes when she describes to me the parties she attends with the players. The stars, she says, are most of them awfully likable and human.

I'm so glad that Norma Talmadge gave Gilbert Roland the chance to play opposite her. He really is a wonderful boy, and he hasn't been half appreciated on the screen, because he is a juvenile or leading-man type and they insist upon making him play horrible heavies. I wish they had permitted Gilbert to keep his own name—Louis Elanzo. I hear that he, too hates the name he has now.

Clara Bow, according to my friend, is pretty, and yet not so pretty. Her eyes are wonderful—big and brown. Her hair is exactly the color of carrots and always as mussed as can be. It's dyed—it used to be black. And her mouth is pretty. But

otherwise, she is not good looking. She isn't particular about clothes, and she is always just Clara.

Connie Talmadge, my chum says, is lots of fun, and is just as she is on the screen. She always dresses in sport clothes, is painfully thin and very tall. I do hope that Connie will get the rôle of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She is one of the few girls who could suitably play that famous rôle.

LUCILE CARLSON.

206 E. Main Street, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

As a Movie Organist Sees the Players.

After reading some of the letters of the fan critics, I feel an uncontrollable urge to put in my little "mite." Being a professional movie organist, I see a lot of pictures, the majority of which should never have been filmed.

I am a stickler for realism, and like a plot that is consistent. I don't care for stunt pictures. Neither do I like feature comedies. A comedy is fit only for a few reels, and becomes tiresome when drawn out to cover the length of a feature picture.

Harry Langdon is a far better slapstick comedian than Charlie Chaplin ever was, although Charlie was very good in "The Gold Rush." But to me, the outstanding thing in "The Gold Rush" was the superb acting of Georgia Hale. She is the personification of clean, honest, straightforward young womanhood.

But to cut short my rambling and come to the point, I'd like to express my humble personal reactions to a number of the stars. Perhaps my viewpoint will be of some interest to the fans, since I am not a fan myself.

Alec B. Francis in "The Return of Peter Grimm" was magnificent. His acting reaches the heart.

Jetta Goudal is great, and her best picture was "The Road to Yesterday."

Leatrice Joy has never made a hit with me. She is another case of conceit, and so is Gloria Swanson.

Louise Brooks is a magnificent type of the glorious modern girl—bob, cigarettes, sophistication, and all.

With me, the plot is the thing, first, last, and always, and when such people as Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, and Colleen Moore learn to subordinate their egos to the plots of their films, their success will become real, and they will begin to endear themselves to the public, as Clive Brook, Alec B. Francis, Lewis Stone, Louise Dresser, and numerous others, already have.

HENRY WORNER.

264 W. Rubicam Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

girl who comes under the spell of a maniac magician and is barely saved from death by her fiancé. Alice Terry, Paul Wegener, and Ivan Petrovich.

"McFadden's Flats"—First National. Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in a brick-and-mortar comedy of a hoddie-carrier who becomes a contractor and is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and

amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinarian, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Midnight Lovers"—First National. Respectable and amusing in spite of the title. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone as husband and wife, each suspicious of the other without cause.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano

teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnaped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"Paradise for Two"—Paramount. Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in film of man who, to inherit his uncle's fortune, employs an actress to pretend to be his wife, and of course falls in love with her.

"Perfect Sap, The"—First National. Mystery melodrama, with a boy detective. Ben Lyon is the boy, and Pauline Starke a beautiful lady crook who turns out to be a girl reporter.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which Pa doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Prince of Tempters, The"—First National. Interesting, though heavy, drama of young English duke whose soul is torn between a good and a bad woman. Ben Lyon, Lya de Putti, and Lois Moran.

"Private Izzy Murphy"—Warner. Screen debut of the stage comedian, George Jessel. Another mixture of Irish and Jewish characters, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the Irish heroine.

"Quarterback, The"—Paramount. A wholesome college film, brightly and intelligently done, with the usual football scenes. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

"Red Mill, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies delightful as a rollicking Dutch girl who, after many and devious complications, ends in the arms of a visiting American, Owen Moore.

"Return of Peter Grimm, The"—Fox. Charming transcription of the play, full of emotional appeal. Alec Francis in rôle of *Peter*, whose spirit revisits the living. Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling.

"Silent Lover, The"—First National. Milton Sills exceptionally good as an irresponsible count who gets into trouble and seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion. Natalie Kingston is the girl.

"Sorrows of Satan, The"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith's latest. Disappointing. Adolphe Menjou is *Satan* in modern clothes, Ricardo Cortez the youth he tempts, Carol Dempster the distraught sweetheart, and Lya de Putti the siren.

"So's Your Old Man"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in an entertaining comedy of a small-town goof scorned by his fellow townsmen until a bona-fide princess, Alice Joyce, unexpectedly drops in on him.

"Stepping Along"—First National. Johnny Hines in a dashing comedy of an energetic newsboy who rises to be an assemblyman, with Mary Brian thrown in.

"Stranded in Paris"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in gay, sophisticated,

hilarious comedy of shopgirl who goes to Paris and is mistaken for a countess.

"Strong Man, The"—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the most human comedy he has made. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambling assistant of a professional strong man.

"Subway Sadie"—First National. Unique and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Summer Bachelors"—Fox. Trashy but amusing. Madge Bellamy as a naughty young lady who brightens the lives of husbands whose wives are away for the summer.

"Syncopating Sue"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a sprightly characterization of a gum-chewing jazz player. Lively comedy with laughs galore. Tom Moore as a trap drummer.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Temptress, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A triumph for Greta Garbo. Ibáñez's tale of a beautiful woman whose tragedy is that all men who love her come to ruin. Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore.

"Tin Hats"—Metro-Goldwyn. The farcical adventures of three buddies overseas. Romance of a gum-chewing doughboy and a haughty German baroness. Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.

"Twinkletoes"—First National. Colleen Moore appealing as a Limehouse girl who suffers all kinds of villainy before she and her prize fighter, Kenneth Harlan, fade out in a cabbage patch.

"Upstage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer in a deft, humorous picture of vaudeville life, with a thrilling climax. Tale of a pretty dancer whose head gets turned.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Ace of Cads, The"—Paramount. None-too-successful transference of Michael Arlen story to screen. Adolphe Menjou is the self-sacrificing hero, Alice Joyce the lady.

"Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl"—Fox. Madge Bellamy in old-fashioned melodrama of girl model who is decoyed to a gentleman's yacht, but saved in time by a young shipping clerk.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Cheerful Fraud, The"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a strenuous but not particularly funny comedy about a British nobleman in disguise. Gertrude Olmsted is the girl.

"City, The"—Fox. Dull film of a once daring and successful play. All about a blackmailing dope fiend. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Walling, and Walter McGrail.

"For Alimony Only"—Producers Distributing. Unrealistic attempt to show the evils of alimony. Leatrice Joy and

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"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"General, The"—United Artists. Not at all worthy of Buster Keaton. Long, dull comedy of an engineer whose locomotive, "The General," plays a heroic part in the Civil War.

"Girl from Coney Island, The"—First National. See "Just Another Blonde."

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"—Paramount. Not entirely satisfactory. Tale of a waitress, two sailors, and a girl from prison. Lois Moran, Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, and William Collier, Jr.

"Hotel Imperial"—Paramount. Disappointing wartime film. Pola Negri, as a hotel chambermaid, and James Hall, as a spy disguised as a waiter, scheme against an enemy general and incidentally fall in love.

"It Must Be Love"—First National. Colleen Moore as a delicatessen man's daughter who tries to rise above her hated surroundings. Not as sparkling as her best films. Malcolm MacGregor is her hero.

"Just Another Blonde"—First National. Also released as "The Girl from Coney Island." Slow film dealing with two Coney Island girls and two gamblers. Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, and William Collier, Jr.

"Lady in Ermine, The"—First National. Just piffle. Corinne Griffith, as an Italian duchess of the period of 1810, apparently suffers at the hands of an Austrian general, but—it's only a dream.

"Lily, The"—Fox. Belle Bennett in a complicated, old-fashioned film of a young woman who sacrifices romance for the sake of her father, and grows old a slave to duty.

"London"—Paramount. Dorothy Gish in feeble film of soubrette of the London slums adopted by a rich old lady.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Masked Woman, The"—First National. Feeble and ineffective. Anna Q. Nilsson, as the wife of a young doctor on the Riviera, is compromised by a crafty baron, but all ends well.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"New York"—Paramount. Conventional melodrama. A writer of popular songs falls in love with a society girl and is accused of murdering the girl he spurned. Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, and William Powell.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is

the tippler, George Lewis and June Marlowe the youngsters.

"Paradise"—First National. A mistake from the beginning. Milton Sills and Betty Bronson are miscast as sweethearts in a story that shifts from Broadway to the South Sea Isles.

"Popular Sin, The"—Paramount. Not so good. Sophisticated comedy of marriage and divorce, with Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, and Philip Strange jointly entangled.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the rôle of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.

"Take It from Me"—Universal. Not up to Reginald Denny's usual standard. Escapades of a reckless young man who assumes charge of a department store.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward Everett Horton miscast in comedy of young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"Third Degree, The"—Warner. Conventional society melodrama in which Dolores Costello, as a former circus girl, suffers and suffers while her wealthy husband kills the villain who attempts to compromise her.

"Tin Gods"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan as a silently suffering builder of bridges in South America who turns to drink, but is redeemed by Renee Adoree. Aileen Pringle is the ambitious wife.

"Valencia"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dull film showing Mae Murray as a Spanish dancer who is wooed simultaneously by a sailor and a nobleman—Lloyd Hughes and Roy d'Arcy.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stagy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as Manon.

"White Black Sheep, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unconvincing film of a disowned son who goes to the Orient, saves the British nation, and is forgiven by father.

"Winning of Barbara Worth, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman somewhat miscast in this film of the great open spaces. Beautiful scenery and a capital flood, but story heavily told.

"Wrong Mr. Wright, The"—Universal. Mirthless farce featuring Jean Hersholt as the sappy son of a corset manufacturer who is mistaken for the cashier who has absconded with the funds. Enid Bennett is a lady detective.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith, in a subtle but rather tedious satire on mystery stories, is a dapper coroner called to the scene of a smart society murder.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Joseph, form the royal family, and Bessie Love is the American girl.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MRS. JOHNSON.—As to why no picture of Tom Moore's daughter, Mary Alice, is ever published, I don't know. Perhaps it's because her mother, Alice Joyce,

doesn't care to thrust her child into the limelight. Alice Terry is five feet six inches, and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. See A RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN.

Marie Prevost is five feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

MAIZIE DURNI.—No, Maizie, Jerry the Giant is not a midget from a circus, but a little boy named Jerry Madden. Oh, no, his elephant doesn't bite—it's a nice tame elephant. Yes, you can get an answer more quickly, and in more detail, by sending a stamped return envelope.

JUSTA TOMBOY.—I ought to sign myself Justa Hardworker. I've been trying to dig up some information about Gene Stratton, but F. B. O., the company for which she works, is unable to tell me anything about her except what we all know—that she is Gene Stratton-Porter's granddaughter. The other players in "The Keeper of the Bees" were Clara Bow, Alyce Mills, Robert Frazer, Josef Swickard, and Martha Mattox. You can doubtless reach Gene Stratton at the F. B. O. studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

THE DONOR OF OLIVE THOMAS' PHOTO.—Please accept the most grateful thanks of THE GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY, to whom the photo was finally sent, after great delay on my part. By the time she had sent me her address, I had mislaid the picture, but at last found it and sent it to her.

NICKY.—I have such a hard life! Fans are always getting interested in new players about whom the companies for which they work know nothing. Jerry Miley, for instance! He is not under contract to any one film company—therefore none of the companies for which he has made pictures has troubled to acquire his biography. He played not long ago in "Bred in Old Kentucky," with Viola Dana, for F. B. O., in "Finger Prints" for Warner Brothers, in "Easy Pickings" for First National, and in "The Understanding Heart" for M.-G.-M. I don't know what address to suggest for him. See A RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN for your other answers. By all means, write me again. Both the postman and I have to earn our livings. John Bowers can be reached care of Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—It must be hard work to keep up with them all—I find it so, anyhow. William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, July 29, 1892. He was formerly married to Eileen Wilson. He gives his height as six feet, and weight as one hundred and sixty pounds. John Patrick was born in Michigan; he is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is married to Mildred La Rue. Arlette Marchal and Jetta Goudal both claim France as their birthplace; both are in their early twenties, and both are brunettes.

ELAINE IVERSON.—It's simply amazing how fast James Hall has jumped into the film limelight! A year and a half ago he began playing in pictures, after having been "discovered" in the Broadway stage production, "The Matinee Girl." Since then he has played in "The Campus Flirt" opposite Bebe Daniels, in "Stranded in Paris"—also with her—in "Hotel Imperial" with Pola Negri, and in "Love's Greatest Mistake" with Josephine Dunn—and already questions are pouring in about him. He is under contract to Famous Players. His real name is James Hamilton, and he comes from Texas.

DIANA.—Aren't you breathless, though, with your terse questions? You ask, when is Ronald Colman going to Europe, and on what steamer! He hasn't even planned to go, so far as I know, much less en-

gaged passage. He has been steadily busy, and has lately been making "King Harlequin." Colman is his real name.

A FOURFOLD FAN.—I knew a fourfold fan once—the four folds were all in her chin. Valentino was born May 6, 1895; he died last August 23d. Pola Negri was born January 4—I don't know the year. William Haines was born January 1, 1900. Mary Brian was born in 1908. You can procure back numbers of PICTURE PLAY by sending in twenty-five cents in stamps for each issue wanted. The address is given on the contents page. I can't tell you the weekly salaries of film players; that is something between them and the film companies for which they work.

JUST A FAN.—But what a lot of questions you ask, over that modest signature! Any information I have about Mary Pickford! What a large order! You wouldn't go to your butcher, would you, and say, "Send me all your steaks?" Anyhow, Mary was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893, and was christened Gladys Smith. She began playing on the stage at the age of five. She was once Mrs. Owen Moore, but is now, of course, married to Doug Fairbanks. Greta Garbo was born in 1906. Joan Crawford used to be known as Lucille Le Sueur, until Metro-Goldwyn conducted a contest for a new name for her. She has blue eyes and black hair. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897; Ben Lyon, in Atlanta, Georgia, February 6, 1901; Jack Mulhall, October 7, 1891, in New York City; James Hall, in Texas. Louise Fazenda was born in Indiana in 1895.

JOSEPH BLACK.—Yes, Ramon Navarro and Kathleen Key finished that much-disputed film version of "The Rubaiyat" several years ago. It was shown in 1925 under the title, "A Lover's Oath," as an independent States-rights picture. At least, it was shown in a projection room—I haven't heard of it since. It seems there was quite a legal tangle, in the making of that picture, between the financial backer, the producer, the director, and others. I don't think Lillian Gish appeared in any picture with Wallace Reid except "The Birth of a Nation," and in that Wally had just a minor rôle. That was a D. W. Griffith picture, with Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Robert Harron, H. B. Walthall, Ralph Lewis, and Mary Alden in important rôles.

EVE J. ROBINSON.—What do you do in your spare time—when you're not writing letters, I mean? Warner Baxter was born in Ohio, and started his career in the insurance business. He was then on the stage for fourteen years—in stock, in vaudeville, and on Broadway. He is married to Winifred Bryson.

JUST BERNICE.—It's a joy to get letters like yours that I can answer without having to phone every one in New York for information. There are no Gloria Swanson fan clubs that I know of. One joins a correspondence club simply by writing to the address given, and expressing your wish to become a member.

HERBERT HENRY BUNZ.—I am ever so grateful for the information that Willie Fritsch was born in Berlin, January 27, 1900, and for his personal address, Kaiserdamm 95, Berlin. As you say, it is almost impossible in America to get personal data about foreign stars.

E. V. KING.—Addresses of film players with permanent addresses are listed at the end of this department each month.

HERMAN GRIFFIN.—See E. V. KING.

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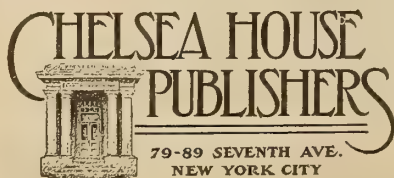
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JOHN'S SINCEREST FAN.—You must think I am an *ancient* oracle, like the well-known Oracle at Delphi—asking me when Maurice and Georgia Drew Barrymore died, and all that! My records include information about film people only. John Barrymore was born in New York in 1882. He started his career in musical comedy, and was not, I believe, taken seriously as a dramatic actor until he played in Galsworthy's "Justice." He was married for some years to Catherine Harris—I don't know for just how long. John Drew is hardly in my province, but I happen to know that he is seventy-three.

Fan Clubs

Renee Adoree Club—Elaine M. Iverson, 314 Lincoln St., Marseilles, Ind.
Vilma Banky Club—Donald Phillips, 215 W. 23d St., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Fan Club—Ethel Milner, 1303 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richard Barthelmess Club—Ralph Weddle, Box 9, Elfers, Fla.
Warner Baxter Club—Robert Allen, Wise-carver Apts., Waynesburg, Pa.
Better Pictures Club—Blanche Rexicker, 29 Fernwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Olive Borden Fan Club—Dorothy Stoll, 5156 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Clara Bow Fan Club—Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Ave., Detroit, Mich.
William Boyd Club—Eve J. Robinson, 1216 W. 8th St., Wilmington, Del.
Evelyn Brent Fan Club—Esther Kling, 366 E. 146th St., New York City.
Mary Brian Fan Club—Clara Fochi, 53 Villa Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Betty Bronson Correspondence Club—Mary Campbell, 300 W. 6th St., Cisco, Texas.
Alice Calhoun Club—Charles Tuck, 305 W. Horah St., Salisbury, N. C.
Ronald Colman Fan Club—Alice Reynolds, 601 Pearl St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Ronald Colman Fan Club—Robert Buz-zard, 1410 Main St., Joplin, Mo.
Dolores Costello Fan Club—Francis C. Wilson, Blountstown, Fla.
Joan Crawford Fan Club—Helen Cohn, 3628 E. 1st St., Long Beach, Cal.
Bebe Daniels Fan Club—Evelyn Bode, 2745 Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L. I.
Bebe Daniels Girls—Dorothy Lubon, 2064 Vyse Ave., New York City.
Bebe Daniels Club—Charles Callender, 857 Station Place, Berkeley, Cal.
Marion Davies Fan Club—Eleanor Jacobus, 18 Elm Road, Caldwell, N. J.
Priscilla Dean Club—Nan Lulick, 220 Mount Hope Place, New York City.
Carol Dempster Fan Club—John Irwin Zellner, 343 Concord Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
Carol Dempster Correspondence Club—Maurice Neel, Route 3, Forrest City, Ark.
Charles de Roche Club—Annie Laurie But-trey, 724 Maine St., Enid, Oklahoma.
Dix-Eagle Motion Picture Club—J. Donald Atkins, Box 175, Huntington Park, Cal.
Richard Dix Pal Club—Harold Revine, 179 Arthur St., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.
Fan Correspondence Club—Reverend Fred-erick J. Compson, Sistersville, W. Va.
Helen Ferguson Friendship Club—Julia David, 98 Waltham St., Boston, Mass.
Harrison Ford Club—Lillian Louise Doria, 6312 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Harrison Ford Club—Elizabeth Sumner, 2357 W. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
Four R Club—Margaret E. Driver, Lux-ora, Ark.
Greta Garbo Fan Club—Virginia McGuire, 611 Shatto Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
John Gilbert Club—Joseph J. Varhalak, 223 Boston Ave., Stratford, Conn.
Gish-Navarro-Haines-Shearer Club—Joseph Black, 155 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
William Haines Club—Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio.
Raymond Keane Club—Virginia Nagel, 1429 Willard St., San Francisco, Cal.
Raymond Keane Fan Club—Loretto Mor-gan, 736 S. Logan St., Denver, Colo.
Doris Kenyon Club—Evelyn Jackson, "Finchfield," Kew Gardens, Southport, Eng-land.
Harry Langdon Fan Club—Doris Rondeau, 63½ Windward Ave., Venice, Cal.
Laura La Plante Club—Erich O'Brook, 4221 Woodbridge Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Harold Lloyd Club—Hal Granger, West-boro, Ontario, Canada.
Lucky Thirteen Fan Club—Olive Powell, Box 113, Willowbrook, Cal.
Ben Lyon Club—Ida Aispur, 1413 E. 22d St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Ben Lyon Correspondence Club—Lucille Pierce, W. 6th St., Cisco, Texas.
Ben Lyon Loyalty Club—R. I. Fischer, 136 Clyde Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Patsy Ruth Miller Fan Club—Eleanor Shannessy, 518 E. 146th St., New York City.

Tom Mix Admirers Club—Waldorf P. Libby, Box 1017, Fort Benning, Ga.
Colleen Moore Fan Club—Dorothy Mae Thompson, 13 Fifth St., Aspinwall, Pa.
Colleen Moore Fan Club—Geneva McKenna, 9 Retreat St., Southgate, Ky.
Lois Moran Film Club—Gloria Greenhill, 619 E. 5th St., New York City.
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Motion Picture Club of America—F. L. Federson, 92 Lake Ave., Melrose, Mass.
Motion Picture Players Club—Zarabelle X. Reinsner, 2900 W. 38th St., Chicago, Ill.
Movie Fans Friendship Club—Charles Mank, Jr., 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill.
Pola Negri Fan Club—Marjorie Colerick, 212 Dundas St., London, Ontario, Canada.
George O'Brien Club—Leonard Eury, Box 85, Bessemer City, N. C.
George O'Brien Club—Mary Knapp, 94 E. 5th St., Corning, N. Y.
George O'Brien Athletic Club—Ralph Savy, 17 Edgewood St., Stafford Springs, Conn.
Our Club Fans (Bebe Daniels, Madge Bel-lamy, Bessie Love, John Bowers)—Julia Da-vid, 98 Waltham St., Boston, Mass.
Mary Philbin Correspondence Club—Mae Beyer, 1018 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Photoplay Club of America—Emil J. Muel-ler, 923 8th St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Australian branch—Beatrice Mangan, Collier St., Brunsw-ick, Melbourne, Australia.
Mary Pickford Club—Martin Jacobsen, 912 Peck Ave., Racine, Wis.
Esther Ralston Fan Club—Mabel Hill, 1250 S. Normal Ave., Chico, Cal.
Irene Rich Loyalty Club—Bernice Meadows, Box 155, Sunset Heights, Texas.
Screen Lovers' Fan Club—M. Carl Luebke, 19 9th Ave., S. W. Faribault, Minn.
Richard Talmadge Correspondence Club—Beatrice Bisenius, 16 Dean St., West Orange, N. J.
Richard Talmadge Club—Max Kochan, 16 Keir St., Lauriston, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Valentino Memorial Club—Gracella Hollo-way, 855 W. 34th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Valentino Memorial Club—Helen V. Sunder-land, 245 W. 7th St., Garnett, Kan.

The following new clubs wish to be an-nounced:

Olive Borden Loyalty Club—Alberta Mae Wragg, 68 E. 121st St., New York City. Officers of the club to be chosen from the most interesting letters received; branch clubs to be established in various cities.
Greta Garbo Fan Club—Elnora Roden-baugh, Baird Ave. and Fourth St., Barber-ton, Ohio.
Pola Negri Loyalty Club—Henrietta Hend-lick, secretary, Box 129, R. F. D. 2, Ridge-wood, N. J.
George O'Brien Fan Club—Elizabeth Smith, secretary, 75 Fern Ave., Irvington, N. J.
Joseph Schildkraut Fan Club—Eileen Borge, secretary, 383 Brunswick St., Hali-fax, N. S., Canada.
Valentino Correspondence Club—Evelyn L. Goodrich, 6100 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago.
Victor Varconi Friendship Club—Verona H. White, 239 Hamilton St., Rochester, N. Y.
Claire Windsor Club—Helen Bennett, 8008 Rawlings Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Addresses of Players.

Alice Mills, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathryn Williams, Charles ("Budd-y") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Greta Nissen, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, Warner Baxter, Percy Marmont, William Powell, Bebe Dan-iels, Louise Brooks, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, Cali-fornia.
Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, An-tonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Cul-ver City, California.
Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Dorothy Seastrom, Lewis Stone, Teddy Sampson, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, and Edward Everett Horton, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

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Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

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There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful—smoke invitation every spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

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Where are eyes the keenest?

North, South, East, West?

These rare prizes will decide it!

WHAT a difference there is in eyes—and between merely looking at things and actually seeing them. Thousands of people miss half the enjoyment M-G-M pictures could give them. They do not *see*—and, of course, can't remember—anywhere near all that producers put into settings and players into their characterizations.

Here's a test that'll help you discover how keen your eyes are. If they're as sharp as we hope, they'll win one of our prizes for you! Send us your answers to the six questions below. The possessor of the keenest woman's eyes shall receive the favorite "Aileen Pringle" choker necklace. The sharpest male optics will win the silver-topped "Lew Cody" cane used in "On Ze Boulevard."

To the 50 next best, we'll give our favorite portraits specially autographed. Luck and keen eyes to you all—North, South, East, West!

(Signed)

Aileen Pringle

Lew Cody

Here are the six questions!

1 In what recent M-G-M picture does Lon Chaney play the role of a son, a father and a grandfather?

2 With what type of picture has Reginald Barker been long identified?

3 Give your estimation of William Haines' work on the screen with particular reference to "Slide, Kelly, Slide." (Not more than 50 words.)

4 What M-G-M picture has for its background the Citizens' Military Training Camps?

5 Name six M-G-M pictures which will be shown at your local theatre in 1927. Give name of theatre and manager.

6 In what M-G-M picture does an imaginary island figure and what was the name given it?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE:—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Joan Crawford Contest of March:
HARRY D. BROWN, Mayor
Gillispie, Illinois
SADIE M. MOORHOUSE
815 Pacific Ave., Osawatonic, Kansas

"SLIDE KELLY SLIDE"

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,

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BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter

REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?

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AND now this happy, handsome star appears in

THE epic picture of the great National pastime

WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and—wow!

MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the

MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.

FOLLOW the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide

with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY

An Edward Sedgwick Production

An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER

Titles by JOE FARNHAM

Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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There came into his life, however, a stronger motive than his desire for revenge. How the love for a maid by a man changed the whole course of events, is told in striking manner in

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By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

There are thrills aplenty in every colorful chapter of this striking novel. Mr. Pollock's style is one that holds the reader from the beginning to end of a story set against a most unusual background.

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STREET & SMITH
PUBLICATION

JULY
1927



GILDA GRAY
Painted by
MODEST STEIN

IN CHANEY-BLANCHE SWEET-CHESTER CONKLIN
JOAN CRAWFORD-MARGARET LIVINGSTON



She Hired a Convict as Her Chauffeur

Just in the nick of time "Smiler" Carey came out of nowhere to rescue the beautiful Anne Carfax from an attempted holdup. And for reward, Anne took him on as her chauffeur. At the same time she took on a series of stirring adventures that are set forth in dramatic manner in

MASQUERADE

By William Morton

This is a CHELSEA HOUSE book, which means that it is the best of good reading. Chelsea House books are low in price but high in fiction quality. They are for sale at your dealer's for 75 cents apiece. Ask him to-day for MASQUERADE and other CHELSEA HOUSE titles or write for full list to

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They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebesträume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying



me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story. "Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson."

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy

it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the lessons started I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

* * * * *

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Right now we are making a Special Offer for a limited number of new students. Sign and send the convenient coupon now—before it's too late to gain the benefit of this offer. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 536 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Guitar	Cello
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Piano Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (5-String, Plectrum and Tenor)	

Picture Play

Volume XXVI

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ALL MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS

RIVOLI
James Cruze's
"OLD
IRONSIDES"
with Wallace Beery,
Esther Ralston,
George Bancroft,
Charles Farrell and
Johnnie Walker.

CRITERION
Herbert Brenon's
"Beau Geste"
with
Ronald Colman,
Noah Beery,
Neil Hamilton,
Alice Joyce
Mary Brain.

COHAN
Victor Fleming's
"The Rough
Riders"
with Noah Beery,
Charles Farrell,
George Bancroft,
Mary Astor and
Frank Hopper.

"One of the
Public Theatres"
Paramount
Clara Bow in
"Rough
House Rosie"
with Reed Howes

"One of the
Public Theatres"
RIALTO
Clara Bow and
Esther Ralston
in "Children
of Divorce"
A Frank Lloyd
Production.


Paramount
lights Broadway
—and the Broadways
of the World!

"Broadway welcomes you to New York." In Times Square, gateway to the great white way, a giant electric sign welcomes you to the most famous street in the world. The Paramount Theatre, luxurious home of Paramount Pictures, echoes "welcome" and four times more in this lane of pleasure the great lights of a theatre showing Paramount Pictures *only* blazon their message of cheer—"Abandon care all ye who enter here." Paramount lights Broadway!

Like moths to a flame come thousands, drawn to these theatres by the lure of the Paramount name and the great Paramount stars whose names shine over them. But for these thousands there are *millions* who never see Broadway who thrill to the same pictures and the same names without even leaving home.

Wherever you see a Paramount Picture, you see it exactly as it is shown on Broadway—"with the original New York cast."

"Broadway welcomes you to New York." But even if you never come, its pleasures are yours to enjoy no matter where you are because Paramount—the name that lights Broadway, lights the Broadways of the world!



In August you will see the complete 100% Paramount Program—Paramount Features, Paramount News and Paramount Comedies. Ask your Theatre Manager now to book it and enjoy a complete program of the same high standard as Paramount Pictures.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg. New York

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's
the best show in town!"

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DOES IT PAY TO BE POPULAR?



CERTAIN players are widely sought after in Hollywood society because of their youth, charm, and intelligence, yet their position on the screen does not begin to measure up to their social popularity.

Why is this? Does it pay to be invited to every party—and remain in mediocre pictures? Does a player advance his or her career by being the life of the party? Or does familiarity destroy illusion, and is advancement on the screen possible only to those who stay outside the social whirl?

These questions are discussed frankly and informatively by Myrtle Gebhart in the August PICTURE PLAY, with a consideration of some of Hollywood's most conspicuous "cases."

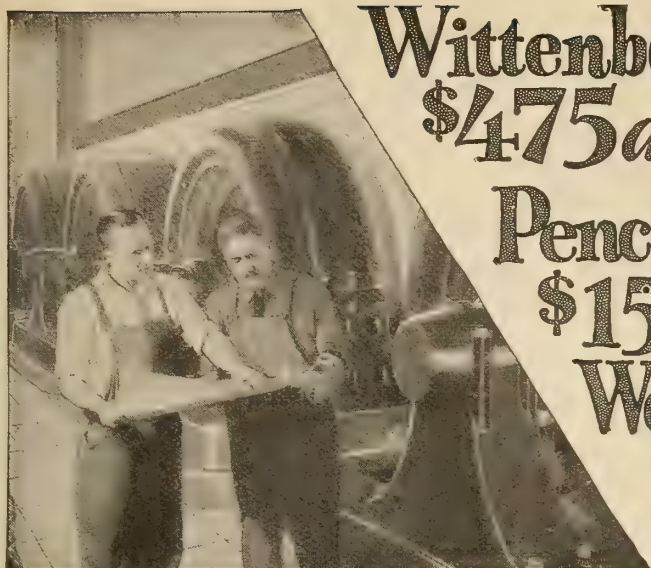


"A STAR MUST BE SELF-CENTERED"

So says Norma Shearer, in a remarkable interview which will appear in the next issue. Furthermore, she admits that the mere fact of choosing a career in motion pictures is proof that a person has a large share of ego and personal vanity! Altogether, this interview with Miss Shearer is one of the most refreshingly candid stories we have ever read.

The entire August number will be notable for the bracing qualities of frankness and originality, with too many proofs of PICTURE PLAY's supremacy to cause us to boast. Just start with the contents page, and you won't skip an item from there on.





Wittenberg Earns \$475 a Month Pence Gets \$150 a Week



\$475 a Month

Dear Chief: I have just bought a 5-passenger sedan and my income now amounts to about \$475 a month—\$113 a week. Before I took your Course I never made over \$50 a month. I only had a 6th grade education and yours is the only electrical training I ever had. Your friend and student, Herman Wittenberg, 1930 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York.

\$150 a Week

Dear Mr. Cooke: Thought you would be interested in a hand bill I just got out for my new shop. Business is going strong, paying me now over \$600 a month above expenses. I must thank you again for my success, because it was your wonderful Course and method of instruction that put me where I am. Your true friend, W. E. Pence, Albany, Oregon.

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Why stick to your no-future \$25 to \$30 a week job when these thousands of men no smarter than you and with no previous experience are jumping ahead of you—easily earning two to four times what you earn, year in and year out?

Electricity needs you. It has a place for you and thousands of other red-blooded, honest-to-goodness young fellows who

want a real job and REAL MONEY and who have gumption enough to trade a little of their spare time for a chance to get it. Electricity is the world's greatest business. Over 750 million dollars are being invested in it every year. In the power house end of the industry alone, 15 thousand new and additional jobs were created last year. Electricity is an opportunity—a future—“Success”—for thousands of men. Will you risk two pennies for a stamp to find out what it will do for you?

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started more than ten thousand other men on the road to big pay. It's free—and it may help you like it helped them. Anyway send for the book and decide for yourself. No agent will call on you—no one will bother you and you won't be obligated in any way. What you do in the next minute may mark the turning point in your life. Mail the Coupon Now, to—

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What the Fans Think



From a Fan Who Is a Cripple.

I'M a cripple, being paralyzed from my hips down, and for the past four years I've been spending my life in a wheel chair, but during that time, I've been an ardent movie fan, and my greatest pleasure is writing to the different stars and receiving their pictures.

Every evening finds me in a different show. All of the theaters in this neighborhood know me, and they let me in to stand at the back of an aisle, or at the very front of it sometimes. During the day, I'm all alone, for the four girls I room with work, and do not come home until suppertime. After supper, one of them takes me to the show, and another one calls for me later on. Every day in the week I go to a show, and on Saturdays and Sundays I sometimes go twice. The movies are a complete world for me, and make me forget my legs.

Among the stars whom I most admire, there are Richard Dix, George O'Brien, Gary Cooper, Ben Lyon, William Haines, Vilma Banky, Irene Rich, Louise Dresser and Dolores Costello. But among those whom I think are snobs, there are Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, and Ricardo Cortez. I did like Lois Wilson, but after I saw "The Great Gatsby" I changed my mind. And "New York" made me entirely forget I ever wanted to see her.

And in "Paradise for Two," whatever in the world possessed Richard Dix to get Betty Bronson for his leading lady? There are only two actions in her entire make-up. One is the right eyebrow arched, head cocked over on the left side, and the aristocratic look that always prevails around her mouth. The other is one hand on her hip, twirling necklace, body poised over to the left side.

I think about the nicest leading lady for Richard Dix is either Esther Ralston or Alyce Mills, who played with him in "Say It Again." But now I hear Mary Brian is playing with him in "Knockout Reilly." May she do better than her colleague did in "Paradise for Two."

Chicago, Illinois.

MUGS.

Do You Agree or Not?

It seems unfair to me that a real actress like Pola Negri gets so much criticism while mere clothes racks like Norma Shearer and Esther Ralston seem to get

only praise. I think Norma has a nice figure, and Esther a beautiful face, but they certainly are not actresses.

Pola is wonderful. I don't know, and do not need to know, what she is like personally, but as an actress, she rates about one hundred per cent in my estimation. She has it in her to act—has the acting "spark," or whatever is necessary in the make-up of a real actress. Also, she is beautiful, and intelligent.

Claire Windsor is always so pale and pained-looking. And Olive Borden is absolutely insipid, in spite of her flawless face and figure. And I cannot warm up to Janet Gaynor, May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, or Mary Brian. They lack depth.

The stars I'd walk miles to see are Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Carol Dempster, Eleanor Boardman, and Joan Crawford. They can act! And how! And Corinne Griffith combines unbelievable beauty with plenty of acting ability. I think Corinne looks prettiest with her mouth open. It wouldn't become her to have a tight-locked jaw. And I like Lois Moran. She is so sweet, so sincere.

Here's to the actresses—the girls who have the courage and the mentality really to put themselves into their parts, to forget for the moment that they are this or that great celebrity, who must look stunning with each move, even at the expense of the story.

JOHN LEO.

902 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Why Care How Old a Star Is?

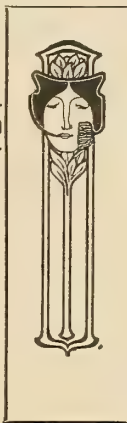
I feel constrained to write to this department after having read some of the criticisms made by the fans in these columns. Some of the fan critics write in a cynical vein which only serves to antagonize the reader, not against the person criticized, but against the writer.

Why, for instance, do some of the fans speak of a young person in his thirties as if he were doddering on the brink of the grave and were unfit for anything except character or granddaddy rôles? How many of these critics are under thirty themselves, and if they are, do they intend to commit suicide when they reach that venerable old age?

There is no age in this universe of ours. A year is a man-made institution and therefore not a reality. We

Continued on page 10

Watch for *The*
Tragedy Girl
By
Ruby M. Ayres



¶ It is the story of a girl who tried to run away from love and found that there was no escape. ¶ It is the greatest emotional story that Miss Ayres has ever written, and it will begin soon in *Love Story Magazine*

Ask Your News Dealer—15c Per Copy

Continued from page 8

are ageless, and the sooner people realize that fact, the better it will be. We should not count the years—a person should be the age he seems in appearance and actions. I'd much rather not know a player's age, because I think it is nobody's business, and besides, what does it matter?

Forget the actors' ages, and forget your own. If you feel and look young, you *are* young. And if the players appear young, they *are* young, no matter how many man-made years they can count up.

D. ROBERTSON.

Los Angeles, California.

Nothing Old About Richard Dix.

This is my first fan letter, though I've been reading this department for years.

First, I want to dispute a statement made by "An Appreciative Fan," in which she said that to cast Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone, and Richard Dix as romantic lovers and college freshmen is asking a great deal of credulity from the fans. I agree with her as to Mr. Stone and Mr. Tearle, but *why* class Richard Dix with them? Certainly he is not nearly so old as they, and why *not* accept him as a "romantic lover and college freshman?"

Those who witnessed his fine performance in "The Quarter Back" know that he was a knock-out! He has virility, pep, and is young and handsome. Recall his charming and wholesome love scenes in such pictures as "The Quarter Back," "Say It Again," "The Call of the Canyon," "The Stranger," and various others, and then tell me why he cannot be accepted as a romantic lover. He's one of the most popular actors on the screen to-day, and his pictures are clean, wholesome, and very enjoyable.

I want to say a word about Cullen Landis. Why don't we see and hear more of him? He is a wonderful actor, and I don't mean maybe! Besides, he is very good looking, and has a boyish charm and an appealing, contagious smile which is altogether delightful. I have been waiting a long time to see him get a picture worthy of his efforts. The mediocre films he is given are enough to pull any one under.

Come on, Cullen Landis fans! Let's get together and boost him, and help him win the place at the top of the ladder of fame which he has certainly earned!

VIVIAN STEPHENS.

Perry, Lake County, Ohio.

Is Valentino Speaking from the Beyond?

I have read with much interest the many letters and articles appearing in magazines and newspapers about Valentino since his death, and I think that I am in honor bound to make known to the fans several strange experiences which I have had since his going.

I hope that what I am going to say will not meet with unbelief and ridicule from those who read, because I have gone through a great deal of real mental anguish before bringing myself to the point of making this public.

About a week after Valentino's passing, I was awakened one night by hearing his name called twice, very distinctly. But when I became fully awake I realized that I had been hearing so many people speak of him as a result of his death that probably the sound of his name that had awakened me was only a reproduction of my own thoughts. I gave the incident no more attention, until I was forced to admit that messages which came later were too distinct and entirely apart from my own thoughts to be ignored. And now that I have come to believe that these demonstrations do come from an identity apart from

my own, I am writing a general letter to let Valentino's friends decide whether or not to believe what has been given.

I did not have the honor of knowing Mr. Valentino, or of ever seeing him off the screen.

I should like to add that I am not a professional medium, not a medium at all that I have ever known, though I have been told by persons who have made a study of such things that I am "psychic." I have since I was a child frequently seen and heard things that must have been of the other world, but never thought much about it until this last experience.

Should this letter be published and some reader find an interest in what I have told, I shall be glad to go more into detail to any one who will write to me at the address given below.

EULALIE FOSTER.

201 West Poplar Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Rudy Had His Faults.

I am writing in protest against all the silly and sickening poems and grief-stricken letters appearing in these columns about the death of Valentino.

Of course, it was sad that he had to die, but to make him out to be an angel or saint is foolish, when we fans know that he wasn't that. He was human just as the rest of us are, and he had his faults and made mistakes in life. If he was to die, isn't it better that he was taken at the height of his career than later when we might all have forgotten him? Perhaps I sound hard-boiled, but why not be sensible?

I don't see why there should be guilds, memorials, clubs, and so forth, formed in his memory. What did Rudy do for humanity that he should be remembered for all years to come? Surely not any more than others who devote their lives to humanity—missionaries, government officials, philanthropists, and the like—and yet we seldom hear of their deeds.

Rudy was a wonderful actor, I admit, and I was one of his fans, but to be so gushy and sentimental about his death is foolish, so let's just be sensible about it, and accept it as something that had to be.

ELINOR GARRISON.

6022 Twenty-ninth Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington.

Novarro versus Gilbert.

I am disgusted with Metro-Goldwyn officials for putting before the public such a film as "Flesh and the Devil." Also for putting John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in the front row of their stars and leaving other geniuses to bring up the rear. By which I mean Ramon Novarro, for if ever there was or is a genius in moviedom, he is it, and will continue to be it if only given a fair chance.

Movie critics say that Mr. Novarro's appeal lies in his personality and handsomeness. Haven't you often seen men whose shapely noses and perfect profiles were quite in evidence, but who just the same did not appeal to you? It's the soul that counts. Look at Mr. Novarro's eyes and you see his soul—generous, kind, sympathetic. And he has a mouth that denotes firmness in spite of his youthful look.

Did Novarro care about his handsome face and wavy hair when he portrayed the Roman galley slave in "Ben-Hur?" No! I am quite positive no other movie actor could have taken that part and played it with such excellence as Mr. Novarro did. Ramon Novarro looks into his soul for his portrayal of a part, whereas John Gilbert merely looks at the surface and, with an ear-to-ear grin or staring eyes, tries to put over a rôle.

This, no doubt, sounds terrible for Mr. Gilbert, but I am sure he thinks that his popularity is secure and that he needn't worry. If he could have heard the audience laugh, as I did, at his performance in "Flesh and the Devil"—in the most serious and dramatic scenes, at that—I'm sure he would wake up to a few facts.

I sincerely hope Metro-Goldwyn will rouse themselves and give their real genius a chance—oh, not to be a great lover, never, but a great actor, which he is and ever will be. AN INTERESTED ADMIRER.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Oh, Where, Oh, Where Are Ramon's Films?

Whenever a person, especially a girl, has a grievance or is hurt in any way, she always looks for a friend to tell her troubles to. I am hurt, deeply hurt, and I must tell some one about it. So I am writing to tell all my friends—I mean Consuelo Marsh; E. H., of New York; Marion Young, of Chicago; V. T., of California; Mary Lytton, of England, and all those fans who deeply admire Ramon Novarro.

I saw Ramon in "Ben-Hur" on its opening night in New York, December 30, 1925. I haven't seen him since. That is the best picture he has been seen in. He made "A Certain Young Man" at the same time John Gilbert made "Bardelys the Magnificent." Ramon finished this picture in May, 1926. I thought it would probably take a month or so to prepare it for showing, so I expected to see it released in July.

As each week came and a different picture opened at the Capitol, I said, "His surely will be out next week." "Bardelys the Magnificent" opened, but still no sign of Ramon's film. Christmas came. "He will be out next week, for sure," I thought. January arrived, and with it a new picture of Gilbert's. Still hopeful, I thought, "Ramon's film *must* be out next week, because it is nearly a year since he made it." But it hasn't yet been released!

Meantime, he completed another picture, "Lovers." One night it was announced over the radio that "Lovers" would open at the Capitol on March 26th. I was overjoyed.

As March 26th was nearing, I gave my sister strict orders not to dare make any appointment for that day, because we were going to the Capitol for the first performance and would take our lunch and stay all day.

To-day is March 26th. I am not in the Capitol. I am at home writing this letter. Ramon's picture has not come out—I don't know why—and I am miserable.*

EVELYN PANELLA.

1265 Havemeyer Avenue, New York City, New York.

Let Novarro Take Care of Himself.

I am not so sure that I agree with all the loyal Novarro fans who think their idol is not getting a square deal from Metro-Goldwyn. True, he has not had many pictures, but after all, they did give him "Ben-Hur," and that beautiful picture I feel sure can never be surpassed. It seems to me that *Ben-Hur* should mean more to Novarro than half a dozen ordinary rôles. Personally, I'd rather play that part—that is, play it beautifully and successfully as Novarro did—than be the President of the United States or the Prince of Wales.

Ramon Novarro is easily my favorite among the motion-picture people, and I should like to see him oftener, but I'd

* "Lovers" finally opened about three weeks later.



A Book That Is Pure Gold

Here is the story of young Tupelo Troy who is living in leisure in Los Angeles playing golf, polo, and tennis on a tidy little income of \$50,000 a year. One day Tupelo reads how a tramp named "Kokomo, the Crow" was killed by a train, leaving behind the diary of his lifelong travels. From that battered diary young Tupelo gets a hint of the whereabouts of a treasure-trove. It is not so much gold as the lure of romance and adventure that leads him on to a series of thrilling episodes described in

Spanish Nuggets

By EMART KINSBURN

Here is a typical CHELSEA HOUSE book that sells for the low price of 75 cents, and that is worth its weight in gold. Ask your dealer to-day for the full list of books about the West, detectives, romance, and adventure, published by

75 Cents



75 Cents

Continued from page 10

much rather wait and see him in a masterpiece once a year than to have him presented in some shoddy, flimsy thing every few weeks. Ramon is much too high class for that sort of treatment, and it looks as though his company understands this perfectly and is handling him in the best manner possible. In any case, I think Señor Novarro can be trusted to take care of himself. He seems to have done fairly well with his career so far.

IONE LAYBOURNE.

365 South Gage Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

Bravo, All You Novarro Fans!

I hope Mr. Oettinger has discovered by this time that there is *real* fighting blood in the veins of Novarro fans!

They swallowed most of the praise given to the flashing Jack Gilbert when Novarro was left in the background. But when the climax came and a supposed-to-be brilliant critic piped up such unheard-of things, *did* they boil! They became young volcanoes, spitting forth praise for The Novarro and sharp lashings for The Critic. And *still* they continue to erupt, bless them!

I have a word to add to the Novarro-Gilbert discussion. I myself am fond of John Gilbert. I like his performances, and I see no fault to find with his type. But I don't *prefer* his type. Ramon Novarro is my ideal. I admire his quiet nature, his love for music, his determination to keep his people free from publicity, his love for beautiful things, and his other innumerable characteristics.

I wish to thank PICTURE PLAY for its numerous and splendid portraits and pictures of my favorite. I wish, also, to thank the other fans for their brave and clever come-backs to those horrid criticisms.

Good luck, Ramon, in "Old Heidelberg," and in all of your future pictures!

G. HARVEY.

132 Hillside Avenue, Rochester, New York.

She Gloats! She Gloats!

On reading Elinor Glyn's latest profound message issued to a breathless and waiting world, I leaped into a complicated Black Bottom, played a little Chopin, and ate three dozen cream meringues, all to express the extreme joy and relief that possessed me.

For, look you, she has pronounced that Ramon Novarro has *not* got "It!"

Sincerely I am glad, and with hectic mania continue to celebrate.

A pernicious influence this thing "It" has become. True, it gave us John Gilbert. But we already had him, and it is well known that you can't keep a good man down.

As soon as John Gilbert loses "It," he will be an artist. And anyhow, the beastly thing isn't even madame's invention. Rudyard Kipling, in approximately 1910, wrote a story called "Mrs. Bathurst," in which he referred to the lady as having "It."

Calooh! Callay! Hear me gloat!

Ramon has *not* got "It!"

BETTIE G. EDWARDS.

7 Belmont House, Candover Street, London W. I., England.

Ronald Conceited? Huh!

May I dispute Viola Davies' statement in a recent PICTURE PLAY? She shamelessly said of Ronald Colman, "My goodness, the man has conceit written all over his face." To that—huh!

And the Canadian winter must have been too much for her, for she said, "The frost is not far from his love-making." Again—huh!

Now, Viola, do you allow for types in people? Don't you see that it is not Ronald Colman's nature or style to emote openly? But how effective his calmness is! Mr. Colman is not lacking in admirers. His fans would not have him otherwise.

To my mind, Ronald Colman's aloofness seems born of sensitiveness, even shyness. A suggestion of great emotional depths—passion and strength—under control. For all his calmness, he seems a trifle self-conscious. Some people insist this is a form of conceit. But I think it is the reaction of a very sensitive nature.

You'd better take a closer look at Ronald Colman, Viola.

GRETA.

Taunton, Massachusetts.

This is my first letter to any movie magazine. But—I cannot refrain from writing after having read Miss Viola Davies' unjust criticism of Ronald Colman.

It may be that no one will ever take the place of Rudy, but why should Miss Davies so bitterly condemn Ronald? In my opinion, he is a better actor than Valentino ever was; though no doubt most fans will disagree with that.

I wonder if Miss Davies read "Why Is Ronald Colman So Aloof?" in the February PICTURE PLAY. If not, I advise her to do so. It may explain to her what she calls "the conceit written all over his face." Unless Miss Davies has a heart of stone, that article about Colman should cause her to change her mind about him.

Ronald is unsurpassed. His marvelous acting in "Beau Geste" and "The Dark Angel" proved that.

ELSIE CINELLO.

Atlantic City, New Jersey.

While clinging frantically to a swaying strap on a homeward-bound trolley in the evening rush several days ago, my glance wandered to a PICTURE PLAY in the hands of a fellow passenger. I glimpsed a fan letter headed "Who Can Replace Rudy? No One!" Well, that was perfectly all right—probably no one will, and why should any one wish to take his place? It may have been an enviable one, but I am sure we all prefer all the stars in their own individual places.

But that isn't the point. In reading further, I discovered a rather nasty slam at my special favorite, Ronald Colman, and that I cannot take without an argument. The letter went on to say that he had conceit written all over his face and could never forget himself for very long. Imagine any one saying that, especially after seeing him in "The Dark Angel," "Kiki," "Stella Dallas," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "The Winning of Barbara Worth." It almost breaks my heart for any one even to think it.

Personally, I think he is marvelous. He is so splendidly human, so genuine, so simple and sincere. I wouldn't miss one of his pictures for anything. My only regret is that we see so few of his films, and so little of him in those few.

PEGGY MARSHALL.

519 West Twenty-fourth Street, Richmond, Virginia.

A Romance Fostered by "Picture Play"

Olive D. Thompson's letter in a recent issue, about the friends she had made through PICTURE PLAY, was very interesting. PICTURE PLAY has played a wonderful, glorious rôle in many lives, including my own.

Once in a small country town I placed a copy of PICTURE PLAY into the hands of a twenty-year-old girl whose father had just been killed by a falling log. This girl was a typical country kid, who knew next

to nothing about the world outside, and the death of her father seemed to take all the pep out of life for her. Well, this one little issue of PICTURE PLAY awoke her sleeping instincts and sort of dulled the edge of her grief. She asked interestedly for more issues of the magazine, which I gladly supplied. And before many months had passed, I received a shy, blushing girl into my arms and wished her joy and a long and happy wedded life with her PICTURE PLAY hubby! 'Twas through the "What the Fans Think" Department that these two had become acquainted. They are one of the happiest couples I have ever known, and have a charming baby girl now.

What do the fans think about "talking pictures?" I, for one, was well satisfied with what we had. The great silent drama leaves so much to the imagination that it is indeed highly romantic.

In closing, I'd like to say that I'd love to hear from some of the fans, especially the Helen Ferguson, Bebe Daniels, and Harrison Ford admirers, and from those interested in writing, for it's my greatest ambition to become a writer!

LOUISE BUCKHOLZ.

Box 351, Osseo, Wisconsin.

We Don't Want Hokum!

"We—Want—Hokum!" Well, I don't! And I live in a small town, too.

I think the reason why the theaters get big crowds when a Western picture comes along is because they usually run a Western on Saturday night, and that is the night that draws the biggest crowd—that and Sunday night. The crowd goes to the theater on Saturday just the same, whether the picture is going to be good or not. And it usually *isn't* good! The theater in our town *never* has a good picture on Saturday night—always Rin-Tin-Tin, Rex, Tom Mix, or Hoot Gibson.

Why, if these players and their pictures are supposed to draw such big crowds, don't the exhibitors show them any other part of the week? And why don't they show Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou, or Douglas Fairbanks on Saturdays? Because it is such players as these who draw the big crowds—any time of the week.

The main reason why there is such a big crowd on Saturday and Sunday is because the country people, having to work the rest of the week, find no time or are too tired to go out on week days, so they generally drop into the movies on Saturday night, and see the worst pictures ever, while the smart theater manager saves all his *best* draws for the rest of the week so that, whether we are tired or not, we'll go again!

But most of us can't go again. We're too tired after a hard day's work, so it's no wonder the producers think "we—want—hokum!"

A. R.

Porterville, California.

An Appreciation of "Beau Geste."

Ever since I read "Beau Geste" I have been looking forward with mingled anticipation and apprehension to seeing it on the screen, and now that I have seen the splendid picture Mr. Brenon has given us I simply *have* to write about it.

So many, many times I have suffered in seeing favorite books "adapted" to the screen that, for the last year or more, when I heard of such a production, I stayed as far away from it as I could, but after seeing Mr. Brenon's production of "Beau Geste," I've taken heart again. I simply can't say enough for the fidelity with which he followed the story. It is certainly like coming on an oasis in the desert to find one director we can depend on to give us

the book we enjoyed and not a hashed-up mess of tried-and-true situations whose sole connection with the book is the title. I understand that Mr. Brenon is to make "Sorrel & Son," and I am eagerly looking forward to it.

The "Beau Geste" cast was splendid. My favorite character in the book was *Digby*, and no one could have been better in that part than Neil Hamilton. He perfectly realized the character as I had imagined him.

DULCIE SCOTT.

Spokane, Washington.

Hurrah for the Foreigners, and Hurrah for America!

Where has the spirit of tolerance, for which we Americans are famed, gone? Because a few foreign motion-picture artists come over here to show us their idea of art, we rave about a "foreign invasion," and many of us refuse to attend pictures in which they appear. What difference does it make where a player was born? If an artist's work merits praise, give it to him, regardless of his nationality.

I call myself an American, yet my mother is Spanish and French, and my father is an Arabian and Egyptian. Do you think that, because of my ancestry, I have no right to call myself an American? May I ask—how many of you have a better right? You say you're native born. But what about your father and his father? Where were they born?

It gives me great pleasure to comment on a new star appearing on the horizon—Richard Walling. Why, I could write volumes about him, but I shall restrict myself to a few—very few—words. Dick Walling is everything that's fine and sincere; he represents the flower of modern American youth. No, I'm not trying to make him appear superhuman—I should say not! Dick probably does the Black Bottom, an' all that sort of thing—but that only makes him the more lovable. I read somewhere that he was "a treat to sophisticated, type-weary eyes"—gosh, I think he's a treat to every one! MARIE YAHIA.

256 Twenty-fourth Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Who's Loony Now?

Why aren't there any Americans on the screen to-day? Because Americans have no artistic sense. Talent comes only from the foreign countries. Take, for instance, Greta Nissen, undoubtedly the greatest actress in the world. Although she has never been able to learn a word of the English language, you can understand every word of English she utters from the silent screen.

Greta Garbo outshadows the native actresses so far. Most of them will be forced to retire within a few months, because why should the public go to see such ugly women when the ethereal Garbo can be seen?

Compare Norma Talmadge with Lya de Putti. Identically the same type, but Norma has to go through all kinds of contortions with her eyebrows to put herself over, while Lya just holds still and gives everything to you by thought transmission.

OSHPREADIN DE BOOL.

432 Monroe Street, Topeka, Kansas.

A Rhapsody on Vilma.

Will the fans all please bear with me while I "express myself" for a few lines? I am not here to settle any weighty questions, such as "who can act and who can't," and who is good looking and who isn't." I'm just going to talk for a while, and the subject of my rhapsody—yes, I'm afraid it's going to be a rhapsody, no matter how sanely I start—is an actress who, in the

short space of three pictures and a personal appearance, has come to mean more to me than any other actress on the screen.

But I must make an exception. There is one very delightful lady who always has been, and I guess always will be, my ideal. In fact, so long have I admired this latter lady that I kind of take her for granted, and know that, while others may come and go, she will always remain far above them in my estimation. Until recently, no one had even begun to attack her position. But now, without any warning, here is Vilma Banky, filling all my thoughts, even causing me to put my thoughts on paper. But there is room enough in my heart for the two of them.

It didn't really take Vilma three pictures to accomplish this—one was enough. That was "The Eagle." The other two, "The Son of the Sheik" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth," just added fuel to the fire, and the personal appearance was the climax.

I must tell you about that personal appearance. I went to see Miss Banky twice, because the first time, I was near the last row in the balcony, and got only an impression of gorgeous golden hair and a lovely voice speaking decidedly broken English with a delightful accent.

The second time I went, I was almost under the nose of the gentleman who played the trombone in the orchestra. This time my impression of Vilma was that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, with a lovely personality, and a certain indefinable something that grips your heart and makes a lump come into your throat.

To my mind, Vilma Banky hasn't "It" as I understand "It." But she has something much better and so much more worth having. "Womanliness" is the word, I guess, with charm and a lovely character added to the superlative degree.

I have but one complaint to make against Vilma—it's too long between her pictures.

HELEN E. HUNT.

843 Pingree Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A Champion for Lya de Putti.

I am writing in defense of Lya de Putti, who has been so grievously denounced by critics all over the country, merely because she has been cast in vamp rôles.

PICTURE PLAY has not been so strong against her as other periodicals—another proof of its superiority. Anyway, I know of several ardent fans who are all for the petite Hungarian beauty who has been so ill treated by American producers and critics.

Too, there is another foreigner, Greta Garbo, who has succeeded admirably in siren rôles, so why can't Fräulein de Putti?

DAN ROHRIG.

Harmony, Indiana.

No Wonder Lois Rebelled.

My admiration for Lois Wilson increased when I read of her game fight for her rights. Too long has this splendid actress' worth been hidden.

Because she was sweet, easily pleased, and uncomplaining, her company gave her listless, ga-ga rôles, one after another. New actresses were found, foreign stars imported, and all catered to, and given fat parts. Unknowns were helped forward—every one seemed to be getting a big chance, while patient, sweet Lois Wilson was forgotten. Is it any wonder she rebelled?

Now that she is free, at last, to do the kind of parts she wants, I'm sure all her fans are with me in wishing her every success.

BETTY TUCKER.

1653 Masson Street, San Francisco, California.

From a Disgusted Fan.

I have studied Milton Sills for quite a few years. In "The Sea Hawk," he played his part so naturally that even a child could perceive that he was histrionically excellent. But one cannot be expected to make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear," even though one tries ever so hard. Had I been Milton Sills, when they picked on me to play in "The Sea Tiger," I'd have put up an awful kick.

Imagine the last-named *outrage* being advertised as greater than "The Sea Hawk." An utterly silly, worthless film! What little sea scenes it contained must have been directed by a yodeler from the Swiss Alps.

Mr. Sills tried his best to transform this picture from a "sow's ear" into something that could be viewed with pleasure by the public, but what could even he do with such a vehicle?

DISGUSTED.

San Antonio, Texas.

This Furious Fan Declares War.

Gee! It makes me furious to read some of the criticisms that appear in this department of PICTURE PLAY. Some time ago a fan wrote some terribly catty things about Constance Talmadge. Indeed, the remarks were so unusually mean that the fan signed himself, or herself, just "Anti-Constance."

And this person was not satisfied with panning only Connie; there was also a list of other stars whose presence on the screen could not be accounted for by "Anti-Constance." Lawrence Gray's name appeared in the list—and he's my favorite, so naturally I am declaring war against that rash writer.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," in which Lawrence Gray starred, was considered by a certain critic one of the six best pictures of the month.

Mr. Gray's presence on the screen is easily and simply explained—the fans demand his wonderful acting and pictures.

MARTHA ROUDEBUSH.

6130 St. Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

She Can't See Too Much of Leatrice.

I want to express something of my admiration for Leatrice Joy. She is quite the loveliest person I have ever seen, besides being one of the screen's most splendid actresses.

I saw her in "For Alimony Only" twice each night during the week the picture was shown in one of our local theaters, and I should like nothing better than to see it for the whole of another week. I could watch Leatrice Joy in a picture seven nights out of the week for fifty-two weeks out of the year, and still enjoy her more than anything else I can think of. I should like to see her play in a picture with Ronald Colman. That would be perfect.

She has the most beautiful mouth, set off by the most charming dimples in all the world.

I am making a collection of pictures of Leatrice Joy and Ronald Colman, and if any of the readers have pictures of them they would sell, I would be only too glad to buy them.

FAYE BUSH.

1218 Fourth Avenue, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Watch Those Close-ups, Ben.

Speaking of impressions of the stars, I don't give two snaps for the opinions of interviewers. Maybe that is because I think they are not sincere. I'm for the opinions of fans who have talked with their favorites. That's one reason why I scan

Continued on page 114

JOHNNY HINES
THE BROWN DERBY

JOHNNY HINES
THE LIVE WIRE

JOHNNY HINES
Rainbow Riley

JOHNNY HINES
STEPPING ALONG
MARY BRIAN

JOHNNY HINES
ALL ABOARD

**Headed straight for
your Funny-Bone!**

WHENEVER you see a Johnny Hines picture announced by your favorite theatre you're sure of getting *twice* your money's worth. Millions still remember the laughs in "Stepping Along", "Brown Derby", "Rainbow Riley", "The Live Wire", and a host of other Hines hits.... Now comes "ALL ABOARD"—"the very funniest thing he's done", says everyone who's seen it!

Comedy *plus* adventure....Laughs *and* thrills! Johnny on the desert—Johnny as a Sheik.... And when he does his stuff on the back seat of a camel—*how* you'll rock with glee!

Coming soon....**DON'T FORGET!**

Tune in!
For real Radio entertainment tune in on the FIRST NATIONAL TO-BE-WEDS every Tuesday at 7.45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. Millions call them one of the best features on the air. Stations WJZ, KYW, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA.

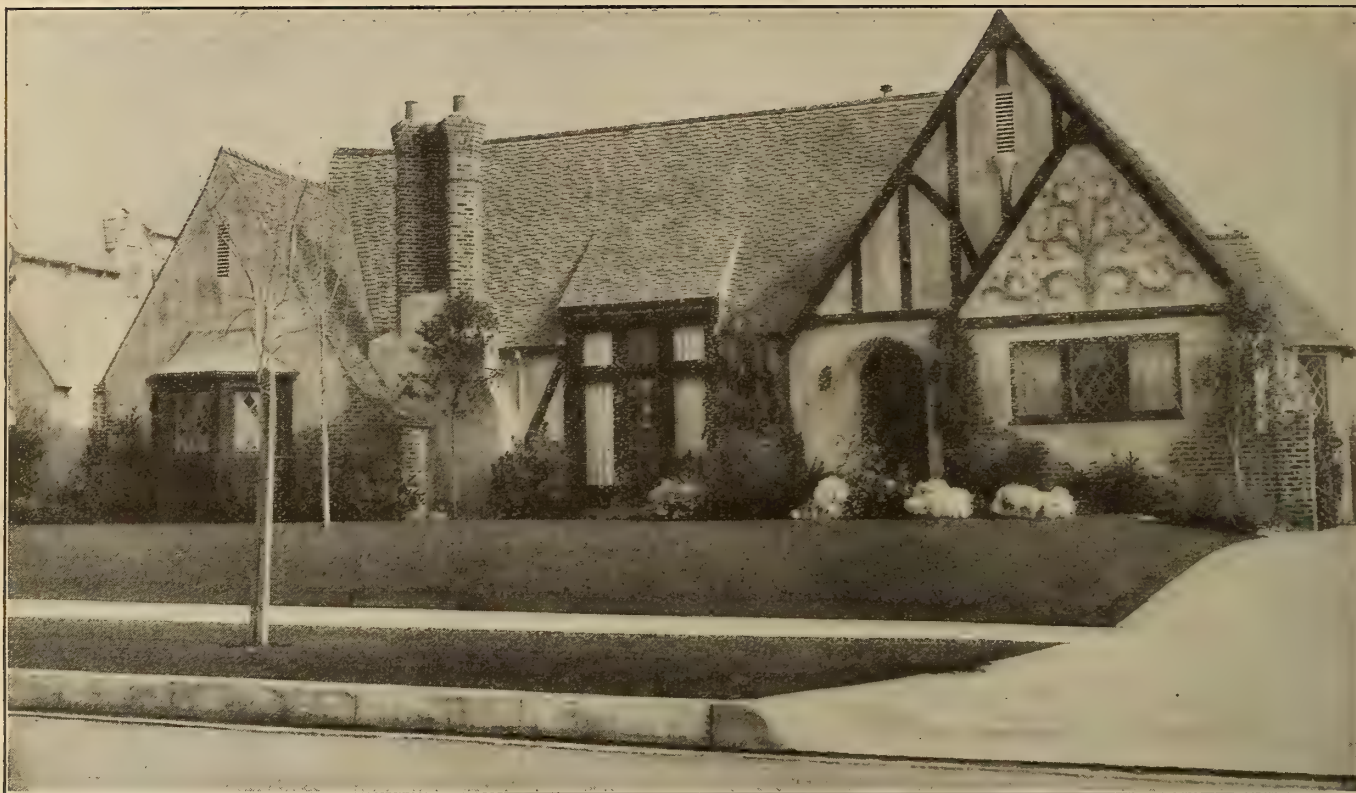
A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

First National Pictures



Photo by James Manatt

George K. Arthur and Marceline Day are under the spell of love's young dream in "Rookies," a picture with a wartime Military Training Camp for its background. He is a cabaret dancer whose jail sentence is commuted to a month in a pup tent at the earnest request of Karl Dane, a sergeant in the regular army, who plans to get even with him; and she is a fair patriot who serves her country—and the boys—from the canteen.



The Chaney home, conspicuous for its quiet charm, is never the scene of gay parties, but is always open to tried and true friends.

Behind Lon Chaney's Mask

So steadfastly does Lon Chaney conceal himself behind his complicated disguises, that less is known of him, perhaps, than of any other star. What of the *real* man? Why is he rarely photographed without make-up? Read this fascinating story of the screen's most aloof celebrity.

By Elza Schallert

EVERY day a new chapter of history is being made for the films. But not until to-morrow can we tell whether the events of to-day will have value permanent enough to leave their impress.

Talent which radiates a roseate coloring one day is often a faded memory the next. A brilliant new star or director may loom on the horizon, and not even in the afterglow of that day's setting sun will the outlines of his achievements be traceable.

Personalities and events rush by with terrific momentum in the film world, and while the interested observer stands on the side lines watching the strange, fascinating group that is Hollywood create history before his very eyes, he may often wonder who among its people are writing records which will survive the test of time.

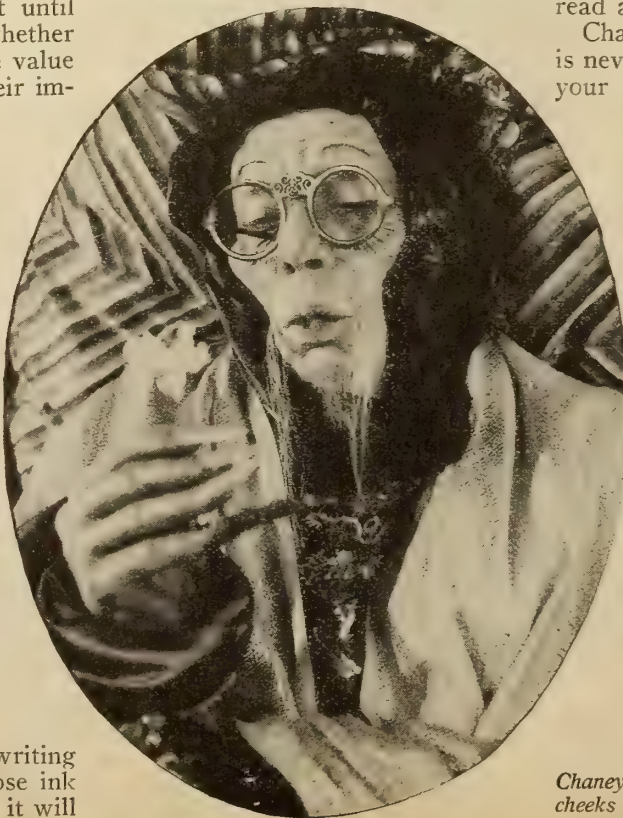
Lon Chaney, I believe, is writing his signature on the page whose ink is not yet dry. And I believe it will

be in years to come a bold, vigorous impression, easy to read and remember.

Chaney is an actor who, once seen, is never forgotten. He may not win your unqualified approval, with his extreme characterizations. He may annoy you more than inspire, with his hideous make-ups of clouded eyes, twisted limbs, or dangling teeth in a formless head. But you *remember* him!

His masks may be to some a nightmare, but the force of his acting is strong enough to make itself felt through a disguise of putty and false hair and iron clamps that would annihilate the most potent of actors.

And in the end, no matter how repulsive the character he plays, no matter how implacably villainous, he always becomes a hero—a tragic one, perhaps—who gains your sympathy and touches the heart.



Chaney, as MR. WU, wears clamps on his cheeks to create the effect of withered age.

I have never before known an actor who deliberately invited trouble, discomfort, and physical hardship, as Chaney does, for the purposes of his work. There is no one comparable to him except an East Indian dervish, who, fired with an overwhelming passion for his faith, inflicts corporal punishment upon himself to prove his complete devotion.

To be sure, we all have known actors and authors and other artists who have now and again invited trouble for themselves. But not from choice. They just haven't known any better. But with Chaney it is quite a different story. Of him it may truly be said, here is an actor who verily suffers for his art.

In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he wore a pack of steel on his back, for the purpose of creating a deformity, and a steel vise which distorted his legs, not to mention a heavy mask to emphasize facial grotesqueries, all of which doubtless caused him great discomfort.

In "The Penalty," one of his first conspicuous pictures following "The Miracle Man," he had his legs below the knee strapped upward and back to give the appearance of being legless.

A medical solution was used in one of his eyes in "The Road to Mandalay" to achieve the realistic effect of a cataract. A painful process and certainly dangerous.

As the aged mandarin in "Mr. Wu," he wore clamps on his cheeks to pull them tightly back, and thus give his face the sunken, withered aspect of senility. And, now, in his latest picture, "The Unknown," he has his arms clamped down over his stomach, to dispose of them altogether.

No device Chaney uses to simulate physical deformity is easy to wear. But the more painful it is to endure, the better he likes it.

And that's the real actor in Chaney. He has an intense fervor for his work. He isn't abnormal nor mad, as some people say. Not any more than any other fine artist. He just loves grease paint and the rest of the props, or symbols, of the show business.

He is a thorough trouper. He has traveled the long, hazardous road, beginning as a green stage hand shifting scenery for Richard Mansfield and Madame Modjeska, the famed tragedienne, and ending as a buck-and-wing dancer in vaudeville and obscure musical comedies.

He knows what the show business is about. The same with pictures, too. He started where nearly all the big ones did. Right at the bottom—as an extra,

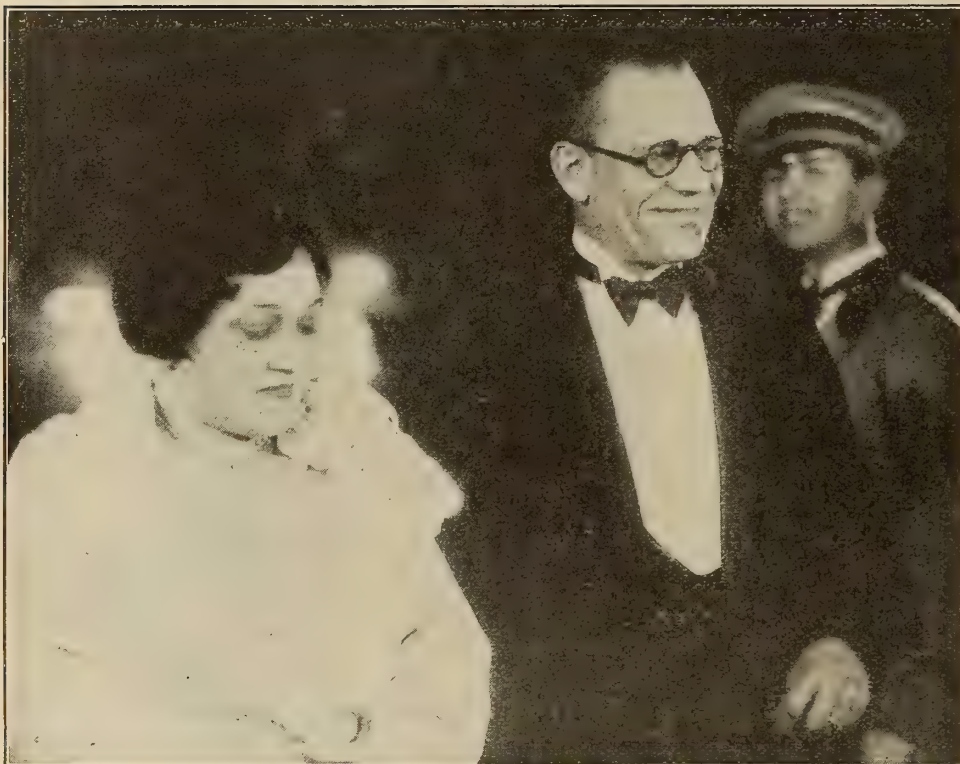


He began his career as a stage hand, and for years knew the joys and hardships of a dancer in vaudeville and obscure musical shows.

riding a horse for Universal in two-reel Westerns. Which probably means, without casting any direct aspersions on Chaney's early horsemanship, that he learned the moving-picture business from the ground up.

Those who know Chaney—and there aren't many—have often told me that he is an excellent business man. I don't doubt it; and since all good business men are mainly concerned with protecting and building up the interests of their investments, Chaney well deserves the description. Because his big investment in moving pictures is talent, technique, and the concentration of all his faculties and forces on just one thing—his work.

He has a wonderful business partner, however, in his wife. A woman who is the mother of his twenty-one-year-old son, Creighton, a woman who thoroughly understands Lon, and since she herself was of the stage, a woman able to view the world of make-believe through wise and experienced eyes. Her working hand in hand



Mrs. Chaney and her husband were photographed at one of the few picture openings they have attended.

with Chaney has not only been a stimulus, but a big factor in strengthening him in the courage of his convictions.

Mrs. Chaney sang and danced in a musical comedy with Lon many years ago at the old Belasco Theater in Los Angeles. Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Fatty Arbuckle were members of the same troupe.

One of Chaney's strong convictions is that the public should never know who he is, and that he should rarely appear at premières or large public functions where he will be recognized. Preserving the illusion has ever been his watchword. Not one person in a thousand would know him on the street, anyway, but notwithstanding this, he has isolated himself from the glamorous side of Hollywood for many years.

And on the nights when he and

Lon Chaney, here seen with Joan Crawford, as an armless circus performer in "The Unknown."



Mrs. Chaney go to the theater, it is toward the close of the run of a play or picture, and not even the wide-awake ushers and managers are aware of their presence. At parties they almost never appear, and if they happened to be present at a dinner dance at the Mayfair Club, I am quite sure some one would drop dead from the shock.

Probably the most satisfying compliment ever paid Chaney's wizardry in make-up came from a man at the Los Angeles opening of "Tell It to the Marines," in which Lon plays a top sergeant minus disguise or any make-up at all. On this occasion, for the first time in his career, Chaney made a personal appearance at the theater. He broke his steadfast rule, not because of studio exhortation, but because he thought this was the one occasion and hour to let down the bars.

When he came out on the stage and bowed and smiled, he received a tremendous ovation. The aforesaid man clapped vociferously and then said, "I sure would like to see what that guy Chaney looks like without make-up some time."

I have already alluded to Chaney's business ability, which in his case is another way of acknowledging his judgment and vision. A particularly striking example of his farsightedness was evidenced years ago when he was still with Universal and decided to strike out and make character rôles his forte.

"I had been playing everything from heroes to heavies in those early days," he said. "But I wasn't getting anywhere. Salary, yes, but no personal satisfaction out of my work. I'm one of those people who have to love an awful lot what they're doing, or else they're

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She Wasn't Allowed to Be Herself

Hollywood wouldn't let her. Just because she had red hair, they decided she must be jazzy, so for five years Margaret Livingston has been struggling to live up to that reputation, though down in her heart she has been aching to be her own natural self.

By Myrtle Gebhart

DYNAMITE!" is one of the most polite epithets hurled by Hollywood at Margaret Livingston. But down inside her she recoils from the crude, superficial display which Hollywood has driven her to assume, in defense of that fineness within her which was met with scornful ridicule. Rather than be called a hypocrite, which she isn't, she has let herself be marked down as wild, which she also decidedly isn't.

It will surprise Hollywood to learn that Margaret Livingston is a contradiction. For the film colony likes to ticket people as they seem to be.

The Margaret that Hollywood has known since she flashed, a splash of radiant color, into the bright lights is the I-don't-care girl, jazzy, out for a good time. A spitfire. Hard-boiled, yes! Flirting—dancing—a cigarette between those red lips curved in habitual mockery. A girl without softness. Her clothes a little too daring, her dancing too wild, her manner too free and breezy, her red hair flying. A pert recklessness in her eyes. No waiting for excitement—she rolled her own. For Margaret discovered that life was brittle, not soft, malleable taffy.

Hollywood would laugh, unbelieving, were it told that Margaret's money has turned illness into health for many, has tided others over periods of bad luck, that she looks for opportunities to do little, kind things, that she has five adopted youngsters, aged from five to sixteen, whom she is educating.

Her hair is partly to blame for the impression people have of her. Hair neither blond nor brunet is usually titian or auburn. Margaret's is just plain red—a luxuriant mass, thick and soft and rebellious, framing a rather thin, oval, impertinent face.

Her outward personality is the sort that goes with red hair. She is like the man who galloped off madly in all directions. She goes forty ways at once. The



Photo by Buttemere

This shows the innocent-looking Margaret who arrived in Hollywood five years ago, still untouched by the bold sophistication that was later pinned upon her by the film colony.



Margaret at the age of four.

atmosphere about her is one of hectic, high-keyed excitement. She is electric.

Only occasionally has the inner Margaret emerged from this flaming whirlwind, a little fearfully. Only to a few understanding hearts has she unfolded this incoherent inner self that mothers orphans, stray cats, or any one in distress.

But now she is changing, so imperceptibly as yet that those not in on her secret—a deliberate effort toward evolution—have not noticed. The flashiness of her clothes has been toned down, her manner is more subdued, there is a hesitant wistfulness in her eyes. Her crudities are being gently smoothed. She is adventurous, yes, and quick of temper, and clever at sharp repartee, and I hope she won't try to melt all the steel in her.

The Margaret of Hollywood is trying to be again the Marguerite of the home town. She can't be, completely. You can't recapture past years nor former illusions. But she will be finer than either of her former selves, the better for having been both.

She Wasn't Allowed to Be Herself



Photo by Hesser

It didn't take Margaret long to assume the reckless, daring, I-don't-care personality that she found was expected of her.

Five years ago, a young innocent in curls, she came timidly to Hollywood. Men took one look at her red hair and laughed. "Must be a little devil!" they said. Her ingenuousness they regarded with smiling admiration, complimenting her on her "ga-ga line." Certainly a girl with such hair couldn't be really so sweet and innocent.

"I saw," she says, "that I was expected to match my hair, that I must establish a jazz personality, so I lit out like a streak. I'd be the merry-go-round girl all right! I loathed it really."

There was a man. He saw only the joy girl, and was amused. Margaret cared a little for him, so one evening, shyly, she let him see the sweet, feminine side of herself. He laughed uproariously. Alone in a garden, under the faint rays of the moon, her pent-up misery was released. The tension broke, as a string snaps. She cried out her heart, and then shut it against the stabbing hurt. Hollywood didn't see; only the moon saw.

White-faced, she streaked her lipstick across her lips, threw her head back, and flung herself again into the jazzy party. She'd never again wear her heart on her sleeve!

These first disillusionments are so tragic to youth, and they cast influences like lingering shadows after they have passed. After that, it wasn't so easy to hurt Margaret. She did some hurting herself, vindictively.

"Couldn't convince anybody I wasn't the I-don't-care girl. When I tried to do something good, people were amused." Her sensitive nostrils quivered, her full lips curled into a crooked smile of derision. "Force yourself to fight back, was my motto.

"Because they thought I was that kind of girl, they cast me in rôles like that. Had to steel myself to go through with it, day after day. I can't act. I don't know beans about technique. I only feel something and show it. Trying to make myself feel things that I didn't, turned me into a nervous dynamo.

"I carved the villain, scratched the wife's eyes out, sneered at the baby!" Jumping up, her quick, lithe figure burlesqued one of her rôles.

"I want to love and be loved; I want to be kind, and to be treated kindly. I want what's worth while, and solid, and fine.

"And I want to play rôles that I know are real. Never again, if I have to starve, will I play a well-kept lady lying on a chaise longue caressing a pet poodle. In one picture I, the vamp, was confronted by the wife. I was supposed to tear up a telegram and throw it in her face. I said to the director, 'Listen, if I were a real vamp, and the wife came in, I'd crawl under the bed.'"

She dragged out a sheaf of photographs which revealed, step by step, the course of her life.

"That," she pointed to a stiffly starched cherub of four, "was taken when I lived with my nice old Swedish grandmother. She believed in feeding a child lots of milk and keeping her warm. I used to follow her around with a cup."

Then there was a picture of Margaret in frilly organdie, with her red curls brushed so neatly that not a strand escaped—a would-be Mary Pickford, just arrived in Hollywood.

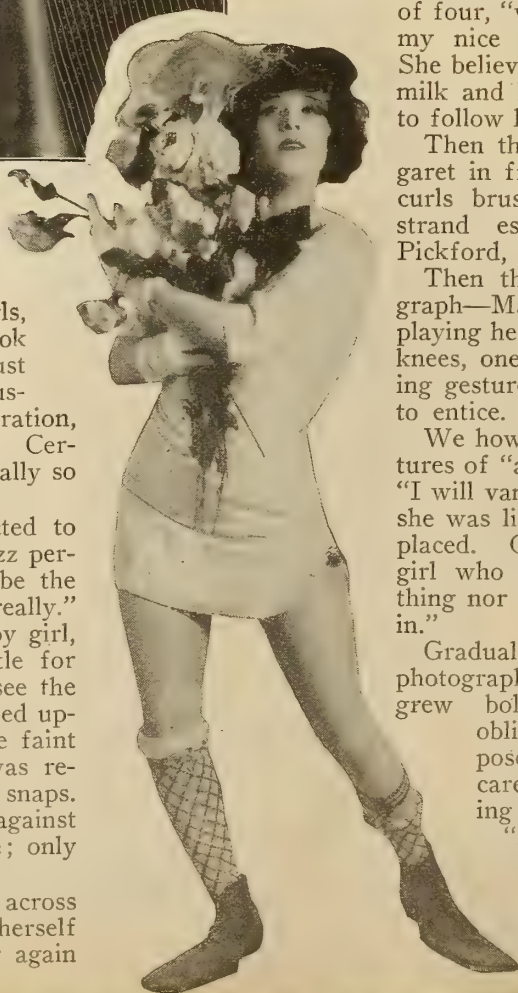
Then the first "undressed" photograph—Margaret embarrassed at displaying her chubby limbs, her rounded knees, one finger curled in a beckoning gesture, eyes trying so very hard to entice.

We howled over this and other pictures of "alluring" ladies. Each said, "I will vamp or bust!" In those days she was like a picture that cannot be placed. One's heart ached for the girl who had been neither the one thing nor the other, but eager to "fit in."

Gradually, in this succession of photographs, the provocative eyes grew bolder, until they became oblique, crafty slits, and the poses grew more devil-may-care. Oh, Margaret was learning!

"Hollywood, you made me

Starting with her very earliest comedies, she was called upon to do the vamp—the burlesque vamp, at first.



what I am to-day," she hummed lightly. "I hope you're satisfied. I'm *not*!"

Chin cupped in palm, she looked out upon a drizzly, gray day, and pondered upon the past. Fred Niblo had called her once for a good-girl rôle. But Fox, to whom she was under contract, had wanted seventeen hundred a week for her, so she didn't get the part, but she was grateful to Niblo for having perceived in her a dormant sweetness.

"Havoc" at last put her over. But her rosy dreams of subsequent good rôles soon faded. Bids from other companies came for her services, but the salary asked for her by Fox was exorbitant, and the bidders refused to pay it.

Then came "the most unkindest cut of all." F. W. Murnau, after seeing "Havoc," cabled from Germany asking to have Margaret for the lead in "Sunrise," which he was soon to direct for Fox. She swam in bliss. A lead! A *good* girl! Murnau arrived in Hollywood. He did not send for her. Then, one day, she read in the paper that the cast had been assembled for "Sunrise." Her name was not included.

Ten minutes later a whirlwind swept into Murnau's office. She was plenty mad. The German, irritated at the intrusion, frowned. In crystalline tones, hard with anger, she lashed him.

Since coming to America, he had seen some of the poorer pictures in which she had obligingly played, and had decided that her talent in "Havoc" must have been merely a flash in the pan.

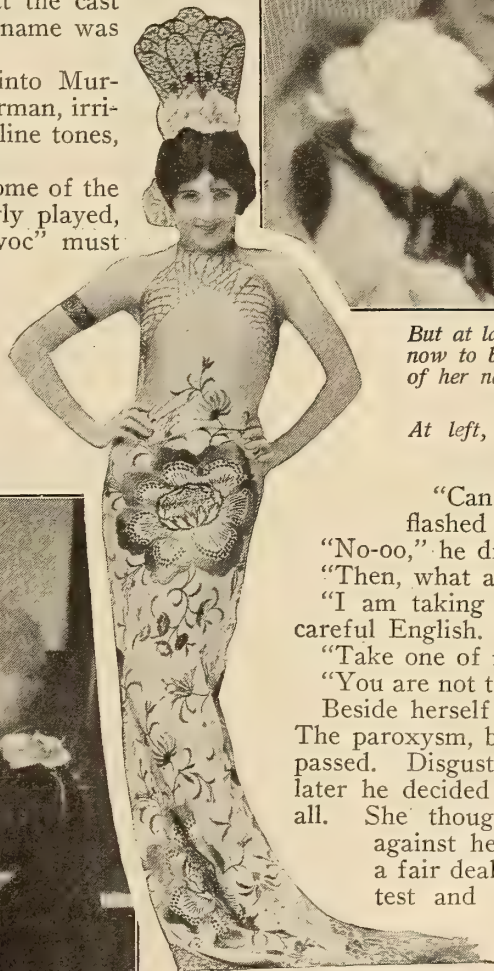
"Whom would I like for the rôle?" he said, in answer to her question. "Pola Negri or Lya de Putti."

To only a few close friends has Margaret revealed her true inner self, and Myrtle Gebhart, with whom she is here shown, is one of those few.



But at last she has rebelled, and is trying now to bring to the surface the sweet side of her nature that has been hidden away for so long.

At left, Margaret in one of her typical "alluring-lady" rôles.



"Can you get either of them?" she flashed at him.

"No-oo," he drawled.

"Then, what are you going to do?"

"I am taking tests," he said, in his slow, careful English.

"Take one of me!"

"You are not the type—not vulgar enough."

Beside herself with rage, she flounced out. The paroxysm, bred of acute disappointment, passed. Disgusted, she refused to go when later he decided to call her for a test after all. She thought the cards were stacked against her and that she wouldn't get a fair deal, though she finally made the test and was given the rôle of—the *vamp*, not the lead.

Then she blew up, and ended by leaving Fox.

After a spell of intensive thinking, she determined that she *must* effect some change in herself. She went to a friend of several years standing, a shrewd, clever woman.

"You need organizing," said this friend. "Be yourself, Marguerite. Give the sweetness in you a chance."

The old friend has taken Margaret firmly in hand. As a result, her life is becoming as tranquil as her volatile nature will allow, and her timorous real self is daring to show itself.

"It took me five years to establish the I-don't-care girl. Tell me," she asked eagerly, "can I, in the next five years, make 'em see *me*, like me? The *real* me?"

It is hard to break out of a rut, but I rather think Margaret will convince Hollywood that her explosive charge is not dynamite, but just a firecracker. I hope so. Because, as you may have guessed, I like, not Margaret, but Marguerite.

The Stroller

Pungent comments on life
along Hollywood Boulevard.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



WORLD PREMIERE!" "Gala Opening!" "All the Stars in Person!"

Bah! says Hollywood.

There are more than ten first-run movie houses in town. All but two or three of them change their programs weekly, which means approximately three hundred and sixty-five opening nights a year. Nevertheless, the local theaters insist, on almost every occasion, that the studios stage "openings."

This means no end of trouble. Kleig lights are scattered about the lobby, presumably to make it harder for patrons to get to the box office.

Stars and directors are browbeaten into donning hard-boiled shirts and turning up at the theater to give passers-by something to look upon. Press agents stand about, biting their nails and swearing softly.

Movie cameras grind and still cameras click as celebrities and pseudo-celebrities arrive. What is done with all these pictures is a mystery as yet unsolved.

The stars—except those few who seem to derive a strange, Freudian delight from such spectacles—detest the gaudy display and the bother of coming downtown, after a hard day's work, to see a picture they've already witnessed many times in the projection room.

The theater managers believe this ballyhoo helps to start the picture off to a successful engagement, although Hollywood is not so sure. The ordinary variety of movie actor is too common a sight to be much of a novelty about town any more, and the stars who are really big enough to attract crowds by their presence will not make public appearances, except on very rare occasions.

The marriage of Joseph Jackson and Ethel Shannon has plunged one of Hollywood's foremost bachelors into matrimony.

Joe is not well known outside Hollywood, but within the movie colony he's as prominent as Peter the Hermit. He writes scenarios, plays, publicity, magazine articles, and poems. He attends every first night, goes to every party, and makes public addresses on the slightest provocation. He is boulevardier, man about town, clubman, and social light. He came originally from Winchester, Kentucky, but has managed to live it down pretty effectively.

His apartment in Hollywood has for years been

the rendezvous of ministers, film stars, and second-story men. Friends broke the lock off the back window, once, in order to gain access when he was absent. The lock was never fixed, and Joe's friends have been crawling in that window at all hours ever since.

Now that he has become the husband of the pretty Irish actress, and has vacated his apartment, Hollywood rovers will feel keenly the loss of the only road house in town where there was no cover charge.

Of interest to ministers should be the announcement that Fred Thomson, who was a Presbyterian clergyman before he became an actor, has signed a contract with Paramount which will bring him a reputed salary of \$17,000 a week. Poorly paid wearers of the cloth no doubt will find solace in the old truth that virtue is its own reward.

Despite any qualifications his former occupation may have given him, it seems unlikely that Mr. Thomson will play the title rôle in a screen version of Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry."

There is in Hollywood a genial man of middle age who has stepped out of a Diamond Dick novel in some unaccountable fashion.

His name is "Pardner" Jones, the first name coming from his invariable greeting, "Hello, pardner." He makes his living by his amazing skill with a rifle.

He can shoot an apple off your head or an object out of your hand with no risk at all; and what is more amazing, he can find people who will let him do it. Harry Carey, it is said, entertains guests at his famous ranch by providing Pardner with a pomaceous target balanced on his head.

On location with "The Pony Express" troupe Pardner shot a jug from an actor's hand at long range, then picked the tiny handle off the remaining fragment.

"These shots would be easy," he says, "if people would only hold still."

Pardner is in his fifties now. He has no equal at sighting with his naked eye down the barrel of a rifle, but—he wears glasses when he reads. I've seen him do it, and if I ever should hold any targets for him, which is unlikely, something tells me the thought of that might be vaguely disturbing.



"Pardner" Jones makes a good living by his
emulation of William Tell.

Some day, when I have considerable time to spare, I'm planning to make a serious effort to find out the theory by which movie producers buy their material.

Garrett Fort, a scenario writer of standing, wrote a movie which he called "Lorenzo the Magnificent." After all the leading producers had turned it down as film material, he rewrote it in fiction form and sold it to a magazine.

Two weeks later he disposed of the film rights at twice what he had asked originally, although there had been no change in the story. And inasmuch as the movie version has been christened "Modern Madness," the picture loses any exploitation which the publication of the story might have given it.

St. Patrick's Day passed quietly in Hollywood, and there was no uprising, though many had expected one.

The seventeen Irishmen remaining in the studios, armed to the teeth, banded together to fight to the last ditch, but they were unmolested.

The Moore brothers and Marshall Neilan demanded a holiday, but didn't get it because documentary evidence was produced to show that none of the studios had closed for Yom Kippur.

The only signs of active celebration were on the Colleen Moore set, where the Irish were in the majority by an odd coincidence. John McCormick, the star's husband and producer of her pictures, Hallam Cooley, Kathryn McGuire, Claude Gillingwater, and Millard Webb, director, wore green behind locked doors.

Hollywood Boulevard, which had been deserted since midnight, took on a livelier air after dark, although the machine-gun squads remained on duty, and martial law was not declared off until the day had safely passed.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., twenty years old, has been appointed to supervise the directorial efforts of William Beaudine, director of "Sparrows," "Little Annie Rooney," "Frisco Sally Levy," and many other successful pictures of the last several years, and past president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association. Does that seem humorous to you?

Now that the wave of war pictures is so completely over that not even the comedies are burlesquing them any more, the studios have started on a series of baseball pictures which threatens to become widespread. Wallace Beery starred in "Casey at the Bat," William Haines made "Slide, Kelly, Slide," and Babe Ruth was brought to Hollywood between baseball seasons to play in "Babe Comes Home."

Having touched all three of the larger studios, the epidemic

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy" will be one of the few costume farces.



A certain scenarist's apartment used to be the rendezvous of numerous convivial spirits, but his recent marriage is expected to change all that.

Tom Reed, who writes wise-cracking titles for Universal; Curtis Melnitz, now representing United Artists in Berlin; and Jimmy Gruen, a leading comedy gag man.

Of the original occupants of that hall only two of us have retained our unimportance—nothing much was expected of us, anyway.

Something new is to be attempted in the movies.

John Erskine's novel, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," is to be filmed. It will be produced on a scale which rates its being called a "spectacle" on the billboards, with lots of big sets, mobs, costumes, and so on; but its story, despite the massive production, will lean toward farce. With the exception of "A Connecticut Yankee," which Fox made some years ago, this is the only attempt on record to mingle comedy and costumes.

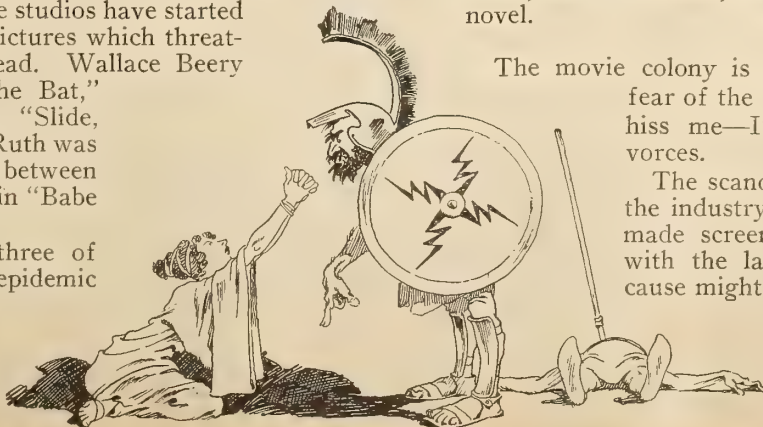
Maria Corda, an Hungarian actress recently brought over here so she wouldn't feel lonesome at being miles away from all the other European players in the world, has been chosen to play the famous legendary beauty, thus getting the edge on her Hollywood sisters. Incidentally, she played the same character on the Continental stage in a farcical version of the legend of *Helen, Paris, and Menelaus*, before Erskine wrote his novel.

The movie colony is getting over its childish fear of the law courts at last. Don't hiss me—I'm not thinking of divorces.

The scandals which have damaged the industry from time to time have made screen folk afraid to wrestle with the law, no matter what the cause might be. But the superstition is wearing off.

In recent weeks I've discovered in the newspapers that T. Roy

Continued on page 106





The living room of John McDermott's home contains reminders of pictures that starred Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford and many others.

JOHN McDERMOTT calls it his "crazy house." A low, rambling structure, strung out along the face of a cliff high above Cahuenga Pass in Beverly Hills, it greets the eye as a thing part Egyptian, part Turkish, part Navajo, and with such touches of modern architecture as may be found anywhere "east of the water tower."

There are angles reminiscent of igloos constructed during the Eskimo renaissance, and others suggesting medieval castles with moats and drawbridges. There isn't another house like it in Hollywood, nor, in fact, in the entire world.

It is made of studio props!

John McDermott is a scenario writer for Famous Players-Lasky—just a man trying to get along on a salary of something like two thousand dollars a week. Three or four years ago he found himself in need of physical training, but didn't want to waste his time and energy in a gym. He doesn't believe in men donning little panties and romping around a hall when there is real work to be done outside.

So he decided to build a home with his own hands, the like of which no one ever had seen. It would dazzle with originality, with plaster gods, sliding panels, underground passageways, good books, and mystery.

With this thought, McDermott selected a lonely cliff, accessible only to men on foot. He acquired title to a piece of ground reaching onward and upward and downward to the bottom of a canyon. Somewhere above, he would build a home.

Then he began bringing up material, some of which he carried on his shoulders. Laborers helped him to clear off a level space, open a road, and get cement up the cliff. Presently his construction began. McDer-

The Strangest

It is made entirely of odds and ends, salvaged seen, and in it dwells a noted scenario writer,

By A. L.

mott was the chief architect. Likewise, he was the designer, craftsman, motive power, and operating force.

He had seen motion-picture sets of exquisite design, used an hour or two, then discarded when the picture was finished. He had seen these artistic creations lie for weeks and months disintegrating in the sun and rain, when, if they had been salvaged, they would have lasted for years. This gave him the idea for his hill-side home, and he began collecting. Here is what happened:

The walls of John McDermott's house were made from composition board discarded from sets at the Universal studio.

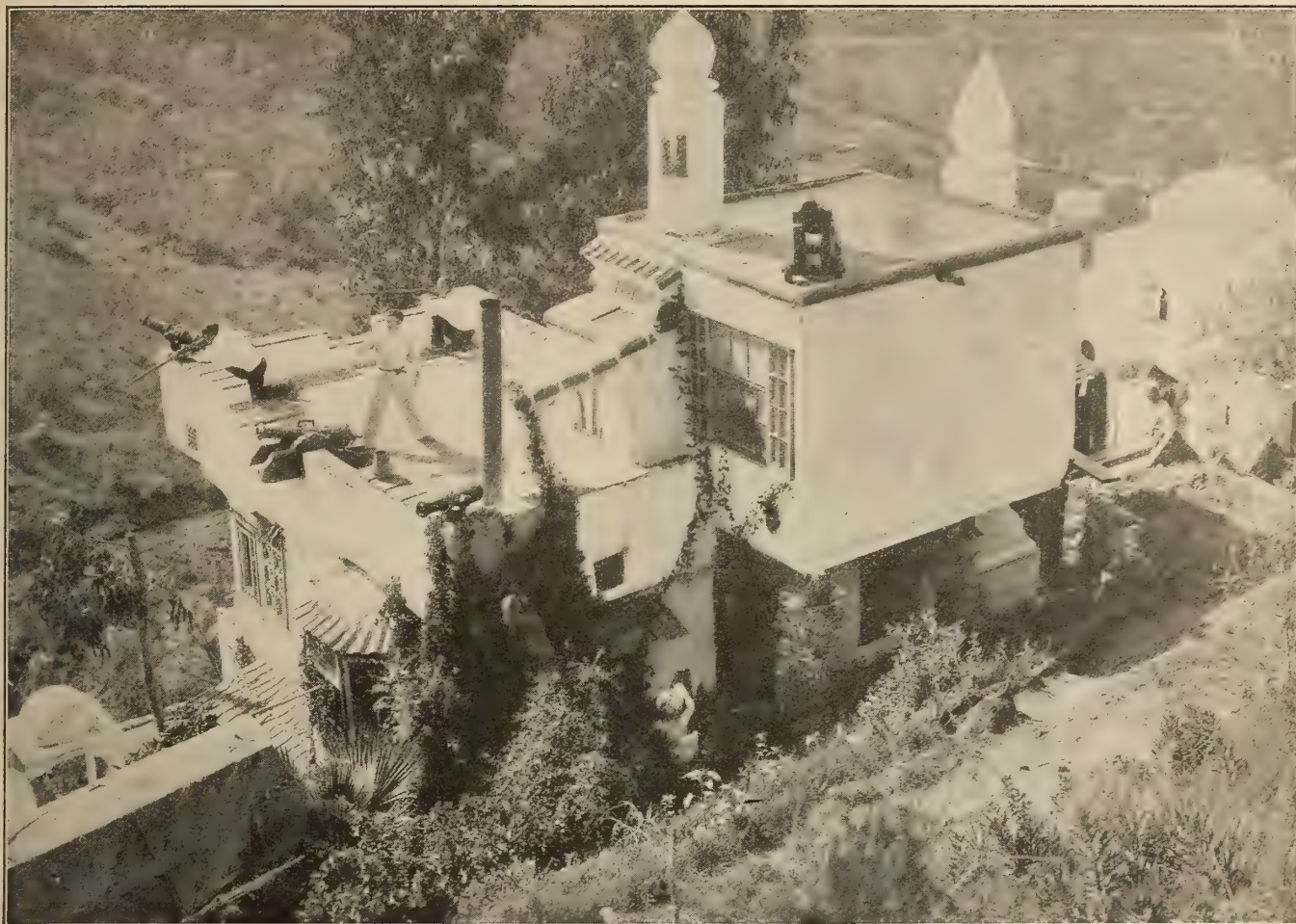
The girders were salvaged from the enormous palace built for "The Thief of Bagdad."

Some of the roofing came from "The Phantom of the Opera."

The tip of the smallest tower was cut from the broken propeller of an airplane wrecked during the making of Buster Keaton's "The Navigator."

The tombstones built into the wall had been made for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Some grinning skulls of cement were found on the old Metro lot when that historic spot was abandoned.



Hollywood's strangest home belongs to no architectural period—it is a jumble of many. The owner says that if any one but himself had built it, he couldn't stand it.

House in Hollywood

from the settings of big motion pictures you have who built his "crazy house" with his own hands.

Wooldridge

A huge, slant-eyed goddess, modeled in plaster, was salvaged from a set of Nazimova's "Salome."

A table McDermott placed in his living room had originally been built for "Robin Hood."

The great oaken door was taken from Norma Talmadge's "The Song of Love."

A wooden pulley above a well—in the living room of the house—came from Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country." A fence was plucked from the scraps of Rudolph Valentino's "The Eagle." And three small cannons on the parapet had originally been made for "The Sea Hawk."

It was taking a lot of time to assemble all these things, so, after acquiring the cannons, McDermott decided to make a bigger and bolder stroke. He loaded the entire fo'castle of a property ship onto a truck and hauled it to his hill. There it was anchored and now is a dining hall.

All his friends kidded about his home, yet every one wanted to see it. Syd Chaplin came one day to inspect it. He noticed two plaster heads on the wall which appeared to represent Arabs.

"If these birds have been decapitated," said Syd, "why blot out the blood flowing from their chopped-off necks?"

"Never thought of it!" McDermott replied.

Chaplin, being considerable of an artist with the brush, proceeded to paint the sluggish flow of crimson on the wall. Ghastly decorations, perhaps, but not out of harmony with the atmosphere.

"You must get a splendid view from the roof," Chaplin remarked.

"Yes!" the owner replied, enthusiastically. "Go up and look!"

Syd hunted around for the stairs.

"How do you get there?" he asked.

"Just pull the right side of the bookcase," his host replied.

A slight exertion caused the cabinet to swing to one side, revealing a stairway leading to a room above, and there a window opened onto the roof. To the left there was a sheer drop of two hundred feet to the floor of the canyon. In the distance, possibly thirty miles away, the Pacific shimmered in the sun. On the side of a near-by hill was the home of John Bowers, and just beyond that the residence of King Vidor.

"Let's go down in the well!" McDermott said to me, the day I was looking through his home.

It was the strangest proposal I had ever heard from a man trying to exhibit the marvels of his residence. Just what I could gather down in a well, outside of a possible ducking, I could not see. But as I stood there, McDermott stepped nimbly inside and began going down a ladder and, of course, I followed. My host stood on dry ground at the bottom, and with the aid of a flash light walked through a door at the side and began traversing a tunnel. I followed. Presently, we came to another door, which opened readily at his touch,

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Adrienne Truex ended her career as an extra when she came East to play a leading rôle in "Dance Magic."

SOLITARY, aloof, unrecognized, Charles Spencer Chaplin occupied box No. 13 at the opening of the circus.

He is to be seen lunching alone in out-of-the-way restaurants, strolling by himself on Fifth Avenue—a silent, introspective man whose face brightens when a friend strikes a responsive chord.

There is something very hard, yet at the same time yielding, about the little comedian with the gloomy face and sad eyes, but it is only the yielding of an artist's spirit in a man wrapped up in his own world—his own kingdom, complete within itself, in which Chaplin himself reigns supreme, and all ye who enter there must have a special cachet.

It is a kingdom where you find much that is fine and noble, much that is unworthy—in which there is no great struggle of might against right, but where the despotic impulses of the czarist régime sway each cause.

One discerns in Chaplin's face keen and penetrating intelligence and a melancholy interest in human affairs, banished fitfully by the desire to make people laugh.

Manhattan

Intimate glimpses of movie folk with all the news of their pro-

By Aileen

There is bitterness and the stamp of an indomitable will which knows no law, and brooks no interference of right or wrong. There is the intolerance of a man who calls himself—himself alone—master; who feels he has earned that right because he has suffered, deeply, savagely, and now sees only the futility of it all.

But a genuine love of art and literature, and a quick perception of the beautiful, share the despot's throne. Chaplin may be harassed by his own shortcomings, but he finds solace in the outpourings of other groping souls.

In lonely hours he has taught himself, by means of a phonograph, haunting, old melodies of the Arabs and Turks. Recently, he sang some of these songs to a gathering of musicians who, one and all, felt the poignant beauty of these outpourings of the little comedian with the big shoes and the shuffling feet.

Then, suddenly, he becomes the quipster. He's laughing at life, though it has hurt him—and still hurts him. The poverty, the struggle, the beauty that he senses, but misses, all have hurt him, and he has got to laugh, or go mad. So he bursts into a screamingly funny parody of Italian, French, and Spanish operatic arias, and his little audience, so near tears a few moments ago, is in fits of laughter. The entertainment over, he is chatting volubly of current affairs, proving himself to be a well-informed young

man on all the topics of the day. And then again that silence, that veil of introspective melancholy descends upon him, and quietly he gets his little cane and, leaving the merry throng behind him, slips into the night.

The End of "Jack Gilbert."

They sought the motive, but could find none. Seemingly he had everything that life could offer. Yet one bright morning, when all the world was gay, he leaped from the roof of his hotel, and the records read, "Jack Gilbert, suicide."

There was weeping and wailing and lamenting in the hotel corridors, for Jack had many friends who loved him. A vagabond at heart, he had wandered over the wide world, and his brown eyes, tender and true, had won him stanch admirers. H. P. Somerville, with whom he had lodged, was inconsolable over the loss.

Charles Chaplin attended the opening of the circus, but was not recognized.

Photo by Apeda



Medley

sojourning in New York,
fessional and social activities.

St. John-Brenon

"Somehow," he said, "if Jack had only been able to talk to me, to tell me of his sorrow, I might have helped him. But, alas, he could not speak. I'd pat him on the back occasionally, and could see that it touched him. Of late, I knew he was a trifle snappy, but I judged that, like the rest of us, his bark was worse than his bite."

Jack, to those who really knew him, was really a simple fellow, and his wants were few. The public demonstrations he received meant little to him, and his most prized possession was an elaborate collar, presented to him by a nabob of Kamchatka, whither he had once worked his way on a cattle boat.

No one knew where Jack had come from, and he had no ties, despite his charming way of walking right into the hearts of those who met him.

There was no will, and the funeral was strictly private. The only visible sign that is left to posterity is the simple epitaph placed by a stranger in the country graveyard where he is buried: "Here lies Jack Gilbert, a pal, a regular fellow, the noblest little Scotch terrier that ever wagged a tail."

Another Texan Beauty Heard From.

Before Adrienne Truex left Hollywood, her mother wired her from Texas, "Remember, New York is a wicked place. Don't forget to say your prayers."

Little Miss Truex laughed merrily at the thought. So did her sister, Jane, just after they arrived from California, whence Adrienne had come at Robert Kane's behest for a leading rôle in "Dance Magic."

They laughed about the admonition for, as they explained, they had been living alone in Hollywood for three years, chaperoned only by their brother, and they felt that after being on their own for all those years, they had a pretty fair notion of taking care of themselves anywhere at any time.

Probably you are wondering who under the sun is Adrienne Truex in the great motion-picture scheme of things. You've never heard her name, of course, and possibly you've never even seen her, unless your eyes are sharp and have caught glimpses of her doing bits in Warner pictures during the past two years. She

Mary Duncan has left the dramatic stage to join the Hollywood colony, at the insistence of Fox.

Photo by
Florence Vandamm



Photo by Apeda

Pauline Starke joined the freelancers most auspiciously by coming to New York to play the lead in the only picture being made there.



has an interesting face, large blue-gray eyes, and a winning and genuine smile.

One day, in the Warner studio, Bennie Zeidman had a test taken of her; when he came East he brought it with him.

That was the end of it, so far as Adrienne knew, and she went on playing bits to her heart's content. For she is one of the girls who, once they get their first job, have no difficulty in getting others. Then a wire came, bidding her pack her things and proceed Eastward the following day, prepared to act before the camera upon arrival. Sister Jane, who also dabbles in pictures, came along, too. "Or else," says Adrienne, "I never could have come at all. The loneliness would have scared me to death. But together it's the greatest fun in the world."

The three Truexes had been sharing a bungalow in Hollywood since Mrs. Truex, three years ago, tucked her family under her arm and sallied forth from Texas into the land of sunshine for a holiday. When it was time to go

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Those Pirates Bold

Take a look at these terrors of the bounding main, and decide whether the sea is a safe place to spend your vacation.

Gwen Lee, below, has just put the crew in irons, and is about to lay down the law to her cowering prisoners.

Myrna Loy, right, is a good-humored pirate—she can laugh her captives into giving her anything she wants.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, has a menacing look in her eyes, which will brook no refusal when she decides that she can't go on being a pirate without another necklace.



Gertrude Olmsted, right, leads the school of frolicsome piracy. No sooner has she filled her chest with treasures than she is ready to lead a pirate's ballet.



Marietta Millner, right, a recent importation from Austria, is an apprentice pirate, else she wouldn't be coy and try to conceal her booty of beads.

Do You Believe in Hunches?

If you don't, just read this story. It tells about some startling hunches that Renee Adoree has had, and what an important part they have played in her life and career.

By Helen Louise Walker

RENEE ADOREE is psychic—she told me so herself. I haven't a ghost of an idea what it means, except that fortune tellers sometimes tell you very impressively that you are psychic, apparently thinking they are paying you a tremendous compliment.

I knew a dear old lady once who claimed she was psychic, and she used to know when it was going to rain, and she used to have a certain dream when somebody in her family was going to die, and she used to nod wisely and hint that there were many other things she knew that were hidden from ordinary mortals.

As a child, I found her very depressing, and yet gruesomely fascinating. She had a large mole on her left eyebrow which I connected in some way with her psychic powers, and I used to wonder why she didn't have it removed and thus get rid of her affliction. For I thought it must be awfully melancholy to be constantly aware of the sad things that were about to happen—it was always bad news that she prognosticated. And after the thing had happened, she used to look mysterious and hint that "they" had informed her beforehand that the woeful occurrence was about to take place. But "they" never seemed to tell her in time for her to prevent whatever it was from happening, and so it all seemed to my childish mind to be a very useless, meaningless state of affairs.

But Renee's psychic powers are not like that. No, indeed! She has *useful* powers, which help her to get things she wants and enable her to find out people's addresses and—oh, lots of things!

It was Darios himself who told Miss Adoree she was psychic. Darios, as every one must know by this time, is Hollywood's pet fortune teller. There are men in some of the highest executive positions in the film world who never make an important move without consulting him. He advises famous stars, producers, and directors about love, marriage, and the pursuit of their careers. Some of them won't even get a divorce without consulting him! I know of an engagement between two well-known young players who were tremendously in love with each other that was broken simply because Darios said it would never, never do.

Darios, you see, is a person

By playing another hunch, she got an important rôle that she wanted.



One of her hunches led Renee to the discovery of her long-lost sister down in Mexico.

of consequence. And it was he who told Renee she was psychic. She told me about it one afternoon when I visited her on the set at the Metro-Goldwyn studio.

Black-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious, and ever so French, she did not in the least resemble the psychic acquaintance of my childhood. There is no mole upon Miss Adoree's left eyebrow!

"Darios, he tol' me I was psychic," she said. "Darios is a great man—and he is my good frien'. I do not know about fortune tellers—some sings zey know, ozzer sings, zey have zem wrong. Darios knows a great many sings. About ze future—I do not sink any one can really know. But sometimes I get honches."

"Really? What kind of hunches?" I urged.

"Oh—little sings. I dream of somebody, and next day I get a letter. Or I have a honch I will see some one I have not seen for long time—and I do see him. Zat is what I mean by honches. Zat is why Darios tell me I am psychic. Only he tell me first, and zen I tell him about my honches. He is very psychic—zat Darios—and mos' interesting man!"

"But have you had other hunches—more important

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Sadakichi Hartmann, noted author and lecturer, and Otto Matiesen, the Danish actor, were drawn together by a mutual love of literature.

Meet the

Introducing some of the famous actors, with an account of how these

By Dorothy

ON E night in the fall of 1919 Reginald Denny met Ben Hendricks, Jr., on New York's Broadway—and did not like him. He did not like

the rather cool, aloof way in which he conducted himself; neither did he care for his opinions on certain subjects. And Ben sized Reginald up as possessing none too much pay dirt himself.

A few highly insulting remarks were passed between them and—*bingo!* they took a punch at each other. Then the two, who are of about the same build, plunged head over heels into a good old fist fight. When they were separated, they had developed a mutual respect for each other along one line at least. Reginald had an egg rapidly developing on the side of his face, and Ben was wondering why the lights were skipping so, and who was turning Broadway around so fast.

Fine beginning for a friendship! Yet that is just what the fight turned out to be. Reginald and Ben met again and smiled. They shook hands. They began getting acquainted, and before long they were "kicking around" together. Since then they have been companions in an automobile wreck, have been lost at sea together, and lost in the Mojave desert together. They have shared mess kits, fished together for days from Denny's yacht, hunted mountain sheep on Santa Cruz Island, and acted together in "Rolling Home," "Take It from Me," "Skinner's Dress Suit," and "What Happened to Jones."

Talk to Reginald Denny about various people in pictures and, inside of two minutes, he will be talking about Ben.

"Do you know Ben Hendricks? There's a bully actor! Did you see him in 'Rolling Home?' Wonderful! If he would only learn to say 'Yes!' a little oftener, he would get a lot more breaks. And as a pal—say, I wouldn't take a million dollars for Ben! He's the greatest fellow in the world."

Strange sequel to a fist fight. There are not in all Hollywood two closer friends than Reginald Denny and Ben Hendricks, Jr. Let them have a few days, a week or a month of idleness and you'll find them way up-coast together, angling for yellowtail, barracuda or albacore, or trudging far up into the hills. It is a beautiful friendship.

There are not a great many pairs of pals among the men in Hollywood. In fact, a number of the film actors are quite seclusive. Charlie Chaplin, for instance, has been called the loneliest man in films, and John Barrymore, when not working, usually is by himself on his yacht or cloistered in his bungalow. Douglas Fairbanks visits with few actors except Chaplin, and even those visits are rare. The few cases of "pals,"

however, that do exist in the film colony are outstanding.

When James Cruze first met Walter Pidgeon, he felt an antipathy toward him. He was not in a very happy frame of mind when Pidgeon showed up as a prospect for the male lead in "Mannequin."

"You sing, don't you?" Cruze asked acidly.

"Yes," Pidgeon replied. "A little."

"You play the piano, don't you?"

"Slightly."

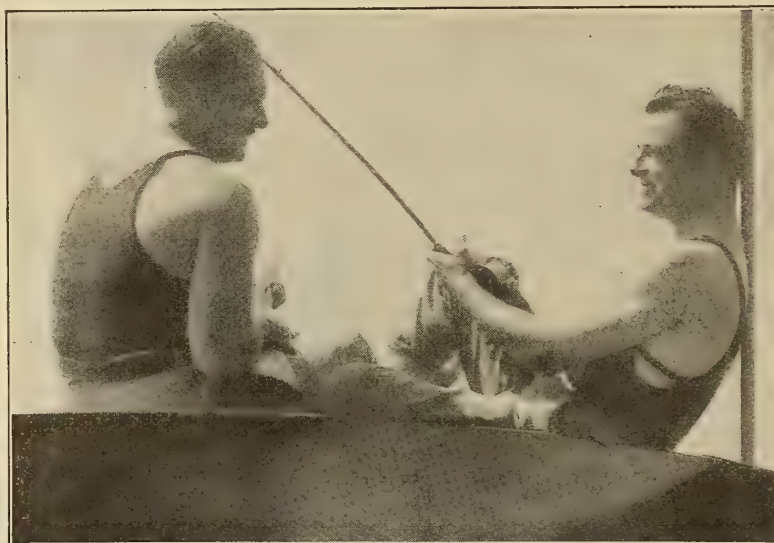
"You don't drink, do you?"

"No!"

"Then you are everything that I dislike in a man. Are you an actor?"

"No, I am not," said Pidgeon, although he had won national fame behind the footlights.

Charles Farrell and Charles Emmett Mack, who recently met with such a tragic death, became chums while playing the rival lovers in "The Rough Riders."



A fist fight initiated the friendship between Ben Hendricks, Jr., and Reginald Denny.



Boy Friend

pairs of chums among the movie close friendships came to be formed.

Wooldridge

At that Jimmie Cruze sat up and took notice. Here was quite a different response from what he had anticipated. Here was a man who admitted that he played the piano and sang, yet was not obsessed with the idea that he could act!

"Good!" Cruze exclaimed. "Thank Heaven you aren't an actor! I want you for this leading rôle."

That was the beginning of the friendship between Cruze and Pidgeon. In their spare moments, the two are now inseparable. They are "Jim" and "Walt" to each other.

Then there are Wallace Beery and Frank Lloyd. It's worth a week's pay to hear these two razz each other on the set. Each has the greatest respect for the other's ability. Wallace recognizes in Lloyd a most efficient director, and Lloyd sees in Beery a very capable actor. But you'd never think it from the way they refer to each other.

Says Beery, "Oh, I guess Frank Lloyd's perfectly all right. I don't know why he hangs around me all the time, though. He's a little goofy on some subjects, and considering the kind of pictures he makes, I can't for the life of me see why he's still a director. But every man has his faults."

And says Lloyd, "To my way of thinking, Beery is nothing but a big clown. I don't know how he gets by on the screen.

There's no accounting for the taste of the motion-picture public. I can't understand why he has to trail me around everywhere. I don't owe

him anything."

But if you want to flirt with death, just agree with either of them on these statements.

When idle days come, you usually find Beery and Lloyd in the mountains together casting flies for trout or sitting by the camp fire far into the night. They are delightful enemies.

For mutual admiration, Harry Langdon and William H. Jenner, his general manager, take the prize.

"Bill is the best in the world," says Langdon. "I admire his ability and respect his judgment, but I like him because he's my pal."

"If our business association were to terminate to-morrow," says Jenner, "I still should count Harry as one of the most wonderful friends ever given to

a man. His mind is amazing, and we have the most delightful quarrels—just between ourselves."

One of the most pleasant friendships in the colony resulted from Arthur Lubin's ability to cook and his custom of having bachelor dinners at home. He met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who had come to know something about solitary meals in restaurants. Doug, Jr., heard of Lubin's bachelor dinners, and one day remarked, "So you are a cook?"

"You said it!" Lubin replied. "Come on over to my house some Sunday and I'll show you."

Thus started a friendship that has existed for well over a year. Lubin is quiet, Fairbanks dynamic. So they agree on nearly every subject.

One of the most popular actors in the cinema colony is Norman Kerry. A big, broad-shouldered, fun-loving, delightful host, he maintains open house practically all year round, and there are something like a dozen men who claim him for a pal. You often find Jack Gilbert and Norman together. You find Hoot Gibson often with him. There are many others.

The story of the morning canter that Norman and Hoot took one day in the hills above Hollywood is one



Jack Holt and Conrad Nagel have long been devoted friends.



The famous friendship between Bert Lytell and Edmund Lowe had its beginnings on the squash court.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., discovered that Arthur Lubin could cook—they've been pals ever since.

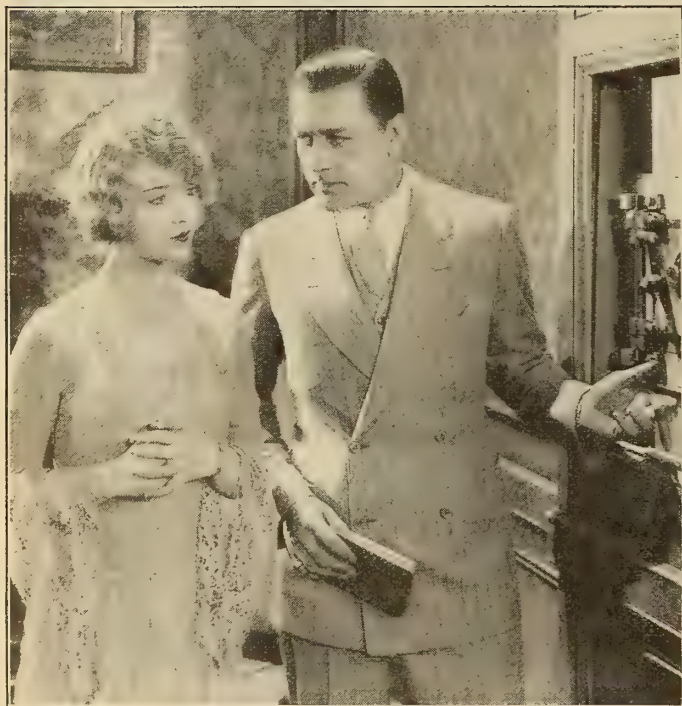


It's a Hit—

No sooner does a play make a hit film producers all start clamoring a few of the films that have lately

Left, Jean Hersholt and Ned Sparks match wits in a scene from "Alias the Deacon," that epic of the great American game of poker.

Below, Ethel Wales, in "Cradle Snatchers," finds that this thing of robbing the cradle is more than she bargained for, and just dares Arthur Lake to come any nearer.



Above, Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan do some heavy plotting in "Cheating Cheaters." Are they crooks or aren't they? That remains to be seen.



Left, a famous old classic of the stage is brought to the screen. Mona Ray as Topsy, in the film version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," kneels beside the deathbed of Little Eva, Virginia Gray.



Let's Screen It

on the Broadway stage than the to screen it. Here are scenes from been adapted from stage plays.



Above, Martha Mattox in a ghostly scene from "The Cat and the Canary."

Below, Jack Mulhall looks the part in the title rôle of "The Poor Nut."



Right, Armand pours out his love to his adored Camille—Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge in the latest screen version of Dumas' masterpiece.



Above, Diane and Chico—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—in "Seventh Heaven," struggle desperately for a bit of happiness.

Below, Edmund Lowe—yes, it is—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and—believe it or not—George O'Brien show just how hard-boiled they can be, in "Is Zat So?"



Blanche Sweet Faces Facts

Of all the stars she seems freest from pretense or the intentionally picturesque, but when she speaks of her husband, Marshall Neilan, she does allow herself a bit of pomp.

By Virginia Tracy

ON Fifth Avenue, one Sunday afternoon, a cab stops before a restaurant. The restaurant is one of a chain that used to be noted for cheapness and white tiles; this latest link has become *écru* and expensive, but the tradition of coffee and sinkers will cling round it still, lending it a junketing charm for "carriage trade."

A thickset man with a lively face, full of shrewdness, humor, and all manner of Irishness, gets out of the cab. And, if you are a passer-by of an observant turn, you have a feeling of something familiar. Your memory jumps from one magazine photograph to another. Then back ten years—twelve?—to Marguerite Clark's "Mice and Men," and the slim, curly-headed hero. You ask yourself, "Is it Marshall Neilan?" Yes, it is! For the cab now disgorges a young lady, and the young lady is Blanche Sweet.

If you are brazen enough you just stop and stare. You enjoy seeing how immensely entertained with each other they are, after about five years of married life; he, talking with the liveliest animation and savoring his subject with a smile of relish; she, as she slips ahead of him, turning back with lifted eyes, blue and very bright, with eager little laughs.

But I have an appointment with Miss Sweet presently, to report upon her personality off the screen. And it is rather hindering to find her personality entirely the same as it is on the screen.

Particularly when the screen presents her as the pampered daughter of an aristocrat. Under the black velvet hat the hair lies smooth, in an exact wave of shadowed gold; the slim figure in black suggests luxury of the most conventional and heroinelike sort. So that my heart sinks a little. For what is to be done with golden hair and blue eyes, to distinguish them from the typical heroine of romance that she seems to be?

And now, in a room where four or five people have dropped in at tea time, a girl in a gray-blue dress and hat of rough wool—oh, the very smartest roughness, of course—turns suddenly to greet me, sticking straight out at arm's length a spare little hand, the fingers close together like a boy's. It gives mine a quick shake, hard and sound; then, since its owner has only just arrived, she abandons herself to peeling off her cloak.

The whole motion, the whole manner, is that of a neighbor's daughter who has just run in after school. Or, indeed, in that straight jerkin, the brim of the boyish hat pulled to the exact angle of *Robin Hood's* cap, there is even a suggestion about her that she may be her own little brother.

Well, if you prefer *Lady Gwendolyn*, cleave to her. She was a lovely lady and, though I don't know what became of her, I dare say she is still somewhere about the premises. But as for me, give me *Robin Hood*.

Not, Heaven knows, that there is anything of the intentionally picturesque about Blanche Sweet. Of all mortal creatures she seems freest from pretense. To meet her is to encounter immediately three basic qualities: clearness, candor, decision. For instance:

On the table is a tray of sandwiches. As she comes up to take one her attention is caught by some photographs lying there. She picks out, quickly, several which she admires.

"And this one, Blanche? Don't you like this?"

"I like that least. It's very fine. But I don't like photographs that are composed in that way, all lights and shadows, to remind you of the photographer. I don't like their being taken so as to make everybody say, 'What a striking piece of work!' instead of making people see what the subject's really like."

As she moves away she bites off a bit of her sandwich, quite earnestly, and swallows it. I feel that the photographs are similarly disposed of, that they are swallowed and gone, and that no further attention need be paid to them.

Behind all this lies the cool Northernness of her personality, the stubbornness of her mouth and chin, the strength in her slenderness—surely, never was anything at once so fragile and so hardy!—the unmodulated voice, depending upon reason, not inflection. They are all parts of that clear quietude which manages not to be contradicted by the brusque suddenness of her light motions.

These are the motions of adolescence. Nothing but adolescence thus flings itself into a chair, instantly relaxed and limp. Nor so instantly coördinates again, fused and eager. Nothing merely human, anyhow. Though now and then a spirited and determined pony will cast upon humanity just such a look of searching appraisal, withdrawing it as imperceptibly as Blanche Sweet does; or a bird, in one of its practical unflirtatious moods, when it feels itself unobserved, will rouse, turn, change place, just as quickly. And with just the same remoteness and self-containment.

No use remembering that she played "The Unpardonable Sin" eight years ago, that Lasky's "The Case of Becky" and the great days of the Biograph came even before that. The most unvarying impression she gives is the impression of first youth.

"We came to New York to see the theaters," she said, and like the rest of us, she was delighted with the play "Broadway."

"But I don't think any one could say—I can't—just what we find so new about it. It isn't simply the excitement. Perhaps at first the audience feels thrilled because it's being shown such queer people. That's the great thing, anyhow—to show that everybody's different. And yet that all people can ever be is just people. That's what Mr. Neilan always wants to get."

When she says "Mr. Neilan" this simple-mannered girl, in whom any sort of pretentiousness would startle you like an elaborate jewel on a sculptor's smock, does allow herself a bit of pomp. Her little head lifts and, while it cannot justly be said that her chest inflates, her voice takes on a quality suitable to one who is now speaking of world interests.

When asked her feeling about the present portentous programs of the motion-picture theaters she seems to have nothing against them except that they will not admit two-reel pictures. The two-reel picture, it appears, is a form about which Mr. Neilan feels very strongly.

"The distributors say people don't like them. But isn't that because they've never seen them done as modern features are done? When Mr. Neilan put three of them together and called them 'Bits of Life' people

Continued on page 110



WHAT, oh, what are the movies coming to, with all the heavies being featured and starred! Now it's George Bancroft, the "smiling villain" of "The Pony Express," who is to be starred. Meantime, he's featured in "Underworld."



WE hear no more these days of the "Goudal temperament." Jetta and her boss, Cecil De Mille, seem now to be in perfect harmony. The latest is that Miss Goudal is to be starred in "The Shanghai Gesture," if that play is ever allowed to reach the screen.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

CLIVE BROOK may look very comfortable and lazy in his smart dressing gown above, but the handsome Englishman is usually anything but idle. All the ladies like to have Clive for a leading man, so Paramount keeps him plenty busy. After playing with Florence Vidor in "Afraid to Love" and with Pola Negri in "Barbed Wire," he is now facing the camera with Evelyn Brent in "Underworld."



Photo by Hartsoch

FIRST NATIONAL meant it when they signed Billie Dove to a long-term contract and promised to star her. Her first starring picture will be "The Stolen Bride," in which Lloyd Hughes will play opposite her and presumably do the stealing.

LILLIAN GISH stepped forth in this chic costume as the first spring buds appeared. Miss Gish, having completed "Annie Laurie," is now at work on "Wind," a film in which the fragile heroine's already-drooping spirit is broken and battered by the terrible Texas gales.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



WOULD you know him without his make-up? No one ever does. It's Chester Conklin, of all people. In the story on the opposite page, Malcolm H. Oettinger meets him and discovers some of his philosophical views on life in general.

The Earl of Guffaw

Away from the screen most people do not recognize Chester Conklin, who is simple, unaffected and cheerful—a combination Kiwanian, shopkeeper, politician, and Big Brother.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

SOME few faithful parishioners will remember that not more than a month or two ago I spoke from this very pulpit on the blessedness of comedy. Comedians are coming into repute more and more; comedians are being acknowledged as important contributors to what some one has called the silent drama.

You will agree that Chaplin, Lloyd, and the amazing Langdon are preëminent at the moment, but there is another figure deserving attention—a short, shambling figure who has been carrying off more pictures single-handed than Bill Powell or Wally Beery. By this time you have guessed the answer: I refer to the Earl of Guffaw, Chester Conklin, no less.

Professionally, Chester Conklin is that funny little man with the quizzical brow, the droll gestures, the walrus mustache. The mustache dates back to the days of custard pies and Keystone comedies, and prior to that, to days of vaudeville, "doing Dutch crossfire," which Mr. Conklin attempted to freshen by discarding the orthodox Weber-Fieldian chin patch and baldhead in favor of the drooping mustache and bushy eyebrows.

Here is no "discovery," then. Here is a veteran whose triumphs in feature comedies have not surprised him as much as might be suspected. He is not, as a matter of record, the stolid, half-witted, low comedian that the Keystone fragments would suggest. He is a bright, calm, canny trouser, casting about for good parts, wary of stardom, contented with his lot. This last is not altogether amazing when one takes into consideration his two-thousand-dollar weekly wage. This would buy three thousand custard pies a day and still leave enough over for carfare and the movies.

Mr. Conklin, should you harbor any fleeting doubts, is the comical gentleman who enlivened "Too Many Kisses" for Richard Dix and Gregory La Cava, stole "A Woman of the World" from La Negri herself, appropriated the lion's share of applause in connection with "A Social Celebrity." In this he was competing with the urbane, magnetic, and compelling Menjou: stealing the acting honors was no small task.

Following these outstanding "supporting" rôles he was elevated practically to stellar prominence in "The Wilderness Woman," in which the flashing Pringle served as a lovely foil for Conklin's shrewd buffoonery. And since that uproarious performance he has made epics exclusively. If you don't consider "McFadden's Flats" an epic, ask Joseph Plunkett of the Strand, the New York cinema temple that held the film over for two extra weeks to accommodate lovers of the cosmic jest.

When I went to his hotel, then, to meet Chester Conklin, I was prepared to have a good time. Nothing boisterous—he was in New York on vacation—a few comedy falls would suffice.

It will sound mossy to the more cynical students in our clinic, but the fact remains, I should never have known him without his make-up, had he not approached me unerringly as one who would say, "Here I come. Guess who!"

As we shook hands I noted that he was clean-shaven, blue-eyed, conventionally clad in a comparatively well-fitting sack suit instead of baggy trousers and speckled vest; pleasant, unostentatious—a composite Kiwanian, shopkeeper, politician, and Big Brother. He was affable, simple, unaffected, cheerful.

Not once did he say anything about the world owing him a living. Probably he considers the debt canceled. Not once did he begin a sentence, "What this country needs—" He is content. Not once did he so much as swear. He is the happy warrior.

"Most people fail to recognize me," he grinned. "I like it better that way. Poor Mary Pickford has to disguise herself before she ventures into town to shop. Lillian Gish wears dark glasses and a veil when she goes out in public. Charlie Chaplin is mobbed by crowds wherever he goes. I have a cinch. Nobody ever knows me. Even when I'm introduced to folks they often say, 'Oh, Mr. Conklin, are you any relation to that funny man in the movies?'"

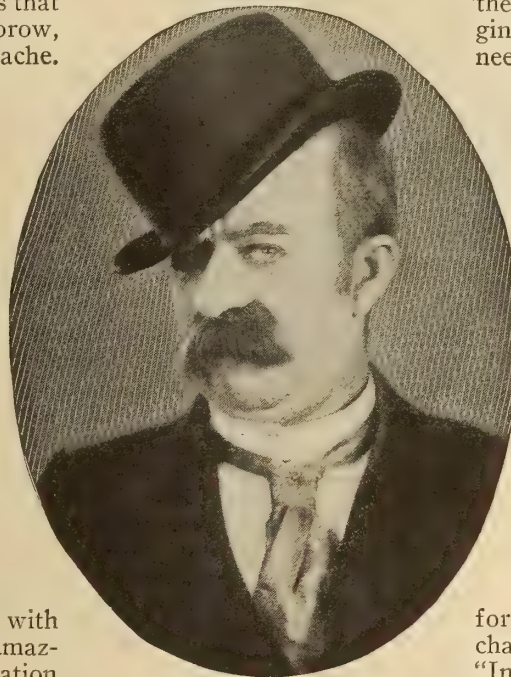
Like Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin finds high comedy little different from slapstick. The former is less energetic, but the mechanics are fundamentally the same. "In slapstick you exaggerate, of course, but you play the thing the same way. I attack a part in any picture from the standpoint of the part itself. It's only a step from straight comedy to farce, and another step to slapstick."

He was matter-of-fact and modest regarding his tremendous successes during the past twelve months. "The breaks," he explained, diffidently. If you got a good part, you registered. If you didn't, you were sunk. But strangely enough, it is Conklin's fate to register, regardless of the rôle he is enacting. He has a dominant screen presence; when he is on the scene he draws the eye as definitely and as inevitably as Greek tragedy spells death. His characterization of the old barber in "A Social Celebrity" was deft and natural, yet he sacrificed nothing of his comic appeal. He was funny at the same time that he managed to command sympathy.

He had, when I saw him, just finished "Cabaret" with Gilda Gray, as well as "Rubber Heels" with Ed Wynn.

I wondered that Wynn had dared to permit the presence of such a stellar clown as Conklin.

"Good business judgment," said Chester, lighting a cigar. "He wants his first picture to be good. To turn



Chester Conklin is content with his lot, and yearns neither for stardom nor to play HAMLET.

Continued on page 112



Photo by Chidnoff

Lois Wilson followed up her revolt against saccharine heroines by signing to do "The Gingham Girl," but she insists her rôle in that is not spineless.

NOW that Hollywood's favorite daughters have come back from New York, and all has been forgiven them, the film colony has a new threatened loss to worry about," Fanny announced, always ready to look on the worst side of things with relish.

"What now?" I asked in utter despair, relinquishing the prospect of enjoying a peaceful, pleasant luncheon.

"The spirit of adventure has hit George Hill and Lon Chaney and hit them hard," Fanny announced in sepulchral tones. "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer should never have allowed them to make 'Tell It to the Marines.' At least, they should have played safe and made it with regular extras and not in conjunction with the marine corps. Not only did General Butler and the rest of the marines take our boys to their hearts, but Lon Chaney and George Hill were completely swept off their feet by the promise of adventure in joining the marines. It didn't help matters any to have some war or other break out in China. They were all for leaving the film business flat and going off to do some fighting.



Photo by Autrey

Over the

Fanny the Fan holds forth about
of Hollywood's welcome to

By the

"Fortunately, both were in the midst of pictures, so the studio did manage to hold them down by keeping them hard at work and not encouraging any of their marine friends to come to see them. But—just a little more news from China about the fighting marines, and you can start knitting socks and shedding tears over the departure of two of our best citizens.

"George Hill is right in the midst of making a marvelous picture, 'The Callahans and the Murphys,' so he has a large and adoring family to remonstrate with him every time he feels the urge to run away. There are Marie Dressler—and I hope you are as thrilled as I am over having her back in pictures after all these years of gallivanting around the world in society—Sally O'Neil, Eddie Gribbon, Larry Gray, and a lot of the most adorable children you have ever seen.

"The set where 'The Callahans and the Murphys' work is just across the lawn from Marion Davies' bungalow, and whenever Marion isn't working she can be found there, looking on as interestedly as any fan. It never seems to occur to Marion that her guests might like to see her own set; the first chance she has she rushes them over to George Hill's.

"You can almost always tell what picture is going to have tremendous appeal on the screen by the one that attracts all the supposedly blasé people in the studio. You just can't keep any one away from 'The Callahans and the Murphys,' so get in line early when it opens at a theater.

"Lillian Gish has always said that the most ingratiating element that a picture can have is a large and devoted family. Well, 'The Callahans and the Murphys' has two large, devoted families."

It was all very well for Fanny to go saccharine about the film life of the shanty Irish, but what I wanted to know was about the returning heroines.

"You've seen Corinne?" I asked, quite as though there might be some question about the matter.

Fanny looked at me as though I had suddenly taken leave of my senses.

"You probably read in the papers that she had slipped quietly back into town. Well, there are no picket fences around her house yet. Of

After finishing "Seventh Heaven," Janet Gaynor went back to the old home town in Florida for a hard-earned vacation.

Teacups

favorites old and new, and tells three too-long-absent stars.

Bystander

course, I have seen her. In fact, we had one of those typically languorous and Griffithian days catching up on our acquaintance. No hurried luncheon snatched in a crowded café; no tea hour with people bursting in. Just a drawling invitation from Corinne to come out the very first time that I could come in the morning, and spend the day.

"We wandered around the garden, rejoicing over the flourishing condition of all the plants Corinne put in with such travail last spring. Everything was fresh and fragrant and blooming gloriously, as though even the flowers were rejoicing to have her back home. The dogs were romping all over the place, of course.

"I suppose she bought a lot of lovely clothes in Paris but, believe it or not, we didn't mention them. Exquisite clothes are an old story to Corinne—just a part of her work. What she was really excited over was a collection of Lalique glass that she brought from France—a boudoir lamp, some goblets, and three unusual picture frames.

"Her first picture for United Artists is going to be 'The Garden of Eden.' She wants to have Charles Ray for her leading man, she being one of the select many who think that he has a greater future than his triumphant past.

"I used to think that all Corinne's troubles would be over when she joined United Artists—they have such a splendid record of making hits. Just to cast a bit of gloom over the situation they had to go and prove that they aren't infallible. Look at the Barrymore picture, 'The Beloved Rogue'—that is, look at it if you can bear to. Apparently few people can, for the day I saw it there were only nineteen people in the theater. Count 'em, nineteen. Just about enough to pay for the services of one usher."

"One more minute and I shall burst into tears," I counseled her. "I hardly think that either Barrymore or any of the United Artists officials

Virginia Valli returned from a glorious vacation in Honolulu with just one great ambition—to go back there.



Photo by Ball

The dove of peace once more flutters over Dorothy Mackaill and First National, for she has gone back to work.

will have to sit outside the theater with a tin cup just because of one bad picture. By the way, isn't he ever going to start another one?"

"Oh, yes," Fanny admitted gayly, "and if he will only forget the Fairbanks stunts he has seen, his next film may be good. It is based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini, the philandering artisan. By the way, Barrymore was about the only celebrity absent when 'The Firebrand,' the play based on Cellini's amorous adventures, opened the other night. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were there, and you know how unusual it is for them to appear in public. Gloria Swanson and Marion Davies paused in the lobby for a minute to speak to some friends, and such a mob gathered around them that I thought a riot call would have to be turned in to the police.

"Gloria has never looked lovelier in her life. She had on a crisp, springtime frock of one of those indescribable hues somewhere between persimmon and burnt orange, with a wrap to match. The wrap was very plain; as all smart ones are nowadays—just a moment while we pause to sing, 'Where are the ostrich feathers and fur flounces of yesteryear?' Its only concession to trimming was a big bow of the same fabric as the wrap, that came up close to the neck.

"Ian Keith, Ethel Clayton, and William Farnum were in the play and the kindest word to

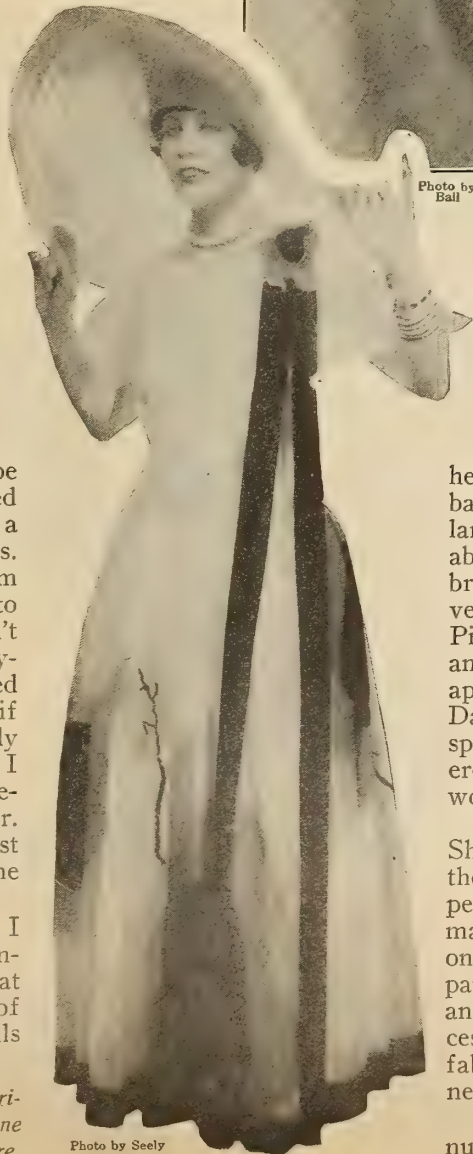


Photo by Seely

Over the Teacups



After three months in Europe, Corinne Griffith slipped back into Hollywood in her own quiet way.

say of their performances is terrible. Joseph Schildkraut, who played the leading rôle gloriously in the New York production, was in the audience; and, like a gentleman of the old school and a fine actor, he appeared to be enjoying himself.

"After the opening performance there was a huge party for the author, Edwin Justus Mayer, at the home of Herman Mankiewicz, who is editor, supervisor, and bright-idea boy in general for Paramount. Everybody who is interesting was there, except Gloria Swanson and Marion Davies, who lost the address.

"Lois Moran was the life of the party, obliging with the Black Bottom and dances improvised on the spur of the moment. Lois Wilson sat in the center of the floor, surrounded by old friends who rejoiced over her being back in Hollywood. Nancy Carroll, an adorable little red-haired girl, who plays the lead in the stage produc-

tion of 'Chicago,' was there. I hear she is going into pictures as leading lady for Tom Mix in his next production. She couldn't have a better start. Look at the girls who played opposite Tom in the early days of their careers—Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Kathleen Key, and heaps of other now-celebrated actresses.

"Everybody takes delight in kidding Lois Wilson about her revolt from playing saccharine heroines. She left Paramount because she didn't want to go on being so demurely good on the screen. Then she signed with F. B. O. to play 'The Gingham Girl.' But you can't get a rise out of Lois on that score. She knows that it isn't a spineless rôle. And it is encouraging for her to be working for a company that listens to her objections. F. B. O. had a lot of changes made in the story to suit her.

"There hasn't been a first-class rebellion in the studios for days. Greta Garbo has made peace with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and started work on 'Love,' Dorothy Mackaill has gone back to First National to make 'The Road to Romance.' By the way, that is a story of traveling salesmen—not an epic, I hope—and you needn't expect it to be anything like those stories that begin, 'Once there was a traveling salesman.'

"The only person, so far as I know, who has lately sung the battle cry of freedom and severed connections with a company is Alyce Mills, who is no longer with Paramount. And she has been so lost to view for the past few months that you can't blame her for not wanting to stay there.

"Of course, Patsy Ruth Miller has left Warner Brothers, but every one has heard that——"

"Every one has who has been within earshot of you," I mentioned, not because I thought it added anything to the intellectual wealth of the ages, but just because I longed to hear the sound of my own voice.

"Naturally, I am glad, because she is making a picture for Universal now, and that makes it very convenient for her to drop in at my house on her way home from the studio. If ever a picture can give an adequate idea of her spontaneous gayety and her full-hearted sympathy, she is going to have an army of adoring fans.

"She has now, judging by the size of her salary check; producers aren't fools—not when they are out shopping for talent.

"This is likely to be a big year for Pat. Universal is anxious to keep her for more pictures, and a deal is pending for her to make one in New

York. The negotiations are still on, so it should be a secret, but you know perfectly well that the only important producer left in New York is Robert Kane."



Photo by Kessler

As an outcome of Vilma Banky's engagement to Rod La Rocque, Samuel Goldwyn has decided to costar the two in a picture.

Fanny's eyes wandered idly around the room, pausing to note with pleasure the gracious way that Gloria Swanson tirelessly autographed menu cards for all the people who rushed up to speak to her.

"Of course, they would put her right by the door, so that she can't have a minute's quiet with her guests. She is a good sport. Lots of people stand by and prophesy that surely Gloria will begin to grow upstage, but she dispelled that idea by coming up here to Montmartre the first Saturday she was in town. Lunching here on a Saturday is about as exclusive as following a circus parade down Main Street.

"Around one o'clock there was such a jam at the door that no one could get in unless they were so important that they rated calling Rin-Tin-Tin by a nickname. But by two thirty the head waiters relaxed their vigilance, and a mob of little girls dashed upstairs into the restaurant, to surround Gloria and ask her for autographs. It always seems a little unreasonable to youngsters that she doesn't carry an armful of photographs around with her.

"Gloria had a triumphant and regal home-coming. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks went down to meet her at the train, and the outside of the studio was all decorated in her honor. It took a cordon of police—whatever that means—to hold back the crowd.

"The first Sunday night she was here, she gave a big buffet supper. She draws her friends from so many walks of life that it was in no sense a typical picture gathering. Aileen Pringle was there, of course. They are such old friends. But there were few other familiar faces.

"Gloria may not know it, but she gave the thrill of a lifetime to one girl in Hollywood. Gloria and Douglas Fairbanks went over to the Fox studio to visit Frank Borzage while he was making 'Seventh Heaven.' Janet Gaynor was working, and when she saw the visitors her knees shook. She had a wild desire to run out of the studio, and never appear again. She thought they would be superior or supercilious. But after they had watched her for a few moments, they were like every one else—tremendously enthusiastic.

"I do not know of another girl in pictures who gives you such an electric thrill when you watch her work. Janet drifts over to the set quietly, looking very small and demure and incapable, and then when she starts to play a scene you forget the sizzling lights, forget the noise of the studio, and she simply carries you away. There is a great actress.



Photo by Hommel Greta Nissen, too, has returned, with the promise of a glorious rôle in a Fox picture.



Photo by Kessler Gloria Swanson's home-coming was a regal one, with bannered streets and police reserves to check the crowd.

"I'd take any bets—if I could find any one to bet with me—that Charlie Farrell will be infinitely better in 'Seventh Heaven' than he was in 'Old Ironsides' or 'The Rough Riders.' Working opposite a troupier like Janet commands a good performance. And Esther Ralston and Mary Astor, while beautiful, are hardly inspiring.

"He is having a run of luck, for in his next picture Greta Nissen is to play opposite him. She just shrieks magnetism.

"After finishing 'Seventh Heaven,' Fox figured that Janet deserved a vacation, so she went off to Florida to visit the old home town. She will come back in time for the grand opening of 'Seventh Heaven,' and already a designer is at work creating a gown for her that will give her a spectacularly beautiful entrance for her first big public appearance. If the only people who attend the opening are those who claim to have discovered Janet, and given her her first chance, the theater will be plentifully crowded!"

That's all very well, but you and I know that only the danger of sounding bromidic keeps Fanny from saying that she discovered Janet herself!

Continued on page 98

Jannings

Emil Jannings found it very hard at first to get of battle issued from the Paramount studio German actor has settled down quite content

By Edwin



Wallace Beery and Emil Jannings were almost immediately attracted to each other, and have become close friends. Neither understands the language of the other, but they have a secret means of communicating with each other.

ONE approaches the defining of an artist cautiously. Webster proffers platitudes. Life yields exuberances. History affords examples. The movies? Well—the movies have their own answer, but it is dictated by that green-eyed monster sometimes called the box office.

Away from this, there is, among others—Emil Jannings.

Emil—pronounced Ay-meel, with the accent on the last syllable—came to America over six months ago, and fully four months elapsed before he started work on his first picture.

Pola Negri, it may be mentioned, embarked on her career in this country in approximately the same number of days. This circumstance is incidental, perhaps, but interesting. It marks a difference in temperaments as well as in conditions. Pola tossed herself feverishly into the new life of a new land. Emil remained aloof and virtually concessionless for some time.

In the parlance of the studio, Jannings would be known as a battler, were it not that he is also rated as a rare good fellow by those who know him. If Wallace Beery, for instance, were to be asked for an opinion, he would reply, "Emil is great!" and it would be a sincere tribute to Jannings from his chief natural rival.

I met Jannings just a few days after his arrival in Hollywood. I had known him only on the screen before then. I had seen him in

"Passion," of course, and in "The Last Laugh." Those two films stand out as his best, with his *Henry VIII.*, in "Deception," probably his greatest interpretation.

To give an impression of Jannings, I would say that he greets you with open arms, and with a gentleness that is all encompassing. Great *gemütlichkeit*. In his eyes is a world of *weltschmerz* and *sehnsucht*, and he has a heart that, in its bigness, is heroic. With this is combined an intensity of feeling, a dynamic force, that separates the spiritual Jannings entirely from the corporeal. His mental powers are electric, and their range is radiolike, reaching out in all directions. With all this, he is profoundly human.

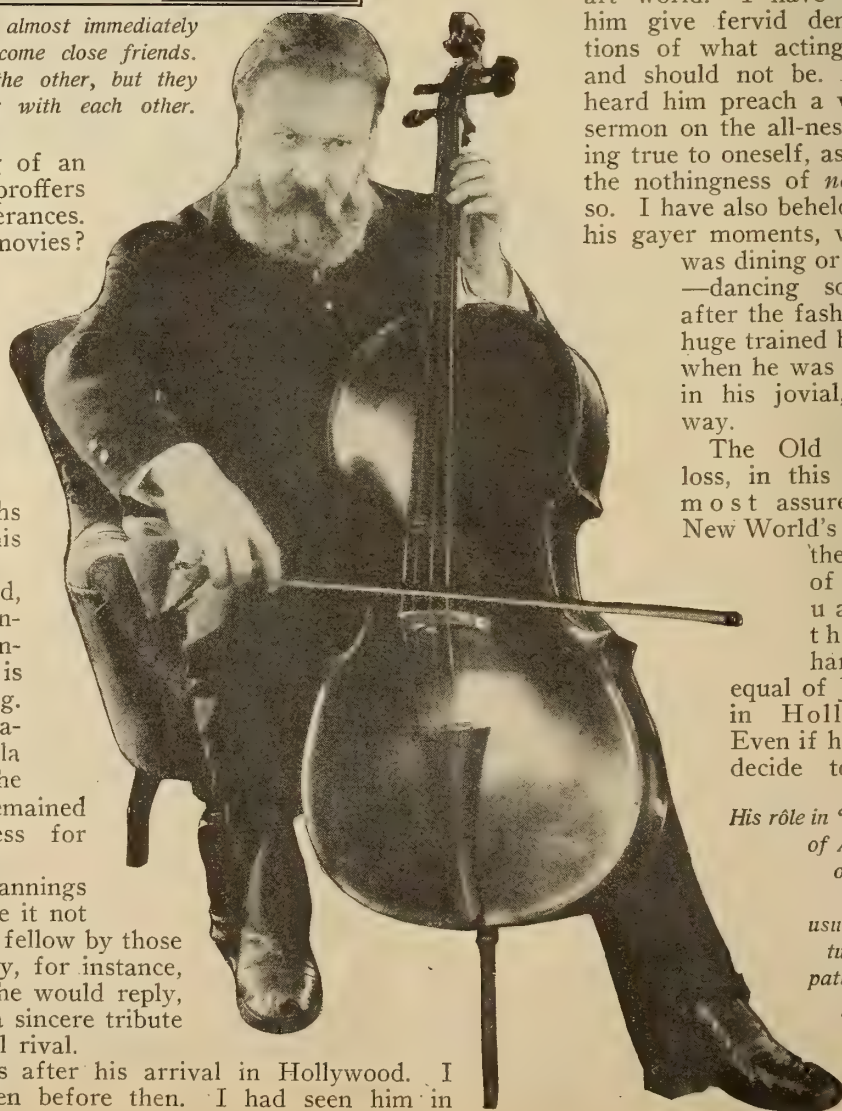
I have heard him scan in conversation the full horizon of the European art world. I have watched him give fervid demonstrations of what acting should and should not be. I have heard him preach a veritable sermon on the all-ness of being true to oneself, as against the nothingness of *not* being so. I have also beheld him in his gayer moments, when he

was dining or dancing—dancing somewhat after the fashion of a huge trained bear—or when he was kidding, in his jovial, robust way.

The Old World's loss, in this case, is most assuredly the New World's gain. In

the matter of individuality, there is hardly the equal of Jannings in Hollywood. Even if he should decide to carry

His rôle in "The Way of All Flesh" offers Jannings his usual opportunities for pathos in his portrayal.



Decides to Stay

used to Hollywood and its ways, and distinct sounds during the first few months after his arrival, but now the edly, and thinks he will probably stay with us a while.

Schallert

out the threat he made when he first came—to put on his hat and go home if he was not fully satisfied with what was offered him in this country—filmdom would be the better for his visit.

The oddest thing any one can mention about Jannings is the fact that he was born in Brooklyn. I can't for a moment associate Brooklyn with him. He is so evidently Teutonic. His mother was an American, and his father a German, and when Emil was still an infant they moved abroad, and his father went into business in Switzerland.

Jannings' first venture was as a seaman. In a short autobiography that was published in a foreign film magazine, he dismisses this period of his life with the remark, "I thought when I went to sea that I would be wearing brass buttons, but instead I found that I was kept busy swabbing the decks."

From the sea he went into the routine of stage life, working first in provincial theaters, later in the big centers, and eventually with the great Max Reinhardt. Money—the need of it—was the thing that pushed him toward the movies, and it was Ernst Lubitsch who laid the foundation for his success in films when he cast him in "Passion."

The place that Jannings won on the screen abroad needs no long-drawn-out analysis. It is sufficient to say that his departure from Germany for this country was akin to tearing the heart out of the foreign, or at least the German, film industry.

He held a position at the Ufa studio that was dominating. He was rated the supreme film star of Europe.

In Hollywood, naturally, his environment is different. Here there

are many stars, and many tense ambitions.

Kultur is not so evident.

Perhaps this explains why Jannings, during his first few

months in the film colony, was singularly unhappy. Rumors of turmoil swirled about him, and there is no doubt that he had his tumultuous sessions with the powers that will, if not also the powers that be. Jesse L. Lasky is said to have finally broken the deadlock, and Jannings at last began work on his picture, "The Way of All Flesh," which by the time this is printed should be finished.

Jannings' difficulties were distinctly increased by his ignorance of the English language. Hollywood is, in a way, a tragic place for the sincere artist who cannot express himself in the vernacular.

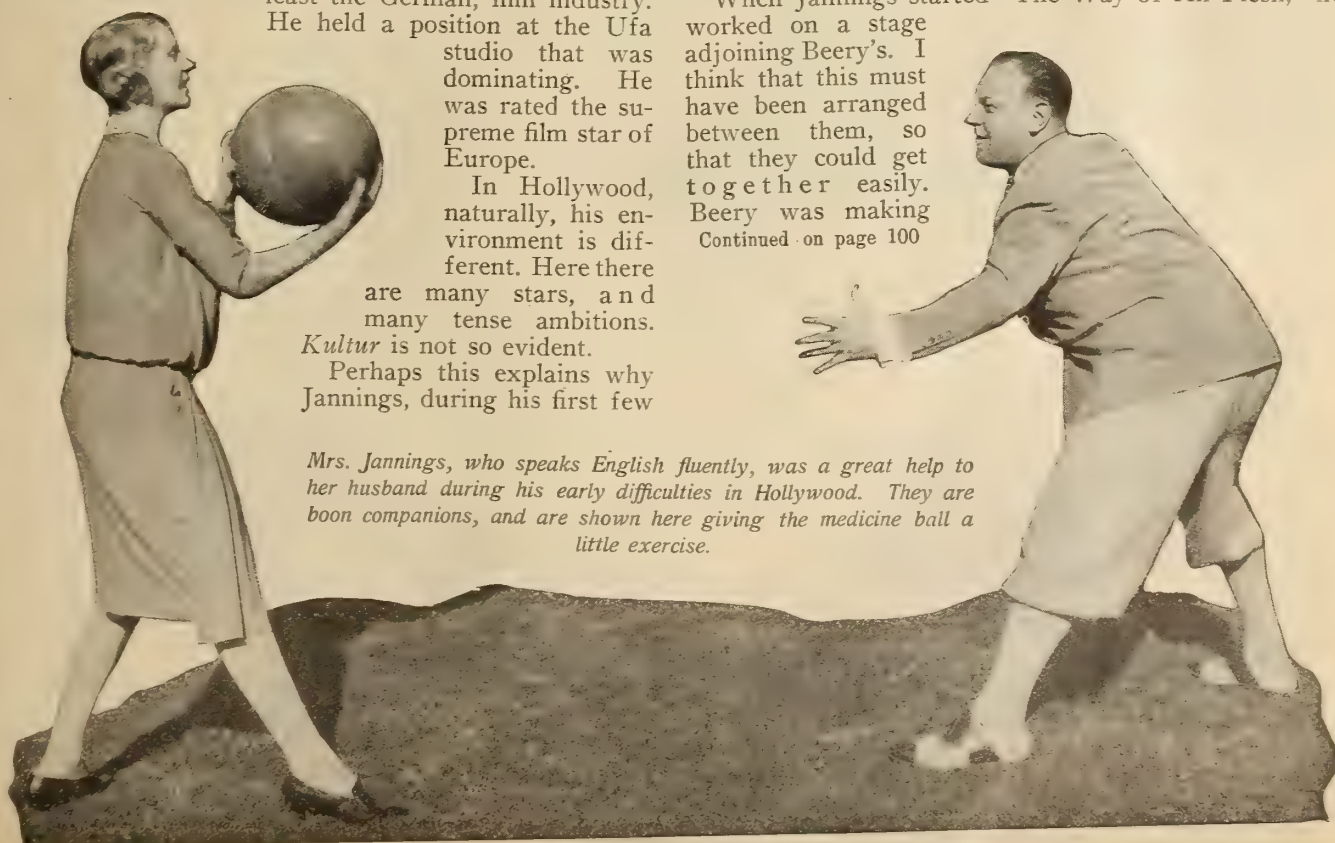
One incident that I recall about Jannings' struggles with the language was almost woefully funny. It occurred at a dinner given at his house, at which Wallace Beery and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Erich Pommer, were present. Mrs. Jannings, who was a well-known *disease* abroad, speaks English very fluently, and this helped to make things a little easier for her husband. There was at the party much talk in German, but Jannings was desirous of showing his growing knowledge of English. He came forth from the library with a schoolbook version of King Arthur's legend, and in a slow, halting, lumbering voice, he read, "King—Arthur—was—a—good—king. He—lived—in—a—fine—big—castle."

He sounded, for all the world, like a child slowly and painfully spelling out and pronouncing the words in a primer. One felt like laughing and weeping at the same time, because it was done with such pride and with such deep and noble seriousness.

Jannings and Wallace Beery have a secret means of communicating their thoughts to each other that so far has baffled everybody else. Beery knows nothing of German whatsoever, but he and Emil have long tête-à-têtes from which each emerges smiling gayly as he repeats what the other has said to him. The remarkable thing is that their stories check! The language of pantomime must indeed be amazingly efficient, or else this is all achieved by telepathy.

When Jannings started "The Way of All Flesh," he worked on a stage adjoining Beery's. I think that this must have been arranged between them, so that they could get together easily. Beery was making

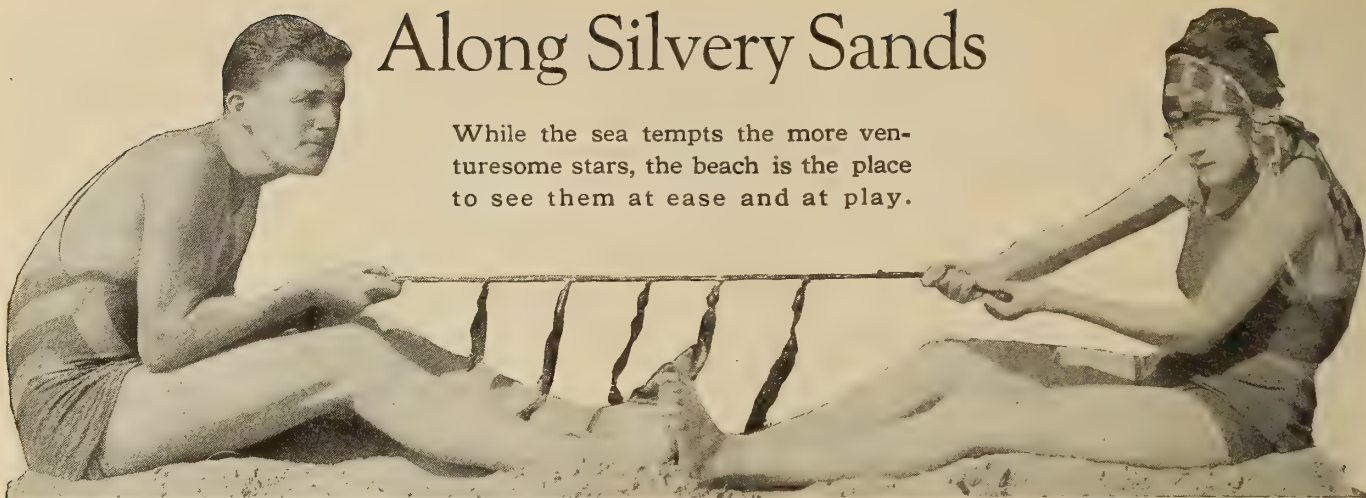
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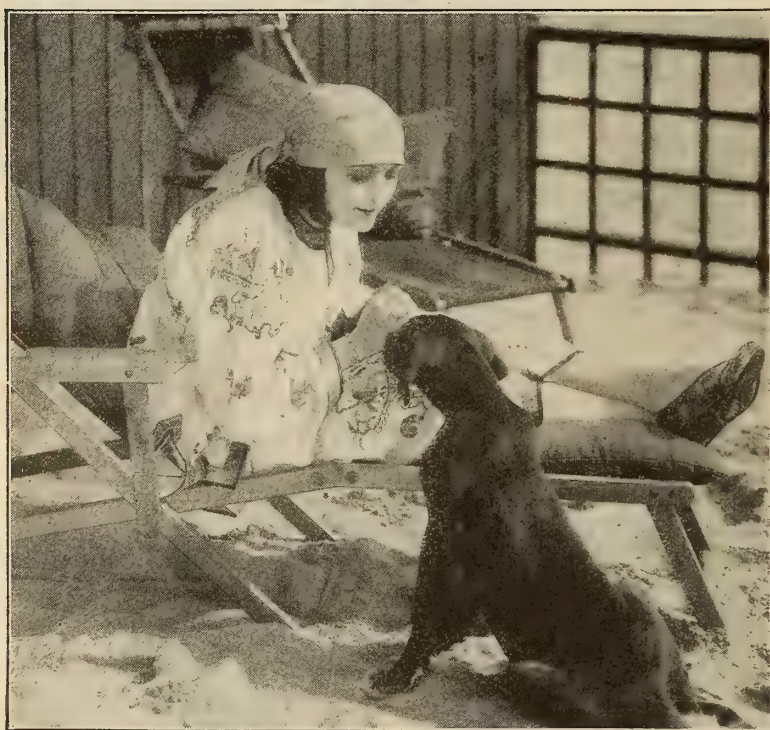
Mrs. Jannings, who speaks English fluently, was a great help to her husband during his early difficulties in Hollywood. They are boon companions, and are shown here giving the medicine ball a little exercise.

Along Silvery Sands

While the sea tempts the more venturesome stars, the beach is the place to see them at ease and at play.



Larry Kent and Yola d'Avril engage in a friendly tug of war to decide which will treat to hot dogs. At least, that's what their serious expressions would indicate.



Pola Negri, above, in the shelter of her beach house, finds rest and relaxation from the turmoil of the studio.



Julia Faye, left, doesn't give a whoop whether she gets a good rôle or not, just so the Pacific shimmers through the long afternoon, and no one disturbs her dreams.



Edmund Burns, above, spent a lingering afternoon on the beach before going to sea in dead earnest, to make personal appearances in Australia.



There is no rest for Rod La Rocque, left, as long as he still has energy to expend on feats of strength and skill.

Loved at Last

For nine years Zasu Pitts has been the neglected girl of the screen, the girl who has stood by and watched the more beautiful heroine walk off with the hero, but at last Zasu has got her man—in two successive pictures.

By Myrtle Gebhart

SHE was just a plain, frowzy, small-town dressmaker—a pathetic, worn-at-the-seams creature with bent back, weak eyes, and an apologetic smile. But the clumsy *Casey*, who could make a baseball bat talk a language understood by all good ball fans, humbly adored her.

Again, we have the same wistful gray eyes, the same brown hair streaming in wisps. This time our heroine pursues her big brawny hero up and down Alpine mountain paths, with many ludicrous adventures—and catches him.

Zasu Pitts' wide gray eyes stared into mine with that pathetic intensity that makes you want to laugh and cry at the same time.

"The heroine!" she said. "Twice in succession! I haven't got over the shock yet. Twice, I love, and *get*, Wally Beery. First time in nine years on the screen that I've been lucky in love."

So successful has been the teaming of Zasu with Wallace Beery in "*Casey at the Bat*" and then later in "*The Big Sneeze*" that there is some talk of making the affiliation permanent. But Zasu, as usual, belittles herself.

"Why team anybody with Beery?" she says. "His personality alone carries any picture — doesn't make any difference *who* plays opposite."

It does make a difference, though, who plays opposite him, and few other actresses could have given such genuine, touching portrayals as Zasu did, first as the small-town dressmaker in "*Casey at the Bat*," and then as the woe-begone peasant girl in "*The Big Sneeze*." The "love interest" in both these films was unusual in that it was



Photo by W. F. Seely

In both "*Casey at the Bat*" and "*The Big Sneeze*," the wistful-eyed Zasu is the featured heroine, and wins the affections of Wallace Beery.



The frowzy, small-town dressmaker who is loved by *CASEY* has her tearful moments, to be sure, but then Zasu would not be Zasu without a tear or two.

drab and ordinary, rather than the usual prettified variety. Homely, real folks had the spotlight.

"The Wedding March," made just prior to the above two films, reveals a new and radiantly lovely Zasu. Her angularity has become, under artful lighting, a patrician slimness; her unmanageable hair is covered by a soft, fluffy blond wig. Partly is her ethereal exquisiteness in this film due to minute artifice, partly to her own delicate portrayal of her rôle.

"Don't flatter me," said Zasu, refusing to agree with me that she is beautiful in "*The Wedding March*."

It has always seemed incongruous, somehow, that Zasu should be an actress. Never in the realm of make-believe was there a person less touched by artificiality. Zasu's is a homespun tale—a pilgrimage over a difficult bridge to success.

Nine years ago, Zasu Pitts left a little California town to be an actress. Her friends were skeptical. No fairy



As the wan and ethereal PRINCESS CECILIA in "The Wedding March," Miss Pitts plays a typically pathetic rôle, though in lovelier guise than usual.

princess had fluttered over her cradle to endow her with outstanding beauty and grace. She was destined for weary drudging in a land peopled with beautiful girls.

Painfully conscious that she didn't fit in, she knocked timidly at the magic door through which a wealth of beauty was passing, and wedged herself in only when the need was found for some one to contrast with beauty. By perseverance and by slowly winning popularity among the fans, she has made her little niche secure. And now, at last, so strong has become the public liking for her, that the keepers of the magic castle have had to make a bigger, more important place for her.

Zasu's charm lies in her complete naturalness. Her brown hair is usually flying in all directions. Clothes always look utilitarian on Zasu. Her dress is usually dark, of serge or some other serviceable material, or in the summer, it's a simple print, without trimming. She wears, usually, a plain coat and a knock-about felt hat pulled down over her eyes.

This description is not meant in disparagement—quite the opposite. I'm trying to make clear her most likable quality—absolute freedom from pose. That she has remained the typical small-town girl is the greatest thing to her credit in an atmosphere where even the most sincere are apt to be touched by theatricalism.

"Why did you return to comedy after the magnificence and tragedy of 'The Wedding March?'" I asked.

She did not give me one of those high-sounding reasons which most actresses have on tap to explain the various vagaries of their careers.

"Don't be silly," she rebuked me, over our common-sense vegetable luncheon—which, of course, we topped off with an indigestible dessert. "I'm a working woman. I take what I can get. It was the only thing offered me just then at anything approaching the salary I wanted.

"Besides, I like comedy. After crying for five months in 'The Wedding March,' as poor, limping *Princess Cecilia*, comedy was a welcome relief."

It's customary for Zasu to be disappointed. At times she is raised to a point of feverish expectancy, almost certainty, that some cherished wish will be gratified, only to be let down with a thud. She longed to play *Lovey Mary*, but lost the rôle because somebody thought her too tall. *Twinkletoes*, which Colleen Moore did, was another fond hope of Zasu's.

"My dreams are all bubbles," she said. "Everybody laughs at them. I used to feel sad that the ugly duckling had to be content with drab, unlovely things, but I've discovered that I've got a lot of worth-while, permanent things out of life that many of the pretty flappers haven't. Might mention Tom and the two kids, for instance," she concluded, with an elaborate air of indifference, referring, of course, to her husband, Tom Gallery, and their two children.

Ann, five years old, is their own child. Sonny is the youngster who was adopted by Barbara La Marr, then, after her death, adopted by Zasu and Tom to be a playmate for Ann.

"We've found the records of Sonny's birth," said Zasu. "He's two months younger than Ann, so we're going to make them twins, celebrate their birthdays together, and tell them that, as they are twins, they get only one present between them, which they must share. Will teach them generosity, and be economical for us."

But don't believe it. Zasu and Tom will follow no such procedure. They can't do enough for those two children, and simply lavish affection and toys upon them. They live at the beach all year round, despite the discomfort of the long drive into Hollywood, just because the beach is healthier for the children.

As long as you will listen, Zasu will regale you with anecdotes about the children—how they call Sunday "God's day," and anticipate it each week because they are allowed to dress up in their best clothes and accompany Zasu and Tom to church, and so on. And how furious she gets when some thoughtless writer tacks an "e" on Ann's name, which Zasu says she gave her because it was the shortest one she could think of, and incapable of mispronunciation.

"I'm sick," she said, "of being pronounced Sassie or Zuzu or something equally bad. That comes from having two doting aunts, syllables of whose names had to be combined in christening me."

If it were any other two people than Zasu and Tom,

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I Knew Him as An Extra

Charles Farrell and the author of this story were extras together not much more than a year ago. This is the first of a series of stories in which Miss Reid, PICTURE PLAY'S well-known "Extra Girl," looks back on the days when she worked side by side with boys and girls who have since become famous on the screen.

By Margaret Reid

WE all—with the exception of Charlie himself—always knew that Charles Farrell would make the grade. And we extras are traditionally skeptical of each other's possibilities. But when extras do pick some one out, they almost always pick a winner, and as far as his fellow extras were concerned, Charlie was cinched from the beginning.

We ladies of the "atmosphere" were always just a little happier if the call list had Charlie's name on it. For several reasons. He was, for one thing, so good looking that I hate to talk about it. There are usually among extra men many really handsome specimens. But most of them are a trifle jaded. Too much extra work brings about a visible softening of fiber. But Charlie, who had been an extra for two years, was still a fresh, happy young rowdy, with exuberant enthusiasm and a puppy-dog sense of fun. He was too independent to be terribly successful as an extra, but it is this very independence, no doubt, that has propelled him so rapidly to the top in the past year.

Whenever we extras were kept more than ten

minutes overtime at the studio, or on the lot, Charlie was always the one to lead in the loud harmonizing that extras resort to on such occasions in indignant imitation of a factory whistle. Whenever we thought we were being imposed on by whatever company we happened at the moment to be

He was entirely too insurrectionary for an extra, and found himself fired more than once, but it was this very independence that won him his spurs.

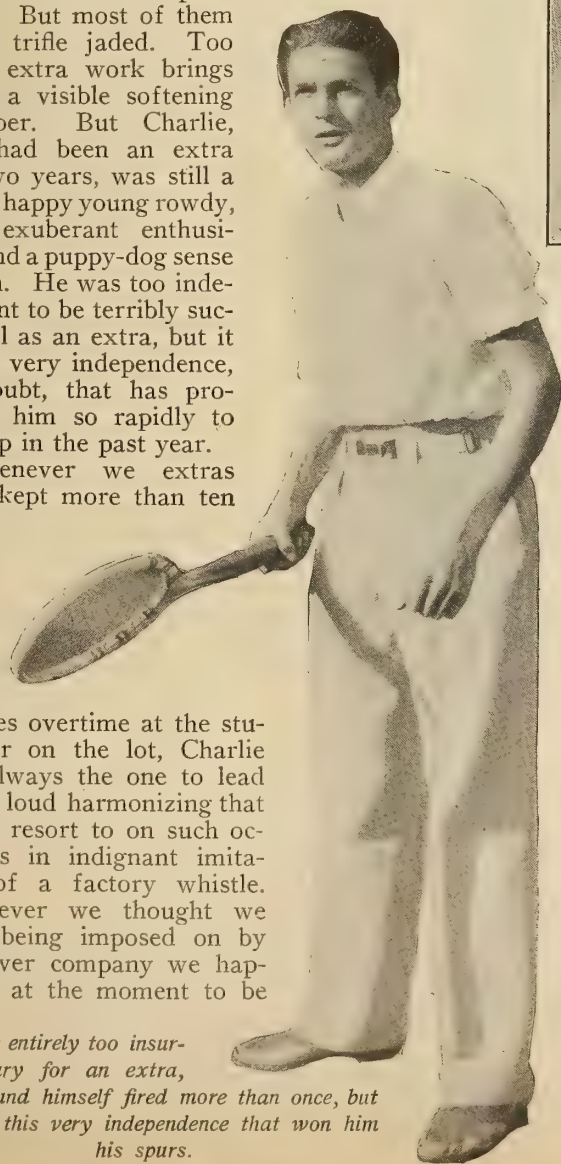


Photo by Richee

His fellow extras always did suspect that Charlie would some day make the grade, but Charlie himself was decidedly skeptical, until James Cruze came along and gave him the lead in "Old Ironsides."

working for, Charlie acted as our committee of protest. His naïve lack of awe for official splendor was a constant source of admiration to us. Assistant directors, for instance, are the ogres of extradom, but assistant directors were meat to Charlie. He took a healthy pleasure in arguing them into corners, where they actually stood at bay. He lost, it is true, a good many jobs in this way, but he always won his arguments.

It was not much more than a year ago that Charlie was still an extra, and quite convinced that he would always remain one. He had been in the game for two years now, and had had no particular encouragement. He was twenty-two, and was beginning to feel that he was getting on in years. He railed darkly against his unhappy fate, but felt powerless to do anything about it. A couple of leads with an obscure company on Poverty Row raised his hopes momentarily, but petered out in the abrupt deflation of the company's funds. Then he played a bit here and a bit there, almost all ending, with unerring precision, on the cutting-room floor.

It was at about this time that I lost sight of Charlie. I didn't see him again until recently, when I ran into him in Henry's. After the conventional gestures of astonishment, pleasure, and greeting, we sat down and consumed together a great deal too much cinnamon toast. During the course of which I wanted to know where on earth he had been hiding himself away—no one ever saw him any more in the usual playtime haunts of the colony.

"Oh, I've been just bumming around," said he. "Being



Only after its rival, Paramount, had "discovered" young Farrell, did the Fox company, which had him under contract, suddenly wake up to his possibilities, and cast him in the much-coveted rôle of CHICO in "Seventh Heaven."

a real working guy now, I don't have much yen for Montmartre or the Grove. I save my sprees for between pictures, and then I'm usually out of town. I'm an awfully good boy."

I tried to look convinced, and Charlie tried to look convincing, but we both failed. He is too attractive and charming to be too awfully exemplary. But it really is so that chasing around socially, when he is at work on a film, isn't very important to him. But between pictures, he does play—with all the vigor one would expect of a happy-go-lucky young man who really is both happy and lucky.

His career since his rise began has been a checkered one. After the Poverty Row episode and an interval of waiting for bits, Warner Brothers suddenly, out of a clear sky, signed him up. They put him to work at once, in a rôle of moderate importance.

"The picture," Charlie said, "was bad, and I was worse—a lot worse—so they let me go."

Being released from a contract after one picture is not, according to Hollywood rule and rite, any too good for one's prestige. There followed for Charlie a dismal period of wavering between arsenic and cyanide. Then Mack Sennett decided to try him out. The lad made one comedy for Sennett and was fired again.

"He's terrible!" the comedy producer exclaimed. "He couldn't find the word 'acting' in the dictionary." Little

did Mr. Sennett know that one day he was to eat those words.

Charlie was sure he was done for this time. And when Fox proceeded to sign him up in spite of everything, he thought that company just silly. He signed rather dazedly, and settled down to wait to be fired once more. He was first put into "Wings of Youth." Neither the picture nor Charlie's connection with it were of any great moment.

During the idle period following this, he received a call one day from the casting director at Famous Players. This self-same gentleman had, before Charlie had signed a contract with Fox and at a time when he was desperately looking for a job, assured him in no uncertain terms that, so far as Famous Players were concerned, Charlie was simply one more extra. He had impressed quite thoroughly on Charlie's mind that any cinematic ambitions on his part were just foolish. And now, here he was calling for him, presumably with a view to borrowing him from Fox.

Charlie, who had reached a stage where he didn't care *what* happened to him, answered the call. A bit bored, he parked his Ford roadster outside the Paramount casting office and walked in. Quite unintentionally, he was exactly on time for the appointment. The office boy to whom he gave his name said that the casting director was busy at the moment and that it would be fifteen minutes before he could see Mr. Farrell. That was O. K. with Charlie, who walked out of the office and went home.

This happened three times in succession. And each time, the casting office found it more difficult to persuade the aloof Mr. Farrell to come back. What, Charlie asked himself, the devil did they want to see him for, anyway? They had

already made it plain that they thought he was a total dud. Did they want to tell him so all over again?

When he finally did see the casting director, he was peremptorily dispatched over to James Cruze's office. With his hands in his pockets, taking his time, Charlie strolled into Mr. Cruze's sanctum. The director raised a harassed face from a desk full of papers and photographs and production schedules. All day long he had been interviewing juveniles. He was tired—particularly of juveniles.

"Well, whadoyouwant?" he snapped, as Charlie entered.

"Damned if I know," Charlie returned, indifferently.

"Who sent you in here then?"

"Casting office."

"Well, what the devil for? You're an actor, aren't you?"

"No!"

With that, Charlie turned on his heel, feeling that, with the polite amenities over, he could leave. To Cruze, after a day of sales talk from smiling saps, this was refreshing. So—

"Wait a minute—wait a minute!" he said, even adding, "Sit down."

Charlie, not very amiably, sat.

"What experience have you had?" asked the director.

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Hollywood High Lights

The latest and most interesting flashes of news from the film colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

DOLORES DEL RIO is the new idol of the picture producers. She is at the present moment more in demand than any other film player, all because of her superfine portrayal of the Russian peasant girl, *Katusha*, in "Resurrection." Her acting in the drab prison sequences of that film reminded us of Pauline Frederick's work some years ago in "Madame X."

Miss del Rio has now been given the much-coveted rôle of the girl in "The Trail of '98," the "epic" of the Alaskan gold rush which Metro-Goldwyn is making. She is also to be seen as the feminine lead in the next Douglas Fairbanks picture, and is scheduled after that to play the title rôle in "Ramona."

Much was prophesied for this former Mexican society girl upon her arrival in Hollywood some two years ago, but at the outset her career looked a little doubtful. "What Price Glory" was the first picture definitely to establish her personality, but it required "Resurrection" to make the producers start clamoring for her services.

Vilma and Rod

It's to be a short engagement. Which means that ere this is read Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky will probably have been married.

The announcement of their engagement was a surprise to Hollywood. It came only a few weeks after they had begun showing marked interest in each other. A formal party was held to celebrate the event, which is novel social procedure in the film colony, where announcements of engagements are usually very casual, and often have to be wormed out of the principals in the case.

Rod and Vilma originally met at a dinner party at Cecil De Mille's about two years ago, shortly after Vilma's arrival, but weren't particularly impressed with each other at that time. Not long ago, they met again, this time at the De Mille studio, and there the romance began to develop with surprising rapidity.

"I guess we might have been attracted to each other in the first place," Vilma said, "if it hadn't been that I couldn't understand English, and didn't realize how much Rod and I had in common."

This romance is one of the most interesting that has developed in the colony. Ronald Colman, by the way, has been seen quite a lot lately with Florence Vidor.

Trials and Tribulations of Estelle

Estelle Taylor has the blues—and with reason. What ambitious film actress *wouldn't* have the blues if she hadn't played in a picture in six months or more?

Estelle has been under contract to United Artists all these months, and has been receiving a nice fat salary, but—she hasn't been used in any pictures, which annoys her very much.

The last film in which she played was "New York," for Paramount, and before that was "Don Juan." Her performance in the last-named film was considered one of the finest she had ever given, but nothing has come her way since, except the rôle in "New York."

Peace at Last

Greta Garbo, after months and months of disagreement, finally settled her difficulties with Metro-Goldwyn. It is reported that she went back to work at a salary of \$3,000 per week. She had previously been receiving about \$500.

This does not necessarily mean that permanent peace has been declared between the seductive star and the studio. The \$3,000-a-week contract is only for the duration of the production of "Love," the film adapted from Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," but it is expected that, after this Tolstoy film is finished, a new contract will be signed between the star and the company.

Hurrah for Madge!

Madge Bellamy is receiving a very handsome stipend from the Fox organization, which she left some months ago. Madge is being paid \$30,000 by that company for about eight weeks of work, during which she is to star in two pictures. It is probable that the contract will be continued beyond these two pictures, and that Fox may even send her to Europe to make a film.

She is now at work, at the Fox studio, on "Colleen."

Good News for Ramon's Admirers

It's good news that Ramon Novarro is going to play in "Romance," an idyllic love tragedy of the operatic world. Ramon's admirers always heave sighs of relief when he is definitely assigned to a part in what promises to be a good picture. Because of his peculiar and very dis-



Conrad Nagel sits beneath the portrait of his wife and wonders why a film star has to be pursued by the camera even into his home.

tinctive personality, Ramon is rather difficult to cast. He is at his best in a rôle of deep spiritual appeal or renunciation. "Romance" offers him just such a rôle. The mood is somewhat similar in "Old Heidelberg."

During the past year or so, since the completion of "Ben-Hur," Ramon has not been faring very well in the matter of rôles. One picture that he made was shelved, because he was so badly miscast. So it is all the more gratifying that he now has two films which should prove worthy of his exceptional talents.

At the Mayfair Club recently, Ramon made his début, under much protest, as a singer. He was unexpectedly called on to perform by one of the studio officials. He was terribly embarrassed, because he is very modest about his musical attainments, but he sang the Spanish "Clavelitos," playing his own accompaniment, and won an enthusiastic ovation.

Miss Swanson Seems Sad

Gloria Swanson's return to Hollywood, after an absence of two years, was celebrated in terms of fire. That is to say, a few days after her arrival, a blaze broke out in the cellar of her home, but the flames were extinguished with little trouble.

Gloria is looking slender and wan. An attractive air of sadness hovers about her. She and her husband, the marquis, held a reception at their home shortly after their arrival.

The marquis, incidentally, has gone into business with an agency for foreign automobiles.

An Old Favorite Reappears

Do you remember the picture, "Tillie's Punctured Romance?" That's going back into the dim and distant days of the past, of course, but then "Tillie's Romance" was one of the first feature comedies and was therefore a great novelty.

Along with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand, Marie Dressler was one of the principal players in the film, and made quite a hit. But after the completion of the picture, she went back to the stage, and has not been seen on the screen since.

Now, after a lapse of fully twelve years, Miss Dressler has returned to Hollywood, and has been playing in "The Callahans and the Murphys" in the rôle of Mrs. Callahan.

And that old-time favorite, Polly Moran, is cast as Mrs. Murphy. She and Miss Dressler are tremendously amusing together.

Miss Dressler, on the strength of her performance in the film, has been signed up by Metro-Goldwyn, so you may see much of her funmaking from now on.

Good Teamwork

The team idea is becoming very popular. By "team," of course, we mean any two players who are cofeatured in



Hold it, Mary Ann! Mary Ann Jackson, diminutive comedienne of the Mack Sennett studio, takes an unexpected flight into the clouds.

a succession of films. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton formed a team when they played together in "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now." And now, Karl Dane and George K. Arthur are to be teamed together in a series of films, beginning with "Rookies."

Occasionally, too, a man and a girl form a team—as Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill, for instance. They played together in "Just Another Blonde" and "Subway Sadie," and will again be seen together in "The Road to Romance" and "The Crystal Cup."

A Cute Newcomer

A second Clara Bow! That's the way that little Alice White might be announced to a waiting world. It's generally bad luck to be a "second" to any one in the movies but not in Alice's case.

This young girl, whom First National allowed to slip from a contract some time ago, scored a big hit in "The Sea Tiger," with Milton Sills. Her rôle happened to be a nice fat one, because her chief duty was to speak a lot of funny subtitles. Besides which, she

looked so cute that theater owners commenced to make inquiries as to her future pictures.

Whereat First National hastened to send for her and put her back under contract.

Monocles, Monocles Everywhere

What with the large group of foreign actors now in Hollywood, the monocle is becoming quite *au fait*. So far, however, most of the American players have remained immune to its attractions.

Conrad Veidt, the German actor who played *Louis XI*. in Barrymore's "The Beloved Rogue," wears a monocle, and insists that it is not an affectation. "I have trouble with my right eye," he asserts.

Andres de Segurola, the former opera star, who played in Gloria Swanson's "The Love of Sunya," is another who is never seen without a monocle, except when it's out of keeping with whatever rôle he may be playing.

Charlie Mack's Tragic Death

Charles Emmett Mack's death in an auto accident deeply affected the picture colony. As you probably know, he was killed instantly when his car crashed into another at Riverside, California. He was driving at a rather high rate of speed, as he was hurrying back to location after having had lunch with his family.

Curiously enough, the picture on which he was at work was called "The First Auto," and it seems to have been ill-fated, because a few days later a girl playing a small part in the same film was killed in another accident.

Mack had only just begun to gain real success in Hollywood. He was originally a D. W. Griffith discovery, and his first screen work was in New York. There he played the English dandy in "America," Griffith's historical picture about the American Revolution, and won much praise for his characterization.

Just a young chap, Mack had nearly always played somewhat tragic parts in films. His rôle in "The Rough Riders"—his last—was typical, and the portrayal that he gave of the boy who dies so bravely in that film seems now all the more deeply appealing because of his own pathetic end.

Two Parties in the Colony

Anna Q. Nilsson has so many friends that it is impossible for her to entertain all of them at once in her own home. So recently, when she gave a lovely buffet supper, she asked about a hundred people to meet her at the beautiful and spacious home of one of her friends in Beverly Hills. Stars, directors, and authors composed her guest list. Noted authors as guests are, we think, a particularly wise choice on the part of any hostess. They are usually so belligerent that they can be relied upon to start a small war, and thus add stimulus to the party.

Mabel Normand also gave a buffet supper recently, a short time after Anna's soirée. It was a joyous occasion for every one, as it was the first large party at which Mabel had been hostess since her illness, and was, in fact, given in celebration of her recovery.

Mabel is looking very fresh and lovely. And among other things, she has had her hair bobbed.

Mabel and Lila Lee are among the latest to have capitulated to the mode that has persisted these many years, and now, with Lois Wilson and Mary Astor also among the short-haired girls, the ranks are almost complete. Mary Pickford, to be sure, has not succumbed, and we hope she never, never will. The same holds good for Dolores del Rio and Vilma Banky.

Mabel and Lila and Lois and Mary Astor had to endure a bit of good-natured jolly from the other girls in the colony because of having waited so long to be bobbed. Meantime, Gloria Swanson, Aileen Pringle, and some others have decided to let their hair grow again.

Some Old, Old Films

We spent a most delightful evening recently, witnessing the screening of several old pictures from the famous film library owned by Andre Beranger. "George," as Andre's friends call him, has one of the most complete and unusual collections of old films in the colony, and he brought about twenty-five of them over to Carmelita Geraghty's house one evening not long ago and

screened them for a small group of friends, including Laura La Plante, Bill Seiter, Lois Wilson, and a few others.

Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin in their very earliest pictures were the thrill of the evening. Mary's film was "The New York Hat," and Charlie's, "His Trysting Place." Both artists were just as wonderful in their personal appeal fifteen years ago as they are today, despite the old-fashioned photography. Time has not materially altered their personalities.

Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia," with Henry Walthall, directed by Griffith, was a revelation in her potent dramatic talent and personal beauty.

Films of John Bunny, the Sydney Drews, and Max Linder, the French comedian who committed suicide a little over a year ago, also brought back many pleasant memories. The Linder farces, made abroad, contained situations good enough to be used again to-day.



Kathryn Perry presented such a pretty picture among her snowballs that the camera man simply couldn't resist it.

Doug's New Toy

Douglas Fairbanks is going to fight with a new weapon. He will use it in "The Gaucho," his new picture. The contrivance is known as a bolas. It is the lariat of South America, but differs from the ordinary lariat in that it is completely released when thrown, and whirls through the air at a terrific speed, entwining whatever may happen to be in its course.

The bolas is made of three narrow but stout strands of rawhide, joined together at a common center. The ends of two of these strands are heavily weighted. The remaining one has a handle. Holding the handle, the person throwing the bolas swings the contraption with a circular motion over his head, until it has acquired momentum, and then sends it flying on its way with a quick, sharp twist.

We saw Doug use the bolas to knock down an upright pole that was

stuck in the ground, and he split another one in two. He probably will do even more extraordinary things with this new weapon before he is through.

Irene Rich Changes Her Name

Irene Rich may now be privately addressed as Mrs. David F. Blankenhorn. She was wed recently to a well-to-do real-estate and bond man of that name. The ceremony took place near Monterey, California.

Irene had been married twice before, first to Elvo Deffenbaugh, and then to Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Rich, an army officer.

Bobby's in Love

Bobby Agnew is head over heels in love—but not with May McAvoy. He is reported engaged to pretty

Ann Rork, who is appearing in First National pictures. It seems to be taken very much for granted that the two will be married ere long.

Bobby and May McAvoy agreed a few months ago to disagree, after having been frequently reported to be engaged.

Another Potential Star

Stardom is predicted for young Molly O'Day as a result of her work in "The Patent Leather Kid," with Dick Barthelmess. She has the feminine lead in that picture, which is supposed to be a super-super-special.

Molly, as you may know, is the sister of Sally O'Neil. Her rôle in "The Patent Leather Kid" is so sympathetic that it should make audiences everywhere weep. That sort of part naturally helps a girl a lot in her climb toward stardom.

Watch Rod's Smoke

Now it has been all decided. Jack Gilbert won first place among the actors in a recent popularity contest, and Ronald Colman second. And Vilma Banky led the actresses.

We personally feel that Rod La Rocque, since his work in "Resurrection," has a good chance to become a candidate for top-notch honors. We mean the La Rocque that is seen in the first part of the picture. The beard that he wears in the latter part looks too much like a shaving brush ever to enhance his popularity. We hope that beard wasn't his own idea.

There's a Reason

If for any reason the love-making of Adolphe Menjou in "Service for Ladies" seems more ardent than usual, there is a reason. Said reason being that he is, to all appearances, very much smitten with Kathryn Hill, who plays the lead in that picture.

It is said that Menjou and Miss Hill are to be married, though they continue persistently to deny that they are engaged.

A Dressy Lady Crook

Evelyn Brent is reveling in her latest crook rôle. In "Underworld," she is queen of the bad men in a large city.

"I like this part not only because it is a good part, but also because I for once have a chance to wear beautiful clothes," she says. "Most of the good parts that I have had have been disappointing sartorially, because I have usually appeared in the rough clothes of the girl bandit. I don't know just why girl bandits are supposed to wear rough clothes, but they always do in pictures."

Evelyn is the only woman of importance in "Underworld." Her rôle is the best she has had since she has been with Paramount.

Antiques? Nonsense!

When is an antique not an antique?

Not long ago, Mae Murray stirred up a flurry by suing a woman for \$30,000 for alleged misrepresentation

in the sale to her of certain house furnishings. She claimed that many pieces that she had bought as genuine antiques were nothing but cheap imitations.

Her house, located on the road between Hollywood and Santa Monica, formerly belonged to Jack Donovan, who has played at various times in pictures.

The Hazards of the Movies

The first time that we ever saw Tom Mix on a set, his face was cut and bleeding. In a scene for a certain picture he had held a small wine glass in his hand while it was splintered by a shot from a revolver. This was all a part of the story, but Mix had to suffer for it.

He had to suffer again just recently, while making "The Outlaws of Red River," and he came mighty near losing his eyesight. On this occasion, his eye was peppered with powder from a blank cartridge—the revolver having been accidentally pointed in the wrong direction when the trigger was pulled.

Tom had a very mean time of it as a result, but has now recovered his vision unimpaired.

Another Engagement

There are whispers that Edna Murphy, who first won attention some years ago in "Over the Hill," will soon be wed. She has admitted her engagement to Mervyn Le Roy, a clever young gag man, who is now in the process of becoming a director. Le Roy has contributed many funny bits of comedy to Colleen Moore productions.

Who Shall Have the Child?

Come what may, Dick Barthelmess insists he won't give up his little daughter. His former wife, Mary Hay, recently married an English rubber merchant named Vivian Bath, and plans to reside in Singapore. And it has been said that she may ask Dick for the custody of little Mary Hay Barthelmess. But

Dick, when interviewed on the subject, diplomatically stated that he thought the climate of California would be better for the youngster than that of the Straits Settlements.

He is very devoted to the child.

No More Two-Reelers for Ben

Ben Turpin, hero of many wall-eyed comedies, has decided to quit two-reelers. He has done ten years of service in them with the Sennett organization, but now he is going to take a try at free-lancing. That undoubtedly means you will soon see him as comedy relief in feature-length pictures. Ben will be good, you can bet. He is a real veteran in making the world laugh.

Norma's Next Film

Just a hint has been thrown out that Norma Talmadge may appear in "The Darling of the Gods," and we cannot but feel that it would be an excellent vehicle for her.

"The Darling of the Gods" was, in its day, a very famous stage piece. Blanche Bates made a great hit in it. The play, which is laid in Japan, affords much dramatic interest.



Ivan Moskine, hero of "Michael Strogoff," wears a slave bracelet that puts all others to shame.

A Ray from Russia

Vera Voronina's gay, vibrant personality is not at all what you'd expect from "darkest Russia," but that is the land from which that charming young actress has come. This interview was had with her shortly after her arrival, while she was at work on her first American film.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE only American character in "The Whirlwind of Youth" is Russian. Because of her blond beauty and her gay and humorous air, Vera Voronina was chosen to play the rôle of the wise-cracking American girl in that film.

She had been but three weeks in this country when I met her at the Paramount studio for this interview. She greeted me cordially, smiled, and said that my coming to see her was "T'ank you, verai agree-able." Her English was limited, but she informed me that she could "spik with hands." As I am not familiar with the three languages in which she is fluent—Russian, French, and German—and as it was doubted whether the lovely white hands would prove articulate enough for the occasion, an interpreter was summoned.

With a naïve air of mystery, she led me to a quaint café that she said she had "dees-cover"—Madame Hélène's, where all the Paramount lads and lassies meet at noontime. I pretended I had never been there before, and she beamed at her own accomplishment.

I might as well tell you right off what will be evident in a few lines, anyway—I fell for her. She is utterly delightful.

She wore a slip of a green frock, and no jewels. With her head—a mass of reddish-gold ringlets—flung back, and with laughing eyes that darted back and forth from the interpreter to me, she made a naïve, girlish hostess, *sans* pose or queenly airs.

First, however, there was an important item to be attended to. Had they, please, any ice cream? It appeared that they had. This settled, she turned with a sunny smile to the business of the interview.

"Thees ize cream—I lofe eet," she said.

When I expressed surprise at finding that she was not the dark-browed, slumberous type that most of us associate with Russia, she explained that she had been born in Odessa, adding that blonds are more common in the north of Russia, brunets in the south. I did not pay much attention to the interpreter's translations. It was so much more interesting just to watch Miss Voronina, and let the rapid flow of Russian words, couched in a mellifluous voice, fall where they might.

Most interviews with foreigners are, for some reason, ponderous, stilted affairs. But this one seemed shot through with vibrant, quivering sunlight. A joyous spirit tingled in the air. Perhaps Miss Voronina's youth was responsible, for she is about twenty-three and not at all the woman of the world.

Her history weaves itself into a simple pattern. Her father was a wealthy newspaper publisher in Odessa.

"We have much moneys, but the revolution take it all away. Then we have nozzing."

Which accounted for her withdrawal from school to do some stenographic work at home, followed by a season of dancing in St. Petersburg. Then she went to Vienna, where a film director, seeing her one day on the



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Scarcely had she arrived in this country when the Russian Miss Voronina was cast as the only American character in "The Whirlwind of Youth."

street, stopped her and asked her if she would like to do some motion-picture work.

Her first picture was for the Sascha Company, then producing in the Austrian capital. The second was for a concern in Munich. Then Ufa wired a request that she come to Berlin by airplane to discuss a contract. She flew from Munich at one o'clock in the afternoon, arrived in Berlin at seven that evening, signed the contract, and flew back to Munich the next morning.

While on location in Stockholm for an Ufa film, she received a letter from Erich Pommer's assistant suggesting an American engagement, and on her return to Berlin signed with Famous Players-Lasky.

"Always I want come here. America is dream contree, but no contract mak' eet deefecul'. Contract mak' eet nize. So t'rill I am!"

Immediately upon arriving in this country, she was assigned her rôle in "The Whirlwind of Youth." Roland V. Lee's method of directing that film very much impressed her.

"So quiet ond kind. In Chermany de-rector—" Giving up the linguistic struggle, she puffed out her cheeks, frowned, scowled, chewed an imaginary cigar, and gave an eloquent bit of mimicry of an irate, expostulatory director.

Though she had been in Hollywood only a few weeks, she had already "done" the beaches, finding the amusement concessions great fun. And she had had an automobile accident, which had occurred on the very first day that she had driven forth in her new car.

"I drive in Eu-rope, but there not so many car. Here, zoom, zip, pop! Eferewhere car. You look all ways

Continued on page 105



In and Out

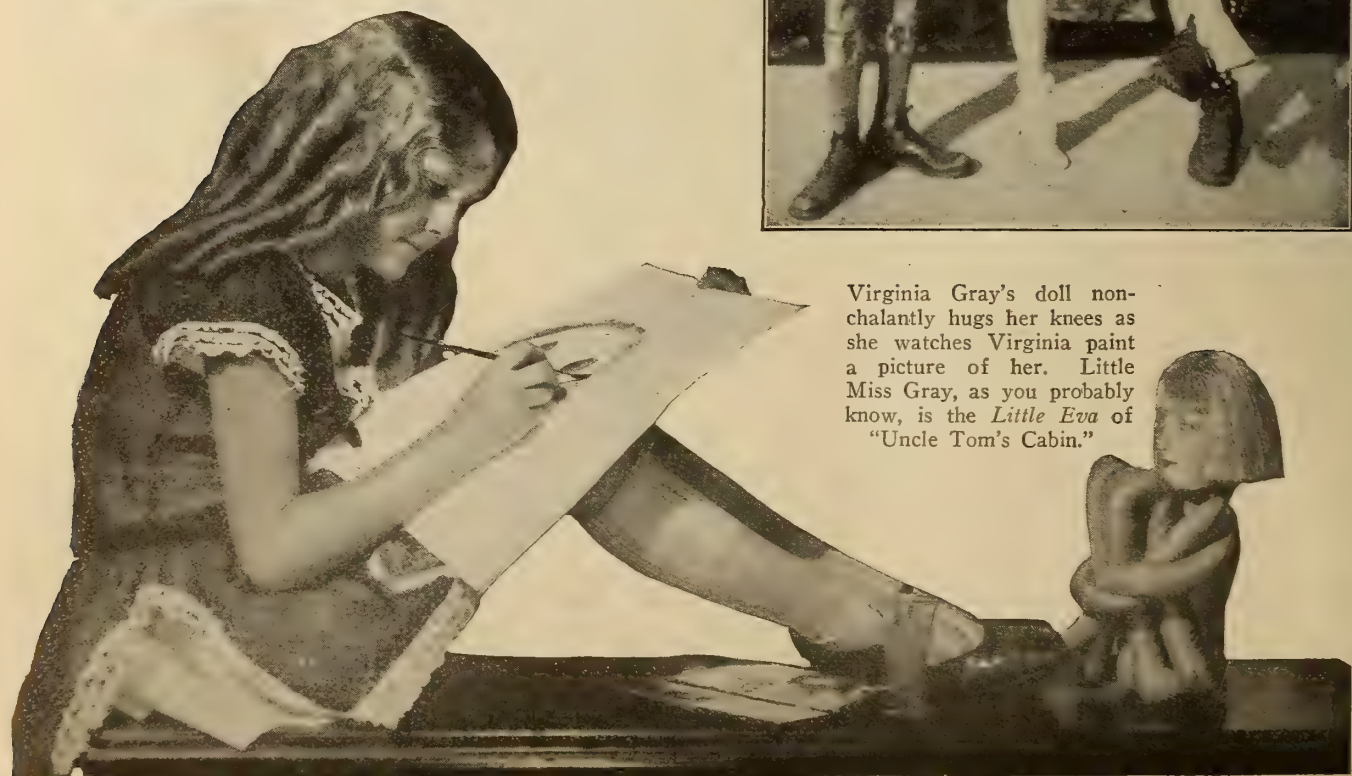
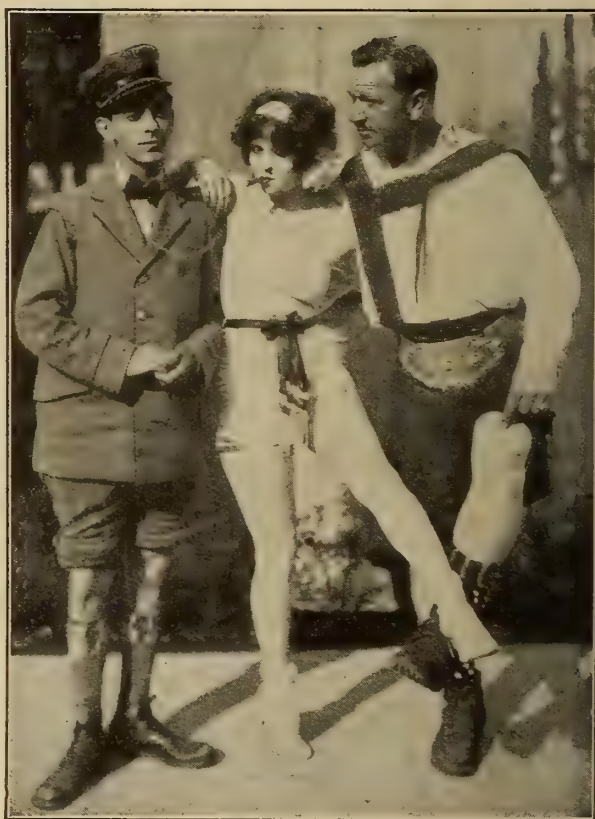
What the camera sees here and

Peeping into the Warner Baxter home, left, we find Warner presenting the well-known picture of solid comfort—with the traditional pipe, book, and easy-chair.

Over on the Paramount lot, Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow, and Wallace Beery, below, were discovered doing a hop, skip, and jump in assorted costumes—Eddie being all dressed up for his mailman rôle in "Special Delivery," Clara for "Rough House Rosie," and Wally for his Alpine rôle in "The Big Sneeze."



Out at the rifle range, Irene Rich, who has the reputation of being an expert marksman, takes her rifle in hand and proves that she really is a good shot.



Virginia Gray's doll nonchalantly hugs her knees as she watches Virginia paint a picture of her. Little Miss Gray, as you probably know, is the *Little Eva* of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

of the Studios

there round about the movie town.

"I wanna go back to the farm! I don' wanna be a movie actor!" cried Karl Dane, right, when George K. Arthur turned the hose on him one day out at the M.-G.-M. studio. Karl and George are featured as a new comedy team in "Rookies," a film of military training camps during the war.

One look at Bobby Vernon in his snappy yachting outfit, below, and you'll agree that he's really wasted in slapstick comedies. His little daughter, Barbara, and his wife think so, too.



"Look pleasant, please!" And they did, only Rocky, the wire-haired terrier, was a little doubtful about it. But Meta, the German police dog, was only too glad to show off her pure-white coat. The above picture of Joseph Schildkraut and his two pets was taken on his front step.

The latest thing, girls, is to wear your boutonnières on your slippers—*comme ça*. Be sure you buy fresh flowers and that they match your gown. Sally Blane, right, has chosen violets.



In and Out of the Studios



If you'd like to know what a movie studio looks like, just study the above picture. It's an airplane view of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, and you can see for yourself that it's no corner lot. All those big buildings in the foreground are for the indoor scenes. Beyond are the outdoor sets—medieval castles, French châteaux, Mexican barrooms, and everything else you can think of.



Left, Jimmie Adams, Educational comedian, asks Polly just what are her intentions, for you can't be too wary, says Jimmie.

Right, Virginia Roye shows what the up-to-date bathing girl is wearing—clusters of fish, no less, on her one-piece suit. Virginia is one of the fun makers at the Hal Roach studio.



And last, but far from least, we have on the left some of those merry Christie comedy girls—five of them, all in a row, looking as Scotch as they know how to.



F i l m S t r u c k

Our terrified hero, in this installment, again tries to escape from the coils of the movies, but finds himself caught like a rat in a trap.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER XIII.

DANGEROUS COMPLICATIONS ARISE.

THE realistic fisticuff exhibition was Oscar's last appearance before the camera for the afternoon, as the director now turned his attention to intimate scenes between some of the principals. The motley background crowd dispersed, scurrying back to the dormitory tent to remove costumes and grease paint.

Oscar thankfully shed his cow-puncher raiment, lathered his face with cold cream, and blossomed forth once more with rosy cheeks and youthful countenance. He noticed that Kirk was not in the tent, and gathered from bits of conversation that drifted about him that the man, after a visit to the doctor, had disappeared.

The stout, bewhiskered individual who occupied the cot on Oscar's left, and who had seemed to be a friend of Kirk's, had little to say. It was noticeable, however, that he showed Oscar a wholesome respect. In fact, all those who, prior to the day's activities, had been inclined to raillery toward Oscar, now looked upon the newcomer with profound deference and perhaps a shade of envy. Whether this was the result of his pugilistic prowess or the honor that had been bestowed upon him by DuVal, Oscar was unable to judge. Nor, for that matter, did he care.

That he was severely let alone contributed greatly to his peace of mind. And when he had scrubbed and dressed, and bought himself a cold drink at the stand, he felt in very good spirits. As he sauntered about the set, however, he gave DuVal a wide berth. He was taking no chances on being spotted, and perhaps again snared—he had had enough of picture-play acting and all the foolishness connected with it.

There were, he saw, any number of extras still loafing about in costume and make-up. Their work for the day was over; they were to be called upon for no further appearances, yet they seemed loath to part with their borrowed wardrobe or to remove their artificial complexions. Oscar, surveying them as they browsed about or stole furtive glances into their pocket mirrors, experienced a rising disgust and contempt. Like a bunch of peacocks, he thought.

As is usual when a great set is thrown up on location, a crowd of curious onlookers had been attracted from the surrounding country. To those to whom the art of picture making is steeped in mystery, the chance to see a movie actually being filmed, and to brush elbows

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Oscar Whiffle is the good-looking young chef of the Rosebud delicatessen in La Belle, Iowa. His eventual marriage to Gladys Padgett seems certain, though they disagree on one subject—the movies. She is a rabid fan, but Oscar scoffs at her enthusiasm.

Lester Lavender, famous screen lover, makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Gladys' infatuation for him leads to a quarrel between her and Oscar. Later the same night, Oscar, coming upon Gladys and Lester in the park, pitches into Lester and knocks him cold. Thinking he has killed the star, he flees, boarding a train for the West.

Alighting at a small station in the midst of the Arizona desert just as a troupe of movie people is deposited by a train from California, he is swept along with them without knowing who they are. Only when they reach the location camp does he become aware that he has stumbled onto the very thing he hates most—the movies!

One girl in the troupe, Penelope Hope, known as Penny, makes a friend of him, discovers he is there by accident, and urges him to bluff it out. But Oscar is determined to flee, until he wakes in the morning, discovers that his wallet has been stolen, and realizes to his horror that he will have to stay.

Given, by a fluke, the name Oscar Watt, and hustled onto the set with the rest of the extras, he is singled out by the director, the great DuVal, to do a bit. Terrified, he bungles it. But the irate DuVal, instead of firing him, suddenly decides to experiment with this "lump of clay." Oscar is used in a fight scene with the man, Kirk, who he suspects has stolen his wallet, and in his wrath makes it so realistic that DuVal is elated over the future possibilities of his "discovery." But Oscar, having recovered his wallet during the fight, again makes plans to flee.

with the actors and actresses, is something not to be missed.

So now, groups of curious spectators, riding in from points beyond the horizon, had gathered upon the side lines of the camp to stare at those in grease paint, to make audible and sometimes uncomplimentary remarks, and to ask innumerable questions. DuVal's vigilant staff attempted to shoo them away, but without success.

It occurred to Oscar that some of these outsiders must hail from Sapphire, and that they could give him instructions as to how to reach that town. He approached a knot of sun-scorched, spellbound individuals, who appeared as though they had ridden far, and put some questions to them. He learned, promptly enough, that Sapphire was three miles west, just beyond the queer, row of painted buttes. It was a considerable town, according to these citizens—up and coming—off the railroad, perhaps, but smack on the automobile trail that led toward California. And giving ear to all that was told him, Oscar felt prompted to visit the spot.

During this conversation, which became more eloquent on the part of the natives when it was learned that Sapphire might soon enter-

tain a visitor connected with the cinema industry, a newcomer joined the group. He was tall and gaunt and sunburned. He had stepped, a moment before, from a decrepit, boiling flivver, which he had left parked at the far end of the street.

He stared long and hard at Oscar, blinked several times, and wound up by thumping the alleged Mr. Watt squarely between the shoulders.

"Blamed if it ain't Oscar Whiffle!" he cried. "What in thunder you doin' out here?"

Oscar, considerably startled by the voice and attack, found himself looking into a familiar countenance. It belonged, he realized instantly, to Amos Hortle, and Amos had once called La Belle his home town. In truth, it had been through Mr. Hortle's letters home that Oscar had learned of Sapphire and turned his fugitive footsteps toward the vast open spaces.

"Why, hello," he greeted, while Amos wrung his limp hand.

"You haven't changed a dog-gone bit, Oscar," Hortle ran on enthusiastically. "As handsome as ever, I'll say. How'd you leave all the girls back in La Belle? Always had a hunch you'd be comin' out to a real country before long. See here," he added, "don't tell me you're in the movin' pictures!"

"V-very slightly," Oscar stammered, confused. "It's just—just temporary, I mean."

"The dickens!" Hortle stared admiringly at his old friend. "Well, I might have figured something like that," he resumed. "You got the looks and everything. You had too much get-up and gumption to stay buried in Iowa. How you makin' out?"

Oscar made some feeble response. Face to face with a former home-towner, he was gripped with panic. Amos was calling him by name, shouting about La Belle, attracting the attention of the bystanders. This would never do.

Somehow, in selecting Sapphire as his destination, it had not occurred to him that he would actually meet Hortle. That emergency had not

moment, a knowing grin curved his lips. "Oh, I get you. You want to hand 'em all a big wallop, eh? You'll keep your whereabouts dark until the folks see you cavortin' in a picture?"

"Yes—that's it," Oscar agreed, thankful for the alibi.

"All right, then. I won't give you away," Amos assured him. "I'm sure tickled to find you, though, Oscar. How long you expect to be around these parts? You must come over and see Sapphire. Greatest little town in the West, and I've looked 'em all over. Hotel, picture show, parks, electric lights, and runnin' water. Yes, sir—an up-and-coming place.

"I'm considerable noise in the town myself," Hortle admitted, after his Rotarian ramble. "I'm councilman, chief of police, and High Supreme King of our local order of Yaw-hoos. I'm runnin' a store, too—best in the county. Makin' money. Of course, I don't suppose you'd be interested, now that the movies have got you, but just the same, if you ever get tired picture actin', I'd like to see you set up in business next door to me. I know your abilities, Oscar, and believe me, a

place like the old Rosebud, with you dishin' up the grub, is just about what Sapphire could use. You



The outraged animal squealed, rose up on all four feet, and descended stiff-legged with a jolt that snapped Oscar's neck and threatened to shake loose every tooth in his head.

dawned upon him at all, and now that the emergency had unexpectedly arisen, Oscar sensed his peril.

Probably, he figured, Amos had not yet heard the news from La Belle—the report of the trouble there and his own significant disappearance—but he no doubt soon would hear. Letters would soon be exchanged, and the whole miserable truth exposed.

He saw readily enough that Sapphire, as a possible haven of refuge, must be abandoned. Moreover, he must at once get the loquacious Amos off to one side, and prevent him from clarioning too much information.

He managed, without making his purpose too obvious, to lead Hortle gently away, to a spot where their conversation would not fall upon listening ears. Amos was full of questions. They deluged Oscar, but he succeeded in answering most of them without appearing too evasive. It was ticklish business, however, and once or twice he thought his companion eyed him rather suspiciously.

When Amos learned that no one in La Belle knew where Oscar was, he chuckled. "It'll sure give the home-town bunch a kick when I write 'em the news," he declared.

"I—I wish you wouldn't do that," Oscar protested quickly. "I don't want them to know I'm out here."

"You don't?" Hortle repeated, surprised. But in a

could clean up a fortune in no time. Say, it makes my mouth water to think of the stuff you used to cook and serve us. Gosh, man! The real eats! I'd part with a lot to sink my teeth into one of your pies again, and tickle my tonsils with a mug of your special brand of Java!"

Oscar's heart shriveled, and sank to rock bottom. Hortle's paeans of praise and his boundless enthusiasm over the business possibilities of his adopted town, were as dirges to the former Rosebud chef—sackcloth and ashes upon his head. What a glorious opportunity to have to pass up! The very thing he had longed for and planned to do. Happiness and prosperity within reach, yet he dared not stretch forth his hand to accept them.

He knew Amos only too well. The man was quick to promise, but as sure as sunrise he would be writing back home of having seen him. And worse yet, the La Belle folks would be writing to Amos, their letters brimming over with reports of the Lester Lavender calamity. Perhaps, even now, letters were on the way. And Amos was chief of police!

"I had thought some of my old business," Oscar confessed miserably, endeavoring to keep his voice normal, to assume a casual tone. "But of course—er—circumstances have come up and—"

"Sure, I understand," Hortle broke in. "Gettin' in

the pictures is bound to change things. I suppose you can make more in a week by actin' than you could in a couple of months back of a counter. I don't blame you none, Oscar. No, sir-ee. You've got looks and talent, as I said before, and you ought to make 'em pay dividends. Like the work, do you?"

"It—it's interesting," Oscar forced himself to say. He must pretend, or Amos would wonder why he should turn down the Sapphire opportunity.

"I'll bet it is," Hortle declared. "Something new all the time, ain't it? Well, just keep in mind what I've been sayin', Oscar. You never know what'll happen. Guess I'll have to be runnin' on," he added, with a glance at his watch. "Come by this way to see what was happenin'. I'll slip around again in a day or so, and I'll expect you to come in town with me. You can arrange it, can't you?"

"Why, yes—I think so. Some afternoon, maybe. And—and before I forget it, Amos," Oscar went on to explain, to ward off a possible disaster in case they should meet again, "I'm known here as Oscar Watt."

Just remember that in case I'm not around."

"Watt?" echoed Hortle. "Say, that's a funny one. Watt! Sort of an actin' title, is it? I never could understand why a fellow has to change his name as soon as he begins to paint his face. That sort of nonsense ought to be left for crooks—them that wants to stay under cover."

Oscar quaked inwardly, but made himself smile. What had induced Amos to bring up the subject of crooks?

"I—I suppose you find lots of men out in this region traveling under false names, don't you?" he queried, in as calm a tone as he could muster.

"We-ell, yes. But they don't stay around *our* town long," Hortle boasted. "I can smell 'em out. I've nabbed a lot of crooks—bad ones, too. Pulled down a few rewards." He flipped back his coat to display a huge revolver on his hip and a star pinned to his suspenders, then grinned at the strained expression that crossed Oscar's face.

"Better behave yourself around here," he twitted. "I'll have you in the lock-up if you don't." He laughed. "Well, so long. See you to-morrow or next day. If there's anything you want, just send me word."

Oscar murmured that he would be only too pleased to see him again, or call upon him if necessity demanded, which were both bare-faced lies. And at the same time he made up his mind to several things—the outstanding decision being to arrange for an early departure from the vicinity of Sapphire.

With dismal eyes he watched the garrulous chief of police climb into his flivver and drive off. Even after

it was some distance away, the engine could still be heard setting up a terrific protest. There seemed to be no road, but the car plowed valiantly through the sand and in time vanished, swallowed in the shimmering heat waves that danced between land and sky.

Thoughts of escape, of getting far beyond sight and reach of those who knew him, particularly Amos and



his vested authority, filled Oscar's anguished mind. He must vanish before to-morrow's sun. Word about him from La Belle might reach Hortle at any moment.

The Sapphire police chief might prove a loyal friend and lend a sympathetic ear, but he was an officer, sworn to uphold the law without fear or favor, and when he learned that Oscar Whiffle, alias Watt, was a fugitive from justice with a probable price on his head, there could be but one thing to expect—immediate arrest and the inevitable consequences.

In a vague sort of way, Oscar recalled the location

of the railroad station. He would walk there to-night, and wait for the first westbound train, passenger or otherwise—it mattered little.

The afternoon was nearly spent, and as he wandered aimlessly about the set, with little to do until nightfall, Oscar saw that DuVal and his principals had ceased their labors. The director, his staff of yes-men, and the players were heading toward their quarters. He made a wide detour to avoid being seen, and ran headlong into Penny. She was still in make-up, looked tired, but greeted him cheerily as usual.

"Lordy, I'm weary!" she exclaimed. "Got by safely, though. DuVal even complimented me. I'm getting to be in *your* class, Oscar," she added. "Nothing to do till to-morrow now. Don't you think we ought to celebrate? Some of the crowd are going into town this evening. A good picture on, I hear. Shall we go? We've a bus at our disposal."

Oscar hesitated, but only for an instant. "What town is it?"

"Sapphire. It isn't far."

"Sure—I'll go along." The bus, he figured, would spare him a long walk, and by leaving with the crowd, he would avoid suspicion. Once in Sapphire, it would be a simple matter to disappear.

He would have to leave his baggage behind, but that didn't matter. In desperate cases, desperate measures must be resorted to. Still, he had his money again—that was a comfort.

"I suppose we'll be leaving right after dinner," Penny told him, and darted off.

Looking after the girl, he experienced an unmistakable pang of regret. In a few hours he would be saying good-by to her, parting with her forever. He felt, somehow, as though he had known Penny for years, instead of twenty-four hours. It would be a wrench leaving her without a word of explanation. He wondered what she would think, or do—and whether their paths would ever cross again.

Oh, well, that was life—his life, at any rate, he reflected bitterly. Never again to know happiness or peace of mind—nothing but eternal flight. Exactly like a hunted creature.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOILED AGAIN!

The lumbering bus that left the Super-Apex location after dinner that evening carried a gay, chattering crowd, destined to sample the night life of Sapphire. Oscar was among the number, but he remained dumb, preoccupied. He found it impossible to join in the quips and jests of his carefree companions, found himself regarding them enviously. How fortunate they were! No dread fear gnawing at their hearts, no danger lurking just around the corner. Not even Penny, cheerful and animated as usual, could stir Oscar into conversation, though he endeavored to show interest in what was being said.

The bus jolted and labored across the limitless expanse of sand, its radiator pointed toward the painted buttes, bathed in the lingering afterglow of sunset. The world round about was vibrant with color—amber and pearl and topaz, through which gold dust seemed to be filtering. The air was perceptibly cooler.

The winking lights of Sapphire blazed a welcome to the visitors as they were carried along the main street of the town. The crowd deserted the bus at the door of the picture theater, and all thronged in. Why these film people should, in their idle hours, choose for pleasure to sit through many reels of unwinding celluloid, puzzled Oscar.

Instead of following their companions into the theater, he and Penny strolled along the street. The town itself was rather attractive, clean and up-to-date—and, at that hour, lively. An imposing array of cars was parked on each side of the street; the sidewalks were thronged; the stores were open and apparently busy.

Oscar found himself thinking that, with an established business, he could settle down here and be very comfortable, and content. There seemed to him to be something warm and friendly about the people he saw, and in the voices that reached him. But, of course, none of this was for him, and he resolutely put from his mind all thoughts of staying.

Presently, a big, shining car swept past.

"There's DuVal and his bunch," Penny announced. "Going to take in the show."

"That's some automobile," said Oscar, more interested in the machine than in its regal occupants. "I'd like to have it."

"You'll have a better one pretty soon," the girl predicted. "I hope you give me a ride in it."

Oscar smiled wanly. "You're dreaming," he told her.

"I couldn't dream anything bigger or more impossible than's already happened," she returned, spiritedly. "Look what's happened in one day! Think what's bound to happen in the next hundred days! Why, you're sitting on top of the world, Oscar."

On top of the world! If Penny only knew the truth—Oscar walked on without response, miserable in heart and body.

"There's something stirring in our camp," Penny declared presently. "There's been a row with Gerald Hobart, who was cast for the lead in the picture we're doing. I wondered why he wasn't on hand when we started shooting to-day. I understand he's quit—left DuVal flat—so that'll mean a new lead."

But Oscar wasn't even mildly interested. DuVal, the Super-Apex, and leading men that came and went, meant nothing to him. Just at the moment he was wondering how he was to manage his parting with Penny. They were bound now for the theater, but he saw he would have difficulty in making a get-away once they were inside.

Presently a plan occurred to him. "I wonder if you'd mind going into the show alone?" he suggested. "I—I met a friend to-day who lives here and I'd like to see him a few minutes while I'm in town."

The girl pouted. "Is it necessary—to-night?"

"I sort of promised him I'd call," Oscar said. So long as he was falsifying, he might as well make it sound logical, build up an argument.

Penny subjected him to a disapproving look. He flushed, but he did not back down. Necessity lent him strength.

"I won't be long," he promised. "Not more than five or ten minutes."

"Oh, all right," she answered, in a resigned tone. "I'll be sitting in back somewhere. Don't be late."

She turned away and walked off. He watched as she disappeared into the lobby, his heart stricken, a lump in his throat. And not once, he noticed, did she look back. So this, it rushed upon him, was good-by.

"Oh, Penny!" he called, weakening a little, almost tempted to run after her. But his voice was husky, and carried not at all. Already the girl had vanished.

Of course she didn't know, couldn't even suspect that it was good-by. It was cruel, perhaps, but it was the best way. It was done and over with—nothing now but memories. He turned and strode along the street, fighting back the loneliness that overwhelmed him.

Lucky Days for Larry Gray

Larry Gray *thinks* he had a "struggle" getting ahead, but he doesn't really know what struggle means, says the interviewer. Luck has been with this handsome young actor from the very beginning, and is still hot on his heels.

By Alma Talley

THESE are lucky days for Larry Gray, who has won out in the race for screen success almost at a walk. Oh, he *thinks* he had his troubles getting ahead, but he doesn't know what trouble is, really. He never knew the traditional years and years of struggle, of heart-breaking efforts to get extra work, of living in hall bedrooms, worrying about the next meal, and brushing up the old frayed suit to make it sufficiently presentable to be seen on the screen. *That* is what a struggle means, and almost any actor can tell you all about it from experience.

But Larry's struggle! Oh, yes, he had had one, he insisted, when I commented on the easy progress of his career. Yes, indeed, he had—he had played extra rôles for six whole months, he said. Six months! If *that* could be called a struggle!

Larry didn't really want to be an actor, anyhow—he wanted to be *of* the movies, but not *in* them. His acting career began when he lost his job in the business department of the Famous Players West-Coast studio. This young man from San Francisco and Santa Barbara had been a "unit manager" at that studio. Paramount was making an experiment at that time of putting an overseer over each production, whose job it was to check up on each day's work, see that production was progressing fast enough, be sure that all the next day's sets and props and costumes were in readiness, and try to eliminate wasted effort in the making of the picture. Larry was one of those overseers. But the experiment didn't work.

"For instance," Larry explained to me, "I had charge for a while of a George Fitzmaurice unit. Now how do you suppose that I could have gone up to a big director like Fitzmaurice, making from three to five thousand a week perhaps, and say, 'Why aren't you getting this picture done faster?' How many directors would take that sort of thing from a young cub making a hundred a week? Obviously, the idea was not practicable, so it had to be abandoned, and all the unit managers, including myself, lost their jobs. A few of them were given something else to do with the company. But I was let out—cold."

"The movie business gets into your blood, somehow—once in it, you can't bear to leave it. And the motion-picture atmosphere had 'got' me—though it was my idea to work up in the business or scenario end of the game, rather than before the camera. However, I was willing to take anything. A friend of mine tried to get me parts in pictures, but none of the directors would have me. Finally, I came to New York, to see what I could get there."

Well, he couldn't get anything in New York, either, except odd bits of extra work now and then. And he was very broke. These were the months when he had his "struggle," but certainly six months is almost no



Larry didn't really want to be an actor—he wanted to write. He has, in fact, just written a photoplay, which Paramount may produce.

struggle at all. He was still trying to get work in the writing or business department of some film company, but with no success whatever.

At last, he decided the best thing he could do was to go back home, as soon as he could save enough money. So he finally arrived back in San Francisco, and discussed matters with his parents.

"I don't know whether I'd ever be any good as an actor or not," he told them—for that matter, he says he doesn't know yet!—"but it's worth a trial."

Apparently, there were not the usual parental objections, so Larry made his way once more to Hollywood, and hung around the studios waiting for a chance. He got extra work now and then, including a few days in a Paul Bern picture. He became acquainted with Paul Bern.

"Will you give me something to do in your next picture?" Larry asked him. Mr. Bern said he would.

"But I'm not making anything else for four or five weeks," he added. "Don't let me forget in the meantime."

Well, hardly! thought Larry. He [Continued on page 109]



William Haines, with Sally O'Neil, in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," throws new and humorous light upon the subject of baseball.

IF baseball is in any need of popularization, "Slide, Kelly, Slide" certainly does it. A more amusing, lively, and entertaining picture built around the national game isn't possible. Nor could a more appropriate cast have been gathered together. Ever since "Brown of Harvard," William Haines has been in the forefront of the straight comedians, and as *Jim Kelly*, he goes pretty near the head of the class in a rôle that permits him to display his own individual brand of engaging impudence and naïve sentiment to a degree hard to resist.

Jim Kelly begins as a small-town ball player, who is discovered by *Cliff Macklin*, manager of the Yankees, and brought on to join the team. He is a braggart, a show-off, a wise-cracker, who would be obnoxious were it not for the skill of Mr. Haines in making you tolerant of *Jim's* failings. He patronizes the veteran players, side-steps *Macklin's* orders, and makes love to *Mary Munson* despite the disapproval of her father, an old pitcher. In the end, *Jim* comes through all right, both as a star of the diamond, and a much-chastened and subdued young man. This is brought about gradually and by means of so much good acting on the part of all concerned, that the criticism of the presence of a great deal of hokum isn't a fair one, because the general result is genuinely satisfying.

Junior Coghlan, the boy actor, is used as an excuse for most of the sentimentality, for his rôle is that of the child who convinces *Jim* of the error of his ways. As a waif who becomes the mascot of the company, and takes an active part in *Jim's* affairs, the boy has the best rôle that has yet come his way, and discharges his duties splendidly.

Harry Carey is *Munson*, the old pitcher who is humiliated and put upon by *Jim*, and Warner Richmond is the manager, while Karl Dane is "Swede" *Hansen*. Each is perfect. Sally O'Neil, who has the feminine

The Screen

A critical survey of the deavor is made to guide

By Norbert

interest her own way, because she is the only girl in the picture, meets, I suppose, the popular demand for adolescent love interest.

Ladies' Day.

Heed friendly counsel and don't miss Esther Ralston in "Fashions for Women." It's sheer pleasure, gay, light, and very beautiful. More than that, Miss Ralston is a delirium of loveliness. Frankly, I don't quite know what that is, but it indicates excessive admiration; and Miss Ralston is more than welcome to my utmost.

The picture is the first effort of a new director, Dorothy Arzner, and judging from her success in bringing out Miss Ralston to the effulgence of an American Beauty rose, I suggest that she make the rounds of all the studios and animate and vitalize some of the hollyhocks and wallflowers.

Miss Ralston has always been lovely to look upon, but in this film her beauty is enhanced by moods and dresses and a story that becomes her, as well as naïve and endearing comedy that almost causes you to cry out for her to stop, lest the thought of her wasted

efforts in past pictures become too much to bear! If all this comes from supplying the "woman's touch," then Dorothy Arzner has certainly a lot to be thanked for.

"Fashions for Women" belongs to the category of French farce, and it affords the star a dual rôle, that of *Celeste de Givray*, the best-dressed woman in Paris, and *Lola Dauvry*, a cigarette girl who takes her place as a *mannequin* while *Celeste* absents herself from the haunts of fashion in order to reappear at the critical moment and denounce *Lola* as an impostor. All this is the scheme of *Sam Dupont*, *Celeste's* press agent, drolly played by the accomplished Raymond Hatton. Of course, his plot goes awry, with all manner of amusing and surprising complications. Einar Hanson is highly effective as *Raoul de Bercy*, an ace of the air, who is pressed into service as *Celeste's* aërial chauffeur, and who never suspects that the grandiose *Celeste* is the cigarette girl who has adored him in silence.

The only film fashion show worthy of the name occurs in this picture which, as you may have guessed by now, has distinction written all over it. And distinction is the rarest of all qualities found in pictures, or in the people who appear in them.

Mr. Dix in a Wow.

Richard Dix's best picture in years is "Knock-out Reilly." Furthermore, it is the most logical, entertaining, and exciting fight film ever produced. That's enough to explain why it should be seen by the average moviegoer; it won't be passed up by the Dix fans, anyway.

Dundee Reilly, a steel riveter, calls himself a torch expert on his visiting cards. He knows nothing about pugilism, and cares less; yet he manages, by a happy chance, to knock out "Killer" *Agerra*, the heavyweight champion. This is accomplished quite naturally, when

in Review

latest pictures, in which en-
you to the entertaining ones.

Lusk

Reilly surprises *Agerra* in the act of forcing his attentions upon *Mary Malone*. Thereafter, *Agerra* vows to "get" *Reilly*, and against his will the latter is forced to become a professional pugilist. On the eve of his big battle with *Agerra*, *Reilly* is framed by the champion and sent to prison. On his release, he gets his chance to fight *Agerra*, and the result is the most thrilling bout with gloves the screen has ever seen, because it has all the authentic details.

It doesn't matter whether you like contests in the roped arena or not; you are sure to like this, and be carried out of yourself by it. The bare plot sounds simple, and it is. But it is human and is enlivened by humor which bespeaks complete understanding of the subject and the people by Malcolm St. Clair, the director.

The star gives a fine, legitimate performance. He is always in character. The same may be said of every member of the cast, which includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, as *Agerra*, and Mary Brian, as the girl. See this film by all means.

The Sorrows of Society.

As if to make up for the lack of plot in most pictures, "Children of Divorce" has enough for ten ordinary films, as well as a cast of the kind commonly called brilliant, to say nothing of beautiful settings and costumes, and an atmosphere of untold riches. It is going to be popular, even though Clara Bow commits suicide in the last reel.

She and Esther Ralston meet as children in a French convent, where their rich, divorced parents have placed them, and there they meet Gary Cooper as a boy. Years later, in New York, they are all members of the same set, Clara a gay flapper, Esther Ralston her quiet, steadfast friend, and Gary Cooper a rich "catch." The marriage of Miss Ralston and Mr. Cooper is a foregone conclusion, but Clara has no such happy future. She is obliged to reject *Prince Budovico*, whom she loves, because he is poor, and in a devil-may-care moment she threatens to annex Mr. Cooper unless Miss Ralston marries him quickly. And she does just that—as the result of a wild party.

Another lapse brings the characters to Paris, Miss Ralston single and unhappy, Miss Bow married and unhappy, and Mr. Cooper likewise. Even the prince is unhappy. So, if you know your plots, you can scent impending events which must, even though rather mechanically, bring a ray of happiness into the lives of this quartet. This very condition comes about by the eventual pairing off of Miss Ralston and Mr. Cooper—but not before a great deal has happened to justify some very good acting on the part of all concerned.

In fact, striking performances are the rule. Miss Bow, sounding a deeper note than usual, is always interesting; and Miss Ralston, ideally cast, is lovely enough to take your breath away, as she did mine. Gary Cooper's strong individuality, no less than his admirable acting, makes him a leading man second to



Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro, in "Lovers," are brought together by gossip, instead of being separated by it.

none, and Einar Hanson, with little to do, Edward Martindel, Hedda Hopper, and Norman Trevor are excellent. The children—Joyce Coad, Yvonne Pelletier, and Don Marion—are real artists.

Novarro Fans Please Note.

Glad as Ramon Novarro's fans will be to see him again, I fear they will take exception—as I do—to his first picture since "Ben-Hur." "Lovers" is unimportant, almost inconsequential, and quite without distinction as a production, though it must be said at the outset—and it can't be said too quickly—that Novarro's performance is excellent, and he has been photographed in a manner to make romantic pulses quicken. If your mood is philosophical you will agree that half a loaf is better than none, but there is no reason why Novarro should be given less than a whole one.

Modern Spain is the locale of the new picture, but little of the color and glamour of that country are included in the production, which is confined to interiors. Except for the sideburns cultivated by almost every masculine member of the cast, the story might almost be thought to be transpiring in Scandinavia.

"Lovers" purports to show the danger and cruelty of malicious gossip in linking the name of *Ernesto* with that of *Felicia*, the wife of *Don Julian*, whose ward *Ernesto* is. *Don Julian* scoffs at the gossip, but as it gains strength, his belief in the two wavers, and ultimately he fights a duel and is killed—all because of gossip—and *Ernesto* and *Felicia* are united in sympathy and, eventually, in love.

All this is paced slowly, but without the subtlety to justify it, and it seems to me the direction is wholly routine. Alice Terry is a matronly *Felicia* and George K. Arthur is briefly seen. Edward Martindel and John Miljan give expert performances.

In the Jungles of Siam.

The best animal picture ever produced is called "Chang." Only it is so much more than any other animal picture, however fine, that it is unfair to catalogue it as



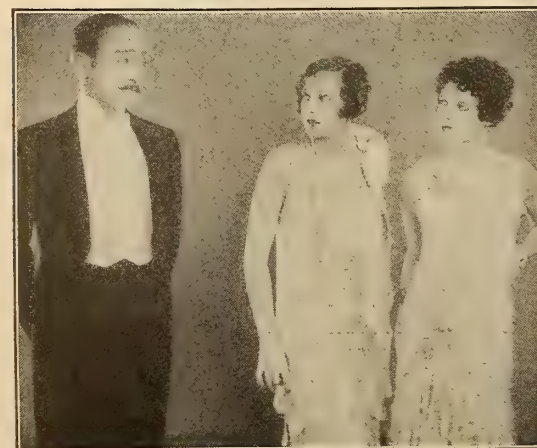
"The Yankee Clipper."



"Long Pants."



"Fashions for Women."



"Evening Clothes."

such. It has novelty, suspense, and amazing thrills, together with incredible beauty. You will not wonder at the latter when you realize that it was photographed, every foot of it, in the jungles of Siam, where the undergrowth seems to have gained in richness and density with the ages.

"Chang" has no story, in the sense that stories are put together in studios, but nevertheless it unfolds a narrative more gripping than most plots, because it shows the struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the jungle and the desperate animals which inhabit it. The struggle of these simple, fearless people to eke out a frugal livelihood in the midst of the primitive wilds is fascinating, absorbing. And the efforts of the animals to remain in undisputed possession of the jungle bring about the thrills as realistically as if you and I were there, matching our wits against their brute force.

"Chang" is a memorable picture, and a wonderful white monkey—nameless, probably never to be seen again—gives a "performance" that covers the range of primary emotions with uncanny completeness.

A Village Innocent.

Harry Langdon will break your heart in "Long Pants," to the tune of laughter and chuckles; but he will break it just the same—if you are past the age of discretion.

Every man who has worshiped a goddess from afar will find in the awkward shyness of Langdon's *Boy*—in his first long pants—an echo of that time long ago when he made a fool of himself over a lady, remote and touched with the glamour of another world. It may have been the leading lady of the stock company, the college widow, or just a girl from the nearest big city; but it is safe to say that every man will remember her, whoever she may have been, and see something of himself in *The Boy*.

In this picture the unattainable lady is a haughty crook whose magnificent car pauses on a country road, while *The Boy* circles round and round on his bicycle, doing tricks to win a smile. Her kiss changes his feelings for his village sweetheart, and he goes to the city to rescue *The Vamp* from jail, where she languishes for her misdemeanors. In typical, wide-eyed Langdon innocence he lends himself to *The Vamp's* machinations, and only when he learns, with incredulous surprise, that she is not a princess out of a fairy tale, does he return home, sadder but only slightly wiser.

This slight tale, employing only three sequences, is embellished with all manner of byplay and gags, which bring it to the length required of a feature. Whether it is as funny as "The Strong Man," I cannot say, but it seems not to matter, so long as, underlying the laughs, is the pathos of loneliness and through it run the fever and futility of adolescence.

Alma Bennett is highly effective as *The Vamp*, and so is Priscilla Bonner as the deserted bride, while Albert Roscoe and Gladys Brockwell are *The Boy's* parents.

Manhattan Madness.

"Wolf's Clothing" conceals no sheep, for it is about the liveliest bit of madness imaginable. Monte Blue is *Barry Baline*, a subway guard, who finds himself with a holiday on New Year's Eve. He sets out to spend it in a way that he hopes will bring romance to him, but is knocked down by an automobile, is taken to a lonely spot by the occupant of the car, an escaped lunatic, and given his clothing and the key to the madman's room in a New York hotel. *Barry*, with, apparently, a world of riches and romance spread before him, proceeds to enjoy it. His adventures exceed the limit of probability, but they are always diverting, and at times genuinely thrilling. Patsy Ruth Miller, almost unrecognizable in a blond wig, crosses his path as a society debutante, also in quest of sentimental adventure, and the two are swirled through as rapid a set of screen doings as you have seen in a long time.

"Wolf's Clothing" is not the sort of film to analyze and dissect, but it is most assuredly entertaining from start to finish, and the best thing either star has done in a long, long time. John Miljan gives an inspired performance as the lunatic at large. By all means put this on your list.

Baseball in the '90s.

Some of the class may wax uproarious over Wallace Beery in "Casey at the Bat," and some of you won't, particularly those who look for something more amusing than the sight of a man, about to lose his trousers, who rushes into a kitchen and sits upon a slab of limburger. This is an occurrence early in the picture, and it is only fair to state that it doesn't happen again, but it does establish the vein in which "Casey at the Bat" was conceived.

Casey, the junkman of Centerville back in the '90s, is coaxed to leave the village and join the Giants in New York at six hundred dollars a week. He doesn't know what it's all about, but goes to the city and steps wide and handsome. There is a baseball scandal later on, and every one thinks that Casey threw the game by striking out, but this is cleared up, as you can guess, and Casey becomes a hero.

He has remained a hero all along to Camille, the milliner back home, who is far lovelier than the hats she makes. The rôle is created by Zasu Pitts, who grows and grows in artistry with each new picture. But even she cannot make plausible the pairing of Camille with the oaf of a junkman. For the milliner is a lady who would have sought "refinement" in her gentlemen friends above all the virtues.

Do Mothers Matter?

Honor thy mother-in-law is the moral of "The Fourth Commandment." If you doubt the wisdom of such advice, just see the picture and you will become acquainted with all the dire consequences of crossing a mother-in-law in her love for her offspring.

"The Fourth Commandment" is a grand-stand play for hokum. Judged by this standard, it is very good indeed. It has Mary Carr and Belle Bennett to keep the tears rolling. Also, it has a complicated story, spanning three generations, beginning with Belle Bennett as a young girl who marries the son of Mary Carr, and who comes to rue the day she permitted her mother-in-law to live with them. Not that Mary Carr is a nagger. Far from it—she holds the love of her son by sweetness alone, and weans her little grandson from his mother by this same sweetness. Years later, Belle Bennett, herself a mother-in-law now, is so sweet to her son that his wife calls him "an apple-faced yam," and beats him up. Notwithstanding all this unmannerly behavior, the picture ends happily for everybody, and the two mothers-in-law are united in realizing that it doesn't pay to be too sweet.

While every one acts to beat the band, their skill is made to serve an end, and Robert Agnew, as Belle Bennett's son, contrives somehow to be natural.

No Hero to His Valet.

Beyond being her bright young self, Colleen Moore hasn't a fair chance in "Orchids and Ermine." The plot could be written on a postage stamp, with a wide margin, and her characterization of Pink Watson, a switchboard operator, is not unusual enough to carry a picture with little or no story. It is all very expensively and thoroughly done—swell sets, high-priced actors, flossy clothes—but the result is just so much fluff, and not funny fluff at that. Miss Moore's remarkable success in the past with sequences in pantomime might just as well never have been achieved, because she is given no opportunity in this film to add to it. She presents the sad sight of an artist wasting her time on a rôle that almost any one could play.

What must be called the story, for lack of a better word, consists of the arrival at Pink's hotel of a young man who has fallen heir to a fortune. The heir changes places with his valet—oh, what a fertile imagination seized upon that chestnut!—but after he has married Colleen no one will believe he is other than the valet. And he goes to jail because he is, apparently, too dumb to prove his identity. This rôle is played by Jack Mulhall, whose characterization of the man from Oklahoma consists of English clothing and a pince-nez. Sam Hardy is the valet, and Gwen Lee gets her first big chance as Pink's gold-digger friend. She makes the most of it.



"Casey at the Bat."



"Orchids and Ermine."



"All Aboard."



"The Demi-Bride."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeater, younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Affair of the Follies, An"—First National. Film of a dancer who is sought by a rich man, but marries a poor clerk, with ensuing quarrels and misunderstandings. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, and Lewis Stone.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, acrobatic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Blonde Saint, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in an entertaining film of a cynical author who abducts a lady to Sicily and meets with plenty of melodrama.

"Canadian, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan is a man of the soil in his best rôle in some time. Slow-moving but interesting film of gingham dresses and khaki shirts.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor. Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Corporal Kate"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, an Irish and a Jewish manicurist, join the war as entertainers. Comedy and tragedy mixed.

"Eagle of the Sea, The"—Paramount. Ricardo Cortez as a gallant pirate in a picturesque costume film laid in New

Orleans in 1815. Florence Vidor is the lovely rescued heroine.

"Everybody's Acting"—Paramount. Pleasant story of the romance between a young actress and a wealthy young man whose mother opposes the match. Betty Bronson and Lawrence Gray.

"Flaming Forest, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Stirring story of the Mounted Police in the lawless western Canada of 1850. Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree.

"Flesh and the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson in a striking film of two lifelong friends who are incited against each other by a scheming, unscrupulous siren.

"For Wives Only"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a giddy light comedy of a young Viennese wife who skates on thin ice. Victor Varconi is the husband.

"Getting Gertie's Garter"—Producers Distributing. Slim but harmless farce, featuring Marie Prevost's frantic efforts to return to Charles Ray the bejeweled garter he gave her before he became engaged to another.

"Great Gatsby, The"—Paramount. Excellent acting in a none-too-pleasant story of society intrigues on Long Island. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, and Georgia Hale.

"Hills of Kentucky"—Warner. Rint-Tin-Tin again in a film well worth seeing. Tale of wild dog tamed by a child's kindness. Dorothy Dwan and Jason Robards.

"It"—Paramount. Clara Bow makes entertaining this film of an impudent shopgirl who cops the owner of the store, Antonio Moreno, in spite of a ritzy rival.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"Kiss in a Taxi, A"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels excellent in lively farce of a hot-tempered waitress in a Paris café, who rebuffs all comers until Douglas Gilmore steps onto the scene.

"Ladies at Play"—First National. Riotous escapades of a girl who, to inherit a fortune, must marry in three days a man who won't have her. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, and Louise Fazenda.

"Lady of the Harem, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous Oriental spectacle, featuring Greta Nissen, in a glamorous, seductive rôle, and William Collier, Jr.

"Let It Rain"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in good-humored comedy built on the prankish rivalry between the sailors and marines aboard a battleship. Shirley Mason is the girl.

"Little Journey, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. A Pullman-car romance between a boy and girl who meet on a trip to California. William Haines and Claire Windsor.

[Continued on page 116]

Pedal Your Own Velocipede

Or how I became a great movie star.

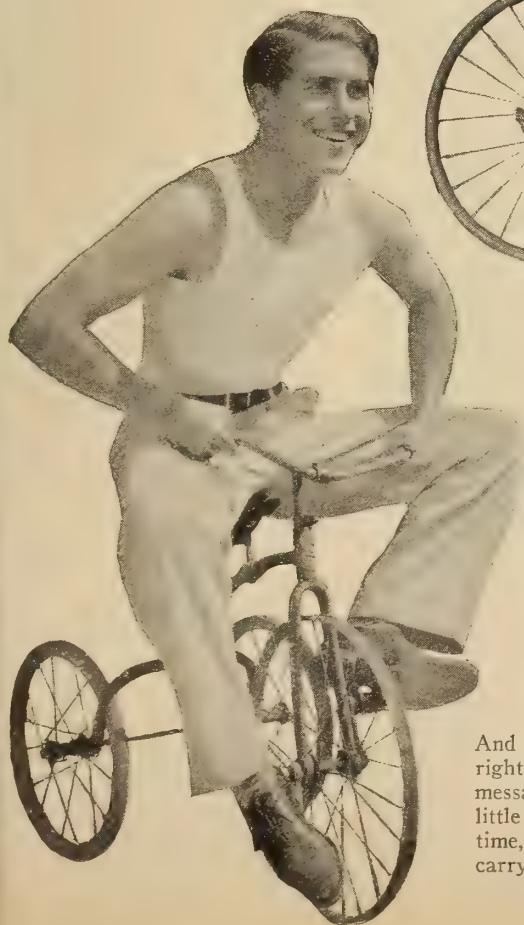
"My expert knowledge of horses I attribute entirely to my long experience with the velocipede," testifies James Finlayson, Hal Roach comedian.



"I owe it to my little pedals," says Clara Bow, above. "My daily practice on my Perfection velocipede has made me the star that I am to-day." Miss Bow is entered as one of the leading contestants in Hollywood's six-day baby-bicycle race.



Ginette Maddie, above, quick to realize that skill on the velocipede is one of the first essentials to movie success, is trying hard to get the knack of it. Ginette came over from Austria not long ago, and is under contract to Paramount.



One of the speediest pedalers in Hollywood is Richard Walling, left. When that little old bike of his gets started, it leaves a burning trail behind it.



And as for Stan Laurel, right, he could carry the message to Garcia on his little machine. Meantime, he just uses it to carry him round the Hal Roach studio.

Joan in a Whirl

Joan Crawford keeps everybody guessing what her real self is, because she shows so many contradictory and perplexing sides. This story, by an intimate friend, leaves no doubt that she is irresistibly fascinating.

By Ann Sylvester

THIS is the story of a friend of mine, a girl I know in the same way that you know Polly and Betty and Ruth.

It is also the hardest story I have ever tried to write.

Because of several things—the most important being that I *do* know her so well.

It is easy enough to write stories about strangers or acquaintances. You take them as you find them. If they're nice you say they're nice, and if they aren't—you say that, too. Your writing is uncomplicated by their moods. But what are you to say of some one you know as naughty and nice, humble and arrogant, a jazz baby and an oddly marked little figure of tragedy?

I'm awfully fond of Joan Crawford, in spite of the fact that I get awfully mad at her. We have our moods, Joan and I. I have thrown my arms around her and we have sobbed together in fits of dramatic grief. We have giggled over tea tables and Black Bottomed ever so many miles of footage through the Coconut Grove and the Montmartre. I have cheered her through every dance contest of her dance-crazy young life. I go to see her pictures and marvel at her beauty and splendid, raw talent. And then she turns around and does or says something, and I could spank her.

For one thing, she has a little habit of making engagements and forgetting them. Not long ago she invited me to have luncheon with her. She was going to call me and we were to meet. That was the arrangement. On the appointed day, I waited for her until I was black in the face, then telephoned another girl and went to lunch with her instead.

Just as we sat down, Joan walked in.

"Hello," she called airily, with a perfectly clear conscience.

What I said cannot be repeated because it was not socially correct.

In emergencies like that, Joan immediately becomes very contrite and looks at you with the widest, most hurt eyes that were ever put below a forehead and

above a nose. It always ends with her inviting you to have another luncheon date, which she may, or may not, remember.

Off the screen she is neither so beautiful nor so sexy as she is on. But she is years younger. Celluloid imbues her with sophistication and maturity. Joan herself is a child—a flapper child who can't make up her mind whether she wants to grow up to be repressed like her idol, Corinne Griffith, or to continue on her present wise-cracking way with a repertoire of stories and a talent for blowing smoke rings. She has violent transitions from one of these poses to the other. One minute she is broadly sounding her vowels, and the next she is racking herself with a comic laugh that can be heard beyond the city limits.

She laughs and cries copiously on the slightest provocation, and loves and hates with equal ease. The same scarlet lips that curve tenderly over some man's name, so long as he is in favor, can also curl disdainfully when he has incurred her displeasure.

She's a funny kid, all right.

She makes a gown for herself and then wears orchids with it. She chose the beautiful name of Joan for her career, and pronounces it Jo-an. She gets a frightful bill from some impatient creditor, and on the same day entertains ten extra girls at a high-priced restaurant.

Her mind is quicker than a trigger, but uncultivated. Her heart is "a

house where people come and go." Her soul is something that has settled in her eyes.

Men are important to her, as they are important to all beautiful and successful women, as a background for her moods. She fastens affection, love, temper, smiles, and sulks on them, and dramatizes herself through the whims she calls her love affairs. She wears her escort of the evening on her arm much as though he were a corsage



As ESTRELLITA, in "The Unknown," Miss Crawford has a rôle admirably suited to her colorful and changeable personality.



Photos by Otto Dynar

Jobyna and Dick

These two pictures of Jobyna Ralston and her young husband, Richard Arlen, were taken in their home shortly after their recent marriage. Jobyna and Dick, while engaged, had the fun of playing opposite each other in "Wings," and also in Eddie Cantor's "Special Delivery." Now Dick is playing the second lead in "Rolled Stockings."





"Captain

Lars Hanson has another intensely dramatic rôle in "Captain Salvation"—that of a young New Englander whose heart is in the sea, but who is forced by his uncle to go into the ministry. Below, George Fawcett and Lars Hanson. Left, Eugenie Besserer and Flora Finch as two gossips in the narrow-minded New England village where the early scenes are laid. In the oval, Pauline Starke as *Bess Morgan*, social outcast.



Salvation"

Ostracized by the villagers for be-
friending a woman of none-too-good
a reputation, the young man turns to
the sea and finds himself aboard a
convict ship, where he goes through
the usual torture and degradation be-
fore the climax is reached and his
faith miraculously restored. Right,
Sam de Grasse and Lars Hanson. Be-
low, Marceline Day, as the girl who
waits for him at home, and George
Fawcett. In the oval, Marceline Day.





Photo by Harold Dean Carter

Young Tom Tyler, who used to do stunts in the circus, hasn't been in the movies very long, but he's traveling fast. F. B. O. is preparing to make him its leading Western star, now that Fred Thomson has gone to Paramount.

The Movies Thirty Years Ago



Amusing reminiscences of motion pictures even *before* they were in their infancy.

By Philip Hamlin

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

IT seems incredible that thirty years ago there was not a solitary theater devoted to the exhibition of motion pictures.

Probably some old-timer will come forward and prove me technically wrong but, with a possible rare exception or two, that is a correct statement of conditions. I toured the Middle West in 1897 with a motion-picture outfit, so what I say is founded chiefly on personal observation.

I got into the picture business rather peculiarly, not with malice aforethought. An acquaintance of mine was an acrobat. He fell and hurt himself, so that his professional activities were halted for a season. I had seen a movie or two, and conceived the idea of staking him to an outfit to tour small towns, in many of which no moving picture had ever been shown.

My first step was to find a projection machine. There were only three makes on the market—the imported Cinematograph, the Edison Kinetoscope, and a machine made by Lubin in Philadelphia. In looking around, I ran across a chap who had bought an Edison outfit, had used it a short time, and was willing to sell because he couldn't make a success of films in his town. I paid him three hundred dollars for his outfit, which included a hand-fed electric arc lamp, an oxy-acetylene gas lamp, and a few one-reel films. A reel then consisted of about four hundred or five hundred feet.

About this time the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight took place, and the recent invention of motion pictures made possible the first photographic record of boxers in action. I decided that if I could show these fight films in conjunction with those I

had obtained with the projection machine, I'd have a real "draw"—a show appealing to all classes.

The fight had been a fourteen-round affair, and the films cost fifteen dollars per round, which was more than I cared to invest, but after experimenting a bit, I found a way to economize. This was my discovery: Projection machines had no rewinders in those days. As the film ran through a machine it was allowed to fall on the floor, later to be rewound by hand. Accidentally putting a film in reversed—that is, with its end instead of the beginning toward the condensing lens—I discovered that all the objects were transferred to the opposite side of the screen. Here was our chance! We could buy half the total number of rounds, run them through first frontward, then backward, and defy any one not in the know to realize that we were repeating the same film.

George Siler, a famous referee of those days, had reported the match for one of the sporting papers, and so I carefully studied his account of it. But here was a

difficulty. In round one the men shook hands—that prevented the repetition of that section of the film. In round six there occurred the only knock-down except the final knock-out in the fourteenth, when the crowd swarmed into the ring. That prevented the repetition of those two rounds. So, it finally worked out that, we

Cont'd on page 100



Showing films in some communities was risky business in the early days, requiring the hardihood of a true pioneer.



The Poverty Row of former years was situated on Sunset Boulevard, and there many a now-famous star once struggled to gain a foothold.

FROM far back in the very indefinite beginnings of picture-making, now sweeping along majestically, now struggling weakly to keep its uneven pace in the progress of the industry, comes Poverty Row.

Poverty Row—the melting pot—the meeting-place of those who pass in the light—the shaded studio block in Hollywood where, at some time or other, almost without exception, all the now-famous stars have struggled for a foothold.

Situated on Sunset Boulevard at Gower Street, it was, in the old days, just a row of shacks. Rising real-estate values have now eliminated any aura of cheapness, and successful production and competition have made of the shacks a neat row of small, but prosperously complete, studios. Here and there along the Row, there still remains a barnlike affair, a relic of the better, or worse, times.

This section, colored with all the romance and glamour of movie-making, steeped in legends of quick rises to fame, or of spectacular, inglorious flops, derived its name long years ago from the type of production made within its confines. Mushroom, fly-by-night companies struggled there, usually in vain, to attain places of importance in the world of the cinema; only a valiant few emerged from the crushing, cutthroat turmoil. From time to time, an obscure



Hedda Hopper was not loath to work in cheaply produced pictures, and has lost no prestige by it.

Wiped

Poverty Row, that section is becoming so affluent

By Louis

actor or actress, hired for a pittance, awakened to find himself famous in Hollywood, sought for by the big producers, as the result of a bit in a Poverty Row "quickie."

Cheapness was the watchword. Producers worked in terms of mere dollars and cents. Well-known actors were hired by the day. Cameras, camera men, and studio space were rented in the same manner. Not how good, but how cheap, was the cry on every side. Short subjects, serials, and features were turned out with a speed which would have put even Henry Ford to shame in the matter of volume production. Shrewd little gamblers, real adventurers, often staking their every cent on the making of a picture, were the heart and soul of this famous, fast-moving section.

Its history is not replete with pictures that have been great successes. Program stuff, of little note or value in the public eye, was the outstanding product. Quick turnover and small profits were the goal. But its roster contains many now-famous

Georgia Hale emerged from Poverty Row to sign a contract with Famous Players, on the strength of one picture filmed on the Row.



Out by Prosperity

of Hollywood noted for pictures produced on a shoestring, that the old days and practices have become just a memory.

William Smith

names; many, too, that have never been and never will be heard of. Its directors developed a speed and ingenuity which enabled them to climb high when the chances and the "breaks" came. Even some of our now-noted screen writers laid their foundations there.

Three types of production made up the principal output of Poverty Row. They were called "quickies," "cooties," and "cheaters."

"Quickies," known to have been made in as short a time as five days, occasionally, but not often, resolved into as good a product as that put out by the larger companies with all facilities at their command. A day or two in the studio, and the rest of the time on location in and near the much-photographed beauty spots of Los Angeles, and such a picture was finished.

"Cooties" were just the cheap, job-lot pictures, in which players of no importance, or stars whose importance had waned, were cast.

"Cheaters," the best bet of all, were made up of casts in which there was at least one well-known player, generally hired for one day and scarcely visible in the finished picture. This, however, mattered little to the producer. He had the name, would use it in his blatant advertising, and thus attract the crowds.

Among the many pictures which emerged from the chaos of Poverty Row, "Salvation Hunters" was probably the most sensational in its success. This picture was made by Josef von Sternberg at a cost of about five thousand dollars, was sponsored by Charlie Chaplin, and was taken in hand by United Artists. It gained considerable favor as an artistic and very unusual piece of work.

It was this picture which brought Georgia



Helene Chadwick has retained her popularity by appearing in many quickly made films.



Independent producers have paid richly for Bert Lytell's services on Poverty Row.



Alice Terry first came forth in a film made by a fly-by-night company.



George K. Arthur knew the pinch of real poverty when he played in "Salvation Hunters."

Hale into fame. Opposite her played George K. Arthur, who has never since known the acute pinch of poverty that had haunted him up to that time.

During the filming of "Salvation Hunters," according to a story which is now a legend in the industry, Stuart Holmes, playing the villain, refused to continue with his part unless paid in advance.

There being the usual lack of funds, Von Sternberg donned Holmes' costume, arrayed himself in a mustache, and played the remainder of the villain's rôle as a shadow, flashed onto a wall from off-set. This shadow idea turned out to be one of the high spots of the production.

A short two years ago, Malcolm St. Clair, now a director of sophisticated films for Paramount, was holding the megaphone on Poverty Row. He received the yearly salary of two thousand five hundred dollars, something less than his present remuneration for one week. He guided the actions of Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen in a seven-reeler called "After Business Hours." It took twelve days to complete this screen masterpiece.

The Poverty Row films took from a day to a month to make. Sometimes there was a scenario.

More often not. Just a general idea, barely enough cash, and lo!—a finished picture. When a high-salaried star was employed for one day, he squeezed a week's work into his allotted hours. No waits between scenes. No time for lunch. Quick changes of costume. Scenes and sets in readiness. Such things determined success or failure.

On one occasion, a moneyed group had hired a star for a whole week. The player, who was to enter into his contract with one of the larger producing companies on a certain day, was particularly anxious that the production schedule be adhered to rigidly. On location, however, a rainy day interrupted filming and delayed production. The actor fretted and fumed, watching the sky for a possible break in the

Those Military

War is terrible, but how is peace possible when heroes of



Erich von Stroheim's Austrian uniforms are always marvels of accuracy, and for the rôle of *Prince Nicki* in "The Wedding March," left, he and his tailor outdo themselves.

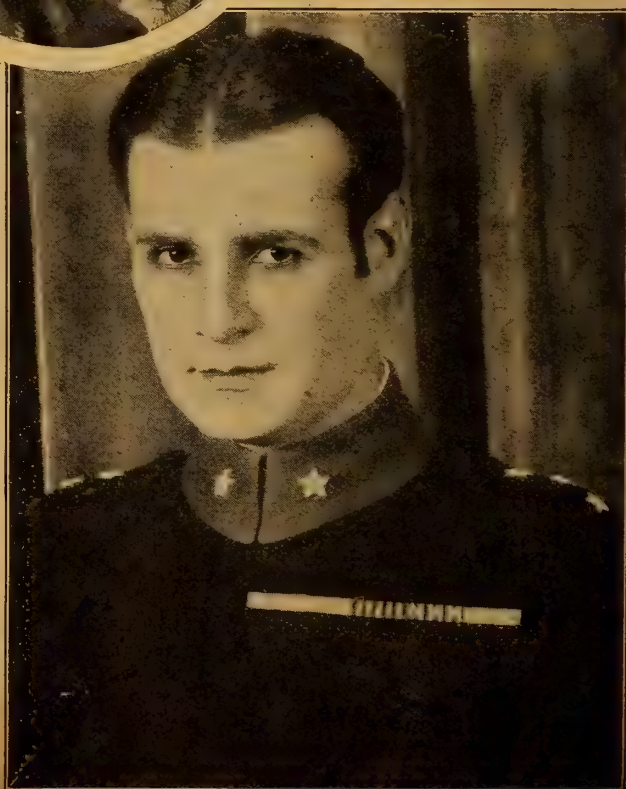
George O'Brien, right, is a bored Balkan princeling in "Gaby."



Allan Forrest, in "The Prince of Pilsen," above, wore enough medals to have conquered all the mythical kingdoms ever shown on the screen, but it is hoped that he didn't break the hearts of all the princesses.



Douglas MacLean, left, apparently had no thought of hearts in "Let It Rain," for his rôle was that of a jolly United States marine who was not even hard-boiled, as all the other screen marines have been.



Victor Varconi, right, portrayed an Italian army officer in "Fighting Love," and the look in his eyes indicates that the fight is a losing one.

Heartbreakers

the screen march out in such devastating uniforms as these?



Lon Chaney, left, proved that he didn't need a disguise to give a fine performance as *Sergeant O'Hara* in "Tell It to the Marines."

Rod La Rocque, right, is the romantic Russian Prince Dimitri in "Resurrection."



Lewis Stone, above, wore a British uniform in "Midnight Lovers" with that quiet authority which indicated years of experience, rather than a flair for olive drab. This was because he is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and a major in the United States Reserves.



Neil Hamilton, right, is the second of those three famous *Geste* brothers every one has been talking about. He is *Digby*, and his uniform is, of course, that of a French *Legionnaire*, but he wears his cap at a rakish angle all his own.



James Hall, left, sported the Austrian uniform of *Paul Almasy* in "Hotel Imperial." If his success in deceiving the Russians in that picture means anything, he should play many more military heroes.

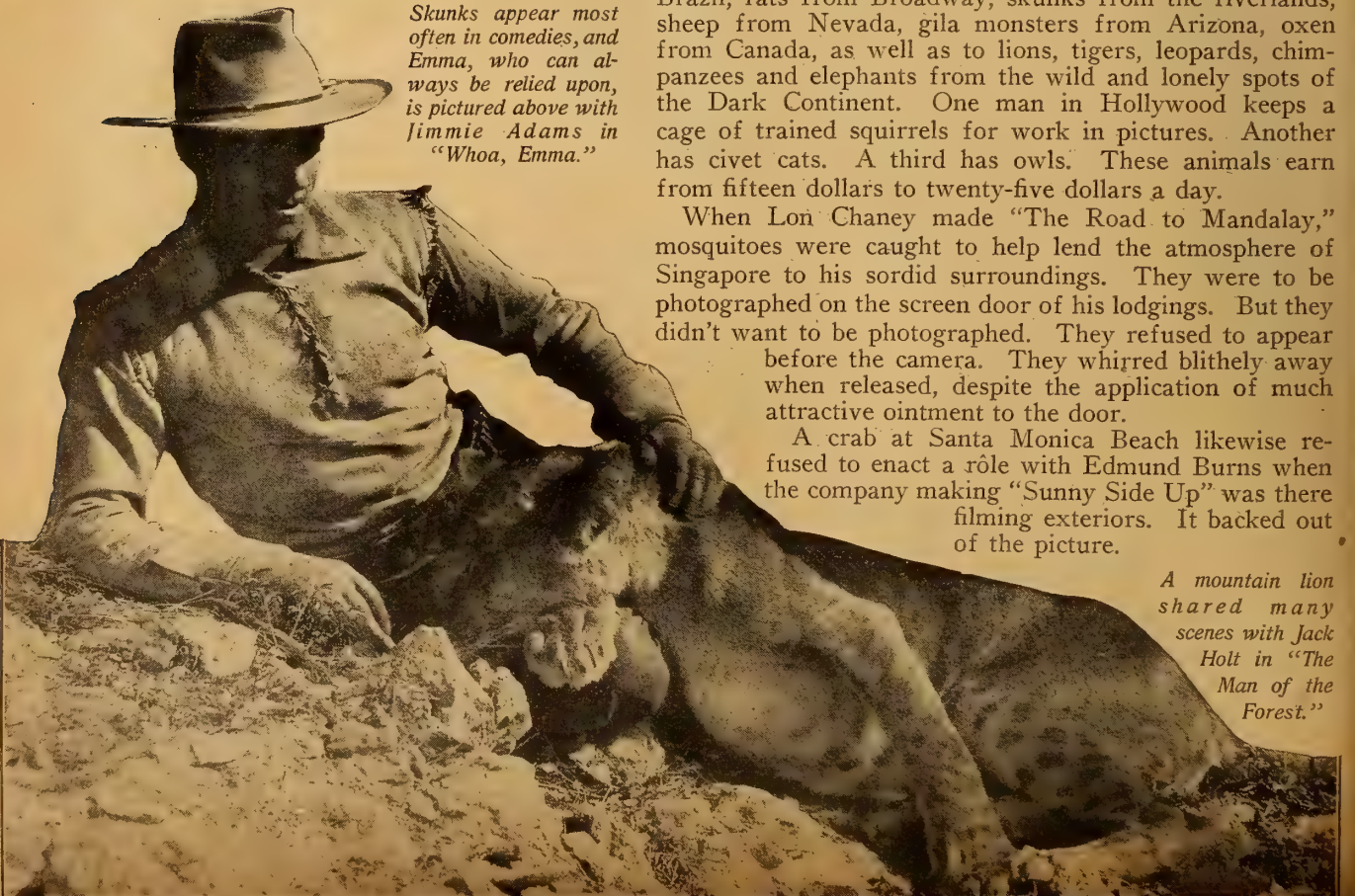
Hollywood's

That's what the mosquitoes, ants, bees, but they never fail to make good

By A. L.



Skunks appear most often in comedies, and Emma, who can always be relied upon, is pictured above with Jimmie Adams in "Whoa, Emma."



BACK in my newspaper days, I would have delighted in rushing up to the city editor and exclaiming, "I gotta big story! Hungry men and women, boys, girls—white, black, and brown—standing outside the studio gates seeking work. A pair of mice, some ants, and a monkey got the jobs!" And it would have been a good tale. It is a good tale.

Beautiful girls, Apollosque men, talented actors—all looking for employment, and rejected. Yet there is work for trained fleas, civet cats, white mice, mosquitoes, cockatoos, rattlesnakes, lizards, and bees. And there is something for a crab, a cat, a monkey, and a dog.

Supporting casts in many recent pictures have brought forth rodents and insects which have almost stolen the honors. What would "The Campus Flirt" have been without Minnie, the little white mouse which scampered up Bebe Daniels' leg? And what a lot would have been lost if the ants had not been in Reginald Denny's car to swarm up his back, there to bite and worry him, in "Slow Down?"

How would Edward Everett Horton ever have met Virginia Lee Corbin in "The Whole Town's Talking" if a bee had not started crawling over her bare shoulder, thereby giving him the opportunity to say, "I beg your pardon, but there's a ferocious insect galloping around where your collar ought to be. Dare I remove it?"

Motion pictures have reached into Alaska for dogs to draw sledges. They have given work to monkeys from the jungle, rattlesnakes from the desert, cockatoos from Brazil, rats from Broadway, skunks from the riverlands, sheep from Nevada, gila monsters from Arizona, oxen from Canada, as well as to lions, tigers, leopards, chimpanzees and elephants from the wild and lonely spots of the Dark Continent. One man in Hollywood keeps a cage of trained squirrels for work in pictures. Another has civet cats. A third has owls. These animals earn from fifteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a day.

When Lon Chaney made "The Road to Mandalay," mosquitoes were caught to help lend the atmosphere of Singapore to his sordid surroundings. They were to be photographed on the screen door of his lodgings. But they didn't want to be photographed. They refused to appear before the camera. They whirled blithely away when released, despite the application of much attractive ointment to the door.

A crab at Santa Monica Beach likewise refused to enact a rôle with Edmund Burns when the company making "Sunny Side Up" was there filming exteriors. It backed out of the picture.

A mountain lion shared many scenes with Jack Holt in "The Man of the Forest."

Dumbest Actors

snakes and fleas of the screen are, in pictures, when given a chance.

Wooldridge

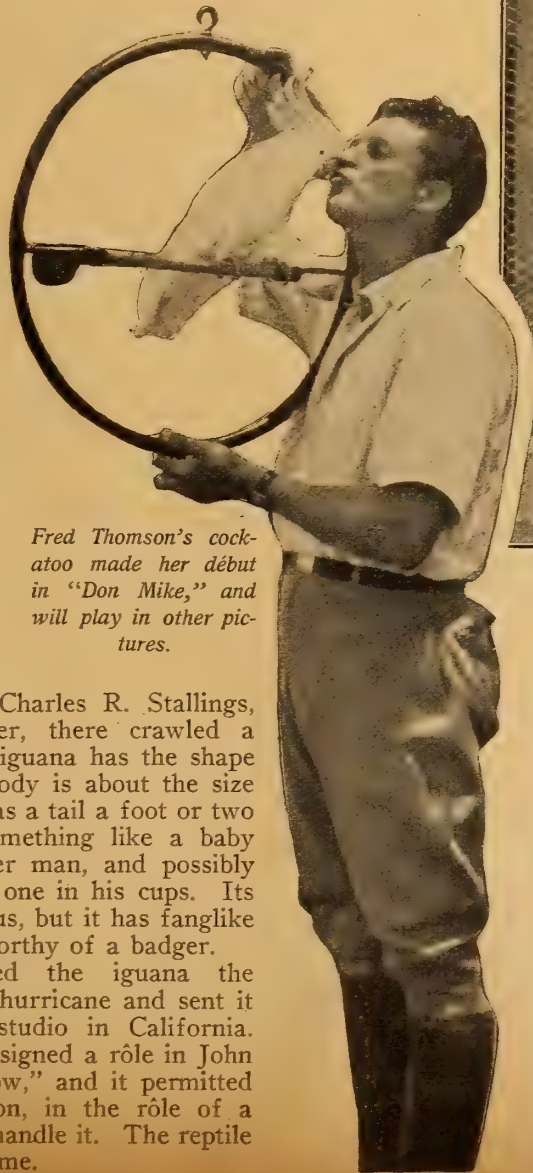
Rats taught to have no fear of man played with John Barrymore in "Don Juan," and with Syd Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole." A bobcat appears in "The Rough Riders," and a mountain lion in "The Man of the Forest," with Jack Holt. A crowing rooster helped provide one of the best gags in Harry Langdon's "Long Pants."

Minnie, the mouse, is one of the most popular of the four-legged stars. Persons who saw the rodent romp through "The Campus Flirt" probably marveled at the almost uncanny intelligence and the absence of fear the little animal exhibited.

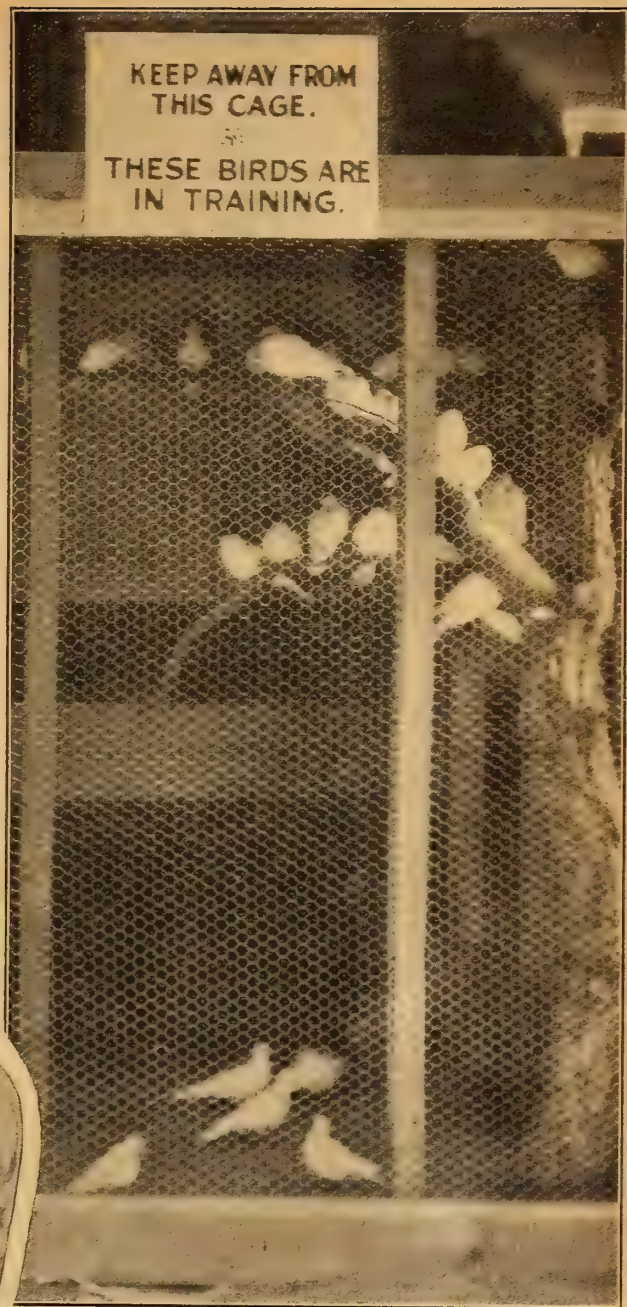
In the film she was saved from the horrors of the dissecting table by a college janitor who rescued her from a medical class, and she took up her home in his coat pocket. On one of her tours of investigation she started exploring Bebe Daniels' hosiery, much to the latter's disapproval. Then, just as Bebe was set for a race in a track meet, Minnie nipped her on the ankle, and Bebe, forgetting all else, ran screaming down the cinder path to victory. Minnie made that piece of comedy. Without her the scene would have flopped.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was filming in the Bahamas the undersea sequences of "The Mysterious Island," the location camp was swept into the sea by a hurricane. The players sought refuge in potholes among the coral reefs, spending an entire night in utter darkness, while a terrible wind ripped vegetation from its moorings and hurled tons of sea water over the key. Into the pothole occupied by Charles R. Stallings, production manager, there crawled a huge iguana. An iguana has the shape of a lizard. Its body is about the size of a cat's, and it has a tail a foot or two long. It looks something like a baby alligator to a sober man, and possibly like a crocodile to one in his cups. Its bite is not poisonous, but it has fanglike teeth, and claws worthy of a badger.

Stallings trapped the iguana the morning after the hurricane and sent it to the M.-G.-M. studio in California. Promptly it was assigned a rôle in John Gilbert's "The Show," and it permitted Marjory Williamson, in the rôle of a snake charmer, to handle it. The reptile has become very tame.



Fred Thomson's cockatoo made her debut in "Don Mike," and will play in other pictures.



Doves were trained to flutter and alight in the right place in "The King of Kings."

Harry Langdon used an alligator in "Long Pants." Sticks his hand into a box where the "gel" is supposed to be hiding, and grabs. Lets go quickly when the 'gator barks or growls or does whatever alligators do when annoyed.

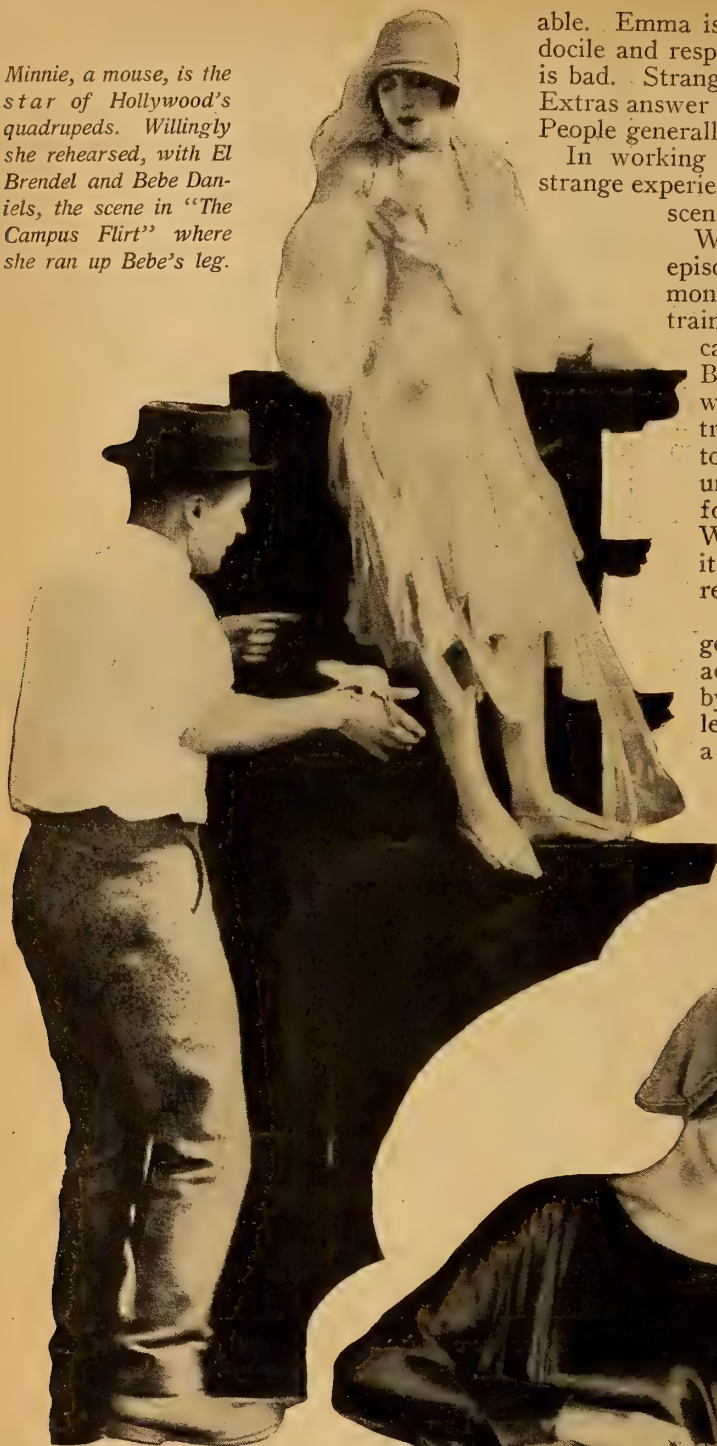
Director Melville Brown served up a good scene with ants for Reginald Denny in "Slow Down."

"You see," the director confided to Denny, "you are driving an automobile in a race. Just at the crucial moment, a flock of ants crawl out from under your seat and start biting your shoulders and back. See? You begin squirming around and your wild driving threatens to upset the car. Get the idea?"

"Yeah!" Reginald replied, sardonically. "The gag is, you're going to invite a bunch of man-eating ants to have dinner between my shoulder blades. That's a great idea of yours! You can think up lots of funny things, can't you? Any

Hollywood's Dumbest Actors

Minnie, a mouse, is the star of Hollywood's quadrupeds. Willingly she rehearsed, with El Brendel and Bebe Daniels, the scene in "The Campus Flirt" where she ran up Bebe's leg.



more good ones like that? If you have, you had better make this picture yourself."

But Denny did the scene, just the same, and the acting of the ants was a feature.

Johnny Hines owns a big parrot named Loretta who appears with him in some of his comedies. The bird carries a ten-thousand-dollar-life-insurance policy.

Jack Comport owns the skunk which has been called almost everything from Emma to names unprint-

able. Emma is in constant demand for comedies. She is perfectly docile and responds promptly to direction, but her family reputation is bad. Strangers on the set start moving away when she appears. Extras answer their camera calls from behind screens or under boxes. People generally don't take to Emma, somehow.

In working with insects, animals, and rodents, directors have strange experiences. And sometimes the dumb creatures add valuable scenes not written into the scenario.

When Cecil De Mille was filming H. B. Warner in that episode in "The King of Kings" where Jesus drives the money changers from the Temple, a flock of sheep was trained to stampede past the star. The scene had been carefully planned and was being satisfactorily executed. But as the flock went by Warner, who was standing with his arms outstretched in supplication, one lamb trailing in the rear stopped in its tracks, turned back toward him, and bleated. Although this was wholly unexpected, De Mille shouted through his magnavox for Warner to pick up the lamb and continue the scene. When the incident was shown in the projection room, it was found to be so touchingly effective that it was retained.

De Mille used all kinds of birds and animals to suggest the personalities and occupations of various characters in his great picture. *Mary Magdalene*, portrayed by Jacqueline Logan, first appears leading a beautiful leopard, but following her conversion she is shown with a humble donkey. The gentleness of *Mary the Mother* is instantly recognized when white doves flutter about her and perch willingly on her shoulders and hands. Prancing black Arabian horses, ridden by armored soldiers, indicate the pomp and power of Rome, while the lonely state of the Judean people is suggested by their draft animals—oxen and water buffalo plodding under heavy yokes. Snobbish camels convey the attitude of the few wealthy Judeans.

In order to have well-behaved doves in the picture, an expert was engaged to put them through a period of training lasting several months. As a result, when released they did not fly away from the set.

The custom of using reptiles and rodents in films, and giving them important things to do, has grown rapidly during recent years. Snakes in pictures have become fairly common. Jack Allman maintains a den of rattlers, pythons, gopher snakes and black-snakes in Los Angeles. He supplied the black-diamond

An iguana from the Bahamas has joined the film colony, and took a fancy to Marjory Williamson in "The Show."



rattler which was the menace in the remarkable water-hole scene in "Wanderer of the Wasteland," as well as the great python which caused tense moments in "The Lost World." He also owns a flock of chuckwallas and Gila monsters—enormous desert lizards—which ap-

Continued on page 105



THE BIG PARADE OF STARS



AGAIN the lion leads
THE most dazzling constellation
OF talent in all screendom

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Who Said That Brown Eyes Are Sharpest?

These PRIZES will decide it!

COME on, you blue and hazel and gray eyes—and brown ones too. Which *are* the keenest? Which eyes really *see* motion pictures—and which merely look at them? Which catch the vivid details of plot and acting that increase so much your enjoyment of an M-G-M classic and help you remember it?

We would like to know. These prizes and the six questions below will tell! For the answers that reveal the sharpest feminine eyes, George K. Arthur will give his favorite cigarette case and a cash prize of \$50.

And to the lucky possessor of the keenest male optics, Karl Dane will award his personal wrist watch and a cash prize of \$50.

To the next 50 best, our favorite portraits specially autographed will be sent.

Let's go! And may yours prove the prize eyes!

George K. Arthur

Karl Dane

Our Six Questions!

- 1 What M-G-M picture has a scene laid on a Patagonian island and where is Patagonia?
- 2 How many laughs did you get out of "Rookies"? Name the author and director.
- 3 What do you think of the newly formed co-starring team of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody? (not over 50 words).
- 4 In what M-G-M picture does the star soak the old apple for a circuit clout? Name the star.
- 5 Name two individual stars M-G-M developed this year.
- 6 How many M-G-M pictures did your local theatre show in the first six months of 1927? Give titles and names of theatre.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York**. All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the William Haines Contest of April

MISS MARTHA MANSKI
547 Main Street Webster, Mass.
WILLIAM E. JARY
1505 Grand Ave. Ft. Worth, Texas

Autographed pictures of William Haines have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



It Was a Strange, Wild Country

On a quest of vengeance a man went down to the wilds of the back country of Alabama where the natives led an isolated existence, cut off from the laws of God or man.

There came into his life, however, a stronger motive than his desire for revenge. How the love for a maid by a man changed the whole course of events, is told in striking manner in

Rainbow Landing

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

There are thrills aplenty in every colorful chapter of this striking novel. Mr. Pollock's style is one that holds the reader from the beginning to end of a story set against a most unusual background.

This is a CHELSEA HOUSE publication, and that name CHELSEA HOUSE on a jacket of a cloth-bound novel, means the best of good reading at an absurdly low price to you. If your dealer has not the full list of CHELSEA HOUSE publications, write to-day to

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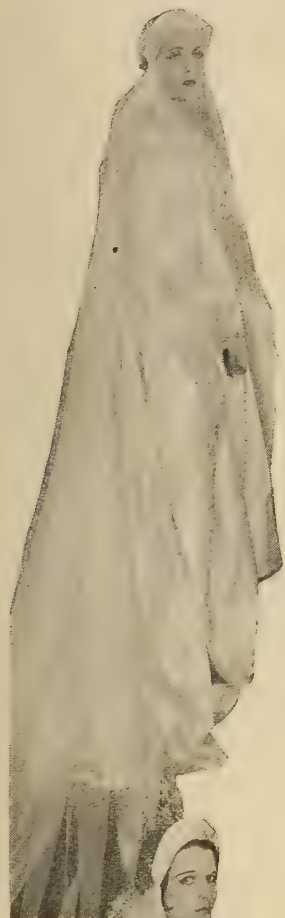
Here Comes the Bride!

The nuptial season finds the studios ready with lovely wearers of wreath and veil.

Virginia Valli, left, displayed her bridal finery with pensive dignity in "Evening Clothes."



Jetta Goudal, above, as if realizing the solemnity of her marriage in "Fighting Love," veils her eyes with mystery.

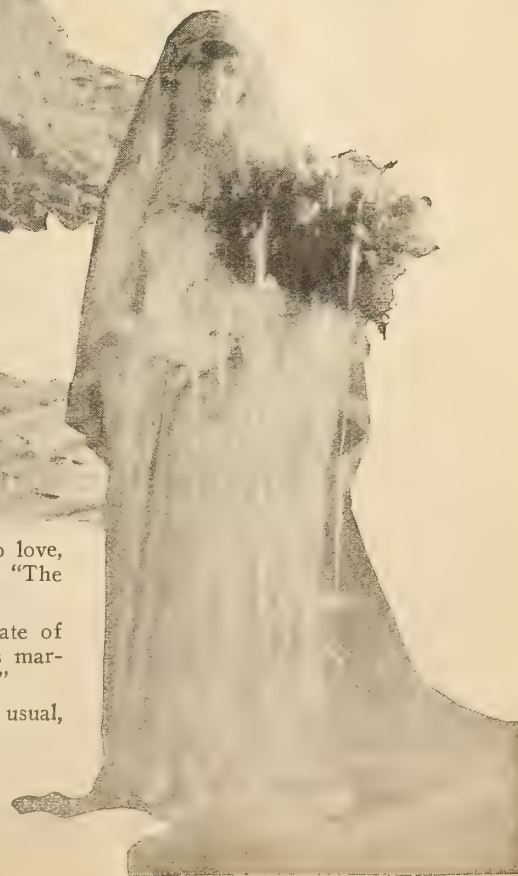
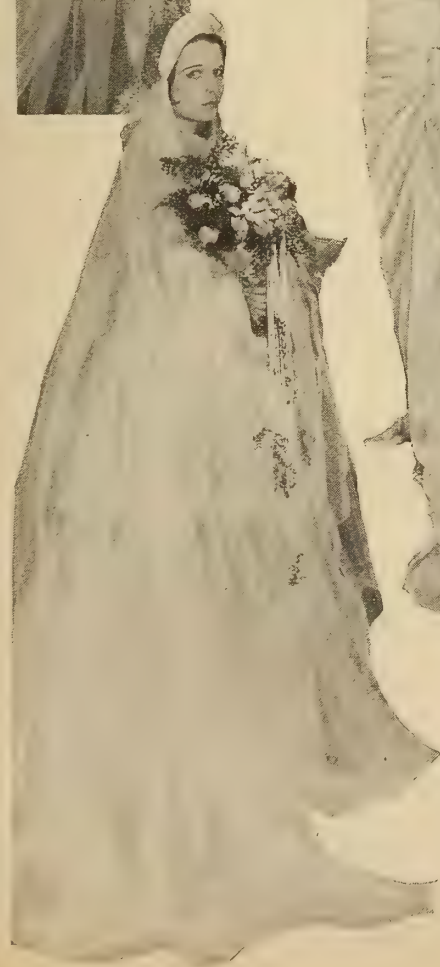


Marie Prevost, center, promises to love, honor, and obey, with a pout, in "The Night Bride."

Billie Dove, above, reflects the state of her heart as she enters a loveless marriage, in "The Tender Hour."

Louise Brooks, left, wide awake as usual, joins the brides just to see what's going on.

Patsy Ruth Miller, right, is arrayed for the ceremony in "What Every Girl Should Know."



Continued from page 66

And of the first man he met, he inquired the way to the railroad station.

"Straight ahead," the man responded. "About a mile and a half."

Oscar murmured his thanks and hurried on, thinking it unnecessary to make inquiries relative to the schedule of westbound trains. He expected to be on the station platform in half an hour, and to board the first train bound for the Pacific.

Although it was distressing in a way, Oscar rather congratulated himself upon the subterfuge he had practiced to break away from Penny. It spared him a great deal, made things easier all around. Of course, Penny would feel hurt when she realized the truth, but it couldn't be helped.

Amos Hortle had, after all, proven useful, but he was the last man in the world Oscar wanted to meet or talk with just now. It was fortunate, indeed, that he hadn't bumped into him this evening. That would certainly have complicated matters.

He had scarcely covered another block, and was stepping along briskly, anxious to put the lights of Sapphire far behind him, when a familiar voice boomed in his ears and, with sinking heart, he turned to confront Mr. Hortle himself.

"Hello there, Oscar!" Hortle cried happily. "Sort of figured you'd be driftin' around to-night, when I saw the bus load of picture folks rollin' into town. Glad to see you among us. Come along—I want to show you my establishment."

Oscar held back. "I—I'm afraid I can't to-night, Amos," he wavered. "I'm with a young lady, and promised to meet her in the theater."

"Why, the picture show's back the other way," the other declared.

"Is it? Guess I'm lost in your big town."

Oscar started to retrace his steps, only to have Amos firmly seize his arm. "Now say, look here," the man protested, "you just come along with me. I won't keep you five minutes. You've got to take a look at my store. I'll go back to the theater with you, if necessary, and square things with your lady friend. Besides," he added, his voice lowering perceptibly, "I've got something mighty fine in the cupboard. The real goods—up from Mexico."

In vain did Oscar remonstrate. Desperately he insisted that Miss Holt was expecting him, which was the truth; despairingly he insisted he did not care to sample Hortle's rare vintage, which also was the truth; but his protestations failed to deter his companion.

Joking, deaf to entreaties, Amos collared the panicky Mr. Whiffle and fairly dragged him along one street and down another, depositing him, at length, after unlocking doors and turning on lights, in the middle of a prosperous-looking store.

Once there, a captive, resigned to his predicament, faced with what seemed inevitable delay, Oscar managed to quiet himself a little, endured his friend's conversation, and admired, to the best of his ability, all that was shown. The quicker it was over, he reasoned, the sooner his departure. And very much against his wishes, yet eager to prevent wordy argument, he accepted and downed a liberal pouring of some amber fluid which Amos proudly offered him.

The concoction tasted and acted like molten lava—burned viciously as it passed his lips. He choked and strangled, tears sprang into his eyes, fiery stabs of pain tortured him.

Hortle, watching him, chuckled. "You don't often pick up stuff like this," he confided. "Of course, I'm in a position to get a little. You understand how it is, Oscar—under your hat, though. I'm not a rum hound, but occasionally a bit of it comes in handy—in case of sunstroke or snakebite, or meetin' old friends. Here's how! Success and prosperity! Don't be backward, Oscar. Have another."

Presently, after a second liberal drink had been pressed upon him, and he had swallowed it, blindly, despondently—after an acute chill had passed—Oscar began to feel surprisingly better. Only one shudder accompanied the third glass. His mind grew calm, all misgivings vanished, and a warm, delightful glow permeated his being.

He leaned back in the comfortable chair and accepted a cigar. After all, he reasoned, he might as well be sociable. He must play the game, avoid arousing his host's suspicions.

And Amos, after all, for all his faults, was a pretty good scout. Talked a lot and bragged, but there were worse men. Oscar began to admire the store and its furnishings; Amos continued to talk. Oscar nodded appreciatively, and once in a while managed to get in a word. More than once the glasses were refilled.

Time sped by on winged feet, and when Oscar at last blinked up at the clock, remembering hazily that he had certain things to do, he got out of his chair with a start, and made for the door.

"Have to be going," he announced. "Girl be giving me fits for staying so long."

"I'll go 'long and—and square

things," Amos declared gallantly. "All my fault. Got to protect—good friend." His voice was a trifle thick, and he swayed uncertainly.

"Don't do it," Oscar protested, alarmed. "You stay where you are. I'll run along. See you later."

Hortle called after him, but Oscar hurried from the store, almost ran, in fact. He did not want the other following, had no intention of going back to the theater. Besides, Amos had had too much to drink. He was actually staggering.

Once outside, and alone, Oscar found his way back to the main thoroughfare and turned into it thankfully. Straight ahead, he remembered—a mile and a half to the railway station. It was a mighty good thing, he reflected, that his head was clear and his legs steady. He'd have had trouble if he hadn't taken care not to drink too much—like Amos.

Funny, though, how different the street looked now. There were twice as many lights and twice as many people. Of course, he was bare-headed, and perhaps people judged him to be a picture actor, but it struck him he was attracting a great deal of attention from those who passed.

Too bad about Amos. He hoped the man would have sense enough to stay indoors and not make a public show of himself. A man in his position would come in for much criticism. Strong drink was ruinous to one's character and career.

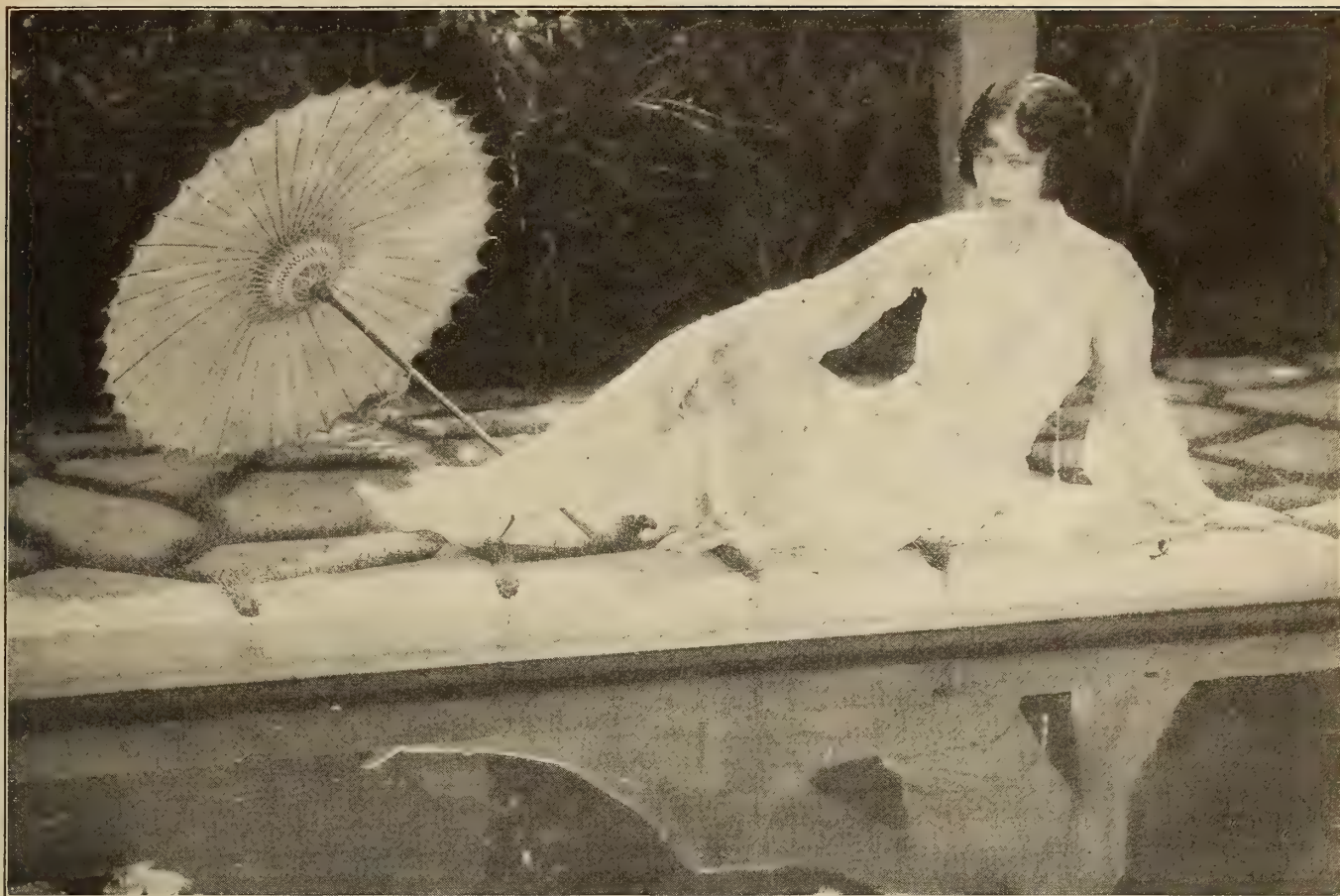
Oscar now felt quite cheerful about his journey into the unknown. Even the thought of having left Penny, of having fooled her into the bargain, did not weigh too heavily upon him. He walked briskly and, when the sidewalk ended, stepped boldly into the sand.

The lights of the town gradually receded, winking farewell. Presently they were gone, with but a yellow reflection against the sky to mark their resting place. But the road ahead was plain enough under the big stars, although in spots the sand made the going difficult, and Oscar spent considerable time emptying his shoes.

A mile and a half was no great distance, he knew, so after he had been walking steadily for an indefinite period, he wondered why the station failed to appear. And presently he began to grow tired, his eyes heavy.

He sat down on a rock to contemplate his surroundings. He knew he couldn't be lost, for he had kept closely to the road, the road was straight before him, and the station

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The Dream and the Deed

Jacqueline Logan does both, with a hundred per cent pictorial average.

Of what is Jackie dreaming beside the lily pool on the grounds of her Hollywood home? It is safe to say that at least part, if not all, of her reverie has to do with "The King of Kings" and, more particularly, how her portrayal of the rôle of *Mary Magdalene* will be received by the fans. Can you wonder, when her whole future rests upon just that? Then, if her dream dwells in the past as well as the future, she is thinking of her marriage nearly two years ago and all the happiness it has brought her. Such happiness she never thought would be hers in the days when she went her way alone, beginning with the time she left her home in Denver to become a newspaper reporter in New York—and ended in the "Follies." But that was just the beginning of her career, and it is certain that "The King of Kings" is just the beginning of another phase of it.



Jackie's afternoons are not all made of dreams, however, as you will see from the picture on the left. More than anything else, she is a girl of action, and likes nothing better—next to working before the camera—than to doff her chiffons and sally forth to the links, where her golf always leaves spectators wondering whether it is more interesting to study her strokes than just to look at her and be thankful. Always nattily and sensibly attired, she avoids the showy fol-de-rols of the usual feminine golfer—who merely plays *at* the game—and confines herself to strictly practical sports clothes.

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was supposed to be at the end of it. He had no watch, had lost all sense of time, so was unable to judge how far he had traveled. Certainly, though, it seemed more than a mile and a half. The man who had given him the information must have underestimated the distance.

He was beginning to feel quite low and depressed, and not very well, when suddenly the rocking headlights of an approaching car swept down the road. Oscar lurched to his feet, immeasurably relieved. It must be the station bus—the one that met the trains. And as the lights bore down upon him, like the gigantic eyes of a desert monster, he waved his arms frantically.

There was a prompt grinding of brakes, and the bus came to a stop. He swung aboard and shouted for the driver to go ahead. The bus interior, but dimly revealed, seemed comfortably filled with passengers. He sank wearily into the nearest vacant seat. His head was throbbing, and there were disturbing pains in the region of his solar plexus.

Almost at once a voice, sounding faint and far away, smote his ear—a voice surprisingly familiar.

"Oscar! Where in the world——"

It was Penny! She was beside him, her arm across his shoulders. What was *she* doing here? He was bewildered, dumfounded.

"Where did you disappear to?" the girl was demanding. "I waited and waited, insisted that the others look for you. Then the bus driver refused to stay any longer and——"

Oscar heard no more. He groaned feebly and put his hands to his aching head. Now he knew. This was *not* the bus *en route* to the station—it was the Super-Apex bus returning from Sapphire, bound for DuVal's domain! Somehow he had taken the wrong road. For all his scheming and planning, his purpose had been thwarted—he was hurled back again into the world of filmdom, where danger lurked.

"The poor boy must be sick," he heard Penny say.

But some one, a man, bending over him, laughed. "Sick—my eye! He's got a beautiful bun on, the lucky stiff!"

Indignation, resentment, welled into Oscar's heart. He should have jumped up, made the man apologize for those words. The very idea! To call him intoxicated! And right before Penny, too. It made him fighting mad.

But somehow he felt too sick and miserable to retort, and when he stirred ever so slightly, things revolved like a merry-go-round. The

long walk, he thought, must be responsible—the walk and the nervous strain he had been under. He sighed and lay still, his head pillowed on Penny's shoulder.

CHAPTER XV.

OSCAR RECEIVES AN ALARMING PIECE OF NEWS.

Oscar awoke with a throbbing head and an uneasy stomach, his throat parched, his whole being apparently racked with fever. His roving eyes gradually made out his surroundings, and a whimper of despair escaped between his dry lips. He was back in the dormitory tent, in his numbered cot. Figures, vague, and indistinct, moved about him.

After a time, lying very still, he made out a face that floated above him—the face, he recognized at length, of the portly, bewhiskered individual who occupied the cot on the left.

"Sit up and get this ice water down you," the man advised. "It's after eight o'clock now. You'll be late on the set."

Oscar groaned, and managed to lift himself to an elbow. The long cold drink did help immensely—steadied him. He blinked, and tossed back the covers, then gingerly got to his feet. The man, who helped him, began to laugh.

"Feeling better, aren't you?" he inquired. "You'll be all right when you get some breakfast, and stir around a bit. Say, man," he added, with a note of envy in his tone, "you must have had a fine, large night!"

"I—I got lost," Oscar explained.

The man chuckled. "You sure did. You were lost all right enough. What were you up to, anyway, out there in the desert? Prospecting?"

It dawned upon Oscar for the first time that possibly the drinks he had taken at Hortle's solicitation had had something to do with the deplorable circumstances and his present condition. He must have been drugged. He dimly remembered climbing into the bus and finding Penny, but what had happened after that was completely obscured. Some one must have undressed him and put him to bed. The thought was humiliating. The incident was apt to give folks the wrong impression.

"I'll bring you in some coffee," the man beside him said, and hurried out of the tent.

Oscar managed to crawl into his clothes and douse his head in cold water. When the coffee came and he had drunk it, he felt considerably better, except for a certain giddiness—a peculiar sensation of floating through space.

"Thank you," he said gratefully to his companion.

"Oh, don't mention it, Watt," the other returned. "I've been potted myself and know how you feel. Better step on it or you'll be late."

At the breakfast table, Oscar's appetite deserted him. He did succeed in swallowing another cup of coffee, but immediately bolted from the tent and, for a brief distressing period, was thankful to be alone.

Returning, shaky, white about the lips, he collided with Carter. The assistant director eyed him suspiciously. "What's hit you? Had a stroke or something? We're shooting a scene with you the very first thing," he ran on. "Hop into your hair pants and slap on some grease."

Dumbly and unprotesting, Oscar went and put on the hated cowpuncher regalia, but the art of make-up was beyond him. Moreover, he had neither grease paint nor powder, so he looked for Rodney. Not finding the complexion artist, he wandered outside the wardrobe tent to run into Penny.

The girl surveyed him reproachfully. "Good heavens, Oscar!" she exclaimed. "Are you still cuckoo?"

He felt ashamed, disgraced. "I—I'm looking for Rodney," he mumbled, backing away.

"Come here!" the girl commanded. "You haven't any time to waste. You ought to be on the set right now!"

Oscar meekly followed the girl to a sheltered spot. There, opening her own make-up kit, Penny labored industriously upon his woeful countenance, her fingers flying.

"There!" she announced at length. "Now you look somewhat human again. Buck up! You've got a hard day ahead of you. And don't, if you value your life and liberty, let DuVal suspect you were plastered last night."

"But—but, Penny," he protested, clinging to her arm. "Listen to me. I wasn't—wasn't what you think. I was drugged, poisoned."

"I don't doubt it. Whatever it was, you were lit up like a Christmas tree. And you left me alone! I'm terribly disappointed in you, Oscar."

"But I tell you——" he went on desperately.

"Don't tell me *anything*—now," she broke in. "Get over on the set before you're fired!"

Grievously hurt by Penny's unjust attitude and her uncharitable insinuations, Oscar made his way along the street to where the cameras were set up and DuVal and his staff were gathered.

His tardy arrival on the scene in-

cited knowing glances and significant grins. Insinuating remarks were followed by sallies of laughter. Abashed and uncomfortable, Oscar pretended at first not to understand. Then, when the contumely persisted, a righteous indignation flared within his heart. It was unpleasant enough, he reflected, to be ill, barely able to move about, but to be looked upon as one addicted to strong drink and judged as having been, not so long before, helpless under the influence of alcoholic beverages, was intolerable.

He promptly and forcibly expressed himself to one of the more obnoxious of his tormentors, and the man backed off, full of stammered apologies. Doubtless he recalled Mr. Watt's pronounced pugilistic abilities and shrank from the fate that had overwhelmed Mr. Kirk.

Meanwhile, preparations were under way for the next scene to be shot. Background characters were selected and placed; a dejected-looking cow pony was led up and tied to a rail. Oscar, looking on and keeping himself beyond range of DuVal's eyes, experienced a sudden relief. Apparently he was not, after all, to participate in the forthcoming scene. An hour or so of idleness might greatly improve his physical condition and, with that thought in mind, he edged toward an inviting bit of shelter, intending to lie down.

But suddenly DuVal's voice was raised, and Oscar turned dismally to see the director beckoning to him.

"All ready, Mr. Watt, please," DuVal cried. "I want you in this shot. You appear from the saloon and attempt to mount your horse, but apparently you have stayed too long in a congenial and convivial atmosphere. You are slightly befuddled, and your efforts to climb into your saddle are to furnish us with a little humor. Just a flash, you understand, but rather broad. Those of the background are to look on, amused. Let me have plenty of interest, laughter. A rehearsal isn't necessary. You know what I want. All ready, please! Action! Camera!"

Oscar, following these brief instructions, made his entrance through the swinging saloon doors. He moved with extreme caution, for at times things blurred in his vision, and at intervals the ground beneath him oscillated. Still, he was neither timid nor embarrassed; he approached his task with admirable fortitude, and a dogged determination to get the unpleasant business over with as quickly and painlessly as possible.

When he reached the horse and laid hands upon the saddle, the ani-

mal, a moment before so forlorn and dispirited, cocked his ears, turned his head, and fixed Oscar with a menacing look. Oscar, whose ignorance of things equine was abysmal, experienced a sudden qualm.

DuVal continued to coach, as the cameras clicked merrily. "Don't untie the horse yet," he cautioned. "Get into the saddle. Slowly, awkwardly, now!"

And slowly, awkwardly it was done. The exacting director could find no fault with our hero's performance. Stirrups meant nothing to Oscar. He gripped the saddle horn and hoisted himself onto the pony's back as one would mount a stone wall. The pony, unaccustomed to such bungling methods on the part of a prospective rider, snorted indignantly, rose up on all feet, and descended stiff-legged with a jolt that snapped Oscar's neck and threatened to shake loose every tooth in his head.

But through some miracle he hung on, wrapping his arms about the horse's neck, trying to find a lodging place for his feet. The crowd roared approval. Oscar clung grimly, despairingly, to his perilous seat—which wasn't a seat at all—too benumbed to get into the saddle, too frightened to let go.

Then one of his spurs, in their wild gyrations, inadvertently connected with the pony's flank, and that, it seemed, marked the finish. The outraged animal squealed, rearing forward and aft like a storm-tossed vessel. Oscar, dimly aware of approaching calamity, and wondering if this could be the end, went sailing through the bright Arizona sunlight, to roll ingloriously into the dust.

"Cut!" DuVal cried, and the clicking cameras were silent. The director was smiling, and so were his staff and every one else who had witnessed the amazing display of horsemanship on the part of Mr. Watt.

As for Oscar, he picked himself out of the street, bruised and battered in soul and body, surprised to discover that his legs would again support him and that he could, with an effort, walk. The world reeled crazily, and those about him seemed to be phantoms in a mist.

"Nicely done, Mr. Watt!" DuVal's voice reached him faintly. "A neat bit of comedy. Just the right touch. Now let's get on with the other scenes, please. Attention, everybody!"

Just how the comedian of the opening scene managed to get through the rest of the morning, he himself didn't quite know. A dis-

tressing haze blurred his eyes, and he felt separated from his body. He seemed to be going through scenes without number, hopelessly jumbled and quite without meaning. In some of these he appeared with hundreds of other people; in others, he seemed to be alone, although he wasn't quite certain. There were scenes in which he ran up and down the street, or shouted foolishly, or flourished a revolver and discharged it. At times, he felt faintly like himself, but mostly he was in a comatose state.

After a while, it was lunch time, and somewhat cheered by thoughts of food, Oscar steered a determined course for the big tent. Midway in his journey, DuVal overtook him, and clapped a friendly hand upon his shoulder.

"Just a minute, Mr. Watt," the director said. "Let's take a look at the rushes. I'm eager to see how you registered yesterday."

Oscar was uncertain as to what "rushes" were. That they were the scenes taken the previous day, printed in a hurry, and run off in the projection room, so that they might be examined and criticized by the director, was unknown to him.

But in a few minutes, sitting beside DuVal in a darkened shack, Oscar beheld himself on the screen. Gripped by a singular fascination, he watched through dazed eyes the scenes that had been taken the day before—his bit with Penny, the battle with Kirk, and many others. DuVal was jubilant.

"You screen superbly, Mr. Watt!" he declared. "You've an admirable camera face—one in ten thousand. I knew it from the first. You have a shining future, young man."

Perhaps he had, Oscar reflected to himself later, as he walked toward the dining tent, but the thought aroused no joy in his heart, no tremendous thrill. That he had shown up well on the screen merely convinced him that, when the picture was released, he would instantly be identified. Then the hue and cry of pursuit would follow.

Whatever his prospects or how-ever glowing a screen future might lie before him, he could not consider it, could not remain here. Twice he had attempted to escape and twice his plans had been frustrated, but to-night he must try again. Why, even now, Amos Hortle might have received word from La Belle, might at this very moment be leaving Sapphire with a warrant for him.

But his alarm at this thought was as nothing to what he experienced when he heard the news that Penny presently brought to him. He was halfway through his meal and was

feeling more like himself again, when the girl came to his table.

"How's things?" she inquired, searching his face narrowly.

"I'm a lot better," he assured her.

"That's good." Penny smiled a little as she surveyed her companion. "You win again, Oscar," she announced. "If you're not the open champion in the game of luck, two and two are five. Picked to play a cowman with a hangover! If that isn't rich! Playing yourself, that's all! No wonder you were a knock-out! And DuVal never tumbled."

Oscar colored swiftly, but his

grease paint—what remained of it—hid his blushes. "You—you don't understand—" he began.

"You mean DuVal doesn't," she corrected.

"I—I think it was ptomaine poisoning," he faltered.

"Oh, tut, tut! Don't begin springing alibis, Oscar. It isn't the least becoming. You're making yourself ridiculous. It isn't any terrible disgrace getting tight. It's done right along, even in the best families, and maybe you had a reason to celebrate. Say, what do you suppose I heard this morning?" she ran on.

"Something about me?" He imagined every one on the place was talking about him, passing remarks, making him out to be a dissolute character.

"Lord, no! We're to have a new leading man."

"Oh, are we?" Oscar responded indifferently. As if he cared! Still he was relieved that the conversation had turned into less embarrassing channels. "Who is it?"

"Lester Lavender," declared Penny, apparently quite excited. "Isn't that immense?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Screen in Review

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It Happened in Hollywood.

"The Sea Tiger" was adapted from a story called "A Runaway Enchantress," but the picture shows that the adaptation was an unnatural one. The changes in the story were probably prompted by Milton Sills' success in "The Sea Hawk." The sea was looked upon as a happy choice as a background for Mr. Sills' vim and vigor. Alas, "ol' davil sea" is not to be trusted, and in this case may be said to have cast an evil spell over the whole undertaking. For a sillier film would be hard to find. But if you are so constituted that you like to laugh when you are supposed not to, "The Sea Tiger" may be just what you want.

The scene is the Canary Islands, where the brothers *Justin* and *Charles Ramos* are in love with the same girl, *Mary Astor*. This is no sooner settled by *Justin's* sacrifice, than *Lulu*, from Broadway, appears on the scene to enliven the native fiesta. How the simple Canaries could import a performer from New York is not explained. But *Lulu* is neither simple nor slow. She sets the brothers against one another, and generally stirs up trouble. In the end, there is a fist fight between *Lulu* and *Mary Astor*, and the former is ingloriously sent home. *Mary Astor* also knocks *Milton Sills* cut with a slap. Really, "The Sea Tiger" is a riot—in more ways than one—yet *Alice White*, as *Lulu*, and *Larry Kent*, as *Justin's* buoyant brother, give spirited and interesting performances.

The Epidemic Is Unchecked.

The Irish and the Jewish are brought together in another of those curiosities of the screen—"Frisco Sally Levy," in which a large family have names like *Rebecca Patricia Lapidowitz*, *Isidore Xavier Lapidowitz*, and so on. Family life

is pictured in all its intimacies, and as there is little or no plot beyond the fact that *Colleen Lapidowitz* leaves home to become a dancer in a night club because her father frowns upon her slick suitor, you have to be content with the pranks of children, the buxom comedy of the Irish mother, and the shrewdness of the Jewish father.

However, it is all amusingly and expertly put forth, and is neither as vulgar as "McFadden's Flats" nor as much of a novelty as "The Cohens and the Kellys." In fact, "Frisco Sally Levy" is really the best of its kind, but it's as well to be sure you like this kind before you see it. *Sally O'Neil*, *Charles Delaney*, *Roy d'Arcy*, *Kate Price*, and *Tenen Holtz* are the grown-ups, but it is the children who matter most.

A Marriage of Convenience.

The crash of a teacup sounds the most virile note in "Afraid to Love." The rest of it is smooth, dressy comedy of the class termed polite, neither funny nor dull, but first, last, and always well-bred, refined. *Sir Reginald Belsize* has been left a lot of money by his uncle—it is always an uncle who makes a freak will—but he can only get it by *not* marrying *Madame de Seminiano*, with whom he has been in love for a long time. But it isn't real love, of course, because she is a naughty lady. So a poor, charming girl enters into marriage with *Sir Reginald*, so that he can get the money and a quick divorce. They fall in love, strange to say, and the naughty lady—who is Peruvian for the sake of novelty—is given the sack. *Florence Vidor*, *Clive Brook*, and *Jocelyn Lee* form the trio, and are all that could be desired under the tepid circumstances.

Mothers Must Suffer.

Louise Dresser is the bright par-

ticular star of "White Flannels," which offers little else than her rôle of a poor, drudging mother whose heart's desire is to see her son in white flannel trousers, a symbol of a gentleman to this woman of a mining town.

So she scrimps and saves to send him to college, where he becomes a football star, and also the sweetie of the college belle. This character, quite as false as any ever seen on the screen, turns on him in rage when she discovers that a clumsy waitress at the college banquet is his mother. What is more, she strikes *Frank* in the face, and screams, "You gutter-snipe! You never told me your mother was a common servant!"

Up to this point the picture is interesting, because it is all *Miss Dresser's*, but after this blow to reason, it settles down to routine. *Jason Robards* works hard, but is unsympathetic as the son, and *Virginia Brown Faire* is his first choice before the dressy dame from the city stages her knock-out.

The Heart of a Cowboy.

"The Brute" gets its name from a genial soul nicknamed "Easy-going" *Martin*, a cowboy given to a great deal of crying, who horsewhips the villain, and thus caused some one to add the word "brute" to a subtitle. All of which may give you the idea that it was forced. You're right. So is the picture, which, beyond some scenes of oil gushers, has no particular reason for being, unless it is to present *Monte Blue* in a Western rôle. He is more plausible an actor in such garb than when attired in a dress suit, but the picture isn't at all plausible. It is built around the old situation of a simple soul of the great open spaces who kisses a girl, and later makes the horrible discovery that she is the leading sprite in a dance hall. And when you learn that she is there because her brother

is "in the power" of the wicked proprietor, all hope of interest flees.

The Glass of Fashion.

"Evening Clothes" is a correct title for an Adolphe Menjou picture, you will agree, and the story of a bankrupt boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to select only one suit from his belongings, chooses evening dress, is well within the range of Mr. Menjou's style of acting. He has generously settled most of his money on his wife when he discovered that she married him for mercenary reasons, and the rest of it has gone toward acquiring the polish she demanded of a husband. It will not give you shell shock to be told that they come together again, in perfect understanding.

The picture is mildly diverting and beautifully produced, with such seasoned players as Noah Beery, Virginia Valli, and Louise Brooks emphasizing its Parisian smartness.

A Strange Insect.

Like a demi-tasse, "The Demi-Bride" is short measure. It is a light, inconsequential attempt at French farce, and is notable for its good direction and cast, rather than the entertainment it affords. A starring vehicle for Norma Shearer couldn't have been chosen with less regard for what she does best. Perhaps it was selected to test—and prove—her versatility. Instead, it only emphasizes her limitations.

Her *Criquette* is an incredible young person, given to mincing steps, jerky gestures, and the implacable pursuit of a man at least three times her age who, in love with her stepmother, is nevertheless maneuvered into *Criquette's* matrimonial net.

All this is smartly done, mind you, and it isn't dull by any means, with Lew Cody, Carmel Myers, Lionel Belmore, and Dorothy Sebastian doing their utmost. It's just that Miss Shearer's French cricket is an absurdity.

Where the Sea Is King.

The best of "The Yankee Clipper" is that it is outside the general run of sea pictures, but it might have been so much further away from the average that tears are shed for the lost opportunity. It has beauty, atmosphere, and fair acting; the pity of it is that it remains trivial for all that, because it conveys little or no emotion.

The maritime rivalry between the United States and Great Britain in the middle decades of the nineteenth century has been used as the basis for the story, which begins when the youthful *Queen Victoria* bids God-

speed to *Lord Huntington*, whose clipper is about to sail on her maiden voyage to China. From Boston, *The Yankee Clipper* also sets sail for Foochow, under command of her owner's son, *Hal Winslow*. In the Orient he meets *Jocelyn Huntington*, unmasks her craven fiancé, falls in love with her, and enters *The Yankee Clipper* in a race to Boston with the British vessel, the stake being Foochow's tea trade.

You know, of course, that *The Yankee Clipper* will win, because she is commanded by William Boyd.

There are scenes of great beauty, in which the simple majesty of the ships is eloquent. William Boyd is likable as the young captain. Elinor Fair, all fluffy ruffles, remains crisply starched throughout the long voyage, and Junior Coghlan expectorates a great deal of tobacco juice as a means of comic relief.

The Life of the Party.

"The Night Bride" wears the veil of mediocrity, in spite of smart dresses, handsome backgrounds, and Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. She is a society tomboy and he is an author who is said to know all about women. It is inevitable that they meet, to the accompaniment of mutual dislike, and meet again, with a gradual change from dislike to love. The means chosen to bring this about range from rough-and-tumble farce to a suggestion of high comedy, the most serious fault of the picture being that it is neither. Miss Prevost, who most grievously overacts, flees her father's home on discovering that her sister loves the man Marie is on the verge of marrying. For some hidden reason, she seeks refuge in the home of the author she detests, and when her father apprehends her, she introduces Mr. Ford as the man of her choice. Believing her, the father never rests till he packs them off on an ocean honeymoon, and to save the situation for censorship they decide to marry.

Imported Jazz.

"Madame Wants No Children" was produced abroad, which means that you won't find a familiar face in the cast and, luckily, the story is unfamiliar, too. Extremely worldly, and really Continental, it might have been a minor masterpiece under other direction, and with more ingratiating players. Vainly one looks for beauty, but does not find it, except in the interior decorations.

Briefly, the story is that of a wealthy bachelor who marries a girl given to the feverish quest of excitement. In this she follows the example of her mother and sister. Nat-

urally, she has no time for the cultivation of the domestic virtues, including motherhood. Her change of heart is gradually brought about by means of ironic twists and turns in the story, until finally she becomes the sort of wife her husband had longed for.

Light and gay as it is, the picture falls short of that satiny smoothness of treatment essential to sophisticated comedy. Maria Corda, who will later be seen in Hollywood pictures, plays the wife.

Idle Wives.

"Matinee Ladies" are wives who frequent tea dances and trip the light fantastic with young men who—oh, horrors!—hire themselves out for the purpose.

Now that the mystery of the title is cleared up, little remains to be said of the picture that follows. Dull, slow, badly directed, it has not even a pretense of make-believe. May McAvoy is little more than a mechanical doll, until the end, when a storm at sea somewhat ruffles her composure, and Malcolm McGregor's sincerity means nothing to a rôle that not even a beginner could believe in.

He sets out as an impoverished law student, whose pals induce him to make a little money by acting as a dance partner at a resort frequented by idle wives. But as Mr. McGregor is as snappily dressed when he can't pay his room rent as he is after becoming a *gigolo*, you wonder just why he becomes one. Miss McAvoy is a cigarette girl, ogled by the villain, while Mr. McGregor is sought by Hedda Hopper. Because they are the leads, the young people are in love, and quarrel. But the storm washes away all differences, and they are left in a dripping close-up.

Johnny Hines in Araby.

Members of the Johnny Hines cult can see their agile hero as a sheik, in turban and burnoose, in "All Aboard." Although he begins, in true Johnny Hines fashion, as an acrobatic shoe clerk, he ends in Araby, where the sands of the desert never grow cold, for the good reason that Johnny is hot-footing across them most of the time. He stirs up so much dust that the sands never even have a chance to settle down and be dully natural.

The jump from shop to desert comes easily enough, for Johnny gives a sales talk to a rich man—with a pretty daughter—who is about to make a foreign tour, and gets the job of guide. The daughter, Edna Murphy, is abducted by a sheik with

an Oxford accent, and the rest of the picture is given over to Johnny's muscular efforts to rescue her from a fate worse than death. There are lots of gags, some of them novel, and there's nary a let-down in the fast, familiar, Hinesian pace.

Millionaire's Son Makes Good.

"See You in Jail" is an unimportant farce, moderately amusing, with a lot of familiar players in it—Jack Mulhall, Alice Day, Mack Swain, George Fawcett, Charles Clary, and others. The idea is old, but there's no law against repetition. *Jerry Marsden* is the son of a millionaire milkman, but he insists on choosing his own means of making a living. He falls into various occupations, and when necessity drives him to extremes, he consents to serve a jail sentence for another man, at ten dollars a day. The comforts, not to say luxuries, of life behind the bars, are made the subject of considerable satire, and while there *Jerry* organizes a new concern to exploit a milk-bottling invention which threatens to revolutionize his father's business. Can't you see how *Jerry* comes into easy money—and a happy ending? The picture is guaranteed harmless.

A Circus Tragedy.

"The Monkey Talks" all right, but not as he did in the stage version of this picture. The film, nevertheless, is unusual. It pictures circus life in France and the unrequited

love of a chimpanzee for a tight-rope walker. He isn't a real chimpanzee, of course, but a man whose marvelous imitation of one deceives all but those who know his secret, and exploit the talking monkey as a great circus act. He finally loses his life in saving the girl from the clutches of a real simian. The high light of the picture is the amazing acting of Jacques Lerner, a clever little Frenchman, in the monkey rôle. Olive Borden is the girl, who prances, minces, purses her lips, and arches her insteps through a rôle that might otherwise have been charming. Don Alvarado is the quietly distinguished hero.

According to Rule.

All the familiar props of a mystery story—sliding panels, a ghostly figure treading subterranean passages, and a suspect who turns out to be a detective—are used in "Easy Pickings." And if you know your cinema you will recognize the symptoms.

Anna Q. Nilsson first appears as a boy crook, who, on being apprehended by the villain in the home she is supposed to be robbing, easily is persuaded to pose as the missing heiress, and share the fortune the dying old man upstairs is expected to leave. And if you have passed out of the kindergarten class you know perfectly well that Anna Q., addicted to heroines, is no crook at

all, but the missing heiress. Kenneth Harlan is the perfectly tailored hero.

Love Never Dies.

Just what "The Notorious Lady" lost when they began to film her from the novel, "The River," I cannot say. It may have been charm, or acute character analysis. On the other hand, utter conventionality of story may have been the novel's greatest asset. Certainly that quality has been valiantly retained, if ever it existed, for the picture is just another melodrama of London society, whose hero and heroine separately choose the diamond fields of South Africa to forget their past. He, her husband, murders a man who has compromised her, and is saved from hanging by the lie she tells. In Africa, she promises to wed a man for no reason except to drag out the story. The "big" scene comes when the two men meet as strangers, and learn that the same woman occupies their thoughts. There is a deal of choking, and popping eyes, but it all ends in the reconciliation of husband and wife.

All this is well done, so far as simulating the African scene in Hollywood goes, but to what purpose? Barbara Bedford is nice as the wife, Lewis Stone adheres to the mechanics of the stock companies which gave him his training, and Earl Metcalfe is properly stalwart as the other man.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

"You should see Julianne Johnston and Virginia Valli!" Fanny announced with such infectious enthusiasm that people at the next table turned around to see if they could. "Since they came back from their vacation in Honolulu they look like nut-brown natives. They had such a glorious time that their one idea, now, is to go back.

"Julanne went right to work in a picture opposite Charlie Paddock and had to go off to Santa Barbara on location. Virginia had a few days of leisure before starting a picture at F. B. O., so she went up with her. But they'll never be entirely happy again until they are headed for Honolulu.

"Zasu Pitts regrets bitterly, of course, that she didn't go with them, for, after all, her part in 'Love' didn't start until they got back. But Zasu is so devoted to her children that I don't suppose she would be happy away from them for more than a day or two.

"The lure of country life has Zasu in its grip. She is going to buy a chicken farm somewhere up north and live there with the children between pictures. She wants them to grow up away from the artificialities of city life."

For some time I looked at Fanny in amazement. It always surprises me to find her gabbling on about everything but what is most on her romantic mind. In time, I knew she couldn't resist speaking of it.

"Two marvelous weddings to look forward to!" she finally exploded. "Edna Murphy is going to marry Mervyn Leroy, who is going to direct Colleen Moore's next picture. And Vilma Banky has announced her engagement to Rod La Rocque! Won't Vilma make the most divinely beautiful bride imaginable?"

"Sam Goldwyn realizes what tremendous interest there is in the engagement, so he is going to borrow Rod from De Mille and make a picture costarring him and Vilma.

"I suppose you have heard that

Carmel Myers is at last to have her dearest wish gratified—she is going back to Germany to make another picture. And Seena Owen has signed a new contract with Metropolitan. I hope they keep her busier than they did on her last one. It is ages since I have seen her in a picture.

"Everybody is signing contracts and going to work. Even Eileen Percy has sacrificed the daily thrill of bathing and dressing her baby, and gone back to pictures. She and Alberta Vaughn are working in a Phil Goldstone production. If everybody is going to be stubborn about clinging to their film careers, it is going to be just about impossible to organize four for bridge. Oh, well, one can always go out and visit the 'Collegians' troupe and find a game on the set."

And before I could say, "And it wouldn't be a bad idea right now," Fanny was gathering up her gloves and vanity case and getting ready to go.

* Adapted from "Anna Karenina."

A Labor of Love

Louise Fazenda built her home and collected its furnishings gradually, because she could never live in made-to-order surroundings.

Her old firearms, left, are interspersed with a good, reliable revolver, for protection.



The living room, right, is notable for its quiet comfort, and absence of the Spanish influence prevailing in most Hollywood homes. It is dim and inviting, with the few lamps placed just right for reading.



The comedienne, above, is not averse to using her electric iron, with expert results.

Below, her bedroom is primly cool, as befits the Colonial period.

The dining room, below, is Miss Fazenda's especial pride, for here her collection of old china and glass finds its rightful place, and her English table silver is a prized possession.



Continued from page 83

bought six rounds, ran Nos. 1, 6, and 14 once each, and made the film of the other three rounds do duty for the eleven rounds to be accounted for!

Our total program was a hodge-podge—a slack-wire performer, a "shoot-the-chutes" film that was always applauded, the famous Black Diamond Express film, a horse-drawn fire-engine film, and John Drew and May Irwin in a kissing act! Run at the high speed then necessary to eliminate flickers from the screen, our reels were good for about one hour and thirty minutes with a long intermission. I was afraid of that intermission for we planned to charge regular theater prices and I didn't want to be mobbed during the interval by patrons who might think they had not been given their money's worth.

We had booked the show in advance, but ran afoul of the managers in our demand for electric current, so we had to carry two gas tanks so that we could use our acetylene lamp whenever electricity was inadequate.

I recall that we opened in Rensselaer, Indiana, to a seventy-five-dollar house. I lectured, my assistant

acted as the operator, and I rewound the films by hand—particularly the fight stuff—as I talked. I quoted Siler's newspaper story word for word, except where it didn't fit our films. The show was a success, and the audience asked questions between reels as to how the pictures were made, et cetera.

One enterprising manager booked us not only for his theater in Cayuga, Indiana, but also for a church at Eugene, a town some three or four miles distant. Cayuga was a new manufacturing town, Eugene an old agricultural village. We filled the Eugene date first, and I made a conciliatory talk as to the impropriety of showing pugilistic films in a church, and promised a more suitable program. But I pointed out that the fight would be shown at Cayuga the following evening. Some of those deacons were at first quite vexed because of the change, but we had a full house at Cayuga Saturday night!

It was in Cayuga that we spent Sunday at the same hotel with Lyman Howe, who had a show similar to ours. He was merely changing trains—there was no conflict in our routes. I remember admiring the ingenious gas-manufacturing device he had for his lamp. We had bought

our gas in Chicago, using two heavy steel tanks that had to be shipped ahead by express, with the ever-recurring worry as to whether our supplies would connect with us before our working quantity gave out. Howe generated his own gas by means of a bellows arrangement, which he worked with his foot to maintain pressure at the jet.

My participation in the tour ended at Paris, Illinois. The heat from our oxy-acetylene lamp cracked our condensing lens, and there wasn't another to be had nearer than Philadelphia. It meant a break of at least ten days in our bookings. My normal occupation was calling for my attention. My assistant had things well in hand, so when the new lens arrived I put him in charge, with a helper, and the tour continued without me.

Shortly after this, the man from whom I had bought the outfit wrote asking to buy it back, and I agreed to sell it back for the price I had paid, plus the cost of the improvements and additions I had made.

I'm willing to concede that Lyman Howe deserves the fame he won through his pioneering activities in the movies, but I like to think that I might have run him a close second.

Jannings Decides to Stay

Continued from page 49

"The Big Sneeze," and wore an Alpine mountain-climbing outfit. Jannings was wearing a curling blond beard. So you can imagine what a picture the two presented together.

It has been said that there is much that is similar in their screen work. But when you come right down to it, their work is really very different. Place Wally's impersonation of *Richard III.* beside Jannings' *Henry VIII.* or his *Louis XV.* Wally's portrayals are done with broad, virile strokes. Those of Jannings are filled with subtlety and minute detail. As well try to compare Niagara Falls with the so-called Bridal Veil of Yosemite Valley. Beery overwhelms with the force of his personality; Jannings conjures up a misty, haunting pathos. In person, they are both magnificently powerful and vigorous.

Their friendship? Damon and Pythias weren't in it. And that is the more curious since neither makes friends easily. If they played in a picture together, they would probably "give" so much to each other that the film would look like a tea party. And that would be a fine

state of affairs for two men who both are noted scene stealers.

Jannings believes that the secret of art is humanness, and this has been evident in his numerous portrayals. "*Wie Menschen lieben, wie Menschen leiden, wie Menschen sich vergnügen, das ist immer dasselbe,*" he once said to me, which translated means, "The way men love, the way they suffer, the way they enjoy—that is always the same."

Like every Thespian, Jannings has his faults. He inclines just a little, at times, to staginess. But perhaps this is due to the direction that he has received on occasion.

There was certainly nothing stagi about him on the day that I watched him at work in "The Way of All Flesh." This film is based on the magazine story, "The Man Who Forgot God," and has no connection with the novel by Samuel Butler. Jannings was portraying the father of a huge family in a home in Milwaukee. The family was having a meal. Belle Bennett was the wife, and there were six children at the table. Jannings was in his element. He literally radiated domesticity. He kissed the children whether it was part of the scene or not, and when the baby in a high chair started cry-

ing unexpectedly, Jannings crowded his huge frame around the youngster trying to do something to soothe him. It was plain to see that the kiddies all adored him.

But things are not always so peaceful with Jannings. I on one occasion saw a flash of his temperament, and his temper, when there was a misunderstanding over his make-up that rather insulted his intelligence. "*Ich bin kein Kind!*" he exclaimed—"I am no child!" and he offered a quick descriptive gesture sweeping close to the floor, indicating the size of the figurative child.

Jannings is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar in his opinions. The winds and the waves of popular taste may lash about him, but they will not move him in his ideas. Of this I am confident. Rather than give way he would probably return to Europe, and that would be regrettable.

He was slow in reaching his decision to come to America, and only exceptional inducements finally brought him. But even if at first he may not have regarded his new environment as ideal for the fulfillment of his artistic aims, his talent and spirit will no doubt surmount all difficulties.



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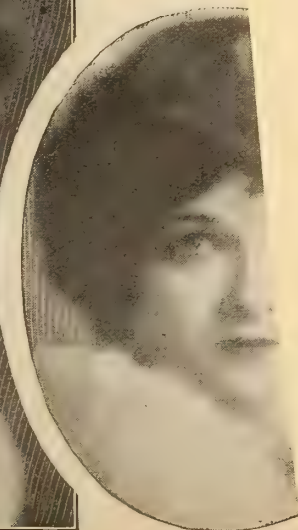
The craze for bobs has left six str
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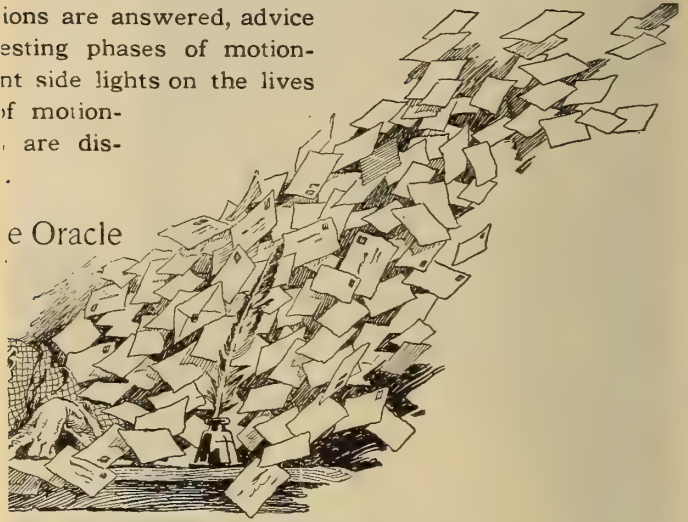
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Universal pictures—
and "Midnight Rose."
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asses! Oh, yes, I do!
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Avenue, Hollywood.
ears in Famous Play-
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t address I have for
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Los Angeles. Address
amous Players studio.

it hurts me more than
v cold water on your
the "next issue" is im-
least three months to
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lished a story about
e issue for May, 1926.
or a copy to the Circu-
inclosing twenty-five
i is about five feet tall;
hundred and twenty

'm afraid you're a little
erest in Wallace Reid.
not supply back numbers
ago. The cast of "Clar-
gnes Ayres as *Violet*,
Cora Wheeler, Kathlyn
ward Martindel as *Mr.*
r, and Robert Agnew as
Menjou, Bertram Johns,
and Mayme Kelso were

—I see you don't read
very often or you would
ers cannot appear in the
/e can't sit down and get
e up, printed, and distrib-
akfast, you know. Corinne
ma Banky weigh one hun-
pounds—each, of course!
was born in Chicago, Ben
Orleans. I don't know of
in North Carolina. It is
to give the religious affilia-
as they consider that too per-

sonal a matter. There does not seem to
be an epidemic among the feminine stars
of letting their hair grow, but I just can't
keep track of the long and short of it
among actresses.

I. M. G.—As to why film companies im-
port foreign stars—after all, film magnates
are business men, and they sign up any
one who seems to have box-office poten-
tialities. There is a Ronald Colman Club.
For information, write to Harry Baum-
gartner, secretary, 1406 Kentucky Avenue,
Joplin, Missouri. Incidentally, Mr. Col-
man, your favorite, is English. A John
Gilbert Club has headquarters with Joseph
J. Varhalak, 223 Boston Avenue, Strat-
ford, Connecticut.

ONE OF JOHN GILBERT'S ADMIRERS.—You
certainly have lots of company. See an-
swer to I. M. G., just above. Gilbert's new
film is "Twelve Miles Out." I don't know
where you can get a better picture of him
than the one he sent you, unless you cut
one out of a film magazine.

AMANDA P. MATHABOUR.—Your letter
had a long journey—all the way from the
Philippines! Barbara La Marr made sev-
eral films after "The White Moth"—"San-
dra," "The Heart of a Siren," "The White
Monkey," and "The Girl from Mont-
martre," her last picture. Miss La
Marr's little boy was adopted by her. She
was thirty when she died. A list of film-
producing companies here and abroad
would cover many pages. The more im-
portant companies are listed every month
at the end of this department.

IVY MUNN.—Is Picture Oracle my right
name? Why, of course! I was christened
that because my parents took one look at
me and knew that I was going to be a
smart child. Wilfred Lytell is Bert's
brother. As he isn't very active in pic-
tures, there isn't much chance of his photo
being published in any of the magazines.
Constance Talmadge is constantly threaten-
ing to retire from the screen, but I'm a
skeptic. Thanks for the bouquets.

FRK. SOFIE.—This column is quite inter-
national this month, with letters from Ha-
waii, the Philippines, England, and now
your letter from Norway. Your English
is excellent—much better, I assure you,
than my French, in which you threaten to
write next time! Jack is a nickname for

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy



This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this *new way*.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

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Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by

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Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

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Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

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important
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② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Meet the Boy Friend

Continued from page 31

of the colony's classics. Kerry is a good horseman. So, as you all know, is Hoot. On their little canter this day, when they were far away from the paved streets, the two decided to ride Roman style—that is, standing up on their steeds. They fixed their saddles accordingly, made ready, and letting out a whoop, went tearing along the bridle trail. Around bends, over fallen logs, past boulders, down hills, over brooks, they madly rode.

All of which was very fine until they suddenly met a group of Los Angeles society buds taking their morning riding lesson. Their mounts saw the two Roman riders coming head on in a cloud of dust, and they didn't like the looks of things. So they started, too, and in one second there was a cavalcade of horses, shrieking girls and a scared instructor streaking over the hills, while Hoot and Norman reined in their steeds and looked after them in horror. Just what those girls and their instructor later had to say about the matter can be imagined.

Jean Hersholt "kicks around" with Edward Sloman. Their friendship dates back to the old Triangle days. And they quarrel beautifully. Jean does not hesitate to tell Sloman that his conception of a certain scene is rotten. And Sloman sometimes suggests that Jean beat it to the three-a-day, where he needn't blush whenever he takes his pay check.

The tragic death of Charles Em-

met Mack bereft Charles Farrell of one of the best friends he had ever had, though the two had not known each other for very long. The friendship had been formed during the filming of "The Rough Riders." That picture has two leading men, as rivals for the heart of Mary Astor, and the rôles were drawn by the "two Charlies."

Going on location together at San Antonio, Texas, Farrell and Mack acted together, shared the same tent, kicked rattlesnakes out of each other's path, went for long horseback rides together across the Texas plains, broiled under the sun together by day and fought mosquitoes by night.

The friendship between Edmund Lowe and Bert Lytell started on the squash courts of the Hollywood Athletic Club. When squash first sprang into popular favor in the colony, Ed and Bert were among the pioneers who early purchased rackets and turned out daily for the sport. A thing that makes their friendship closer is that their wives, Lilyan Tashman and Claire Windsor, are also close friends. Bert and Ed don't see so much of each other now, because Bert is on the road in vaudeville, but they are none the less devoted.

Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes are boon companions. Stone says that lasting friendships between men are based on differences of opinion,

provided that the mutual interest in each other's ideas does not die.

"And that," adds Hughes, "is about the only opinion that Stone and I have in common!"

Jack Holt and Conrad Nagel are constant companions, as are also Charles Ray and Jason Robards. The homes of the latter two in Beverly Hills are but a few doors apart and, as both men are married, the two couples have many evenings together.

There are two "three-musketeer" groups in the colony. One consists of Irving Thalberg, King Vidor, and Jack Gilbert, the other of Dick Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, and William Powell. These trios are constantly seen round about town.

Otto Matiesen, the Danish actor, had heard of Sadakichi Hartmann, noted author and lecturer, long before he came to this country, so when he arrived in New York, he made a point of seeking him out. Their mutual interest in Oriental literature and philosophy immediately drew them together, and they have been strong friends ever since.

The outstanding thing about most of these friendships is the perfectly frank basis on which they are founded. Friendly criticism of each other and a straightforward exchange of opinions are worth far more to these pairs of pals than a perpetual interchange of the monotonous echo, "Yes, guess you're right."

Do You Believe in Hunches?

Continued from page 29

than just about letters and meeting people?" I asked.

"Yes—sometimes," she admitted. "Zere was one time I woke in ze night — soddenly — queek — wide awake. An' I say somesing is wrong wiz my mother in France. I mus' cable her—now—in ze night! So I cable right away, 'What of my mother?' And queek it came back. She was ill—very ill—in France. And I have known—here in America. Zat was a honch!"

"Mercy, yes! Have you had others?"

"Well—zere was my sister. For several years we did not know where she was. She was gone away, and we had not heard from her. My mother, she write and say, maybe she is in zat America—Canada—New York. What I think? I do not know. Zen, one day I have a honch. I telegraph to ze French consul in a town in Mexico and ask him is my sister zere? He wire me back, 'Yes!' I have known, some-

how, zat she was in zat town. It was a honch!"

"And no one had told you anything to lead you to suspect that she was there?" I asked.

"Oh, no! We had not heard from her for long time. It just came to me—maybe she is in zat town in Mexico. And she was."

This sister of Renee's has since come to Hollywood, and played small parts in a few movies.

"I should think your hunches might be useful in your profession," said I.

"Yes, zey are, sometimes—like my getting my part in 'Mr. Wu.' I wanted zat part—oh, so moch! But nobody sink Renee can do it. Every one say, 'Non! Non! Renee cannot play a Chinese girl. She is too French.' And I felt very bad. I wanted it so moch.

"Seventeen — nineteen — twenty people, all had tests for zat part of ze Chinese girl in 'Mr. Wu,' but I did not have a test.

"Zen I had a honch! I said to

myself, 'I will get on a train and go away somewhere. I will pretend I do not care. Maybe zey will send for me to come back for "Mr. Wu."'

"So I start to go to Pebble Beach. I do not want to go to Pebble Beach—but I mus' go somewhere! I get on ze train and go as far as Pasadena. Zen come a telegram from ze studio. 'Come back for test for "Mr. Wu!"'

"I got off zat train queek, queek, I can tell you! I came back and made ze test. 'Jost right!' zey say. 'Renee is jost right to play ze Chinese girl!' So I played zat part, and I am oh, so happy about it."

Just then the director called her. I rose to leave.

"Goo'-by," said Renee cheerfully. "When I get anozer honch, I shall telephone you, and you can see if it works."

I hope she will. I should enjoy watching a "honch" at work. But in spite of the advantages, I should think hunches would be something of a strain.

Hollywood's Dumbest Actors

Continued from page 90

peared in the same film under his direction.

Not very long ago, Allman had a call from a studio for a bullfrog to leap from a shelf to the bright and shining dome of a baldheaded man in a comedy. The frog leaped as desired, without casualty, thanks to his training.

Fred Thomson, now a Famous Players star, owns a beautiful white cockatoo which made its first screen appearance in "Don Mike." The bird had little to do save supply atmosphere in rancho scenes, but it will be advanced to more important work in future pictures.

The field of motion-picture actors is broadening. It can be said that it is becoming truly cosmopolitan when available players include such creatures as mosquitoes, bees, ants, mice, rats, cockatoos, iguanas, snakes, monkeys, bobcats, civet cats, Gila monsters, and crabs.

A Ray from Russia

Continued from page 59

at once, or you hit zomesing. I hit zomesing—a—a w'at I hit?"

"Only a truck," her interpreter provided. "Better luck next time."

"Not eferybody hit truck right a-way!" She tossed her head. "But my new car that shine—it not shine any more," she added ruefully.

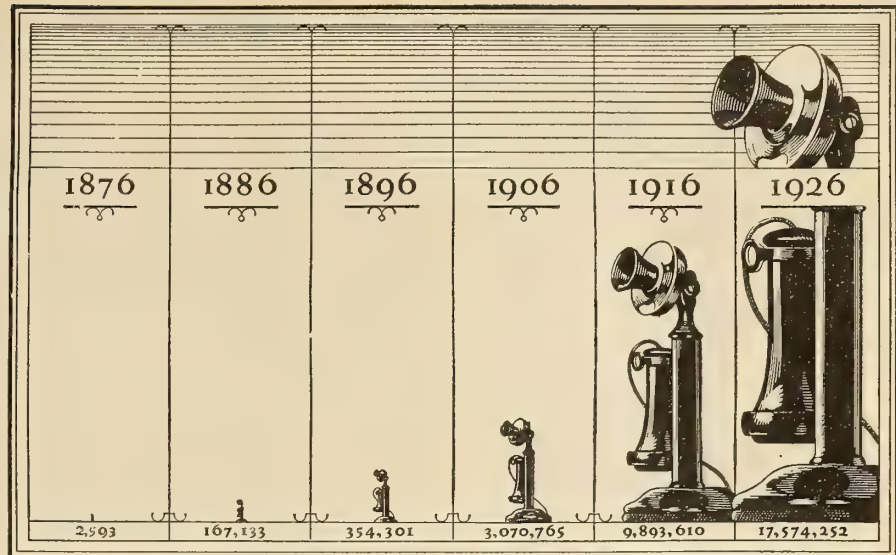
Vera's gay personality should find a definite place on the American screen if she is given light, insouciant rôles. As a matter of fact, I hear that Paramount is very much excited over her possibilities, and is planning to star her, if her first three or four pictures prove satisfactory.

This stranger in a foreign land is far from lonely or melancholy. It's not her nature to be so.

She naïvely deems herself a beginner, and is grateful for any opportunity. And she is enamored of Hollywood.

Hold your breath while I reveal the climax. Her deepest desire is—to live on a farm! Naïvely, without being at all aware that this is an unusual ambition for an actress, she hoped that soon somebody would take her to visit a farm, and said that already she had begun to save her "moneys" to buy one.

The ice cream was served at about this point, and thereafter I gave up asking questions. It was so much more fun just to sit and watch Vera go after that frozen dainty, her eyes bent upon it, raised only now and then to meet mine in perfect, soul-satisfying contentment.



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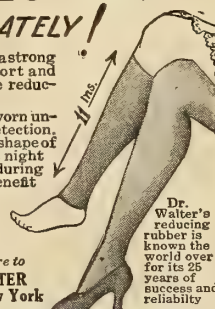
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Wiped Out by Prosperity

Continued from page 85

weather, so that the piece might go on. Late in the afternoon he sought out the director and producers, wondering how the lost time could be made up so that he could meet the terms of his new contract with the bigger company. He was assured that it would be fixed all right.

"We'll just stick a title in to cover the scenes we would have taken today," was the unconcerned reply.

Of the little "quickies" now made along Poverty Row, the "horse opera," or Western type of film, predominates. This type ever has a ready sale, can be made chiefly in the open, without sets, and is inexpensive from every point of view.

Names, famous names, can be conjured from out of the past of this street, now fast passing.

Madge Bellamy, lent by the producer to whom she was under contract, made "A Fool and His Money" on Poverty Row. Erle Kenton, who later directed Bebe Daniels in "The Palm Beach Girl" for Paramount, has struggled on the Row in his time. Wallace Beery once wandered along the shady pathway looking for a day's work. Alice Terry, before Rex Ingram appeared on the scene of her life, came forth from there in a few pictures, wearing in those days the dark hair which is her own.

One producing company, now listed well up in the industry, bought its first studio on Poverty Row for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, paying one thousand five hundred dol-

lars down and the remainder from time to time out of the profits. The land alone, where a newly built studio now stands, is now valued near a million dollars.

A Santa Monica bus driver, an ex-cowboy, has a unique arrangement with an independent producer on the Row who, by the way, is also a high official in one of the larger companies. Twice a year, for two-week periods, the bus driver absents himself from behind the wheel of his machine to mount a horse and star as a dare-devil of the plains at seventy-five dollars a week.

Complete films, four of them a year, are made during these "vacations," and are sold in the East to releasing companies that take charge of their distribution. The producer then returns to his job with the powerful corporation and watches his profits pile up on the side, and the bus driver returns to his route.

This, then, is Poverty Row, now passing—soon to be wholly a thing of the past. A legend in the making. A place where ascending stars met other stars on the downward grade. The stars-to-be passed the stars who had been. Always there used to be a job on Poverty Row, if the player cared to take it. Soon there will be no more Poverty Row, because prosperity will have crowded it off the map—prosperity, and the demand on the part of the fans for better pictures.

The Stroller

Continued from page 23

Barnes is suing some one for his salary; Mae Murray demands damages because, she alleges, a woman rented her a home and maintained falsely that the furnishings were genuine antiques; J. Stuart Blackton, rather than settle out of court, defended himself against a damage suit brought by a man who said the producer horsewhipped him. Numerous other court proceedings feature the names of film celebrities.

This is an excellent thing for the movies. Stars and directors in the past have been subject to all sorts of petty blackmail schemes and bad treatment generally. Rather than risk what they feared would be unfavorable notoriety, they settled to their disadvantage even when they were right.

Hollywood is full of beautiful girls who aren't in the movies, even

though they are constantly in the presence of directors and producers who might start them on the way to fame in pictures, but don't.

The young lady, for example, who presides over the information desk at the First National studio is fully as attractive as any of the stars on that lot. In addition, she gives ample proof of her personality by maintaining her good humor despite the foolish questions fired at her all day.

Another girl who might be a movie queen, but isn't, sells cigarettes in the Montmartre.

There are many secretaries and telephone girls about the studios pretty enough to change places with the stars. Of course, a director might reply, in defense of his judgment, "These girls probably cannot act." To which one could justifiably answer, "What has that to do with it?"

I Knew Him as An Extra

Continued from page 54

"Practically none."

"You're a fairly good actor?"

"Terrible!"

He was sold. Cruze beamed. And that is the story of how Charles Farrell came to play the hero in James Cruze's "Old Ironsides."

You know how distinctive and charming he made a part that, in the cutting of the picture, was reduced to rather inconsequential dimensions. It immediately put him on the celluloid map.

Famous Players would have liked to retain him, but Fox held his signature and, faintly, they began to realize the possible value of it. They brought him back to the home lot for "Sandy," with Madge Bellamy. Then Famous borrowed him again, for the spectacular "Rough Riders." And if Charlie, as the cocky but lovable young lieutenant in that film, isn't a knock-out, then I'm Greta Garbo!

Now, on the triumphant heels of "The Rough Riders," comes "Seventh Heaven," which young Mr. Farrell recently completed for Fox.

Charlie is a naturally fine actor, with the sweeping ignorance of technique that goes only with a high

grade of inherent talent. Not long ago, talking to a group of his directors, Mack Sennett said, "Good Lord, that was *real* acting he gave us—and we didn't recognize it!"

He is a very nice boy, who lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club, comes of old Cape Cod stock, shows his breeding in his sensitive face, went to college ostensibly to learn business but really to stall around until he could be an actor, got a job during a vacation as business manager of an act on the Orpheum circuit, came with the act to Los Angeles, and—stayed here.

Yes, he is a very nice boy, and here are three proofs of it: (1.) Instead of making the romantic most of the scars on his face—one on his chin, the other over his left eye—he admits that they were acquired in rough-house baseball when he was a kid. (2.) He thinks he is pretty poor on the screen and, if you mention some special scene you liked, he patiently explains that it really belonged to the other person, and so forth. (3.) He still rides around in a Ford roadster, when he *could* have—well, perhaps not a Rolls-Royce, but something like it.

The Strangest House in Hollywood

Continued from page 25

and I caught a beam of light overhead. Mounting another ladder, we emerged in the center of a fountain in the patio.

"We'll go back!" McDermott said. We scrambled down and started through a second tunnel. This time we came out in the throne room. "There's still a third tunnel which leads into the open air," he confided.

There are scattered all through the house little graven gods and images that once adorned studio sets. There is a fireplace in one corner, constructed from an old incinerator, but covered with expensive French tiling. There are vessels of beaten copper, Turkish pipes, urns, water jugs, earthenware dishes, bolos, machetes, Arab rifles, and some pistols which fired their last shots long before George Washington ever saw the Delaware.

"If any one else had built the place I couldn't stand it," Mr. McDermott said. "But I've had a lot of fun doing the work. When I am away from it long I get homesick. I have a comfortable apartment in town, but would rather be out here in the hills in my handmade home."

The house is a monument to his

genius or fancy or whim or whatever you want to call it. Away back in the hills it is quiet, and sometimes he bends over his typewriter and solves scenario problems that would drive him to distraction in his office at the studio.

In the morning there is the freshness of nature, the scent of dewy grasses and sage, and he can feel the joy of living out among the wild things. Yet his shapeless hillside home is less than half an hour by motor from the roaring traffic of Hollywood Boulevard.

One night, McDermott says, he had his "gang" out to dinner. In the party was an engineer. "What kind of a foundation is there?" he asked.

"Foundation!" said his host. "What's that?"

The engineer leaped from his seat, rushed outside, looked at the underpinning, then strode back. "Get out of here—all of you!" he exclaimed. "We're on the brink of eternity!" The bottom of the canyon was two hundred feet below.

However, all that has now been remedied. Now, his friends may come to his home in safety.

And it's the strangest home in Hollywood—perhaps anywhere.



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Behind Lon Chaney's Mask

Continued from page 18

unhappy. So I decided to make the break, and change my heavies into characters. I dressed them up with make-up that was different from what anybody had ever used.

"I had decided that any actor of ability could express emotion and thought with his eyes, a muscle of his face, a gesture of the hand or body. But that it would take a very good one to act through a heavy make-up, with a couple of pounds of putty on his face, his eyes out of gear, and his mouth pulled around to meet one of his ears.

"The Miracle Man' brought me fame. Fame is a very strange lady. I had done things every bit as good as 'The Miracle Man' years before, but they had passed unnoticed."

Chaney is an almost bitterly sincere man. He lives the philosophy of "to thine own self be true." He despises pretense. Therefore, he is never guilty of it. Where some men would choose diplomacy as the most graceful way out of an awkward or irritating situation, he right then and there calls the spade by its name, and the matter is settled definitely for all time.

He is extremely instinctive and intuitive. If he likes you, you immediately know it. He may even tell you so. If he doesn't like you, or hasn't any interest in what you have to say, you will have evidence of that, too—promptly.

On the rare occasions when some visitor gets on the set where he is working, if the matter proceeds as far as an introduction, he takes exactly one minute to determine whether the person is to his liking. If he is, he remains. If not, through some mysterious signal code, Chaney is called back to work at once by a messenger from the director.

"I loathe curiosity seekers," he has told me. "The people who are so darn anxious to get a look at what is behind the scenes. What does it mean to them? Nothing, except possible disillusionment.

"Why should I tell the whole world what my private life is? That belongs to me. Why should I share sacred hours, which are all too rare anyway, with the world in general? Why should any but just a few friends know that Mrs. Chaney and I love our home, and enjoy sharing it with congenial souls who drop in now and then for dinner, and that later we all talk, and listen to music, and cut up like human beings?

"Who, except ourselves, should care that when the week-ends roll

around, or when work gets too heavy, Mrs. Chaney and I love to go up to our shack in the mountains and hang across rocks for days at a time, catching beautiful fish in the cool mountain streams?

"Who should care that I like to find a congenial pal every Tuesday and Friday to go to the fights? And just why should it matter to any one but ourselves that every now and then we run into friends of the old days in vaudeville, and go on tour with them to a few honkatonk towns, just for the fun of trying to call back some of the spirit of yesterday?"

A man who has known Chaney for years once said to me, "I love Lon Chaney. He is a great human being.

"Lon has befriended more people in need, and to this day does more for people who have no idea who their benefactor is, than any person I have ever known. And it is likely he will hate me for the rest of my life for telling this."

There is an expression in the eyes of Lon Chaney which conveys more than words ever could his compassion, understanding, and feeling for the man whose life is lived under a shadow. His eyes are such a deep brown that they are almost black. They are so deeply set that you have to look far down into them to be really sure they are there. That is why people either know him well, or not at all. There are lines gashed from his nose to his chin which resemble cuts that took a long time to heal. Yet his laugh is hearty and seems to roll and surge before it gets a good start. It comes back to you sometimes, but its echo is far different. It is like a sad song.

Out of the misty shadows of the past there must at times hover about Chaney tender memories of his childhood—a mother and father, both deaf mutes—a little boy at Christmastime, peering hopelessly into a rich shop window—and many more unforgettable memories.

Whether Lon Chaney is the clown who does not want to laugh, but must, as in "He Who Gets Slapped," or the armless freak who desperately loves the beautiful lady, or a vengeful, relentless Oriental who demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," he remains the great tragedian of the screen. He arouses keen interest, he evokes warm sympathy. On the screen he is a lone figure, as truly great as we can imagine, contributing handsomely to the history of the profession he loves.

Lucky Days for Larry Gray

Continued from page 67

went to see the director every day for the next month, making eager inquiries as to when Bern would start his next film. That is how he finally got his first real rôle—in "The Dressmaker from Paris."

And he managed the part quite well—well enough, at any rate, to be given a contract with Famous Players. But there followed months when he was under salary with nothing to do. Perhaps you think you would like that—a nice vacation with pay? But you wouldn't if you were a struggling screen actor who was dependent, for success, on being placed constantly before the public. Larry became quite restless.

Then came Gloria Swanson's picture, "The Coast of Folly." Allan Dwan, the director, complained of the mediocre extra material he was given. They were a terrible-looking bunch, he wailed, so he told Larry to get into the ranks for one of those "bits." Larry was slightly insulted that he should be called upon to do extra work—he who was now a player, under contract!

"But kicking did no good," said Larry to me. "I was told to do it, and I had to. The picture opened on the beach, where I had a few scenes with Gloria. I had known her for some time, as I had once been business manager of her unit."

"Well, she and I sat on the beach, and she began telling me about her next picture. 'I do this, and then you do that,' she said, describing the action of the story. 'What do you mean, I do that?' I demanded. At which, Gloria announced that I was to be her next leading man!"

That next picture of Gloria's, "Stage Struck," was Larry's real introduction to the film public. Fans started writing in to inquire about this good-looking new juvenile. Then followed another picture with Gloria—"The Untamed Lady."

That marked the end of Larry's "struggle," if you could really call it that. He has been very lucky. There came, then, in quick succession, "Are Parents People?" with Betty Bronson, "The Palm Beach Girl," with Bebe Daniels, "The American Venus," "Kid Boots," "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," "Convoy," and "The Telephone Girl," which he was just finishing at Paramount's Long Island studio when this interview took place.

He was having re-takes the day I saw him—close-ups of Larry hanging over the switchboard in a hotel lobby, saying to the empty air, or

perhaps to the studio's collection of electricians and camera men, "Will you marry me?" Madge Bellamy, the screen recipient of this proposal, had already departed for the West Coast, but here was Larry, having close-ups of the big moment when he proposed to her. Film work is so emotional!

Larry has the usual complaint to make about not being given real rôles to play, though he realizes that he has been exceptionally lucky. Every actor wants a chance, however, to play in a "Beau Geste" or an "Old Ironsides."

"I don't know whether I can really act or not," he says, "because I've never had a chance to find out. If a big test came, and I was called on to do something besides a little light love-making, I might be simply terrible. I'd like to find out."

"Don't get me wrong, though—I'm not kicking. I've been working constantly, opposite big stars who always have Broadway showings, and every screen appearance helps to establish an actor a little more. The mere fact of being constantly before the public gradually builds up a following for him—no matter how terrible he is, there are always some fans who will like him."

That is quite true, of course. Sometimes one suspects that it really doesn't matter whether a film player can act or not. It is just looks that count—and personality. Larry has both. He is a charming, good-looking young man, very intelligent.

Larry wants, almost more than anything, to write. It's surprising how many people want, more than anything, to write. But he has written a photoplay, which he hopes Paramount will produce, with himself in the leading rôle.

Whether Paramount buys the script or not, though, Mr. Gray is sure that some film company will produce it, because he knows it is good screen material. And he ought to know good screen material when he sees it, oughtn't he? So watch out for Larry's appearance in this screen story of his own writing.

It should be his big opportunity to find out whether he can act—and also to find out whether he can write. One wonders, perhaps, if it might not mark his departure from the field of acting into the field of writing. Because, after all, he didn't raise himself to be an actor, and he *did* want to write. And Larry is likely to do whatever he wants, because these are his lucky days!



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Blanche Sweet Faces Facts

Continued from page 34

certainly did like them. If you have a good situation Mr. Neilan feels that the thing to do is just to skim the rich interest of it and hand it to the public without its being 'watered' a bit. When you make a picture you want to stamp an impression, not draw a map, Mr. Neilan says."

Unlike myself, for whom the golden age of motion pictures lies ten years or so back, she thinks they are improving.

"How can they help it, when the mechanical conditions are getting better all the time? The lighting, of course. And then this new film, that they've only just found out how to make. It's so fine grained it gives a surface smoother than milk. Once that gets in general use how do you think this rough old photography will—"

I forget myself and cry out, exclaiming that the photography of "The Love Light," for instance, and of "The Unpardonable Sin," was better than anything I see now.

"You weren't used to good photography then, that's all. Now you take it for granted."

This brings us naturally to the subject of reissues. She is against them, heart and soul.

"And it isn't only the technical stuff. Come, look at the stage. See how acting changes, even in ten years. Do you suppose that if the acting of the generation before us could be 'reissued,' it would make as good an effect as it did then?"

"But, Miss Sweet, take 'Judith of Bethulia'—"

"Oh, do not speak to me of *Judith*!" It is a triumph, in its way, to have wrung from her so sharp a cry. "Leave me that one illusion! Let me think that there at least I did something good! I have seen too many reissues. I have had old pictures of my own run off to see what I had really done. And it was never any good."

Her voice remains cool as water even when she continues, "Oh, don't you see? It's not only because of the changes in making pictures. We change, ourselves. A picture that meant a lot to us at one time—how can we go back to what that time had for us? It was real, then, in that moment. But it's like going back to somebody you once loved, whom you haven't seen since each of you became another person, and expecting that you'll seem the same to each other. Oh, no, it can't be!"

There is no shadow of anything overbearing in this definiteness of hers. She likes to state her case, but

that once done she wants to get on to something else.

"Miss Sweet," I fling out my crucial question, "are there no special parts you would like to do?"

She shakes her head.

"None at all? Think—if you didn't have to consider circumstances, conditions—"

She is flooded with rosy color and with brightness.

"Oh, well, then——" she says, and remains silent.

She speaks with complete quietude again, when at last she is teased into speaking at all. "But how can I tell you? For they're not parts, exactly. I never wanted to do *Juliet* nor *Camille* in my life. Nor to have any famous novel dramatized. But, yes; it's true there are things I want to do. Quite obscure little stories that I've come on accidentally. Or scarcely stories, even, but——"

"Moods?"

"Moods, yes. And things I've felt and known. But I can't tell about them. No, I won't. I couldn't if I wanted to. Ah! if I do them, you'll see what I mean—what I want to do!"

"But you tell her!" she exclaims to her hostess, who is standing beside her. "I must go." All that startled bloom has flared over her again, in a clearness, a glow, of happy longing. She springs up like a slim little pillar of fire, at once revealed and veiled in rosy light; she slings her dark cloak over one shoulder rather than wait to put it on.

Poised for flight she urges, "You know how I don't care to do them, ever, unless he does them with me. Because they would never be right. Tell her how we work things out together. And how they'd be nothing without him. Nothing!"

She gives a brisk nod of farewell. And I remember, as if they stood there, lovely *Lady Gwendolyns*, all velvet grace, that she has played, and fresh-browed modern girls in tennis linens; near them the worn and bitter wisdom of *Anna Christie's* face, with that hard questioning in it; *Dimny Parcot*, delicate and invincible, beside *Alice's* wan softness; and, somehow, so tall, so steeled and terrible, the sumptuous *Judith*, dark and proud.

All these but facets of that shaggy, blond urchin, standing straight and slight in the rough, gray-blue wool and *Robin Hood's* hat! I have a sense of the strength and richness of heart out of which characterization must be born—an instant's vision of what acting is.

Then she is gone.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 27

home, the three children announced they had decided to tarry a while and try their luck in pictures. Their parents thought that since they were so determined, the best way to cure them would be with their own medicine. So father gave them a small allowance.

"Just enough to get along on," says Adrienne. "He hoped, we knew, that by being skimped we would get heartily sick of it. I know he never thought we could make both ends meet. 'See you soon!' they called as they bade us good-by.

"Those words were our parents' undoing, because wild horses couldn't have dragged us home, then. We gritted our teeth and vowed we'd get along somehow.

"Summer came, and the family returned to Hollywood. And again they went home without us. And at the end of three years, father decided there had been enough of this nonsense, and stopped the allowance. For some months after that crisis we were on our own, so to speak. Like vagabonds, we struggled along somehow; we wired for money only when we absolutely had to have it. Of course we always got it, but we hated like everything to ask."

And then Robert Kane's wire arrived, and six days later Victor Halperin picked up his megaphone at the Cosmopolitan studio and called, "Adrienne, do your stuff," while the family in Texas waited expectantly.

Recruited from the Stage.

Mary Duncan has been recruited for the films by none other than the astute William Fox, who obtained her signature on the dotted line whence all but him had fled. And while gloom reigns in the office of A. H. Woods, the stage producer, jubilation is rampant in the Tenth Avenue edifice presided over by William the Conqueror.

When Mary Duncan appeared on Broadway in support of Florence Reed in "The Shanghai Gesture," motion-picture magnates besieged her doors. She possesses the valuable quality known as appeal, and moreover has the added asset of being a type. Besides, she has youth, and the dramatic flame within her burns intensely. In all probability, her first picture will be "The Grand Army Man," and numerous other scripts in the Fox archives are being held for her vital impersonations.

Do You Know That—

Andres de Seguro, the much-monocled impresario in "The Love

of Sunya," has said good-by to his music portfolio, his tea parties, and Friday-morning musicales, and boarded a train for California to take part in Gloria Swanson's second production for United Artists?

That infectious comedian, Sam Hardy, has been elevated to the rank of costardom with Lois Wilson, in "Broadway Nights," this being his reward of merit after numerous consecutively fine performances?

Betty, the six-year-old adopted sister of Lois Moran, has submitted to a screen test, with the result that she is expected to join "Our Gang," and act as a foil to Farina?

Take a Chance—It Pays.

This is the story of a girl who thought she hadn't enough work to do, and objected to taking a salary unless she earned it.

So she talked it over with the boss. He couldn't promise to increase her working schedule, so she went out to get another job, and the name of Pauline Starke was struck off the pay roll of Metro-Goldwyn.

This meant, of course, that her large weekly stipend ceased, but Pauline was ready to take a chance. And the first thing she knew she was traveling to Manhattan to play with Ben Lyon in "Dance Magic."

Not so long ago Miss Starke specialized in the drooping-violet, soon-to-pass-out-of-the-picture type of rôle, but she determined that even if she did have high cheek bones and a frail physique, it was time that she ceased to pine away on crutches.

So she bobbed her hair, went on a milk diet, bought a spangled dress, and became sophisticated, with the result that not long ago she decided it was high time to buy a reducing machine. She had reached the point where she tipped the scales at one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and felt she had become bumpy in places.

And now she is playing a part that was sought for Gloria Swanson, Gilda Gray, and Mae Murray, all of whom had their tentacles out for the popular story. Miss Starke got the part by a fluke provided by the able Halperin brothers, who had taken the precaution to obtain an option when the tale first appeared in magazine form. Robert Kane wanted it, and was willing even to go into partnership to get it. And he did. The Halperins and Kane shared the undertaking on a fifty-fifty basis, leased the Cosmopolitan studio, and selected Pauline Starke as the ideal heroine.



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Loved at Last

Continued from page 52

I'd be afraid to call them "one of filmdom's happiest couples," because that phrase has so often been used to describe couples who almost immediately afterward got divorced, that it has come to be regarded as a jinx. But knowing the solid and worth-while fundamentals upon which their marriage is based, knowing their genuine comradeship and sincere respect for each other, I risk tagging Zasu and Tom with that description.

"You will now give me a recipe for a happy marriage—" I started.

"I will not," drawled Zasu. "Tom and I are superstitious about that sort of thing. We've seen too many couples brag about their happiness and then suddenly break up. So we keep mum."

However, there's no law against my telling you a few of the little things that I myself have noticed about their married life. For instance, they never cross each other. When Tom, who manages the Hollywood American Legion Stadium, takes a notion to go to New York to look over contestants for his ring, Zasu casually packs his things and waves him off with a distracted kiss.

Not because she is glad to see him go, but because she is wise enough to know that you keep a husband by giving him plenty of freedom. Besides, when she wants to take a vacation by herself, he is equally generous.

I've never known a girl so persistently to discredit compliments to herself as Zasu does. And it's real modesty on her part. When you comment that she is a good cook, she tells you that she can't sew a stitch. When you insist that she *could* do the delicately sad rôles that she secretly yearns for, she says, "Quit your kidding."

She bluntly refuses to be prettified for publication, and once fired a press agent because he said such "silly" things about her. You would think that, after nine years of Hollywood, she would have got used to the tricks of publicity. But not Zasu—she hates it.

Whenever I am with Zasu Pitts, a line comes to mind: "Old home things touched at sunset in the quiet." I might have quoted only that for you, instead of writing all that I have, for it gives her to you better than can any words of mine.

The Earl of Guffaw

Continued from page 43

out a good picture he realizes he must surround himself with troupers who are acquainted with their groceries. If a star's picture flops, the public blames the star. So Wynn very sensibly wants his picture to be a wow; he isn't anxious to make it a one-man affair. He's no fool."

This explained, in a measure, why Conklin himself has shunned starring as religiously as he was humanly able. He has never starred, and, he assured me, harbors no desire to see his name in lights, despite the fact that it is often there.

"Once they star you, the public holds you responsible for your pictures' success. And, you know, the director makes or breaks a picture. It isn't the star. That's a lot of hooey. The star just brings the crowd into the theater. But the picture is the work of the director, first of all, aided by his cast, his camera man, his story. The poor actor simply follows directions. No man can tell how his action looks. He must have a director, and a good one.

"That's why pictures are so much better than they were," Conklin said. "We used to shoot a scene once or twice and go on with the story. Now

we shoot it ten or twelve times, timing it differently, getting different angles on it, and finally using the shot that looks best on the screen when the rushes are shown. Lots of people crab about the wasted time and effort in taking a scene over and over, but they don't know what it's all done for. In comedy, especially, it's essential. You never know how a gag is building when you shoot it, and you have to do it a number of ways to discover the sure-fire way."

So it was that comedy was interpreted by one who knows. Not an intellectual, never to be mistaken for a savant, hardly professorial in any slight detail, Conklin speaks of the making of funny pictures with authority and conviction.

"Have you a yen to do *Hamlet* or something imperishable?" I asked, before sliding down the banisters to the main floor.

He cocked his head quizzically to one side, and peered at me jovially.

"What would Will Hays say to a thing like that?" he counterquestioned.

Make no mistake about the comedy boys! They are the white hopes of the cinema.

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RIM O' THE RANGE	Joseph Montague
Ethel Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance	



75c

75c

Joan in a Whirl

Continued from page 74

Out of the scramble of my patchwork impressions of her I have two vivid mental pictures. One—the typical one—is set against the tea-time background of the Coconut Grove. There is the rattle of laughs, glasses, and cups—for those who are drinking tea. There sits Joan, scarlet lipped. An ultrasmart hat obscures one eye. The cuffs of her sleeves are halfway up her arm. Chic. A beehive of boys swarm around her—school kids mostly—begging, coaxing, pleading.

Hey! Hey! "Jazz boys, jazz boys, play, play, PLAY!"

To the slow rhythm of tum-tum music she dances. I apologize—she floats.

We now fade out.

A moment elapses for a change in mental attitude. We now fade in on a silent church. A halo of white sunlight streaming through stained-glass windows touches the flowers, the heavy flowers. Their scent is wonderfully sweet. In a pew toward the front sit Betty Jane, Marjorie Ellen, and Doris, with bowed heads. For this is the funeral of a boy who was too young to die. A sweet kid who had just packed away his childhood when he fell in love with Joan. Everything is quiet, hushed.

There sits Joan. Through tearful eyes she gazes into the flowers. There must be memories there—of the times she and the boy have danced together and the cups they have won—of the things they have laughed at together and the funny little fusses they have had.

There sits Joan, sobbing, memories in her heart.

They say she is going to be a big star. I think so, too. Certainly something is going to happen to her. Like a famous Michael Arlen heroine, she isn't "going to be let off anything." And, by the way, she would make a great *Iris March*. To whoever is going to produce "The Green Hat," I would say, "See Joan first."

For the people who don't know much about her there should be added a paragraph of biography. Joan's is very brief. She was a New York showgirl, but she isn't any more. She's now a Metro-Goldwyn featured player—one of the slimmest and best. She got up to that position because she did little parts well. After we add that she has a mother, and a brother, Richard, who also works in pictures, that ends it.

And that's the little story about Joan. A friend of mine.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

so carefully the few pages devoted to "What the Fans Think." You can feel the sincerity of the writers.

I saw "The Prince of Tempters" and was shocked at some of the close-ups of Ben Lyon in the earlier part of the picture. I don't know what the trouble was—whether the lighting was poor or whether Ben did not have the right make-up on—but I do know that such poor photographing is detrimental to Ben's popularity, as there are many fans who just dote on "beautiful" male stars and are prejudiced by the least imperfection.

As for me, a thousand such close-ups could not keep me from being an admirer of the boyish Ben, because I do see quite a few imperfections in him, but I admire him in spite of them. I believe he must have a beautiful soul.

Although there is nothing I should like better to do than interview the stars, it is perhaps better that I have not the chance, as I should say a few unkind things. At any rate, my opinions would be sincere.

BERNYCE BRETT.

3856 Thirty-seventh Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Thirteen Promising Young Men.

The Wampas select every year thirteen beautiful newcomers who they think show the most promise. Pretty. Very pretty. But a mere male wants to know why the promising newcomers among the men are ignored. The Wampas seem to forget that for every Gish or Talmadge in the future

there is bound to be a Gilbert or Valentino.

Here is my list of thirteen male screen actors not yet prominent who I think show the most promise of achieving future honors:

1. Einar Hansen—his work in Corinne Griffith's "Into Her Kingdom" established him as the future Valentino of the screen.

2. Charles Delaney—very good in "College Days" with Marceline Day.

3. Raymond Keane—a future Ramon Novarro, but not so good as yet in his acting.

4. Kenneth Thomson—the Wallace Reid of to-day.

5. Ray Hallor—his work in a House Peters feature revealed a first-rate juvenile of the screen, similar to Jack Pickford.

6. Ivan Lebedeff—he had only a bit in "The Sorrows of Satan," yet revealed the stuff that matinee idols are made of.

7. Jack Luden—a Paramount junior star who should some day go far.

8. Donald Reed—he was formerly Ernest Gillen, and was great in "The Auction Block."

9. Danny O'Shea—hope he graduates from Mack Sennett comedies into leading rôles in feature films.

10. Louis Natheaux—a Menjou in the making.

11. Winston Miller—brother of Patsy. Recommendation enough!

12. Jerry Miley—great in a Neilan picture.

13. Donald Keith—very good.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.
630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

It's Not True, Fans.

I have just finished reading Jim Tully's book, "Jarnegan."

I was horrified beyond words that any one could write such prevarications about our dear, beloved friends, the moving-picture people. Having lived near Los Angeles and Hollywood for some years, I can truthfully say that the majority of the picture people are sweet, simple souls, earning an honest living in the best way they can.

Why, it is absurd even to suggest that they are not everything they should be. Every one knows that Conrad Nagel is a vestryman in a church, that Ramon Novarro sings in a choir, and that the charming Marion Davies is the sole support of a large orphanage.

I know personally several people connected with the movie industry, and every one of them is above reproach in every way.

Mr. Tully also classifies fan magazines as "nauseating." It is very evident that he has never read PICTURE PLAY, or he would certainly change his mind quickly.

I do so want to correct the erroneous impression of Hollywood that any one would receive from reading this atrocious book.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

An Extra's Impressions of the Stars.

My first glimpse of Pat O'Malley was as I stood leaning against the wall in the casting office of the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. I was waiting patiently for a call when this dashing young Irishman strolled in. Girls, he is far better looking off screen than on—has a splendid physique, a cheerful smile, and a humorous glint in his blue eyes. A good dresser, too, and a fellow who seems satisfied with life.

While battling in a mob scene in a recent Marion Davies picture, I had the pleasure of studying that lovely star at close range. Gee, she sure is a peach—the sort of girl any fellow would like—so good-natured! And her stammering—when she is excited—and her freckles add rather than detract from her charm. She has the reputation for being very kind-hearted. I don't doubt it, for I know of one little fellow who used to sell papers in front of the M.-G.-M. studio who was presented with a bike from Marion Davies.

On the lot one day I stopped a young man and asked the direction to one of the stages. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I had been talking to Ramon Novarro. I have seen him on the sets many times since. He strikes me as being quite studious, is fine looking and of a quiet manner.

One of the greatest joys of Hollywood is Sally O'Neil. She sure is cute and mischievous—and so young! Sally's most notable features are her big blue eyes, with their long black lashes, and her dazzling smile.

I certainly was disappointed in Mae Murray. I expected to see a high-hat person—the terror of directors. Instead, she is gay and full of laughter. Her handsome young husband was on the set with her when I saw her. He should be in the movies. The girls would rave about him.

Recently, on a rain set, Rod La Rocque made his appearance dressed as a tramp, and I must say I wasn't impressed at all. Then, while I was appearing in a dance scene at Hal Roach's studio, Rod came to see Mabel Normand. He was dressed up and certainly was handsome—and so tall. I was impressed with how much he looked like Valentino.

Mabel Normand, bless her, is a regular trouper, as sweet as can be—a friend to

the extras. She has big, brown, expressive eyes and a delightful smile. Can you blame Lew Cody for taking Mabel as his bride? Lew appears the same off screen as he does on.

Norma Shearer possesses one of the daintiest personalities on record. She is quite pretty, although her eyes are rather small. She seems a little high-hat, but really isn't. Smile at Norma and she will smile back.

Who in the world said that Lillian Gish was haughty and uptight? Lillian is by far the sweetest, most natural and kind-hearted star of them all. True, she is quiet, and absorbed in her work, but she is never too busy to speak to any of the extras who address her.

THE EXTRA BOY.

7047 Watseka Avenue, Apartment 7, Culver City, California.

I'm Surprised at You, Miss Ryan!

I wish to answer Miss Eileen Ryan's letter criticizing mine about "The Big Parade."

I was very much surprised, and at the same time pained, to note that she lived in New Zealand, one of the British colonies, and yet wrote about the English critics as she did. I am perfectly well aware that every one is entitled to his or her own opinions, but I must say that Miss Ryan's statements were a bit harsh, not to say prejudiced. The article that I quoted that she described as silly ranting was written by one of England's foremost authors, so I think he ought to know what he's writing about.

I think the English critics are wonderful. If a film is worthy of praise, whether it be American, English, French, or German, they praise it. They praised "The Big Parade" very, very much indeed, but they just didn't care for the idea.

As for saying that for some months we in England have been trying to discredit American films by fair means or foul—well, all I can say is that it is a silly, mad, ridiculous, insane remark. Miss Ryan should see the thousands of people who go to see American films every night.

DOROTHY MORRIS.

12 Ayrshire Road, Stoke Newington, London, N. 16, England.

Please Notice Johnny Harron.

I wish somebody would please notice Johnny Harron. Not that he has been doing anything unusual, but I've been seeing him on the screen a great deal lately, and I think the boy's there. I'd like to see him get parts that would show what he can do, because I believe he'd live up to what I think of him.

AN IOWA FAN.

Fort Madison, Iowa.

What About It, Miss Costello?

I am one of Dolores Costello's keenest admirers. I love her acting and her beauty.

But—I wrote her my appreciation of her acting and also asked her for a picture. That was nearly five months ago—and I have had no reply. I might understand if my case was an exception, but I know of three other fans who have written to her without success.

Does Miss Costello answer her fan mail or not? What have other fans to say?

Anyway—here's wishing her every success!

VERA PARSONS.

"Newry," Hale, Cheshire, England.

A Tribute to Buster Collier.

I simply cannot understand how Buster Collier escapes the appreciation due him, as he most certainly does. Are there not others besides myself who see in him the whimsical Pan, that eternal Pan? Rare it is that one no longer a child retains



Cinders

in Eyes should be dislodged
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—Paramount. Unexpectedly good. Tale of two sisters in a department store, the disappearance of some funds, and one sister's sacrifice for the other. Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Lawrence Gray.

"Love of Sunya, The"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson's first independent venture. Glittering, but unreal. Skilled performance by Miss Swanson in four distinct characterizations.

"Lunatic at Large, The"—First National. Leon Errol in highly amusing picture of a hobo who is mistaken for a millionaire and accidentally put into an insane asylum. Dorothy Mackaill and Kenneth McKenna.

"McFadden's Flats"—First National. Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in a brick-and-mortar comedy of a hoddie-carrier who becomes a contractor and is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter.

"Metropolis"—Paramount. Fantastic German film of what life in a big city may be a hundred years from now, with the laboring classes living far below ground, and only the capitalists above.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinary, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnapped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"Paradise for Two"—Paramount. Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in film of man who, to inherit his uncle's fortune, employs an actress to pretend to be his wife, and of course falls in love with her.

"Perfect Sap, The"—First National. Mystery melodrama, with a boy detective. Ben Lyon is the boy, and Pauline Starke a beautiful lady crook who turns out to be a girl reporter.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which *Pa* doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Private Izzy Murphy"—Warner. Screen debut of the stage comedian, George Jessel. Another mixture of Irish and Jewish characters, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the Irish heroine.

"Red Mill, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies delightful as a rollicking Dutch girl who, after many and devious complications, ends in the arms of a visiting American, Owen Moore.

"Return of Peter Grimm, The"—Fox. Charming transcription of the play, full of emotional appeal. Alec Francis in rôle of *Peter*, whose spirit revisits the living. Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling.

"Sensation Seekers"—First National. Billie Dove in film of willful, fast-living society girl who high-hats a handsome young clergyman until heroically rescued by him from the villain's yacht.

"Show, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in melodrama of a Budapest side show. Moves a little slowly despite Gilbert's vivid acting.

"Silent Lover, The"—First National. Milton Sills exceptionally good as an irresponsible count who gets into trouble and seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion. Natalie Kingston is the girl.

"Sorrows of Satan, The"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith's latest. Disappointing. Adolphe Menjou is *Satan* in modern clothes, Ricardo Cortez the youth he tempts, Carol Dempster the distraught sweetheart, and Lya de Putti the siren.

"Stepping Along"—First National. Johnny Hines in a dashing comedy of an energetic newsboy who rises to be an assemblyman, with Mary Brian thrown in.

"Stranded in Paris"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in gay, sophisticated, hilarious comedy of shopgirl who goes to Paris and is mistaken for a countess.

"Summer Bachelors"—Fox. Trashy but amusing. Madge Bellamy as a naughty young lady who brightens the lives of husbands whose wives are away for the summer.

"Syncopating Sue"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a sprightly characterization of a gum-chewing jazz player. Lively comedy with laughs galore. Tom Moore as a trap drummer.

"Taxi Dancer, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Agreeably entertaining. Joan Crawford alluring as dance-hall girl who gets in with a bad crowd, but finally lands safely back in Old Virginny.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Three Hours"—First National. Corinne Griffith in tale of a mother who steals for the sake of her child. Lots of plot and "high society." John Bowlers is the sympathetic friend.

"Tin Hats"—Metro-Goldwyn. The farcical adventures of three buddies overseas. Romance of a gum-chewing doughboy and a haughty German baroness. Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.

"Twinkletoes"—First National. Colleen Moore appealing as a Limehouse girl who suffers all kinds of villainy before she and her prize fighter, Kenneth Harlan, fade out in a cabbage patch.

"Upstage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer in a deft, humorous picture of vaudeville life, with a thrilling climax. Tale of a pretty dancer whose head gets turned.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"White Gold"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal gives fine performance as Spanish girl in this exceptional film of the West, full of sinister moments and grim situations.



RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Ankles Preferred"—Fox. Trivial hodge-podge featuring Madge Bellamy as a pert shopgirl who means by hook or crook to get on in the world. Lawrence Gray is the "nice young man."

"Beloved Rogue, The"—United Artists. John Barrymore in an undignified, clownish portrayal of Francois Villon, vagabond French poet of the fifteenth century. Marceline Day is the lady.

"Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl"—Fox. Madge Bellamy in old-fashioned melodrama of girl model who is decoyed to a gentleman's yacht, but saved in time by a young shipping clerk.

"Blind Alleys"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen in slow film of army officer and his bride who are accidentally separated in the big city, and go through all kinds of adventures before being reunited.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Cheerful Fraud, The"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a strenuous but not particularly funny comedy about a British nobleman in disguise. Gertrude Olmsted is the girl.

"City, The"—Fox. Dull film of a once daring and successful play. All about a blackmailing dope fiend. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Walling, and Walter McGrail.

"Don't Tell the Wife"—Warner. Another sophisticated comedy of entangled husbands and wives. Not particularly good. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Huntly Gordon.

"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"Gay Old Bird, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda in dull, dreary comedy of a cook who is persuaded to pose temporarily as her employer's wife, that he may receive a large sum of money.

"General, The"—United Artists. Not at all worthy of Buster Keaton. Long, dull comedy of an engineer whose locomotive, "The General," plays a heroic part in the Civil War.

"Girl from Coney Island, The"—First National. See "Just Another Blonde."

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents"—Paramount. Not entirely satisfactory. Tale of a waitress, two sailors, and a girl from prison. Lois Moran, Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, and William Collier, Jr.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Hotel Imperial"—Paramount. Disappointing wartime film. Pola Negri, as a hotel chambermaid, and James Hall, as a spy disguised as a waiter, scheme against an enemy general and incidentally fall in love.

"Just Another Blonde"—First National. Also released as "The Girl from Coney Island." Slow film dealing with two Coney Island girls and two gamblers. Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, and William Collier, Jr.

"Lady in Ermine, The"—First National. Just piffle. Corinne Griffith, as an Italian duchess of the period of 1810, apparently suffers at the hands of an Austrian general, but—it's only a dream.

"Love's Greatest Mistake"—Paramount. Old story of country girl who comes to the city, is pursued by a wealthy villain, and saved by the noble hero. Evelyn Brent, James Hall, and Josephine Dunn.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Masked Woman, The"—First National. Feeble and ineffective. Anna Q. Nilsson, as the wife of a young doctor on the Riviera, is compromised by a crafty baron, but all ends well.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"New York"—Paramount. Conventional melodrama. A writer of popular songs falls in love with a society girl and is accused of murdering the girl he spurned. Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, and William Powell.

"Popular Sin, The"—Paramount. Not so good. Sophisticated comedy of marriage and divorce, with Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, and Philip Strange jointly entangled.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the rôle of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.

"Rubber Tires"—Producers Distributing. Boring picture of the frantic efforts of a family to recover a discarded car whose value has suddenly risen to ten thousand dollars. Bessie Love and Harrison Ford.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward

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Everett Horton miscast in comedy of young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"Third Degree, The"—Warner. Conventional society melodrama in which Dolores Costello, as a former circus girl, suffers and suffers while her wealthy husband kills the villain who attempts to compromise her.

"Valencia"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dull film showing Mae Murray as a Spanish dancer who is wooed simultaneously by a sailor and a nobleman—Lloyd Hughes and Roy d'Arcy.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stacy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of

the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon*.

"White Black Sheep, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unconvincing film of a disowned son who goes to the Orient, saves the British nation, and is forgiven by father.

"Winning of Barbara Worth, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman somewhat miscast in this film of the great open spaces. Beautiful scenery and a capital flood, but story heavily told.

"Wrong Mr. Wright, The"—Universal. Mirthless farce featuring Jean Hersholt as the sappy son of a corset manufacturer who is mistaken for the cashier who has absconded with the funds. Enid Bennett is a lady detective.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

John, so John and Jack Gilbert are the same person. "Hot dogs" is the slang term generally used in America for frankfurters—*saucisses, n'est-ce pas?*—a form of sausages, at any rate. They are eaten with rolls, and are commonly sold at picnic grounds or to automobilists along the roads.

WEARY.—If you were weary when you wrote, how tired you must be by now, after waiting for your answers! Art Acord has been married twice—to Edith Sterling, and to Edna Nores. He was born in Oklahoma in 1890, and was a cowboy before joining a wild-West show and later going into films. He is six feet one inch, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He lives in Hollywood.

THE GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY.—Is that city still windy? I should think it would have blown away by this time. Irene Castle is not, so far as I know, abroad now. Mae Marsh is entirely out of the film world nowadays, but perhaps a letter addressed to Hollywood, California, would reach her. Dorothy Phillips, at last accounts, was working at the Fox Western studio, in "Cradle Snatchers." Jerry Miley is both a newcomer and a free lance, so I am unable to furnish an address for him. Francis McDonald recently signed with Metro-Goldwyn, I understand.

FLORA FROM FREDERICTON.—Am I descended from the Oracle of Delphi? Yes, indeed—by way of the fire escape. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, about twenty-one years ago. She was in the chorus of a Ziegfeld show, "Louie the Fourteenth," when she was "discovered" for the screen and given a rôle in "The American Venus." She was married in July, 1926, to Edward Sutherland. Her recent pictures are "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," "Just Another Blonde"—also called "The Girl from Coney Island"—"Evening Clothes," and "Rolled Stockings." Clive Brook lives in Hollywood; he is English. His new films include "The Popular Sin," "Barbed Wire," "Afraid to Love" and "Underworld." William Collier, Jr., also lives in Hollywood. His new films are "Convoy" and "The Sunset Derby."

Sis W.—No, sis, I don't think much of the idea of your going to Hollywood. The town is already filled with beautiful girls, and the Central Casting Bureau, which supplies extras to all the studios, is refusing to register any more applicants. If you are a toe dancer, why don't you try the stage first? From stage to screen is an easy step—especially for a dancer!

E. G. G. S.—So you really think you are a little "eggy" sometimes? Who threw the first one, and why? Vilma Banky's films in this country have been "The Dark Angel," "The Eagle," "The Son of the Sheik," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and "The Night of Love." She is now making "The Magic Flame." Paul Ellis seems to be playing mostly in Warner films. Red Grange has been making another picture for F. B. O.—"The Motor Maniac."

TOINETTE.—Before I pass away, indeed! It takes something stronger than questions to make me pass out! Natalie Kingston is under contract to First National, Ralph Forbes to Metro-Goldwyn. Richard Dix is thirty-three, John Gilbert thirty-two, Ronald Colman somewhere in his thirties.

ELEANORE SELANDER.—No, you didn't ask too many questions, but enough, certainly! Antonio Moreno was born in 1888. He is about five feet ten inches. Write and ask him for a photo of himself with a mustache. Gilda Gray was born October 24, 1897. Mae Murray doesn't give her age. Address Mary Ann Jackson at the Mack Sennett studio—address in the list at the end of this department. Bebe Daniels' newest film is "Señorita;" Norma Shearer's, "Old Heidelberg."

AN OLIVE BORDEN FRIEND AND FAN.—Congratulations on your meeting so many of the stars. I'm sure most fans would envy you. Olive Borden was born in Virginia about nineteen years ago. She is about five feet two inches, and weighs about one hundred and five pounds. James Hall was born in Texas, October 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven inches. Leslie Fenton was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903. Larry Kent is six feet tall.

GWENDOLYN CABLE.—Yes, Dorothy Mackaill is a nice girl to have for a friend. I know her quite well. Greta Garbo is five feet six inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Of course I'm not a dictionary, really, but "virile" means masculine, with a capital M.

VIRGINIA LEE.—Now why should Buck Jones use Fred Thomson's horse, Silver King, when they are rival stars an' everything? Gloria Swanson was born in 1899. I haven't seen Gilbert Roland on the screen yet, but if he were related to John Gilbert, I think something would have been said of the relationship. There are often strange resemblances like that—for instance, Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque, and Eugene O'Brien and Jack Mulhall.


SORREL TOP.—Well, here you are, asking me to give away state secrets. Did you ever notice that almost all male stars are six feet tall, and that women stars are seldom—publicly!—more than five feet five or six inches? The secret is, that, in giving out biographical data, stars or their film companies sometimes "adjust" their heights just a little. Also, when a star nears thirty, what's one birthday more or less? You see, an answer man has to be polite, and take a star's word for information about himself or herself.

BILL SILVINO.—Wouldn't it be too bad to turn Warner Oland into a hero when he's such a fearsome villain? Fearsome villains are much harder to find than handsome heroes. He was born in Sweden in 1880, and educated in Boston. Yes, he used to play on the stage, frequently in Shakespearean rôles. He was with Viola Allen, and later with Sothern and Marlowe. He has brown hair and eyes. He has been married for twelve years. Write him at the Warner Brothers studio; he recently signed a five-year contract with that company.

VIN DUANE.—I seem to have no record of Hughie Mack's weight, but anyway, he's fat enough! Don't you think we ought to pronounce the "g" in his name? John Aasen played the giant in Harold Lloyd's "Why Worry?" He was a real giant, from the circus. As to who is the heaviest person in the movies, I have no statistics on the subject. Walter Hiers weighs two hundred and forty pounds—isn't he heavy enough to please you? As to the tallest—Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are each six feet two inches, so let's admit them into the height competition. Yes, Bill Hart seems to have left the screen permanently.

LARS HANSON ADMIRER.—I should think you *would* admire Lars Hanson! I really don't see how there can be any actors left in Sweden now, do you? I can just see those boats coming over from Sweden with actors, actresses, and directors crowding down the gangplanks. Lars Hanson was well known in Scandinavia, both on the stage and screen, before he was "discovered" by American film producers. Incidentally, Greta Garbo played her first part in a Swedish film, "The Atonement of Gosta Berling," in which Lars Hanson played the lead. The heroine was Mona Mortensen, who has recently been signed by Metro-Goldwyn. Lars' newest film is "Captain Salvation." He is married. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn; write him there.

A FAN.—I feel like a fan myself—an electric fan, going round and round, dizzy with all your questions. "The Bat" was released on the screen in March, 1926. "The Green Hat" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" have not yet been filmed. I'm not sure whether or not Madge Kennedy made a screen version of "Twin Beds" years ago. The leads in "Fascinating Youth" were played by Ivy Harris and "Buddy" Rogers. Sixteen pupils were graduated from the Paramount School. The school has since been discontinued. Nearly all the players send their photographs to fans who write for them. Address each player in care of the company for which he works, inclosing a quarter with your request. I know of no one in a position to send out photos of Wallace Reid or Lucille Ricksen. Roy d'Arcy is a Metro-Goldwyn player; Ken Maynard works for First National. Glenn Tryon is free lancing. I don't know any of the birth dates you ask for, except that of Virginia Lee Corbin, who gives her birth year as



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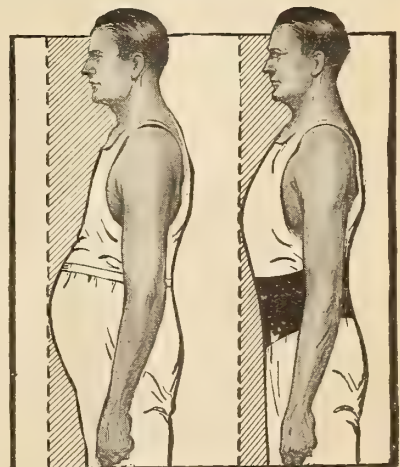
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! At the same time your stomach disorders, constipation, backache and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and should look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

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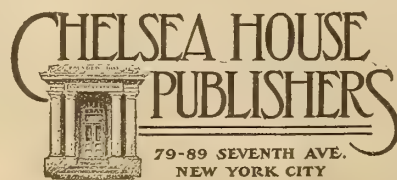
There's something doing all the while in a "CH" book. These books which have never before been published were written for men who love the sweep of the great West, the mysteries of big cities, the conquest of man over his environment.

RONICKY DOONE'S TREASURE David Manning
FAST MONEY Eugene A. Clancy
THE GREEN BAG John Paul Seabrooke
LENNISTER OF BLUE DOME James Roberts
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C. C. Waddell and Carroll John Daly
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MARK TURNS WEST Mary Imlay Taylor
ON THE TRAIL OF FOUR David Manning
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WILD BILL Joseph Montague
RIM O' THE RANGE
Ethel Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance

75c

Per Copy



1912. Bluebird Comedies are produced by Universal. Reginald Denny's next picture will be "The Third Party;" Richard Dix's, "Who's Your Friend?"

BRIGHT EYES.—Aren't you nice, inviting me to come to see you if I ever visit in Sherbrooke! Such a trip seems improbable, but I would certainly look you up if I ever did come. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy; he is the same person as Jack Gilbert. He had a small part with Mary Pickford in "Heart of the Hills," his first film on record. His popularity has been built up gradually. "The Merry Widow" was his first outstanding success. Ken Maynard was married about two years ago to Mary Depper. He was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He played in a number of Westerns for small, independent film companies before First National signed him. He has never appeared in any outstanding films. I haven't a complete list of his pictures. His more recent ones include "Señor Darcdevil," "Flame of the Border," "The Unknown Cavalier," "The Overland Stage," and "Somewhere South of Sonora." His address is First National Studio, Burbank, California.

ARLETTE JEAN.—I see you specialize in research—or rather, you make me specialize in it! "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksmen," with John Barrymore, must have been made at least seven or eight years ago; the company which produced it is no longer in business, so I have no way of finding out who was the leading woman. "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was made about 1922, I think, with Martha Mansfield opposite Barrymore; and "Sherlock Holmes," in 1924, with Carol Dempster as the heroine. There is no John Barrymore fan club that I know of.

Fan Clubs

The following new fans clubs wish to be announced:

The All Star Club (Red Grange, George O'Brien, and William Haines).—Hi Manushak, 1923 N. W. First Terrace, Miami, Florida.

Betty Balfour Friendship Club.—George Briggs, 15 Norwood Street, Bankfoot Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

Billie Dove Fan Club.—Eva Dial, secretary, Apartment 3, 151 Goliad Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Corinne Griffith Fan Club.—Neil E. Gary, Box 421, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Lloyd Hughes Paragon Clan.—Porter Rinehart, secretary, Box 555, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Loyal Movie Fans Club.—Louise Buckholz, secretary, Box 351, Osseo, Wisconsin.

Patsy's Pal Club (Patsy Ruth Miller).—Chic McDonough, 1923 N. W. First Terrace, Miami, Florida.

Ramon Navarro Club.—Dorothy Wollaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio. (Wants, especially, members between fifteen and twenty years old.)

Ramon Navarro Friendship Club.—Nicoledda di Pietro, 241 W. Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

George O'Brien Fan Club.—Shirley Martin, 14 Richardson Avenue, Arlington Heights, Massachusetts.

George O'Brien Fan Club.—Harry Pfeiffer, secretary, 542 Main Street, Weatherly, Pennsylvania.

Norma Shearer Club.—Henrietta Brunsmann, president, 59 Illinois Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Gloria Swanson and Conrad Nagel Fan Club.—Celeste Withrow, 6358 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Gloria Swanson Guild.—Annabelle Urban, president, 8027 East Hollywood Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathryn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret

Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, Warner Baxter, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Eleanor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Phyllis Haver, 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.
 Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
 Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.
 Theodor von Eltz, 1722 1/2 Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.
 Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
 William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
 Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.
 George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.
 Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.
 Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.
 Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
 Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
 Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
 Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
 Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.
 Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President,
 Of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1927. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public No. 197, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.



For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. For straight hair—men, women, children—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence.

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Liquid Silmerine Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

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Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.



It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

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The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

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Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good

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By EMART KINSBURN

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I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how *can* you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without* a teacher. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never come true. I had longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only *hearing* music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter



I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master them!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that

wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Everyone compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by *note* thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach will come AT ONCE. Address the U. S. School of Music, 538 Brunswick Building, New York.

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Please send me your free booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Picture Play

Volume XXVI

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Pictures showing that even the most beautiful stars have to do it sometimes.	

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ALL MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS

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PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., N. Y. C.

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An Astrologer Surveys the Movies and Makes Startling Predictions



THE motion-picture industry is governed by planets, according to astrology. Each film has its own horoscope, and Hollywood itself comes under planetary influences, to say nothing of the very direct bearing astrology has upon the success or failure of every star on the screen.

The setbacks of some players, the sudden popularity of others, are indicated by the position the planets were in at the time of their birth.

PICTURE PLAY for September will contain a comprehensive article by Sidney K. Bennett, who is not only a recognized authority on astrology, but is also closely in touch with the world of motion pictures and its dominant personalities. His story will deal with the relation of astrology to the movies. It will engross and amaze you, for he does not dispense the usual generalities, but is specific, intimate, revealing. Don't miss this.



And there will be other features. A long-awaited impression of Bebe Daniels, by Myrtle Gebhart, will be welcome news to Bebe's fans, and Margaret Reid will continue her series of stories about up-and-coming players who once worked as extras with her. Alma Talley will amusingly explain the meaning of hokum in pictures to those who aren't quite sure what it is. But this scarcely scratches the surface of all that PICTURE PLAY will offer next month. Scratch some more, and see for yourself.



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What the Fans Think



What if the Worm Should Turn?

WE hear tales of the stars being bored with their fans. I smile to think of it. What would they do if their fans suddenly deserted them? What if those selfsame fans failed to present the box office with their "shekels?" What if, some day, the fans took some of the bored and blasé stars at their word and ceased contributing to the hundreds of letters that pour through the studio gates daily? *Then what?* Well, I'm afraid salaries would no longer run into three and four figures, and various movie personages who are so bored with fans and fan mail, and so forth, would have more time in which to be bored.

On the other hand, there are many stars who take a real interest in their fans and make no affected pretenses—for instance, Rod La Rocque, Marion Davies, Renee Adoree, Alberta Vaughn, Norma Shearer, Buster Collier, Hobart Bosworth, Warner Baxter, the Talmadges, Richard Dix, William Boyd, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, and scores of others.

Greta Garbo is a paradox—to me, at least. If she was not content with her rôles, why did she accept them in the first place? I hardly think Miss Garbo is going to revolutionize the movies. She is too unsympathetic and indifferent.

And another thing—about some of the older male stars. I do not think the fans who have criticized them meant that they should cease making pictures, but they most assuredly *should* cease taking parts really intended for younger actors, such as Neil Hamilton and William Collier, Jr. Some of the older feminine stars are still in popular favor, but they are taking parts in keeping with their maturity. Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone, William Desmond, Emil Jannings, Milton Sills, and James Kirkwood are very able actors in their way. But their way does not lie in the romantic wooing of screen flappers.

It rather takes the R out of Romance.

Alice G. Schmidt.

617 South 9th Street,
Vincennes, Indiana.

Who Says She's Nothing to Rave Over?

Three cheers for Greta Garbo—the girl with innocent sophistication! Never was there such an alluring personality on the screen—or off it, either. Greta is the most fascinating, original, and least camera-con-

scious actress of them all. I can well imagine John Gilbert's being completely fascinated by her.

Who says Greta Garbo is nothing to rave over? Has that fan seen "Flesh and the Devil?" "Torrent" was no picture by which to judge Miss Garbo. She hadn't many opportunities in that to display her oddly fascinating personality. Greta needs no subtitles to tell what the story is about. It is all in her face. She does not race all over the set, à la Lillian Gish and a few other nerve-racking heroines. Greta stands or sits in one place and in a restful, yet dynamic, manner shows the entire story in her sensitive face.

The best of good wishes for Greta Garbo!

Connie.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Aux Armes!

I am angry—frightfully angry! I am afraid that my rage will make me incoherent.

The statement that has roused my ire is this, which appeared in Marion Young's letter in a recent issue: "Take away Ronald Colman's mustache, and what have you? A strange-looking actor whom few would care to see. Do the same to Jack Gilbert and I'm willing to bet that his popularity would suffer a tremendous loss."

Aux armes! To the defense of genius!

Good heavens! Is it possible that John Gilbert is merely a mustache to some people? Pity their blindness! Take away John Gilbert's mustache and what have you? The same incomparable actor, with his great gift of living, not acting, a part.

John Gilbert did not have stardom carelessly tossed in his lap. He has had to *work* for his place on the heights. He was buried in obscure and mediocre pictures for years. I sat through many films four or five years ago that were saved from utter oblivion only by the magnetic, vital personality of John Gilbert. Few other stars could have upheld such pictures—many have been ruined by just such ill-chosen films. And as for mustaches—I *prefer* John Gilbert without one!

Most certainly I admire Ramon Novarro—he is an actor of unusual charm and ability—but is it fair to praise and uplift one actor by an untruthful disparagement of other actors? Such untruthful disparagement can only antagonize. By all means uphold and praise your favorites, but do not at the same time stamp meanly on others' favorites. That is petty. [Continued on page 10]

Reprinted from June 18 Love Story Magazine



Love or Money?

SHE had the old, old problem to decide. Should she marry for love or money? She loved Jerry Shane, a poor architect, but she wanted a man with money, did Alexandra Larrimore. To marry a poor man, even though she was quite sure she loved him, would mean a wretched existence. A girl of her caliber couldn't endure it! Many girls have this problem to decide; what is the best solution—love or money? Ethel Donoher's appealing new love story "The Luck of the Larrimore Ladies," will appear in LOVE STORY MAGAZINE next week. Look forward to reading it!

RUTH was in desperate need of money, when her employer asked her to pose as his fiancée for a week. She accepted, not knowing that she was to find both love and adventure in two short days. Don't miss "One False Step" next week. It is Marcia Montaigne's latest and best love story.

SHE SAVED HIS HONOR"—a story with a foreign setting and a daring heroine who was willing to sacrifice her own life for that of the man she loved, will appear next week in LOVE STORY MAGAZINE. It is a striking story of love and peril. Gwen Tolliver has handled it in her most commanding style.

CYNTHIA DE VINNE will also have a story for you next week. The name of it is "Tongues of Scandal." Need we say more?

RUBY M. AYRES' "The Tragedy Girl" will be continued. Last week you read how love came to Julie Farrow high up in the Swiss Alps. Julie was afraid of love and tried to run away from it. Get your magazine early and read what she did when she found out

that you can't run away from love. You are in for a big surprise.

A GIRL ALONE," by Georgette Mac-Millan, will end this week. Of course you are eagerly awaiting the outcome of the little waitress' adventures.

HER STOLEN LOVER" is the title Rhea Jewett has given her latest story, which, will appear in this publication next week. What happens when a girl steals another girl's beau? If he can be stolen once, isn't it almost a sure sign that he can be stolen again? This story gives a new slant to this question. Be sure not to miss it.

OUR poetry seems to get better and better every week. There will be "Satin Slippers," a delightful whimsical bit of verse, by Celia Cheesman, which will make you have a new respect for the men who fashion slippers. "For Your Hope Chest," by Franklin Pierce Carrigan, will make you cry a little and then smile through your tears. There will also be "Color," by L. Ozelle Mathis, and "Her Letter," by Anna May Clark. The latter, a lovely thing, you'll want for your scrapbook.

Ask Your News Dealer for June 25 Issue—15c per copy

Continued from page 8

There is something to be said for *all* of the stars—they are only human, after all. How nice it would be if people would try to find the good in every player, instead of pouncing gleefully on the faults, real or imagined. As Shakespeare said, "What the great do, the less will prattle of."

I, too, have quite decided likes and dislikes; but the dislikes are in the minority. The film world is peopled by such charming persons. Thank heaven they do have a few faults! How uninteresting they would be *without* faults!

ESTHER NELSON.

929 Eighth Street, S. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Why Be So Critical?

After reading with interest the letters of Blanche Stevens and Beryl Wylie in a recent issue and noting their loyalty to the stars, I, too, am inclined to say something in defense of the movie people, who are so much criticized. Why can't more fans look at the movies in a general way, and see some good in the efforts of all the stars. Why knock a star who may be pleasing others?

The players are human, and their efforts in life are no different from ours. Let's encourage better pictures by boosting the stars and pictures we like, forgetting the ones we don't.

Gloria Swanson is my favorite, not only because of her ability as an actress, but because she is a brilliant woman and artist. Whether she makes good pictures or bad, she is a success, and I am for her.

I agree with popular opinion that John Gilbert and Clara Bow have "It." I should like to see Clara land a big chance. I have been her fan ever since I saw her in "Black Oxen," and I believe, if there's a star with a truly promising future, it's Clara Bow. But she is deserving of more difficult rôles.

Let's give all the stars a hand. I'm sure each tries to please, and *does* please some one.

PERRY W. TROUT.

Nocona, Texas.

A Knock for Some Knockers.

Well, readers of PICTURE PLAY, I'm back again on the black and white of "What the Fans Think," having been out of these columns for a year, and the reason I'm back is that certain parties still persist in trying to lower Norma Shearer in the eyes of the fan world.

Now, you knockers of Norma Shearer, steady your pins for a couple of knocks heading your way, for the women who knock Miss Shearer's beauty are nothing more than jealous cats. Norma is *all right*, but right or wrong, I'm for her!

I have also read some letters panning John Barrymore. Well, in *my* opinion, John Barrymore is the ideal actor of the screen, and will remain that for years to come.

In closing, I want to say a few words in favor of Evelyn Brent. There is a little girl who will bear watching, for there is a great future ahead of her. She is one of the best representatives of her sex on the screen, or off it, either, for that matter.

Let's see more of Ronald Colman, William Haines, Greta Garbo, and Adolphe Menjou, and less of Colleen Moore, Constance Talmadge, and Mae Murray.

H. VAN MORTIMER HUNTER.

400 First Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania.

A Slam for John Barrymore.

I have a very large brickbat to throw at John Barrymore. He has, in "When a

Man Loves," ruined that wonderful story, "Manon Lescaut." Why, oh, why didn't he film it as it was originally written? Here is an actor who *could* be a credit to the screen, but he chooses to lower it, instead of lifting it to new heights.

Before I close, I want to say how much I enjoy Harrison Ford's pictures. I have seen him play parts that ranged from passionate lovers to light, devil-may-care heroes, and he does them all with equal ease. I should like to see him play *Dick Marchurst* in Bertram Atkey's "Harvest of Javelins." He would be wonderful in the part.

HAROLD HARDING.

48 Fourth Avenue, Auburn, Maine.

Just Dare to Throw Slurs at John!

In the May issue, PICTURE PLAY's film reviewer remarked that Mr. Barrymore's acting in "When a Man Loves" was old-fashioned. Well, it's a picture of an old-fashioned period, isn't it? Should Barrymore dance the Black Bottom all over the court of Louis XV., and carry a flask on his hip!

How dear, beloved John—yes, I mean it—must dislike his profile if he reads all the reviews of his films. Maybe some of the critics would like him better if he had a cauliflower ear and a pug nose?

PICTURE PLAY's critic forgot to say that John was "too mature" for the part. The other critics never fail to say that of him. Why pick on the poor man because he can look sixteen or sixty at will?

Oh, well, I know these slams worry Mr. Barrymore not at all, and I guess it's foolish of me to care, but I feel lots better now, and all ready to challenge the next critic who dares to throw slurs at my idol!

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.

334 Randolph Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

For Heaven's Sake, Stop Fighting!

Have they given Florence Vidor a lease on Clive Brook? He seems to be continually playing with her. I like teamwork, but Mr. Brook and Miss Vidor don't fit. I like 'em both, but *not* together.

Don't you fans who saw "The Music Master" think that the little girl who played *Jenny* knew her onions about acting? I do. But wasn't Lois Moran "ishy" sweet?

I know every one wants to see more of Arlette Marchal—except perhaps those who are so opposed to foreign actresses. My, can't she act! And isn't she just too lovely! So, producers, get busy!

Why don't the fans stop this thing of fighting with each other? Miss So-and-so—"I think Gloria Swanson is absolutely terrible, can't act, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera." Miss Somebody-else—"I have noticed what Miss So-and-so says about Gloria Swanson, and if that's what Miss So-and-so thinks, she has no conception of beauty, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera." For heaven's sake, cut the duels! R. M.

Alton, Illinois.

How Could She Think Such a Thing?

Just a few words in answer to Lillian Partos in the May issue of PICTURE PLAY.

She called Conrad Nagel anæmic, pallid, and colorless. I wonder if she saw him in "The Exquisite Sinner?" That picture showed what an athlete he is. Did she see "There You Are?" In that she could have seen Nagel as a comedian. Or has she forgotten "Name the Man?" In that, Nagel was a lover such as cannot fade from memory. I have followed Conrad's pictures since "The Fighting Chance," and have not been disappointed in a single performance he has given.

Then think of the leading ladies he has

had—Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman, Marion Davies, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dalton, Pauline Starke, Aileen Pringle, and Edith Roberts. How could any man play opposite that list of actresses and remain "pallid and colorless?"

You're a great fellow, Conrad Nagel, and not only I, but countless others, are for you!

G. A. B.

2808 Seventh Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.

Long Live Lillian!

In a letter in a recent issue Miss Carolyn Johnson stated that Lillian Gish was ignorant in that she did not realize that she was being criticized. I am so glad that Miss Johnson is so capable of advising Miss Gish to retire "while she can still do so gracefully." Well, well, how nice to have such a wonderful adviser. Aren't you proud, Miss Gish?

In *my* opinion, Lillian Gish is the "Bernhardt of the screen," and she is a wonderful actress.

If I were Miss Johnson, I'd pipe down—while I could "still do so gracefully"—and not write such rude criticisms. Anyway, who is she to criticize so great an artist as Lillian Gish, and tell her she should retire?

Come on, Gish fans, and join in—*Vive la Gish!*

MARGARET GRIFFIN.

319 South Third Street, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Again Mr. Oettinger Offends.

In a recent issue of PICTURE PLAY I read an article about Harry Langdon by Malcolm Oettinger. Mr. Oettinger begins his article, "As one who is weary of the more or less somber leading men—the Norman Kerrys, the Rod La Rocques, the Thomas Meighans, the Milton Silses; as one who would willingly give these and other pictorial gents a long vacation, I am all for comedy."

As a Rod La Rocque fan, I'm going to stick up for Rod, also for the other three actors Mr. Oettinger mentioned. I think it is hardly fair of Mr. Oettinger, while praising one actor, to drag other actors into his article only to hurl brickbats at them. Perhaps Mr. Oettinger thinks that just because he does not care for those actors, nobody else does, either. But he is wrong!

Let the Rod La Rocques, the Norman Kerrys, the Thomas Meighans, and the Milton Silses stay on the screen just as long as ever they want to. There will always be a place for them in the hearts of the fans. But if Mr. Oettinger prefers Harry Langdon to Rod, well let him.

We are all entitled to our own opinions concerning actors and actresses, but I do wish he would leave his unfair remarks out of his articles.

DOROTHY MORRIS.

12 Ayrshire Road, Stoke Newington, London, N. 16, England.

One Star Who Never Fails.

On glancing over a back number of PICTURE PLAY my eye caught the words "Rod La Rocque was consistently good." Now, doesn't that just describe Rod? There has never been anything of the skyrocket about him, dazzling us for a short time only to fade into nothing, but from the beginning he has been "consistently good."

I can't call to mind one bit of bad work—everything he has given us has been so exactly right. His work is so finished, so true. He must be a great joy to directors.

There's nothing forced or false about

Rod's acting, nothing overdone. Then, of course, there's that infectious smile of his, and his delightful personality.

Here's to you, Rod—a toast all the way from London!

CHRISTINE MURRAY.

30 Lynette Avenue, London, S. W. 4.

Give the Americans a Chance.

In a recent issue there was one fan letter that interested me just a little more than the rest, because it started in an impartial and sensible manner. But toward the end, a bit of prejudice, such as incites the average fan to write, made itself evident.

This writer, Rachel Barnett, gave evidence of prejudice against the American stars, and favored the foreign screen artists. She said, "If there are foreign actors and actresses who are good artists, let's have them and make Americans of them." To get them is an easy matter, since they are so eager for the American dollars. But to make Americans of them is another matter.

And speaking of good artists, how about the American actors and actresses who are good in every way, but who may consider themselves lucky to get a foothold after from three to five years of hard work? Many never get any chance at all, because of the undue publicity accorded the foreign stars, many of whom seem to pop up overnight.

Foreign stars of proven merit may be all very well, but American players, even if not given preference over the foreigners, should at least be given an even chance by the producers.

JOHN V. SOEFFLER.

Evansville, Indiana.

Four Boosts for "Picture Play."

Here are four reasons why I admire PICTURE PLAY:

1. It has the most news about our film favorites.

2. It gives us Myrtle Gebhart and our beloved Fanny the Fan.

3. Its reviews and articles are excellent.

4. It maintains a high standard consistently.

That is why I *always* buy PICTURE PLAY!

May I add that I did not, like so many people, consider William Powell's performance in "Beau Geste" second only to that of Noah Beery. Neil Hamilton, as Digby, gave as fine a portrayal as I ever hope to see. It was superb! Let's give that young man a chance.

I was shocked by Charles Emmett Mack's death. How many fans remember him in "Driven," with Emily Fitzroy? Could one ever forget that picture? I still have a chill when I think of it.

JANE DEWOLF.

421 Main Street, Warren, Rhode Island.

After Seven Years of Silence.

I am breaking my silence of seven intense, though noncommittal, years of fanhood to write this letter in appreciation of that deserving young man, Neil Hamilton.

As an example of a quiet, well-bred, altogether charming American gentleman, he has no superior. He did splendid work in "The Music Master," "The Great Gatsby," and, especially, in "Beau Geste."

Mr. Hamilton suffered a bit from being put into big parts before he was well known. He is now, however, steadily and quietly pushing his way to the fore, and I predict that he will soon be one of our most popular young actors.

MARJORY L. HEAD.

Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland.

To the Bad Men of the Screen.

'Tis said every dog has his day, and the day has certainly arrived for that very gay dog, the bad man of the screen. He's so adorable nowadays, and so charming, that in most cases he steals the whole film, along with an enormous number of feminine hearts.

Of course, there *has* to be a hero, but he's such a very minor consideration these days, and we usually lose patience with the heroine for preferring him to the dangerously fascinating bad man, till we remember that the story just has to go that way.

Think some of them over, those nice villains. To lead off with, there's my favorite, John Miljan. Find me a hero who can compare with him in charm, cool assurance, culture, or fascination. And oh, that mocking smile and that dangerous glint in his eyes! He has everything. Then, there are Bill Powell, Ward Crane, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Cain, and Lowell Sherman, for whom I saw "Way Down East" five times. I'll not say how many times I saw "The Devil's Circus" for John Miljan. I *hope* they don't reform him!

The screen villain is no longer the black-hearted scoundrel of yesteryear. His faults, his little weaknesses, his badness now make him only the more attractive, the more natural and human. For men aren't so awfully perfect, after all, are they? Not the really fascinating ones.

Here's to the bad men of the screen! And here's a special toast to the best of them all—John Miljan! KIT MURRAY.

43 Balham New Road, London, S. W. 12.

Another Cheer for Ramon.

I think Ramon Novarro the most wonderful actor on the screen, and no one will *ever* come up to him in my estimation. He is handsome, and he has genius, but is being grossly wasted in mediocre pictures. Oh, *why* isn't he given the same chances as John Gilbert?

There is only one thing wrong with Ramon. Why doesn't he answer his fan mail? I've written to him for his photograph five times, and he hasn't sent it yet. But, though this is a grievous disappointment to me, it does not alter my conviction that Novarro possesses and displays remarkable acting ability.

Come, Novarro fans, let's get together and yell and yell, until our ideal actor gets what is due to him. Novarro forever!

G. F. M.

Here's a Suggestion.

I enjoyed the letter contributed to a recent issue by Mrs. Olive D. Thompson. Why? Because it was something different. She told about friendships that had been formed through these columns, which reminds me that several years ago I took issue with a young lady in Canada over Bebe Daniels and we corresponded from then on until she went back to her home overseas.

And now I wish to ask something. Do any of you fans keep a list of all the movies you attend? I started doing so in 1918, and have quite a list of them by this time. I went to forty-four shows the first year. That was not nearly as many as I attend now, but I had no flivver then, and the nearest theater was five miles away. Altogether since 1918 I have been to six hundred and thirty shows. That is not so many in so many years, but considering the distance I had to walk many times, it is considerable.

Fans, it makes a nice book when you keep a list like I have, and it is very interesting to glance back through it occasionally.

VERNON R. FULK.

Wharton, Ohio, Box 34.

Concerning the Reissue of Old Films.

I have seen discussed countless times in these columns the question of reissuing Wallace Reid's old pictures. Not long ago I read an article on this subject in which a Paramount official stated that the public didn't want to see the films of screen celebrities who had passed on. And yet, what do we find? The public has flocked to see Rudolph Valentino reissues that various producers have put out. And Paramount certainly has not hesitated in supplying its exchanges with prints of *this* screen lover's never-to-be-forgotten pictures.

While on the subject of reissues, I can't help but notice the ever-increasing number of Lon Chaney's old films that are being put out, for the sake of cashing in on the popularity of his name. This is all very well, but why not some old pictures of Mary Pickford's, or Norma Talmadge's? First National has three wonderful Mary Pickford films that I know the public would welcome once again.

There's one thing for which I can't forgive the producers: They seem to have a craze for new faces, and while they comb the country far and wide, they seem innocently ignorant of the fact that they have within their calling such talented youthful players as May McAvoy, Gareth Hughes, and Alice Lake. Greenhorns take time and money to develop, while these youthful people I have named require no coaching.

Is there any fan who has some movie magazines of the 1914 and 1915 vintage? I should very much appreciate any that could be spared, as I am collecting old movie magazines. I will acknowledge any magazines that I receive with a reply, together with the answers to any questions that may be asked.

MARTIN BOYER.

80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

Thanks to Mr. Fox.

May I be permitted to extend a bouquet to Mr. William Fox and his splendid organization?

The progress made by Fox during the last three or four years is truly remarkable, and the world of fans should be grateful. Such pictures as "Monte Cristo," "The Iron Horse," "The Ancient Mariner," and several others, should be prized because of their historical and literary value, as well as for their beauty. It is for pictures such as these that the fans are thankful to Fox.

This, however, is not all. To children, and to farmers and small-town folk, there are no players quite so wonderful as Tom Mix or Buck Jones.

And then, last but not least, the Fox organization has a glorious talent for "discovering" people. Perhaps not every one remembers that such stars as Shirley Mason, Raymond McKee, Renee Adoree, John Gilbert, Helen Ferguson, Kathleen Key, Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon, William Russell, and numerous others, first found prominence in Fox productions.

Now Fox is pushing toward fame such talented players as Janet Gaynor, Gladys McConnell, and Charles Farrell. I think it's "mighty sporting" of Mr. Fox.

DOROTHY HAMILTON.

McCrory, Arkansas.

A Plea for Ben Lyon.

May I voice just one plea? Can't we see more of Ben Lyon? I should like to see Mr. Lyon try a story of the type that made Wallace Reid. Certainly he is not a Valentino. I am a great admirer of Valentino and will acknowledge none greater, but please, we've had enough

frosting for a while—let's have just plain bread and butter for a change.

RUTH LA MONDE.

193 Landon Street, Buffalo, New York.

Two Sets of Predictions.

Joan Crawford will be one of the leading actresses, and Greta Garbo will be her nearest rival.

Vilma Banky and Olive Borden will confirm our idea that they can't act.

Clara Bow will do something real big. Florence Vidor will take Gloria Swanson's place, and no one will miss Gloria.

Fay Wray will become intensely popular through "The Wedding March."

John Boles will never be an idol, and the first year will prove it.

Richard Dix will hold his place, but Larry Kent will have to be watched.

Neil Hamilton will continue his good work.

William Powell will be ranked as an artist villain. HARRY PFEIFFER.

542 Main Street, Weatherly, Pennsylvania.

My predictions for the stars are as follows:

1. Colleen Moore will lead the list of the comedienues, with Dorothy Mackaill and Alberta Vaughn in the next places. Constance Talmadge, however, will change from comedy to drama.

2. The idol of the hour a year from now will be John Gilbert, followed by Ben Lyon and William Haines.

3. Pola Negri will make a picture as great as "Passion" was.

4. Either Richard Dix or Lois Wilson will be married by 1928.

5. Ken Maynard will be one of the leading cowboys of the day. He will hold a place similar to the one Buck Jones now holds.

6. A lucky year is predicted for Lois Wilson, Madge Bellamy, Clara Bow, Lois Moran, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill, and Jacqueline Logan. Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston, and Mary Brian will be great favorites also. Fay Wray will probably succeed Mary Philbin.

7. Dolores Costello will play in a great picture, which will make her outstanding as a dramatic star. Estelle Taylor and Greta Garbo will follow. Lon Chaney and John Barrymore will head the male list. Ernst Lubitsch and Cecil B. De Mille will produce the biggest pictures.

ALBERT B. MANSKI.

547 Main Street, Webster, Massachusetts.

Just a Few Opinions.

I wish some fans would have more con-

sideration for the players, and not expect photographs and replies to their letters. They should realize that professional people have more demands on their time than the average person.

John Gilbert is an excellent actor, and I enjoy seeing all his pictures, although he is not a favorite of mine—I like the actor, not the man. It is amusing to reflect that, not so very long ago, he appeared in mediocre films before the same fans who are now wild about him, and they never gave him a second thought. Nor did the producers. It remained for Elinor Glyn to give him his chance to make good.

The new juveniles may be likable, but they lack the distinctive quality that Ronald Colman possesses, and the screen is sadly in need of distinctive types.

Dick Barthelmess has difficulty in getting good stories, and his talents are being wasted in "just supposing" that such vehicles as he has appeared in of late are good enough for him.

May McAvoy requires careful handling, and seldom appears in pictures worthy of her ability.

I wish Norma Talmadge would once more become "The Lady." She may want a change and emulate Sister Constance once in a while, but I think most fans like her to be herself.

Surely most fans, if not all of them, regret that Pauline Frederick is almost lost to the screen, for in losing her it has lost one of its finest actresses.

I wish we could see more of that excellent actor and old favorite, H. B. Walthall.

I am glad that character players are being recognized and appreciated. Dale Fuller and Zasu Pitts have done fine work. Also Evelyn Selbie, who is not so well known. Have any of you fans ever noticed her? I consider those are three of the most outstanding character actresses.

"Hollywood High Lights" is a delightful feature. Margaret Reid's present articles are not nearly so good as her "Extra Girl" series. I don't like interviews, anyway, as they are all alike, except for the difference in the stars' names.

I hope more fans will write about stars they have met, and their impressions.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

321 Bathurst Street, Toronto, 2, Ontario.

If I Were a Movie Actress.

If my fairy godmother should magically appear before me some day and say that she would grant me any number of wishes, and if I had movie ambitions, I would say:

"Ah, dear fairy godmother, I long to

succeed in the world of the flickering films. I would be discovered by Sam Goldwyn, and have a long-term contract with him. No one offers more advantages to players than he, and no one could be more kind and considerate. Besides, who has picked more successful, popular players than he—Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Lois Moran? A small but perfect list.

"But in my contract I would be protected from that most unwise of things—stardom. It is a bauble, a nothing, and Ronald Colman has shown supreme wisdom in guarding himself from it.

"And when I should have won popular acclaim, as I could not help but do with Sam Goldwyn as my discoverer, give me the wisdom, fairy godmother, to choose my pictures with care, and let me play always with Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Walter Pidgeon, or Richard Dix."

ALICE CLIFTON.

233 East River Street, Penn, Indiana.

Some Firsthand Impressions.

Since coming to cinemaland four months ago I have learned much about the personages of our most fascinating industry. Through the aid of kind friends I have journeyed through various studios, seeing many of our foremost stars at work. Here are some of my impressions:

Florence Vidor and Irene Rich—Two of the most admired stars of the film world.

Bebe Daniels—A more indefatigable worker cannot be found. She struck me as being a regular fellow.

I saw Charles Ray and Bessie Love working in "The Flag Maker." He has more enthusiasm than the members of the ol' swimmin' hole and, though noted as Hollywood's most noted "failure," he might also be called Hollywood's most noted trouper. Many of the film people and writers predict this year will be his greatest and, after "The Flag Maker" is released, Charlie will doubtless be the cynosure of all theatergoers.

Bessie Love—"The best kid in the business," an assistant director told me. It's easy to believe.

Hoot Gibson—He smiles less off screen.

Charlie Murray—Ditto.

Reginald Denny—Folks at the Universal studio call him "Reg," which speaks volumes for his popularity.

Anna Q. Nilsson—She has a pleasant smile and less of the aloofness we see on the screen.

Greta Garbo—Perhaps the most temperamental star, but a charmer nevertheless.

JOSEPH BESENKAMP.

Hotel Ryan, Los Angeles, California.

TEN LITTLE MOVIE STARS.

By Blaine C. Biegler.

Ten little movie stars looking fresh and fine.
One went in for temperament—then there were nine.

Nine little movie stars working long and late.
One left off dieting—then there were eight.

Eight little movie stars, Hollywood their heaven.
One got in a shooting scrape—then there were seven.

Seven little movie stars wise to movie tricks.
One went into vaudeville—then there were six.

Six little movie stars, all could swim and dive.
One displeased exhibitors—then there were five.

Five little movie stars on the studio floor.
One refused a proffered part—then there were four.

Four little movie stars happy as could be.
One married a millionaire—then there were three.

Three little movie stars trained in what to do.
One insisted on more pay—then there were two.

Two little movie stars having lots of fun.
One lost her sex appeal—then there was one.

One little movie star said, "I'm going to stay."
Watched her money, name, and health—she's on the screen to-day.

"Just Another Movie"

By Margaret Reid

THE dividing line between life and illusion, the real and the unreal, is of microscopic delicacy in Hollywood. It is nearly imperceptible, since in the movie town the two overlap and fade into each other in a confusing way.

I had an early appointment at the Hollywood Hotel—eight thirty in the morning. I walked to it through a dense fog—the effective theatricality of even the climate in Hollywood. Almost facing the hotel, on the opposite side of the street, is a large, quite magnificent legitimate theater. An imposing edifice, not quite a year old, and yet, for some strange reason, every attraction that has appeared on its boards has lost money with sinister consistency. Already it is known as a "jinx house."

As it rose to my vision through the mist, I saw, dimly, figures moving about the entrance. Trucks and power wagons drawn up at the curb indicated the presence of a movie troupe. The \$7.50 extras were poised aimlessly in the lobby, their grease-painted faces pleasantly ghastly in the gray light. In the center of the lobby, on the marble floor lay an old man, shabbily clothed, motionless as

in death. A movie policeman, with smoked glasses protecting his eyes, knelt beside him. A dull air of suspended activity pervaded the scene. I didn't pause to look for the camera or principals, for I was in a hurry to get to my appointment at the hotel across the street.

About twenty minutes later, I emerged onto the street again, with time now to satisfy a momentary curiosity. There seemed to have been no noticeable progress in the movie scene since I had first passed. The same look of arrested activity was apparent. The old man still lay on the floor. The policeman stood near by.

"What a long rehearsal," I thought. "Or else the director is a demon for retakes."

I looked about for the camera. And again at the patient old actor on the floor. The damp wind moved his white hair slightly. His eyes were open, gazing toward the ceiling. Simultaneously with the realization that no camera was set up, I saw, with a horrid shock, that his eyes were curiously dry and rigid. The policeman removed his dark glasses and put them in his pocket. He was

a *real* cop—not, as I had thought, part of the picture.

Later, I heard about it. J. P. McCarthy, Metro-Goldwyn director, was making "Becky," featuring Sally O'Neil, Owen Moore, and Gertrude Olmsted. For a theater sequence he had taken his company to the ill-starred Boulevard playhouse. As the troupe was assembling, an old man who had been standing on the outskirts approached the director timidly. He hadn't, he said, been called for work, but he needed a job badly and he wondered if there was a chance of some one not showing up, just a chance of another extra, being needed. McCarthy looked at him speculatively and started to reply, when, with a brief expression of pain contorting his face, the old man sank to the floor—dead, of heart failure.

Too artificial for life and too real for illusion—the old man lying dead in the lobby of the jinx theater, with white-faced actors in evening clothes staring bewildered at the intrusion of reality into their make-believe world.

Passers-by hurried through the morning fog—"just another movie," they thought.

What the Players Read

Jacqueline Logan.

Biographies entrance me. Each is a story of success, with times of failure, of intrigue, love, laughter, sorrow, all the elements of life, doubly fascinating because they are not imaginary. You know the subject actually did and felt these things. The story of "Catherine the Great," that indomitable woman who crashed through obstacles to get what she wanted, is most popular with me.

I rather like wild West stories, when I am very weary and want to be entertained. The short stories of the French author, Colette, appeal to me, and in fiction I prefer the modern trend as represented by Galsworthy. He pictures real life. His characters think and live and make the reader think. Mary Roberts Rinehart is second on my list of novelists. Her books crowd Hudson's "Green Mansions" and Sabatini's "Cesare Borgia" on my shelves.

I see in Edna St. Vincent Millay a charming naïveté, and a cool, lucid fluency that rests me. And I never tire of "Mr. Pepys' Diary." Of periodicals, I love best to pore over *American Mercury*, *National Geo-*

graphic Magazine, *Asia*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

Lillian Rich.

At present, I am seldom to be found without something of Arlen's clutched tightly in my hand, and usually it is "The Green Hat." His subtle play of words intrigues me, and his curious manner of making you a trifle uncertain "what this story is all about" until in the final paragraph he ends it with a Continental dash. The clever twist in his endings shows an O. Henry touch, have you noticed? My ambition is to play in one of his stories, but I doubt that in my characterization I could capture his elusive delicacy.

Previous to coming to America, I was a student of English literature and stories dealing with British lore. Knowing my London so well—I was born and reared in Herne Hill, a suburb—I reveled in the murk and squalor that mark many of Dickens' tales. My change of residence, however, awakened my interest in your contemporary novelists and just now I am enjoying becoming acquainted with them.

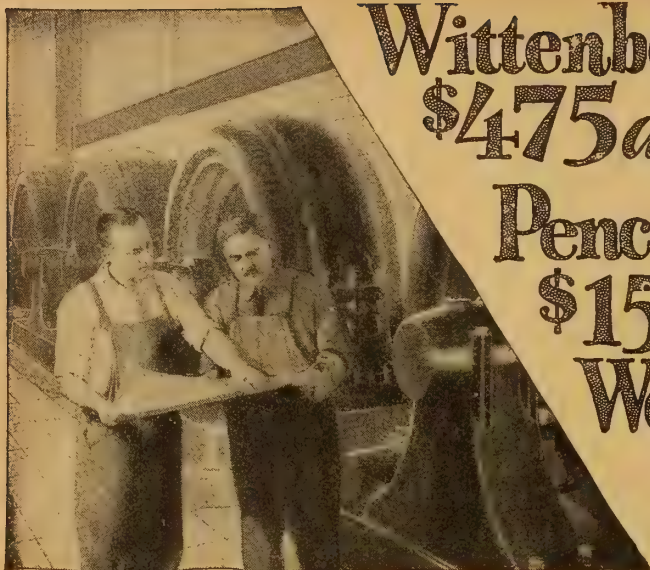
Agnes Ayres.

As my own life has unfolded, I have grown to appreciate more and more the wealth of logic, as well as the beauty, that is in Shakespeare's sonorous words. He is mellow, his dialogue flows in a symmetrical construction that is the model for all dramatists.

My marriage to Manuel Reachí, Mexican diplomat, however, has slightly changed the tenor of my reading, for I have discovered the charm of the Latins. Just now I am buried in two volumes of Ibáñez' "Mare Nostrum," one in Spanish, the other the English translation. By reading in Spanish I am familiarizing myself with that language after a course of study. With my husband I discuss the fine shades of meaning which cannot be bridged in the transition from one tongue to another and we read each version together.

My favorite book of all is Cervante's "Don Quixote." Each perusal brings to light another angle on this fantastic tale.

Continued on page 114



**Wittenberg Earns
\$475 a Month
Pence Gets
\$150 a
Week**

\$475 a Month

Dear Chief: I have just bought a 5-passenger sedan and my income now amounts to about \$475 a month—\$118 a week. Before I took your Course I never made over \$50 a month. I only had a 6th grade education and yours is the only electrical training I ever had. Your friend and student, Herman Wittenberg, 1930 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York.



\$150 a Week

Dear Mr. Cooke: Thought you would be interested in a hand bill I just got out for my new shop. Business is going strong, paying me now over \$600 a month above expenses. I must thank you again for my success, because it was your wonderful Course and method of instruction that put me where I am. Your true friend, W. E. Pence, Albany, Oregon.

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Electrical Experts Needed Everywhere—Let Chief Engineer Cooke Train You Right at Home

CALL it luck—Call it “bunk”—Call it anything you like—But these two and thousands of other Cooke Trained Electrical Men *are* earning this big pay. They earn from \$3500 to \$10,000 a year and the same road they took is open to you—Now!

Why stick to your no-future \$25 to \$30 a week job when these thousands of men no smarter than you and with no previous experience are jumping ahead of you—easily earning two to four times what you earn, year in and year out?

Electricity needs you. It has a place for you and thousands of other red-blooded, honest-to-goodness young fellows who

want a real job and REAL MONEY and who have gumption enough to trade a little of their spare time for a chance to get it. Electricity is the world's greatest business. Over 750 million dollars are being invested in it every year. In the power house end of the industry alone, 15 thousand new and additional jobs were created last year. Electricity is an opportunity—a future—“Success”—for thousands of men. Will you risk two pennies for a stamp to find out what it will do for you?

Chief Engineer Cooke has written a wonderful book about electricity, its opportunities for young men, and what these opportunities mean to you. It is printed in colors, has 64 pages and more than 100 pictures. It's the same book that

started more than ten thousand other men on the road to big pay. It's free—and it may help you like it helped them. Anyway send for the book and decide for yourself. No agent will call on you—no one will bother you and you won't be obligated in any way. What you do in the next minute may mark the turning point in your life. Mail the Coupon Now, to—

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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Sir James Barrie wrote "Quality Street" to grace the heyday of Maude Adams, and it is sure to do as much for Marion Davies. Her rôle is that of a sprightly maid, whose bashful sweetheart goes to the Napoleonic wars without proposing. When he returns, after ten years, he finds her an old maid. So *Phoebe* hits upon a gay, whimsical plan to win him back, and the scene shown above, with Conrad Nagel, tells its own story.



Photo by Chidnoff Carmelita Geraghty is one of the most popular and attractive girls in Hollywood, but her personality fails to register in the movie camera.

WHAT is social popularity in Hollywood worth? Is it an asset or a handicap to a screen career?

A curious situation seems to exist. There are a number of players in the colony who are highly popular personally but who seem unable to get anywhere in the movies. It looks almost as though social success is a hindrance to success in films.

A personality such as makes a girl popular socially does not always register on the screen. On the other hand, a girl may possess a face and figure ideally shaped for photographic reproduction, yet be uninteresting socially. The camera personality and the real personality are often very different.

Kathleen Key, Julianne Johnston, Helen Ferguson, Carmelita Geraghty, and the Bonner girls, for instance, are very popular in the colony and are in constant demand for parties, yet their screen careers seem balked.

Kathleen Key has a brooding Italian loveliness, with liquid, tragic brown eyes. She looks as though she might have posed for some of

Joan Crawford is an exception to the general rule—in her case, social success did help to win screen success for her.



Does Popularity Success on

Not necessarily. In fact, many players who part in the social life of the colony have been

By Myrtle

the canvases of the old masters. When she bubbles forth her line of slangy wit, it somewhat shocks you, but the contrast intrigues. Her breezy manner has made her one of the best-liked girls in Hollywood. Yet her career since "Ben-Hur" has been at a standstill.

Julanne Johnston has a charmingly light, airy grace, and is an exquisite dancer, but on the screen she lacks adaptability and elasticity of talent.

Helen Ferguson has a loveliness, an ingenuous gayety and sparkle which elude the camera with aggravating persistency. But witness her success on the stage, as the ingénue in the Los Angeles production of "Alias the Deacon." She can put her personality across the footlights, but not into the camera.

Carmelita Geraghty is devastatingly pretty, but she does not photograph well. Her immense brown eyes and pretty features, her stunning clothes and the grace with which she wears them, seem utterly lost before the camera.

Patsy Ruth Miller's failure to register on the screen her natural sparkle and vivacity has been due partly to the namby-pamby rôles in which she has been cast.

Dorothy Phillips has a scintillating charm which lies in her conversational brilliance, and in her light and nimble humor. Her sprightliness of manner and her mental gifts have made her exceedingly popular. But these social gifts have had little effect upon her career. They used to say, too, that Dorothy could act. So it can't be lack of talent that keeps her peddling her services among the tin-horn companies.

No girl is more popular in the colony than Priscilla Dean, but what does it get her besides lots of invitations and a grand good time? Though she flits about from party to party, she appears on the screen in productions of little importance.

Those gentle and charming little Bonner girls, too, Priscilla and Marjorie, are well liked in Hollywood, but have made little advance in films.

Joan Crawford is an exception to the rule. In her case, personal popularity and success on the screen seem to have gone hand in hand. Joan is a happy-go-lucky, stimulating, entertaining whirlwind. She has the most amazing vitality. When she first broke into pic-



Most of the bigger stars live very quiet lives socially. Jetta Goudal appears very seldom in public.

in Hollywood Bring the Screen?

are highly popular personally and take an active part in the social life of the colony, but are unable to make much headway on the screen.

Gebhart

tures, she was, of course, unknown in Hollywood. That state of affairs she set about to correct. Nightly she was seen dancing at the Montmartre, the focus of all eyes. A new gown and a new beau almost every evening—mastery of each tricky new dance on the eve of its becoming a vogue—her dark, flashing, restless charm and her wit—all combined to make her an outstanding figure in the colony. And soon she shot up just as quickly in the cinematic sky. For once, social popularity was an asset in a girl's career. Opportunities were given her to display on the screen those vibrant qualities which had made her so well-liked, and they registered.

But Rosa Rudami's personal distinction proved of little avail in her career. Suddenly she burst upon Hollywood, a dynamo surcharged with dramatic instinct. She is a strange, bewildering creature. She acts all the time—instinctively. Her entrance into a gathering always creates a buzz. Why has she not been able to etch upon the screen a siren as attractive as she is in person? Why have the films failed to catch her seductive flame?

Though she came from a Western ranch, Dorothy Dunbar seems a carefully reared society belle. She displays exquisite taste in clothes, has vivacity, poise, and a talent for being agreeable. She was rushed impetuously by several young men in the colony until won by Tom Wells. But only after her marriage, when she naturally ceased to be rushed about so much, did her screen popularity begin to rise.

Claire Windsor and Carmel Myers are both very popular socially. Yet both are displeased over the way their careers are more or less marking time.

During the past year Lois Wilson has made a desperate effort, by habituating the bright lights, to shake herself from her gingham-girl rut. But it hasn't advanced her very far on the road she wants to follow in films.

On the other hand, Constance Talmadge and Bebe Daniels remain secure in their high positions on the screen, the while they dance along life's rosy paths. To Connie, making a picture is just a sort of incidental lark. Bebe regards her work more seri-

Priscilla Dean is in constant demand for parties, but is given few opportunities of any importance in the movies.



Dorothy Phillips' gayety and wit have won her many friends, but on the screen she can find work only in second-rate pictures.



Julanne Johnston is another pet of the colony who has found little encouragement in films.

ously, but she insists on having her fun, too.

Until the past year, Virginia Valli was among the large coterie of socially popular girls who seemed unable to get ahead in the movies. Now, at last, she is on the upward climb, but it's a rare thing these days that one sees her out on a party.

A survey would seem to indicate that the bigger the star, the less she makes a bid for social popularity. There are two reasons for this. One is that once one has reached a place of security in films, there is no longer the need of catering to the influential. Secondly, a big star is usually too busy for much social life.

For Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, Lillian Gish, the Fairbankses, and others of similar standing, social life is confined to small dinner parties with a few intimate friends. To be sure, Mary and Doug are relaxing a little their rigid policy of never appearing in public, but still they live very much in seclusion, particularly when they are working. Florence Vidor and Blanche Sweet occasionally entertain a carefully selected circle of friends, but seldom appear at big affairs. And Louise Fazenda abhors parties.

Of the younger girls who have been successful on the screen, Norma Shearer is more often seen in public than any, though not to the degree that she might be classed as a devotee of the bright

Does Popularity in Hollywood Bring Success on the Screen?



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Marion Davies is one of the few big stars who go in for society. Her parties are usually gorgeous affairs.

lights. The Costello girls live quiet lives. Mary Philbin is almost a recluse.

Jetta Goudal surrounds herself with an aura of mystery. She is charming and gracious on her infrequent appearances in public, but she is also very, very reticent about herself and her affairs.

Esther Ralston is too happily married to a man who does not approve of the social whirl, and too occupied with her work, to care about going out very much.

Anna Q. Nilsson, though she does go out when she is in the mood, has a sublime indifference to social life. And Anna Q., whose screen popularity should, by all the rules of time and public inconstancy, be on the wane, remains consistently a favorite with the fans.

Vilma Banky's social career is skillfully guided by Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. She appears only occasionally and at very select gatherings.

As always, when one attempts to lay down rules, there are exceptions. Dolores del Rio, Billie Dove, and Marion Davies are among the few successful players to whom society seems to mean anything. Billie has spent so many weary months on desert locations that her husband, Irvin Willat, *would* pick, that she is like a *débutante* now, enjoying her plunge into parties and theaters. However, her fun is sandwiched in between films.

Marion Davies' parties are called "magnificent mobs." From elaborately engraved invitations to the presence

of several orchestras, costly decorations and a well-stocked buffet, her parties are touched with Midas gold. They are gorgeous and grand.

Dolores del Rio thrives on society. Reared in the social life of Paris and Mexico City, she is never more at home than when in a brilliantly lighted setting, surrounded by handsome men and beautiful women. Her parties are usually huge. The house must be overcrowded to please her. From group to group of her guests, the sparkling señora flits, radiating joy. The demands, however, of working in two successive films—"The Trail of '98" and Edwin Caréwe's "Ramona"—have temporarily subdued her social activities.

Among the married couples, the Percy Marmonts, the Ernest Torrences, the Douglas MacLeans, the Charles Rays and the Conrad Nagels entertain very quietly. The Rays make no effort to be the social leaders that they once were. Mildred does the social duties for the Harold Lloyd family. Mildred is a rich man's wife with a certain position to maintain, which she does with tact and charm.

The Edmund Lowes quite successfully mix a very active social life with their film work. They hit a pace far from slow, and both thrive on it. Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey also go about quite a bit, and give delightful parties.

Among the men stars, Ray Griffith, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Lon Chaney, and Joseph Schildkraut are recluses. Jack Mulhall and Reed Howes seem to be the cut-ups of the colony.

A shining example of a girl who has made no effort whatever to achieve social popularity, and yet has risen fast on the screen, is Janet Gaynor. When Janet was playing bits, she met and fell in love with a quiet young newspaper chap. Many influential persons asked her to this or that party, and pointed out to her that a participation in the social life of Hollywood would help her in her career. But to all this she turned a deaf ear. By sheer merit, Janet has forced her way up, through one big rôle after another.

You can't give Janet too much of a hand. Here is an instance of a girl winning out, though she deliberately flaunted those factors of which others attempt to make such ambitious use. She has been a quiet, retiring little thing ever since she first appeared on the Fox lot. While other young aspirants to movie fame were gadding about to parties, seeking in that way to make themselves known in Hollywood and perhaps gain a little pull,

Janet kept her mind strictly on her work, and climbed steadily ahead to better and better rôles, until the Fox organization became so impressed with her abilities that they singled her out for special attention. The result was that, when the much coveted rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" was being sought by half the girls in Hollywood, Janet was the one to be picked.

Taken all in all, the evidence seems to indicate that social popularity in Hollywood is not an asset to a movie career, and that those who are indifferent to it—if they have talent—are most likely to succeed in films.



The sparkle and charm which make Helen Ferguson so well-liked in the colony have persistently eluded the camera.



No expense was spared to create an authentic atmosphere for "Old Heidelberg." Above, is shown a replica of the inn in the famous university town, with the young PRINCE just arriving with his tutor.

Ramon, Prince of Romance

In the rôle of young *Prince Karl* in the glamour-laden film of "Old Heidelberg," Ramon Novarro finds expression for the romantic aestheticism in his nature that sets him apart from the general run of actors.

By Caroline Bell

IN the great hall, the court stirs. Groups talk in discreet tones, or stroll along the gallery of tapestries and paintings—ladies in sweeping trains of brocaded silk, gentlemen in uncomfortable uniforms heavily decorated. The scene is a German castle, where some day the young *Prince Karl Heinrich* will rule.

Just now, however, the *Prince* has other thoughts on his mind. He is inwardly in a chaos of excitement and thrill. For to-day he is off to Heidelberg to the university. Outwardly, though, he is no discredit to those stern ones who have drilled into him the correctness of comportment. Down the grand staircase of thirty-eight marble steps, through the archways, he marches, acknowledging salutes, bowing stiffly, dutifully enduring the seemingly endless ceremony of farewell.

The scene now switches to Heidelberg, where, to his relief and joy, the young *Prince* is accepted for himself alone. And his fun-loving personality, free now from the suppressions of court life, soon wins popularity.

Up and down the narrow, picturesque street, arm in arm and lustily singing, the students stride, out for a revel. Their caps sit jauntily on the sides of their heads. The night is balmy, the air is sweet. And there is Heuder's Inn, with its gay lanterns gleaming and its trees bent low with the weight of their scented blossoms. There are big

steins of beer to be greedily quaffed between songs. And there is *Kathie*, the innkeeper's daughter, to serve them—*Kathie*, now shy, now mildly flirtatious.

Kathie, exquisitely lovely, has won the *Prince's* heart. As the lavender dusk, shot with gold, grows up softly around them, they stroll through the meadows, ankle deep in daisies. *Karl* is beside himself with his first real happiness.

But, alas, on his return to court, a marriage is arranged for the *Prince* with a beautiful princess whom he does not love. Before the wedding, he is permitted one last visit to Heidelberg. But all is now changed. Instead of the old camaraderie, he is greeted with stiff salutes. The chill blasts of winter have stripped the trees; barren and stark they guard the old inn. Desolation hangs heavy upon the scene. *Karl* and *Kathie* bid each other a slow, sad, farewell. A few days later, he and his royal bride drive in ceremony through the streets of Karlsburg.

Every one is more or less familiar with the story of "Old Heidelberg," which has been brought to the screen with Ramon Novarro in the rôle of the *Prince*. Written originally in novel form, it was dramatized some twenty-five years ago, and has been presented on the stage in almost every country



Jean Hersholt as the tutor, and Philippe de Lacy as the PRINCE as a boy.



One of the student revel scenes, with Novarro seated at the head of the table.

and language. Jean Hersholt, who plays the tutor in the film version, was in the cast in the play's first Danish presentation at Copenhagen.

The rôle of *Prince Karl* is a complex one. He is a sensitive, bashful boy, brought up on tradition and court etiquette, who rebels at the uselessness of it all. Dignity, youth, and charm are requisites for the rôle, all of which Novarro has. He combines the flash of a Gilbert with the restraint of a Colman.

Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the film, exercised his customary skill in selecting the cast. Norma Shearer endows *Kathie* with exquisiteness and delicate sprightliness. Philippe de Lacy plays the *Prince* as a boy, the sad little boy whose world is one of pompous dignity, military precision, and a regal acceptance of homage. The gruff but human old tutor, *Doctor Juttner*, could have no better exponent than Jean Hersholt.

No expense was spared by Metro-Goldwyn in creating authentic atmosphere for the film. Several crates of edelweiss plants were imported from Germany, and planted along the Hollywood replica of the river Heckar, which slips lazily past Heidelberg. Pines were brought down from the mountains to provide flooring that could be polished to a sufficiently high glaze to please Lubitsch. Chairs such as those used at Heidelberg were made. These were carved, at the rate of a dozen an hour, by an electric machine.

To construct the main street of Heidelberg, lumber and other building materials were hauled over mountain trails and hoisted up the final slope by cables. The old university town, as you may know, is built on a series of crags. Similar rocky peaks were found near Laurel Canyon, and utilized for the movie set. Thus did a replica Heidelberg come into being high above Hollywood.

Novarro, the ideal *Prince Karl*, is not like any other actor, not like the typical screen idol. He is a reticent boy, with a strongly marked spirituality.

In Mexico, his native land, Ramon attended a Jesuit college where, in addition to military training, music, literature, and languages, he became imbued with that strong spiritual quality which no contact with the world has been able to dispel. It makes him the more appealing and sweet, but none the less virile.

He is imaginative and restless. When drawn from his innate reserve, he talks with refreshing interest on a myriad of subjects. He easily, naturally, charmingly irradiates culture.

Success has left him calm and unflurried. He early acquired a philosophical outlook that remains unshaken under tests. Like every one else, he has had his hardships,

but to this boy thinker, who knows values, pain and suffering are things not to be avoided. "Trials build character," he says.

Some one has said he is both anchorite and aesthete. You sense the cloister, the quiet and tranquillity of a soul that has found strength through combat. Again, there is Ramon, his eyes glowing, discussing beauty or adventure. There is Ramon coaxing soft, crooning melodies from the piano, or singing stirring operatic numbers. This Ramon belongs in a place all color and barbaric splendor.

Religious fervor at one time almost turned him to the priesthood. But his burning love of music took him into the world. He looks forward to the day when he will retire from the screen and make the concert tour for which he is now preparing. He plans to present programs of old Spanish and Mexican songs in a leisurely tour of the world.

Ramon is seldom seen at public affairs. He lives in a world of his own, in surpassing contentment.

He has an absorbing love of the theater. The story is told that he once went to see Sarah Bernhardt from a fifteen-cent gallery seat—the best he could afford. The magnificence of her art inflamed him. After the performance, he waited outside the stage door until she was carried to her car. He bowed, very, very low. A humble, whole-hearted admiration. The great tragedienne did not smile. She bowed gravely. A solemn moment. A moment of numb ecstasy to Ramon.

He attends the theater when it offers something really inspiring, and is a regular patron of the opera and of concerts. To parties and movie premières he is a stranger.

Steins of beer are ordered by the dozen when the students visit the inn. Bobby Mack in the rôle of KELLERMANN.



There is in the attitude toward him of his fans a deference not given to other stars. They go mad over John Gilbert, become feverish about Ronald Colman, but in the adulation that is given to Ramon, there is a certain awe. They recognize in him the inner fineness which sets him a little apart from the hustling, bustling, restless world.

Rarely, one glimpses in him an almost satiric humor—the adroit fencing of a rapierlike mind.

Old, Ramon is, beyond his years. This may be due partly to his responsibilities as head of his large family of brothers and sisters, and partly to his early struggles. The tale of how, unknown, penniless, and often hungry, he haunted the studios until Rex Ingram noted his grace as a dancer and gave him a start, is well known. He suffered in those days not only the hunger for food, but also that deeper, gnawing hunger of talent seeking expression.

Ramon reminds one of a troubadour, singing along medieval highways, a Shelley, with Shelley's visionary wildness subdued into a definite course, an Ariel awing through the prosaic everyday, a Galahad, for whom the siege perilous holds no terrors.

He has often been mentioned for the rôle of *Romeo*, but to my mind, he is not the ideal *Romeo*. *Romeo* loved a lady of flesh and blood; however ethereal and delicate their romance, it was a thing of human nature. Ramon epitomizes an idealistic type of romance—that higher seeking which finds expression in chivalry rather than in love-making.

This idealistic quality in Novarro partly explains his aloofness. He is surrounded, not by the smug wall that the upstage erect about themselves, but by a dream world all his own, into which one hesitates to intrude. No idle dreams are Ramon's, but dreams peopled and beautified by his vivid imagination.

The screen has grown too modern, too realistic. But some of the glamour that has been pressed out of it is brought back in "Old Heidelberg's" quaint unreality. And who better than Ramon could impersonate the shy prince of a mythical, romantic world?

Fans have complained—and justly—that Novarro has been sadly mistreated in the matter of rôles since "Ben-Hur." But "Old Heidelberg" seems to have marked a turning-point for the better. Following the completion of that colorful film, Ramon set to work immediately on "Romance," adapted from Joseph Conrad's enthralling novel of adventure.

This is laid in the early nineteenth century, and relates the experiences



Poor PRINCE KARL, betrothed to a princess he does not love, bids KATHIE—Norma Shearer—a last, sad farewell.

of a young Englishman who is forced to flee from England to the West Indies, and there becomes unwittingly involved in bitter political intrigues that almost cost him his life. Much of the action takes place at sea and on a desert island, and is heightened by many life-and-death struggles between hostile factions.

Marceline Day is the girl in the story and goes through almost as many hazards as the hero. The two are thrown together and wrenched apart numerous times during the course of the film, but after many agonizing separations and many narrow escapes from death, they are at last reunited in England.

Quite different in character from the more peaceful "Old Heidelberg," the film is nevertheless equally well suited to Novarro's distinctive talents. In each he is a romantic hero, only in "Old Heidelberg" the romance lies in the atmosphere of the story and the character of the prince, whereas in "Romance" it derives its being chiefly from action and adventure.

The success of "Old Heidelberg," in fact, will depend largely on Novarro's own personal appeal, as the plot alone is too slight to carry the film along without an unusually compelling personality in the main rôle. But there is small doubt as to Ramon's being equal to this. It's true that the films in which he has achieved his greatest success have all been tales of action, such as "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche" and, of course, "Ben-Hur," but it's also true that these films would have been nothing without Novarro's personal magnetism.

As this article is brought to a close, "Old Heidelberg" has just been previewed near Hollywood, and if the acclaim that has already greeted it is any indication of its future fate, it will be a big hit.

As a student at the university, the PRINCE has his first real taste of complete freedom and happiness.



The

Humorous comment on this, that and the other thing by a rambler in the film colony.

Stroller

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



THE Hollywood Bachelors' Protective Association has adopted a scheme which, it is believed, will revolutionize the conduct of bachelor apartments and bungalows here.

Members of the association plan to cut down the enormous expense of the drop-in trade at parties, by running their homes on something of a commercial basis.

For guests afflicted with "telephonitis," that strange malady which prompts the victims to establish communication with all their friends immediately upon arrival, a pay telephone is proposed.

A mechanical piano, with nickel slots at convenient points about the house, will save the wear and tear on the victrola.

A penny scale in the hall would take up little room, and with all the ingénues and juveniles in town who are constantly fretting about their weight, should bring considerable revenue to the host.

A gambling machine, for nickels and quarters, in the kitchen might prosper.

If you have a sun porch, sublet a hat-checking concession. A punch board, such as is found at soda fountains, would help to amuse the guests.

The host could wear a conductor's change-belt under his vest for the convenience of his callers—particularly those who wished nickels for the telephone.

A taxicab stand in the driveway would remove the necessity of the host's driving home guests who had been separated inadvertently from their transportation.

A check-bouncing contest has been proposed by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce as an annual athletic event to be staged in the Bowl.

Prizes will be awarded to those who can bounce the largest checks, those who can bounce them the farthest, and those who can keep them bouncing for the greatest length of time.

The bouncing or rubber check, in case you don't know, is that one which is returned to your bank with that distressing little cashier's note, "Not Sufficient Funds."

Every morning along the Boulevard there is the familiar rumble and roar of crashing masonry as the clearing houses open, and the boomerang checks begin to bound from bank to bank.

"I'm gonna transfer my entire account," wailed one artistic paper hanger. "They're charging me half a dollar for

every N. S. F. check, now, and it's eating up my whole salary."

I have often wondered why no one ever thought of writing them with disappearing ink.

Some time, just for the novelty of it, I'd like to see a still picture of Joan Crawford in which she is not dancing the Black Bottom. When that strange event occurs, I promise you I'll go and see a Larry Semon picture.

Come out of the cyclone cellar, Mr. Hays; things seem to have quieted down a bit by this time.

Just when it had been generally decided that the wild cats of the movies had been turned into tame, house tabbies, all sorts of riots and excitement broke loose, and for a week or so the blackest headlines in America were centered on that portion of Los Angeles bounded by Vermont Avenue on the east and Wilshire on the south, and extending from these points to Santa Monica and the Hollywood hills respectively.

Jack Gilbert was tossed into the Beverly Hills bastille, apparently for the heinous offense of kidding one of the gendarmes of that city, although a better mark for humor could scarce be found; a screen juvenile was arrested in connection with the death of another actor; Kenneth Harlan figured in an automobile accident in which a pedestrian was killed; Helen Lee Worthing was severely beaten by a burglar to the extent of much publicity; and numerous lesser lights were involved in jams of one sort or another.

Which leads one to believe, in spite of what Mr. Hays says, that Hollywood is just about like the rest of the country.

I have found a new position in movie studios, and one which affords remarkable opportunities, if you are fitted for it. It is that of the "Ah Crier."

The duty of the Ah Crier is to stand on the set behind the director—preferably one who takes his movies seriously.

When the director finishes what he regards as an impressive or dramatic scene, the Ah Crier murmurs "Ah!" in a hushed, rapt tone.

It is really not difficult to discern when the director thinks an "Ah" is due him. The hours are apt to



Jack Gilbert paid the penalty for kidding a gendarme of Beverly Hills.

be long, it is true, but the pay is good, the work is comparatively simple, and the chances for advancement are singularly bright, if one's larynx holds out.

Harry Sweet, a comedy director of more than the ordinary ability of that profession, has discovered a unique manner of collecting material for his movies.

Hurrying to work recently, he became involved in an unexpected traffic jam and piled up two other cars, with considerable damage to all the vehicles. Moreover, he unwisely selected a deputy sheriff as one of the motorists with which to collide.

Facing the possibility of a penalty of some kind for reckless driving, he contemplated the unhappy result of a speeder serving sentence on the road gang.

The idea so intrigued him that he wrote and directed a two-reeler around it. The result was a highly amusing comedy.

Now that the charge has been dismissed, and the necessity of living out his movie has been removed, he gets credit for having made an exceptionally good picture, and the insurance company pays the damages.

When I become a movie producer—who snickered?—I shall change the present system of previews.

It is the Hollywood custom to show each newly completed picture in one of a dozen small theaters in the district adjacent to the movie center, in order to learn the public reaction.

This is an excellent idea, except that it rarely works that way.

On preview night a sizable caravan sets out from the studio, bearing director, scenarist, actors, cutter, title writer, gag men, and divers soothsayers and *Si, Señors*.

They mass together in the back seats, laugh uproariously at the gags and funny titles, weep disconsolately at the dramatic moments, and applaud vigorously when the picture is over. This, of course, effectively destroys, or at least influences, the public's natural reaction.

Afterward, the studio group gathers in front of the theater to talk it over and get in the final yesses. The outcoming throngs immediately spot them as movie folk, and go home silently, without voicing their opinions of the picture.

Next day at the studio the previewers, in their several dialects, report: "The picture was a wow!"

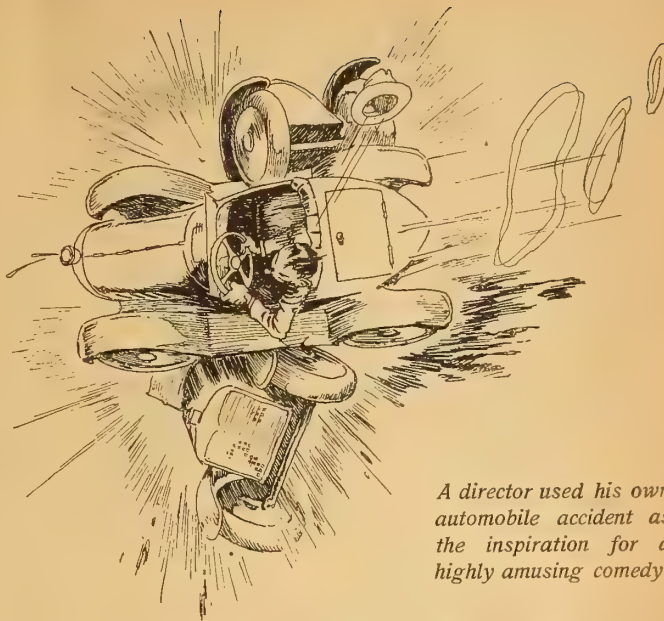
Of all the motion-picture plots that have been filmed, the one I seem to see most often is the comedy-drama of the gay wife married to a tired husband who doesn't like the social whirl. This, of course, has been varied in a number of ways, but the basic idea remains the same.

Cecil B. De Mille made it three or four times a year when he was directing Gloria Swanson, and now Hobart Henley and John M. Stahl are carrying on the work.

I discovered it was being made once more, under the title of "Lonesome Ladies," with Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson playing the husband and wife, as they undoubtedly have done many times before.

"It seems to me," said Stone when he read the script, "that I've been making this picture for the last ten years."

Columns and columns and columns of sob stories have been writ-



A director used his own automobile accident as the inspiration for a highly amusing comedy.

ten about the woes and hardships and poverty of the extra boys and girls in the movies. I have written quite a few of them myself.

Standing on a set one day, where a hundred or so of the regular extras were working, I began to speculate as to how they managed to live on the small and irregular pay they must receive.

Curiosity getting the better of good taste, I asked one of them how much work he averaged every week.

"Generally four or five days," he said. "Sometimes I go through a whole week without an idle day."

I have felt less downcast about their plight since. The society extras, that is the regulars who have complete wardrobes, are rarely paid less than seven dollars and fifty cents a day and sometimes get as much as twelve dollars and fifty cents.

At the minimum, that would bring them thirty-five dollars a week, or more, and at most it would be more than fifty dollars. I've held what I thought were good newspaper jobs for less than that.

The following press-agent items from the movie pages of Los Angeles newspapers deserve perpetuation:

"The forty girls from the 'Music Box Revue' chorus are besieged with motion-picture offers."

"Julia Faye, featured in Cecil B. De Mille's 'Turkish Delight,' once intended to become a school-teacher."

"Louise Fazenda nearly had a ticket purchased to

Continued on page 96

The gay wife married to a tired husband is still the favorite movie plot, says THE STROLLER.





Blanche Sweet—yes, it is she who demurely sits, above, giving no hint of the defiant, glowing spirit that is hers to-day, nor of her impressive success in "Judith of Bethulia," then about to be made.

Dorothy Gish, right, was romping through bits in Biograph comedies.



Mae Marsh, left, wore her first evening gown in D. W. Griffith's "Brute Force."

Herbert Rawlinson, below, endeared himself by his buoyant youthfulness, which still endures.



Their Enduring

Fourteen years ago, when the film colony visitor appeared in its midst. To-day, she ture Play" snapshots and impressions of stars

By Hettie

NOTHING makes you realize with what leaps and bounds motion pictures have sped to their place in the sun so much as a glance backward. Scores of lovely girls and stalwart young heroes who, in 1913, were busily making two-reel thrillers every two weeks, and hearing with open doubt of a project to make a four-reel picture about some biblical character named Judith, are to-day busily engaged in ten or twelve-reel pictures twice a year. And the ladies are even younger and lovelier now, and the heroes even more stalwart, than they were then! Would that the rest of us could drink of the spring that has made time stand still for these extraordinary men and women!

1913! The beginning of the mighty leap and surge that has not even begun to find its level these fourteen years later.

In April of that year, when I visited the little picture colony in Los Angeles, the chief director of the Biograph Company, just emerging from the anonymity imposed on him, was defying his employers, and fate itself, by planning a long, four-reel picture about Judith of Bethulia. Broncho Billy's two-reel Westerns, cut to an unvarying pattern, showed no signs of falling from their high estate. A young cowboy named Mix, drafted from the 101 Ranch Show, was doing heavies and stunts for Selig's Arizona company. "One of the Barrymores" was lost to sight among the minor stock players of the Biograph. The crown for masculine pulchritude had recently been placed by women the world over on the brow of J. Warren Kerrigan, sole luminary of a little independent company. Edward

Priebel, editor for Selig, was raising the standard of stories by paying fifty dollars for a two-reel, "original" continuity, and by buying "The Garden of Allah," "The Servant in the House," and the like, for two and three hundred dollars each. Producers had not ceased to advise writers to arrange a dramatic climax at the end of the first reel, as a sort of snap-the-whip to swing the audience over the intermission of "One moment, please," while changing reels. And one hundred and fifty dollars a week for leading people was top pay.

Less than six months later, Hobart Bosworth had produced "The Sea Wolf," the first seven-reel picture to be made in this country. Within a year, five reels was the accepted length; two-reel dramas were fast disappearing; Ford Sterling's thousand dollars a week had set the pace for the fabulous

Young Charms

was only a tiny group of pioneers, the first opens her souvenir album and gives to "Pic-who, miraculously, are younger now than then.

Gray Baker

salaries common to-day; "The Birth of a Nation" was under way; William Fox, with his independent company, had begun the fight which forced the General Film Company to the wall and ended the power of that gigantic trust. The barriers were down, the rush was on. No other year in the tumultuous history of this extraordinary industry has seen such a revolution.

All this, and a thousand other memories, flashed upon my mind as I opened an old album of snapshots not long ago, and renewed the cherished acquaintances of that first memorable visit to the film colony.

There was the Biograph director, David Wark Griffith, with his devoted camera man, Billy Bitzer, looking down on the blazing street of "Elderberry Gulch," which was destined, though no one guessed it then, to be the last Western thriller he was ever to do. Close by, was another picture of this famous trail-blazer, this time in the peaceful confines of the Biograph lot, consulting with his assistant, Christy Cabanne.

Dear Bobby Harron! If his sweet spirit now and then returns to this earth, it must wander to that little lot on the corner of Georgia and Girard Streets, or to Mr. Griffith's then undeveloped ranch in San Fernando Valley, where so many crowded hours of his young life were spent. Surely a host of fans will smile and sigh over the little glimpse of him in "The Fight at Elderberry Gulch" shown at the right.

Turning the leaves of the album, I found a picture of Mae Marsh in the modern sequence of "Brute Force," and very proud of her first evening gown.

Two exquisite little blondes, winsome, lovely, ambitious, and unspoiled, one just finished with a real rôle—the lead in "Love's Marathon"—the other romping through bits in lively Biograph comedies, were then hardly more than started on the road to the fame that to-day finds them as lovely, ambitious, winsome, and unspoiled as ever—Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

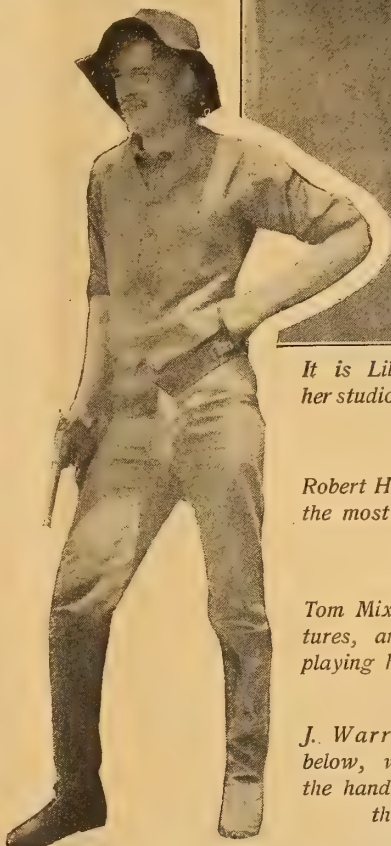
Of all my treasured old pictures, I believe I like my Blanche Sweet the best. Eyes cast demurely down, feet primly close together, golden curls escaping from under the severe little hat. No hint here of that defiant, glowing spirit, that reckless courage that now characterize her. No prophetic telling of future great achievements, to which "Judith" and "The Avenging Conscience" led the way.

The Biograph studio seems to claim more than its share of space in my album, as it did of my time that enchanting April, back in 1913. My

Continued on page 105



It is Lillian Gish who smiles—yes, smiles—from her studio chair above, looking more mature than she does to-day.



Robert Harron, left, was playing the lead in one of the most notable of Griffith's early pictures, "The Fight at Elderberry Gulch."

Tom Mix, right, had just entered pictures, and was doing stunts and playing heavies for the Selig company.



J. Warren Kerrigan, below, was known as the handsomest man on the screen.



What Lies Ahead of

Are they next year's stars—these girls from the four corners of the earth



Avonne Taylor, above, whose first screen rôle is with Norma Shearer in "After Midnight," is a recruit from the "Follies," now under contract to M.-G.-M.

Ginette Maddie, right, the young French girl recently imported by Paramount, has played on both stage and screen in Europe. It was Erich Pommer, who had directed her in a Ufa film abroad, who urged Paramount to bring her to Hollywood.*



From Mexico comes Lupe Velez, right, lately signed to play leads in Hal Roach comedies. Miss Velez started her career as a dancer in Mexico City.

Loretta Young, left, made such an impression in Colleen Moore's "Naughty but Nice" that she was straightway signed by First National. Loretta acted on the screen as a child, and used to be known as Gretchen.

*—Through a mistake, it was stated in a recent issue that Miss Maddie had come from Austria.



These Newcomers?

who have been brought to Hollywood
by producers seeking new faces?



Viola Richards, above,
seventeen-year-old girl
from Buffalo, is yet an-
other Hal Roach find.



Marietta Millner,
right, is a Vien-
nese girl, brought
to this country by
Paramount. She
played opposite
Warner Baxter in
"Drums of the Des-
ert," and is now
cast in Thomas
Meighan's "We're
All Gamblers."

Sharon Lynn, right,
was dancing in musi-
cal comedy in New
York before she was
lured to Hollywood
by a contract with
F. B. O. She has
played the feminine
lead in "Clancy's
Kosher Wedding"
and in "A Flame in
the Sky."



Edna Conway,
right, had her
first screen bit
in "The Music
Master," was
signed by Fox,
and has since
appeared in
"Cradle
Snatchers" and
"Carmen."



MOST people progress equitably and almost imperceptibly from one phase of life to the next, much as in the placid transition of day into night and of night into another day. But there are some people to whom things happen with the abruptness of a gunshot, who are hurled with breathless speed into strange new experiences. Alice White is one of these. Life will probably always be a startling succession of surprises to her, partly because it seems to be destined so and partly because she is a startling young person.

A little over a year ago, at the Chaplin studio, Josef von Sternberg was doing a picture featuring Edna Purviance, which, however, has never been released. I decorated the film as a maid, and Alice was officiating as script girl.

Only no one called her "Alice" then. She had been more appropriately nicknamed Peter Rabbit by Von Sternberg several years before. It was he who had discovered her doing secretarial work at the Writers' Club. He had hired her as script girl for the picture he was doing at the time and had immediately, with unerring aptness, begun calling her Peter Rabbit.

The name has stuck. She is still Peter Rabbit to almost every one who knows her. It was as neat a christening job as I have ever known. Peter Rabbit—can't you picture her? A slangy youngster, with a round face, a turned-up nose, and wide brown eyes.

She was a good script girl, at that. She has a shrewd little head perched on those harum-scarum shoulders. True, she used to rush onto the set late, with her cheeks flushed and her hair on end from hurrying, and with a dozen remarkable explanations for her tardiness. True, she used to disappear from the set at inopportune moments, to be discovered in the studio swimming pool, innocently unaware that she was needed. True, she used to entice strange-looking dogs into the studio and onto the set so that she could feed them candy, during which process they invariably strolled into the midst of a scene, to Von Sternberg's wrath. But when she worked, she *worked*—and efficiently, too.

Every one was always commenting on her resemblance to Clara Bow. But Alice took the comments as the usual "you ought to be in the movies, little girl," and dismissed them airily. She was earning plenty as script girl to keep her in car fare. It was less exciting, perhaps, than working before the camera but a whole lot surer. Script girls, she figured, may eat only simple food, but they eat it regularly. Whereas, though some actresses are lucky enough to subsist on caviar, others starve ignominiously. Not for her, thought Alice.

But all the while, her secret self really wanted awfully to have a try at movie-acting. It would be so exciting. And if she were successful, she would have such grand things—beautiful clothes, automobiles, and all the dogs she wanted.

At last, she succumbed. Lavishing her small savings on some photographs, three new dresses and hats to go with them, she set out to make the rounds of the studios. Her script work had given her a certain number of contacts, so she

I Knew Them

The second of a series of stories in which Miss Reid, reminisces about the days when she worked on the since flashed into prominence on the screen. She Sheridan as an extra—now both are

By Margaret

began by looking up the people she knew. She tried Universal first. A kind friend introduced her to the casting director. That gentleman looked at her, looked at her photographs and, turning to her friend, said kindly, "A very sweet little girl, but I'd advise her to stick to script work."

But within two weeks, she had been given three tests at as many studios. And—please believe me, because it's so seldom that the truth is so exciting—within a month, though she had never worked in a picture in her life, she was signed on contract by First National!

Her friends were stunned, and the state of Alice's own mind can be imagined. Just like that, she was no longer an obscure little script clerk, but a movie actress with a contract and a large salary! And all this had come to pass without any preliminary ordeals or despondent waiting. An unusually lucky break.

She straightway did all the mad, foolish things you would expect. She rushed up and down the Boulevard buying dresses and dresses and dresses. She invested in a big blue coupé. She bought a fur coat and every known brand of perfume, climaxing the orgy with the purchase of a woolly red Chow puppy. Oh, it was fun to be in the movies!

Her first rôle was the second lead in "The Sea Tiger," with Milton Sills. On the day she began work, during her first hour on the set, she suddenly became seized with fear. Her rôle, that of a hard-boiled little chorus girl, was not an easy one. It called for good trouping. And Alice had never even done any extra work. Behind the camera, there were curious groups of people, waiting to see what the "new find" would do. Alice's hands grew clammy, and her heart rose to her throat. Then, out of the confusion of faces beyond the lights, she discerned Colleen Moore. Colleen smiled encouragingly, and called in a low voice, "Don't be nervous. It's awfully simple, and you're going to be great!"

The mists in Alice's frightened brain cleared. Heartened by this kind little remark, she summoned all her courage, and launched into her first scene. When it was finished, the onlookers looked surprised, but they were no more surprised than Alice herself. Why, she could act!

When the picture was finished and previewed, all Hollywood started talking, not about the picture, but about Alice White. She was cute, she was different, and *did* she have "It"—oh, my! And then, to every one's astonishment, some involved studio politics caused her to be released by First



Alice White had been nothing but a script girl—hadn't even played extra parts—when First National suddenly put her under contract and gave her the second lead in "The Sea Tiger."

as Extras

"Picture Play's" well-known "Extra Girl," same sets with girls, or boys, who have knew Alice White as a script girl, Ann rising young leading ladies.

Reid

National when its six-month option on her services had expired. No one knew why.

As things turned out, however, it didn't really matter, anyhow. Almost immediately, Norma Talmadge secured Alice for a comedy part in "The Dove." And the day after she finished in that picture, she began work as the ingénue lead in Mrs. Wallace Reid's current production. By this time, First National had released "The Sea Tiger," and from every side came wires from exhibitors—"Give us more of this Alice White. She's great stuff." And within a few days she was again under contract to First National.

Alice has a colorful personality—well worth watching. Here in Hollywood, we get a great kick out of watching her. She can always be depended upon for the unexpected. She never knows, from one minute to the next, what she is going to do. She changes the color of her hair weekly. She is always desperately in love, but never quite sure with whom. She has a brain, too, but she doesn't let that bother her. She has innate understanding, and a warm sympathy, but most of all, she has an awful lot of fun.

When I first met Ann Sheridan, very competent judges had already pronounced her one of the six most beautiful unknowns in Hollywood. She was—and is—a really lovely thing. She is *Isolde* to the life—flaxen hair, great blue eyes with tranquil gaze, delicate features. She is no conventional beauty, modeled carefully according to the prevailing fashion in faces. Distinction is a rare quality, particularly in the movies, but Ann has it.

She and I met when we were both extras in "The Golden Bed," and were drawn together through mutual admiration of Cecil De Mille's remarkable fits of exasperation. These occur when the details of his direction of a scene are not carried out according to instructions. One can't blame him, particularly when he is directing several hundred people at once and they insist on doing the wrong thing. The directorial face grows pink, then scarlet, then purple, his megaphone is thrown vigorously to the floor, his chair is kicked over, and his assistants turn pale.

It was during such a manifestation in the filming of "The Golden Bed" that a cool little voice at my side remarked that she was awfully glad she had come. This was my introduction to Ann Sheridan. We retired to a safe distance from the set to watch the De Mille wrath. We have been friends ever since.

Ann was Gloria Hellar at that time, and had been in pictures only a few months. But already, quite unintentionally, she had attracted considerable attention in Hollywood. Whenever she entered the Cocoanut Grove or Montmartre, every one automatically turned to look at her, wondering who she was, sure that she must be some one of importance.



Photo by Riches Even as an extra, Ann Sheridan had an air of distinction about her, and was cast always in "high-society" films. Her first lead is opposite Raymond Griffith in "Wedding Bills."

When skirts were shortest, Ann wore accordion-pleated evening gowns of Empire design—short-waisted, with skirts that all but concealed her slippers. When coats were tightest, Ann wore dashing military capes. When hats were tiniest, she wore enormous, demure brims. When bobs were closest, Ann's long blond hair still fluffed softly about her face. Not because she was striving to attract attention, but simply because she wanted to wear what she liked, regardless of fashions.

And it pays to be different—if you know how to do it gracefully. Ann does. Even three years ago, when she wasn't quite seventeen, she had the poise of a woman of thirty. Her conservative demeanor makes her difficult to know. I couldn't decide, at first, whether she was sophisticated or a naïve child. I still can't. She radiates what few American women realize the value of—a suggestion of mystery.

The colorful background of her childhood did much to mold her. Born in New York, of Dutch ancestry, she lived in an atmosphere inadequately known as "artistic," for want of a better word. Her mother, who died several months ago, was a beautiful woman, a singer. Ann's earliest recollections are of music and musicians, of art and artists. The people who visited her mother's studio-apartment were professionals of established reputation.

Concerts, recitals, operas filled Ann's childhood. She learned her arpeggios with her alphabet and, before she was ten, had formed definite preferences and prejudices in music. Her most cherished hours were those she spent at the sacredly exclusive rehearsals of the New

Continued on page 98



Photo by Richee

Pola Negri, on her way abroad to marry Prince Serge Mdivani, said that she had suffered much, but now only brightness and beauty surround her.

SINCE Gloria Swanson married a marquis, it stands to reason that Pola Negri should marry a prince—which is just what she has done, and despite her rather recent bereavement. She will have married Mae Murray's brother-in-law, Prince Serge Mdivani, by the time this is read. In him she says she has discovered the ideal mate to share her hearthstone and form no barrier to the continuation of her career.

There is no gainsaying it, being the husband of a film star is an ideal occupation for the aristocracy. Everything is provided in the bride's hope chest, except the family portraits, and nine times out of ten the nobility is able to supply the lack, if the lady insists.

When Miss Negri and her retinue of wardrobe trunks arrived in Manhattan from Hollywood, she donned a pair of green pajamas, fortified herself with a cigarette, and ensconced herself comfortably in a gilded chair at the Ambassador for a chat.

Amid constant interruptions—her signature was wanted for passports, sailing permits and other documents—she recalled the sad, dark days when she had last occupied the selfsame rooms at the same hotel,

Manhattan

Bits of information and gossip about film

By Aileen St.

awaiting the funeral services of Rudolph Valentino, her betrothed.

At that time she was swathed in black. There were deep circles under her eyes. Her pallid face, bespeaking sleepless nights and overwrought nerves, was streaked with tears. She had abandoned herself to sorrow, and it was difficult to recognize in that grieving woman the brilliant-eyed, vibrant creature, with the huge diamond on her finger, who was now sailing for Europe with a princeling dangling beside her.

"I have suffered much," explained Pola. "Ah, how I have suffered no one will ever know! And to add to my great grief, I made the discovery that many who I thought were my friends—who were indebted to me—failed in my hour of need.

"But now I feel only brightness and beauty around me, and I know that in addition to my new-found happiness I have come to the turning point of my career.

"Since coming to America I have had many trials. In my work, as well as in my heart. I have been hampered by poor stories, unsuitable rôles, and unintelligent treatment. But the American public is awakening. It is getting tired of the conventional, trite, commonplace story which is death to the actress.

"Much as I have fretted over some of the rôles I have been forced to play, I am now convinced that my work would have been destined to utter failure had I, at that time, attempted the European characterizations for which I am best suited. That, at least, is a consolation.

"Hotel Imperial,' I feel, is the best picture I have made in America, and its success has led me to believe that in 'Rachel,' which I shall make on my return, I shall have my greatest success. It is a rôle so close to me that I feel it will excel not only 'Gypsy Blood,' but 'Passion' as well."

Miss Negri has a husky, guttural voice, and her conversation is interspersed with frequent "Ja's;" but she speaks English well, and her marked accent does not hamper the fluency of her rapid speech.

Max Reinhardt, the German stage director, once pronounced her the most talented actress in Europe, and when Pola tells you that she started her film career in a drama written by herself, entitled "Love and Passion," you can understand why, in her maturity, she finds it impossible to adapt her talents to the highly conventional style of drama, with a censor hovering over her.

In portraying Rachel, the great French actress who preceded Bernhardt, Miss Negri has a rôle worthy of her histrionic mettle. In the life of Rachel there was drama, and this colorful, sensuous woman, subtle, beguiling, provides Miss Negri with a character study worthy of the actress who should have played *Madame Sans-Gêne* and *Camille*.

"And what a woman was Rachel!" exclaimed Miss Negri. "What a life she had! What an exciting, devastating creature! And what tragedy! A woman of many loves, of course, whom men courted, admired, coveted. Yet how she suffered! I feel that I myself

Medley

celebrities in New York.

John-Brenon

am Rachel's living counterpart. I have always known her, loved her, understood her. I have always wanted to portray her.

"When I first came to America I begged to be allowed to bring the life of Rachel to the screen, but it could not be. Convention had us bound. But now I can enter into her very soul, because she is and always has been very close to me. Rachel was a real human being. Her faults were the faults of all flesh and blood. And was it not the irony of fate that, though all men loved her, the only one she really loved turned on her, left her, lest she ruin his career?"

"And how she carried off that situation! How she kept her colors flying, while all Paris watched, until she was finally received at court by the stiffest of all sovereigns, Queen Victoria, is the story of a brave woman's triumph! Do you wonder that I so admire her, and want to make her live on the screen? Do you wonder that I go to Paris to search for every possible clue to her innermost self, that I may portray her as she really was—that I may wear the jewels she wore, wave the fan she carried, and surround myself with the gewgaws that she loved?"

"My days in Paris will be busy ones, for I must leave no stone unturned to reconstruct the life of that courageous creature in all faithfulness."

In her eagerness and excitement, Miss Negri forgot to mention her prince.

About "Sorrell and Son."

In the picturesque village of Weybridge, Surrey, England, there live an author and his wife, but if you wish to be directed to this author's dwelling, it is best to ask the passer-by for the home of Warwick Deeping, the gardener. "Sorrell and Son" may have a prominent place on your bookshelf, but Deeping's neighbors are even prouder of his flower beds than of his novels.

Herbert Brenon, the director of "Peter Pan" and "Beau Geste," recently traveled to England to discuss with the author of "Sorrell and Son" the problems presented by the book in its coming translation to the screen. Fighting it out with the author is a favorite pastime of the genius director—the idea on the



Photo by Apeda

Estelle Clarke has given up the fight to stay thin and emotional, and now plays comedy rôles and ignores calories.

part of the director usually being to discover what the author feels should be done, and then to return to the studio and do what he feels inclined to do, with a deep and reverential bow to the box-office, and perhaps a superficial nod to the author.

But in the case of this particular director, who happens to be British born himself, this visit to Deeping was made in an effort not only to recapture the spiritual quality of the story, but to keep intact the feeling for modern England, which gives the book its flavor.

"Our only disagreement," announced Mr. Brenon, upon his return from England, "was a bitter squabble over rock cakes, for which my host had an inordinate fondness. Many of our discussions of the various phases of the book took place at tea time in Mrs. Deeping's delightful drawing-room. I noticed, after I had helped myself four times

to rock cakes, that Mr. Deeping was casting a suspicious and none-too-friendly eye in my direction, and naturally I resented it. While, of course, there was a liberal supply of these delicious little cakes, I discovered that Mr. Deeping had made allowances for his own weakness for them, but not for mine. And since I had been starved since my school days for this particular tea-time confection, I prepared for a struggle. However, when the situation became really strained, Mrs. Deeping kindly presented me with the recipe to bring back home, so the amenities were preserved.

"With the rock-cake situation disposed of, we were free to turn to the vital if less personal contents of 'Sorrell and Son.'"

"Many people have asked me," continued Mr. Brenon, who was at this particular moment driving home from the races at Jamaica, "why I go all the way to Europe to see an author before I make a picture.

The answer is, it's worth it.

"I've never failed to glean something from the author himself that I have not seen in his book, and his understanding, penetration, and grasp of the subject nearest his heart is invariably a source of inspiration to me during my filming of his story.

"To begin with, I believe that it is the mission of the screen to translate an author's thoughts into pictures. I am not one who thinks that a catchy title, a wide sale of a book, or the popularity of its

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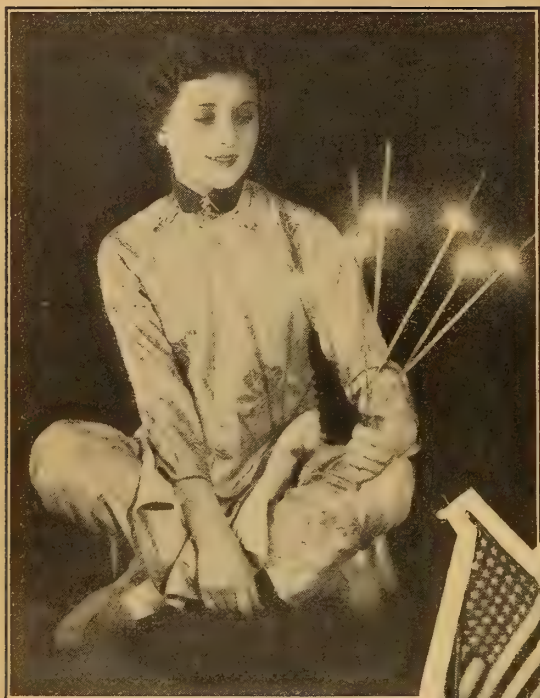


Photo by G.-L. Manuel Freres

Maria Casajuana won a beauty contest in Barcelona and is now being groomed for the screen by Fox.

The Glorious Fourth

The film stars become filled with patriotism and celebrate Independence Day in true movie fashion.



Marceline Day, above, believes in being safe and sane in her patriotism, so fires off nothing more dangerous than a few sparklers. Then, having sparkled to her fill, she dresses up in a paper cap and a flag and has a parade, right, with Louise Lorraine.

But there's nothing safe and sane about Myrna Loy, below. She sits right on top of a giant cracker and waits for it to explode.



And Sally Rand, left, invites certain death by lighting a cannon cracker and then holding it in her hand!

Claire Windsor, below, spends the Fourth peacefully impersonating Betsy Ross.



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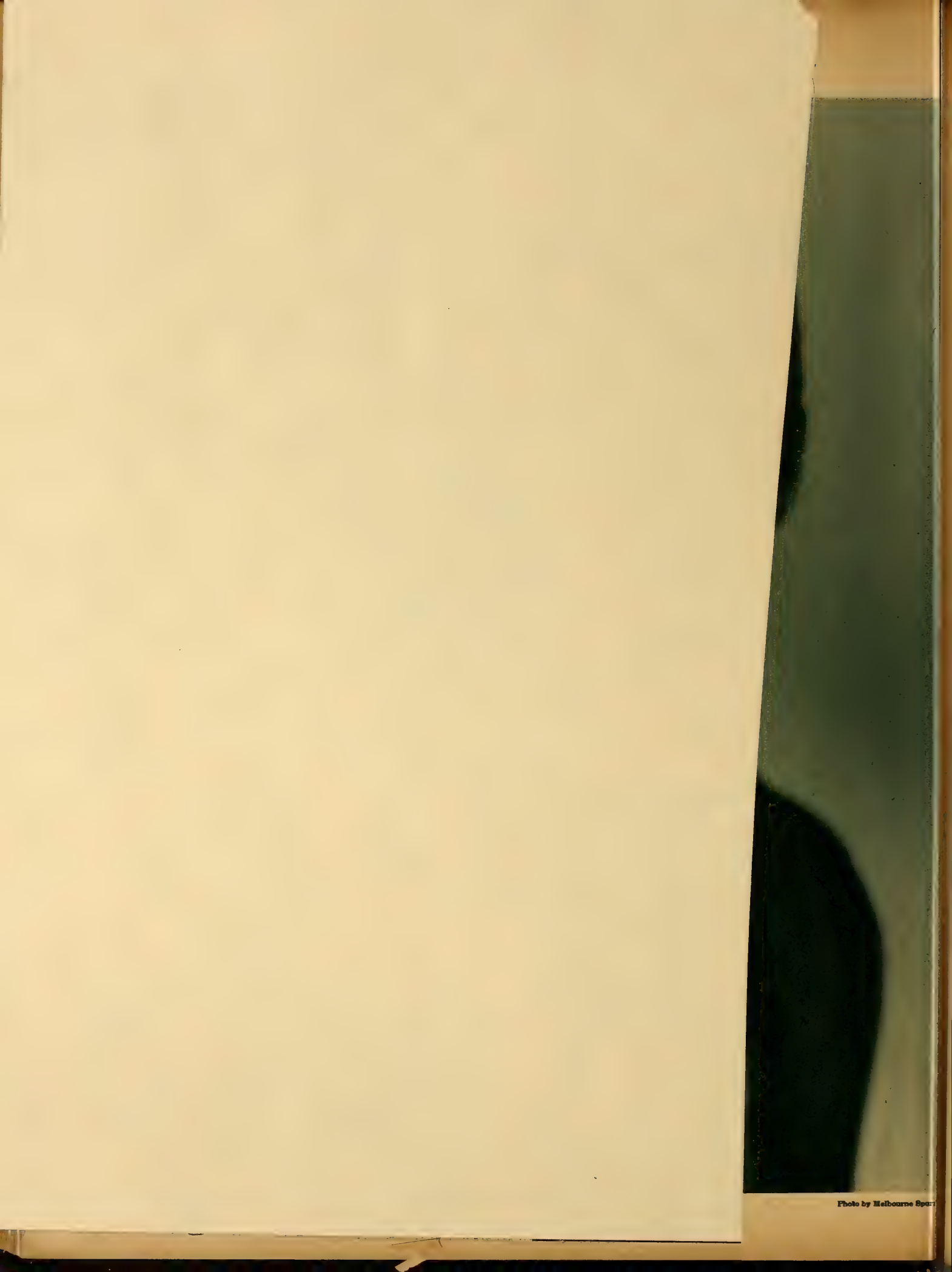




Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

AILEEN PRINGLE has so long accustomed us to the gleam of jewels, the suave lines of fashionable attire, and a sophisticated manner, that she offers a surprise as a laughing Alpine heroine—edelweiss and all—in "Body and Soul."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

THE luck of the Irish finds three additional proofs in this group of the up-and-coming Noonan sisters, whose beauty and gift of blarney proclaim their kinship. On the screen they are Sally O'Neil, Isabelle O'Neil, and Molly O'Day.



Photo by F. Raymond Morgan

THE seasons change, but Claire Windsor's beauty remains untouched by either the blasts of winter or the blisters of summer. Wafting through one of California's lovely orchards, she pauses to caress the plum blossoms with the lightness of a butterfly's wing, and then passes on to play in "The Frontiersman."



GARY COOPER has drawn one of the prize rôles of the year—and richly deserves it. He will be *Beau Sabreur* in Paramount's eagerly awaited sequel to "Beau Geste," which promises to put him on the cinema map to stay.



Photo by G.-L. Manual Freres

MARY PICKFORD'S calm contemplation is now forgotten in the work into which she has chosen to throw herself heart and soul. A new picture, of course—"Paradise Alley," written for her by Kathleen Norris, aided and abetted by Mary herself.



PATSY RUTH MILLER'S verve and wit are a tradition in Hollywood, even though her screen rôles have done their best to obscure her real self from the fans. In the story on the opposite page will be found a great deal of the flash and sparkle that make her so distinctive.

Patsy Ruth Flares Up

Miss Miller launches a protest against the "blah" rôles that have been her lot, and holds forth on the subject of hook rugs, her decision to become a director, and her eccentric cook.

By Myrtle Gebhart

LITTLE Vesuvius has blown up! When I went out to Patsy Ruth Miller's house I found her in high mettle, flinging her wind-blown bob about like a spirited pony's mane.

"Behold me," she exclaimed, "at a crisis in my life! You *would* bust right into The Big Scene. I've had a fight, grand and glorious. The first since I've been in pictures."

It developed that she had obtained a release from Warner Brothers.

When I had extracted the details, the grand fracas simmered down to a polite interchange of words. Pat had awakened to the fact that the routine films in which she was playing were not advancing her, and the Warners agreed it would be foolish to attempt to hold her if she were going to be discontented.

Pat *would* surcharge the air with the drama of it and, hair brush held high—whether it was meant to be a torch or a sword couldn't be figured out—announce, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte!*" It's the *second* step, getting a rôle I want, that may be difficult. *C'est une autre chose!*"

Every incident is transformed under the flash of her personality into an importance that it scarcely deserves. Pat's buoyancy and her instinctive dramatic sense give color and thrill to most prosaic happenings.

Only recently have I realized that few outside Hollywood really know Pat. The screen never has reproduced her youthful flare; she seems wooden and saccharine, whereas her personality is one of sparkle and pungence. She is a most amusing person, with a sense of humor often directed toward herself, and is sophisticated without being worldly or experienced.

"That makes it twice as hard for me," she admitted ruefully the truth of my comment. "Not only do I have to create a likable impression when meeting people, but I must undo the one already formed of me. How *can* I impress my personality in dumb, stupid parts? I want to do farce or comedy, the Constance Talmadge sort of thing. When I'm forty, and should be trailing around in long negligees doing Pauline Frederick rôles, they'll have me flapping—and I'll have to put a mud pack on my face every night in order to greet the camera next morning."

"I've been in pictures five years and I've concluded it's time to do a Custer act!" She sharpens everything she says into dramatic relief, talks in italics. "Except for one Lubitsch picture, I've been stuck into poor stories. I've learned all 'just movies' can teach me. Now it's time to plunge. I may starve, but I'll have a grand time doing it."

The phone rang. A friend, in from New York, told her she was acquiring a following in the East.

"I thought," said Pat, slightly subdued, "I already had one! Good for my pride." She was very humble for five minutes, but rallied. To take from Pat her superb self-assurance would be to remove the very essence of her individuality. She has an avid curiosity and a greed to learn, so she reads up to date, and a few leaps ahead.

And she speaks French, another accomplishment of the past two years.

"And *how* I write it! Had a French swain in New York. Alas, *that* romance was snuffed out by my long-distance French. I don't know *yet* what I wrote him, with a dictionary in one hand, and filching phrases from his letters to write back to him."

For all her flippancy, Pat has her serious moments. We were speaking of a girl whom disillusionment had embittered, and Pat said, in a reverie, "It isn't the big tragedy that's hard to bear. You get hit slap in the face; you're dizzy for a bit, then you shake it off. It's the little, pecky, irritations and small disappointments in people that grate on you. Bubbles are always pricked; life has its ugly corners. Experience and knowledge either make you cranky and melancholy, or else tolerant, with a power growing in you that you are unaware of—or you develop a sense of humor that fights your battles for you."

In spite of her sophistication, her French frocks, her beaux, Pat is still very much a little girl. The other day she imperturbably cut up a gown, simply because she needed some lace to cover a boudoir pillow and hadn't any other at hand. And alibied herself with such skill that Mrs. Miller saw the uselessness of reprimanding her.

She will tell you, to a cent, the cost of something. "New car? You flatter me. Last year's painted over—I'm getting economical. Bought a sixty-cent cheese-cloth design for a cushion cover, decided I didn't like it, erased it, and drew a new one."

Her fad of the moment is making hook rugs. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor of her tan-and-green bedroom, the frame on her knees, yarn everywhere. Her work was slightly erratic. "Do you know what hook rugs cost?" she bridled. "You wouldn't. I suppose you're really not to blame for being an ignoramus. At least one hundred and fifty dollars. Besides, you should be pleased to see me so domestic. I've decided definitely——"

My burst of raucous laughter sent her scornful eyebrows up in interrogation.

"Last week you decided definitely to tour Europe this summer, the week before you were going to marry and

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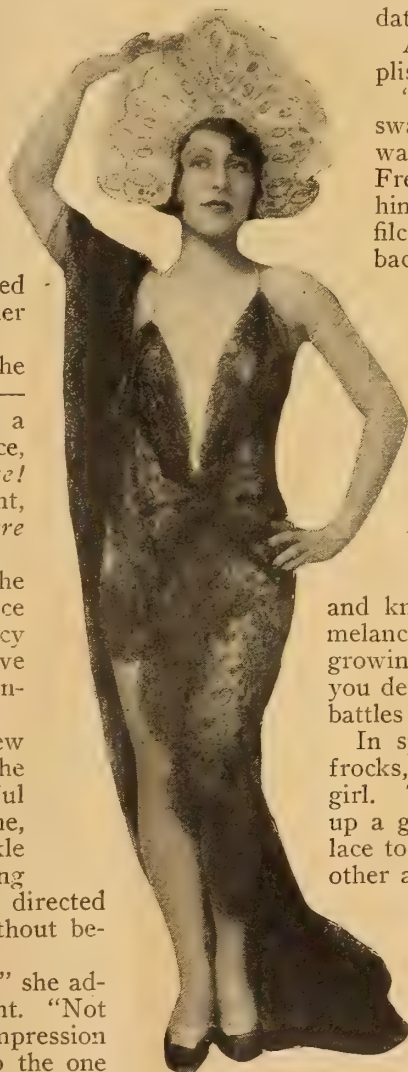


Photo by Freulich
Patsy Ruth Miller's heart is set on sophisticated rôles, and her costume, in "Hot Heels," proves it.

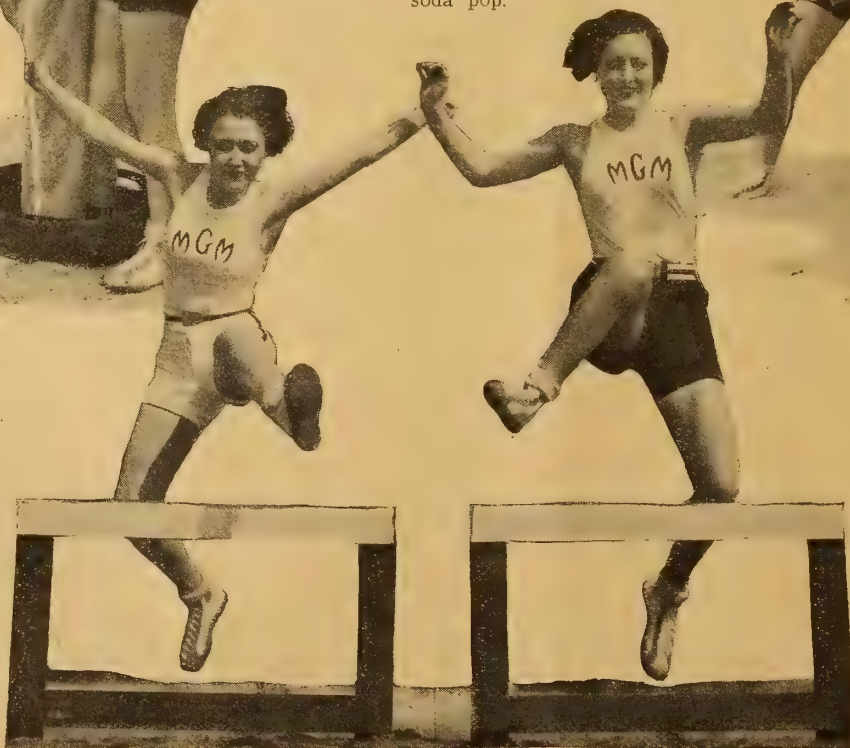
Two Little Girls on the Beach

Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian
spend a merry afternoon at Santa Monica



"Just the day for a picnic!" said Dorothy Sebastian to her friend Joan Crawford one fine summer day. So they ran away from the studio down to Santa Monica Beach, where they lay on their tummies in the sand and reveled in hot dogs and soda pop.

"Oho!" cried Joan when she saw that Dorothy had picked up a handsome life-saver, and she nearly broke her uke rescuing her friend from the poor dummy.



Next, they played a little baseball. Dorothy slugged one into the Pacific, then slid home just as an accommodating wave flung the ball back to Catcher Joan.

After which, they huddled their way homeward and called it a day.

Up and Down with Buster

Whether Buster Collier's spirits are high on the wing, or touching the depths of depression, he is thoughtful, casual, and finds ideals where they are least expected.

By Ann Sylvester

BUSTER COLLIER and I met casually about a year ago, then I didn't see him again until just the other day.

A mutual friend had called me on the phone one lazy evening. He said, "I'm over at Buster Collier's. He's feeling low—why couldn't we all go to the Orpheum?"

I said it was agreeable, and in half an hour a car came and piloted me over to Buster's.

He lived in the Mexican village at the time. It is deliberately picturesque. A kittenish fountain splashes all over the courtyard on which the apartments open. I pushed the bell over the card marked "Buster Collier."

I wondered what the dickens he was low about. None of my business, really.

The mutual friend was there, and said Buster would be with us in a minute. "What's he low about?" I inquired rudely. Our friend shrugged his shoulders. I don't know why I was so curious about it.

In a little while Buster came in. It was not only the first time I had met him, but the first time I had ever seen him. I had known he was young, but I wasn't prepared for the extreme youthfulness of him. He looked like a kid. A high-school kid. And he was as brown as an Arab. Whatever he was low about he didn't show.

He mixed what we shall call a cooling drink, and we sipped to the weather, the motion-picture industry, and our collective health.

We had a good evening. The vaudeville was funny and we got a lot of laughs, on the side, about people we disliked both on the stage and in Hollywood.

It wasn't until later, when we dropped back by our friend's house, that Buster betrayed how low he felt. It was just a little thing that told.

He was holding a tall, cold glass and watching the ice float around in it. Every once in a while he would sip it without seeming to taste it at all. He just kept staring at the ice tinkling and clicking around.

He felt pretty rotten about something, all right.

As I say, I didn't see him again for a year. That is, not to talk to. In the meantime, we had rubbed shoulders at various local fiestas. He'd always call, "How are you?" I'd say, "Fine," and that was that. Then word of this interview came and I made arrangements to call on him again. This time, professionally.

Buster had moved from the Mexican village to a place equally romantic in architecture—in fact, under the same management. The mutual friend wasn't present this time, and a servant let me in. Buster, as on the other occasion, wasn't in sight.

"Hello," he called from upstairs. "I'm shaving." It was twelve o'clock. I said, "Did I get you out of bed?" "No," he called back, "just shaving."

Broadway clings to Buster. No matter how long he lives out here he will always bear its stamp. He had fibbed about my not routing him out of bed. He had risen at noon, after the old Broadway custom. He gave himself away when he called, "Had your breakfast yet?"



Photo by Richee

Buster Collier gave up his house for an apartment, because he wanted to be free—even of leases.

"Yes," said California talking to New York, "and I have a luncheon appointment in half an hour." He yelled, "I'll hurry."

The living room was intended to be an old Mexican effect, but Buster had created an interior revolution. New books lined old shelves, ultramodern framed photographs of the entire Talmadge clan occupied conspicuous positions on nice old Mexican tables, and a couple of banjo ukes lent the necessary collegiate touch.

I screamed up, "This is a cute place."

"I like it. Had a house for a little while, but the great thing about a place like this is that if you want to go elsewhere in a hurry, you can make a quick getaway and not have to worry with leases. I like to be free—even of leases."

That reminded me that he had not long since severed

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Over the

Fanny the Fan divides the lazy summer
tioning on beach and tennis court, and

By The



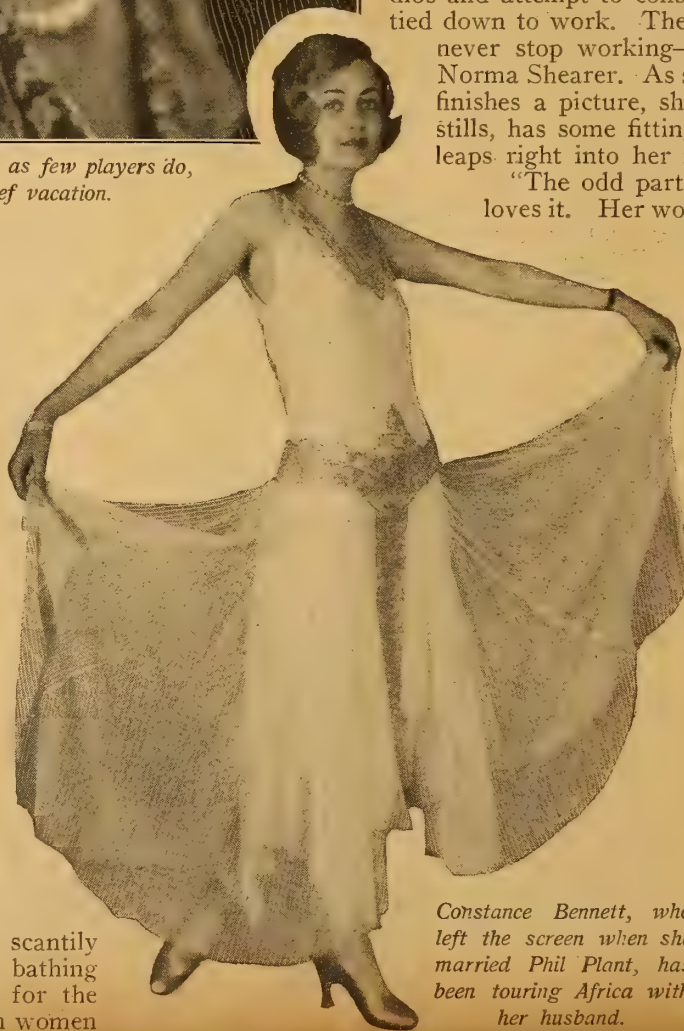
Photo by W. F. Seely
Though she thrives on hard work as few players do,
Anna Q. Nilsson rejoiced in a brief vacation.

WITH almost breathless enthusiasm, Fanny burst into Montmartre and announced that she had discovered the greatest thing in the world—namely, vacations.

"And a vacation is much nicer," she added, "if you spend part of it watching other people work.

"We started a tennis match down at the courts at Marion Davies' new beach house, but such a gale was blowing that the balls went everywhere except where we aimed them." (The wind was just a convenient alibi, of course—Carmelita Geraghty gives a perfect description of the film colony's tennis when she says that they *dress and talk* a great game.) "So we went over to Louis B. Mayer's beach house, and at the house right next door, Laura La Plante's company was working. That is, they worked every now and then, when the sun came out.

Laura and Marcella Daly were scantily costumed in the most captivating bathing suits, but they must have longed for the dear, departed Victorian days when women



Constance Bennett, who
left the screen when she
married Phil Plant, has
been touring Africa with
her husband.

wore bloomers and skirts, because it was *frightfully* cold. Of course, Laura had one consolation—by the time the nice warm weather comes, her picture will be finished and she will have a few days in which to just loaf on the beach.

"Laura has an amazing amount of poise for one so young," Fanny rambled on. "When she is making a picture and anything goes wrong—as everything, from the weather to the camera man's disposition, has a way of doing—she takes it philosophically, with a sort of seraphic calm."

I know the type. Even some very young girls in pictures achieve an amazing mental balance. They have the consolation that, no matter how trying their work is, they are well paid for it.

"Being a motion-picture fan has its problems," Fanny announced, as though it were important. "I can't quite decide whether to have a glorious time playing around with the players who are between pictures and are reveling in freedom, or to go out to the studios and attempt to console the ones who are tied down to work. There are two girls who never stop working—Colleen Moore and Norma Shearer. As soon as either of them finishes a picture, she poses for publicity stills, has some fittings for costumes, and leaps right into her next production.

"The odd part of it is that Colleen loves it. Her work completely fills her

life. Her dressing-room bungalow out at the studio is a real home and she enjoys it. Instead of sitting around the set when she is not actually working, she runs over to the bungalow. She has an adorable little wire-haired terrier there to play with; and she has taken up sculpture and set up a workstand in the bungalow. And when she gets tired of sculpturing, she can always find enough idle people around the studio to make up an audience for one of her concerts.

"I went out to see her the other

Teacups

days impartially between the players who are vacationers—those who have to go on working just the same.

Bystander

day and there was great excitement in the lunch room. A concert in her bungalow had been announced for two o'clock. She had a phonograph record of that Moran and Mack patter that has been the joy of vaudeville audiences for years. It is just as riotously amusing on the phonograph as it is on the stage. Second in popularity at Colleen's concerts are Harry Richman's records. It is a terrible struggle to get the players to go back to their sets to work when Harry Richman sings 'What Does It Matter?'

"Of course, you have heard that Colleen is going to make 'Lilac Time,' the Jane Cowl stage success? And at last, one of her pet longings is to be satisfied—George Fitzmaurice is going to direct her. There was a haunting loveliness about the play on the stage; Fitzmaurice will probably make it exquisite on the screen."

"But what about Norma Shearer?" I asked. Not that I was tired of hearing about Colleen, but it is dangerous to let Fanny think about her too much—it always reminds her that she would like to forsake present company and go out to Colleen's set at the studio. Colleen's ability to entertain people is by no means restricted to the screen.

"Oh, I thought every one had heard about Norma," she said. "'Old Heidelberg' was previewed the other night, and Norma's performance created quite a sensation. She doesn't look as beautiful in that film as she usually does, but her performance establishes her as a great trouper. Norma is working so hard and continuously that she cannot be expected to look radiant, so it is just as well that she has real talent for acting."

"Dolores del Rio is another hard-working girl who never gets time to go anywhere. If it were not for her and Edwin Carewe, the Inspiration Company would have to be named the Expiration Company. Inspiration had two stars under contract—Dorothy Gish and Gardner James—but they couldn't seem to get round to making any pictures with them. They farmed Dorothy out to an English concern and, when she came back from abroad not long ago,



Photo by Spurr

When Kathleen Key prayed for more to do, her prayers were answered with a vengeance.



Photo by Richee

Fanny advises any one who wants a good argument to go and call on Bebe Daniels.

they came to a mutual agreement about releasing her from her contract. So Gardner James, who was getting awfully bored with either being loaned to other companies or else sitting around doing nothing got a release from his, too.

"Any casual onlooker would be forgiven for thinking that a player had achieved security and success after signing a contract, but, as a matter of fact, a contract is often just the beginning of a lot of grief and idleness."

Fanny will keep her head in the clouds and insist that mere money doesn't mean anything.

"Bebe Daniels is having a vacation now," Fanny recounted, in her best reportorial manner, as she stared around the room locating acquaintances and coquettishly wiggling her fingers at them. "Bebe calls it a vacation, but to lots of people it would seem hard work. She is superintending the construction of her two new houses at the beach. Every

one is wondering who will rent them from her. Let us hope they will be picture people.

"Bebe works so hard when she is making a film that she always finishes with a forlorn feeling of being out



Just as she was beginning to taste success, Iris Stuart had a nervous breakdown, and was sentenced to months of rest.

of things. So whenever the end of a picture is in sight, she has her secretary start phoning people, organizing dinner parties and bridge games. It is always a wonder to me that her parties don't overlap. No one ever wants to leave one of them.

"Bebe was *promised* three or four weeks for her vacation, so she may get as much as a week. If you feel like having a good argument some day, we will go over to see her. Her real talent is arguing. She is a good sport about it—she will argue about anything at all, and take either side. She may not always be reasonable, but she can wear out any opponent.

"Anna Q. Nilsson is having a vacation between pictures, too. But I never knew any one to thrive so beautifully on hard work as Anna does. She gets younger and fresher and more radiant every day. Perhaps it is because she has joined the little group of us who go to Hugh Anderson's every other day to do Swedish exercises, take Turkish baths, and get bullied and pounded by a masseuse. There isn't any real reason for the Girls' Club or for cat parties when there is a Turkish bath in town. We all meet there.

"Claire Windsor used to be one of the regular attractions of the place, but she plays now in Tim McCoy pictures, and he rushes so suddenly from one film to the next that she rarely has a day off.

"There should be some reasonable halfway balance between the people who rarely work at all and those who are rushed to death and never have a chance to go anywhere or see any of their friends. Not so long ago,

Kathleen Key put a plea in her prayers for more work and it was answered all too well. Warner Brothers put the girl in one picture and they have been using her steadily ever since, rushing her from one film to another."

"And she had just taken a house to give parties in, hadn't she?" I murmured.

"Yes," said Fanny. "After weeks of leisure, she decided to seize the opportunity to pay back her social debts, so moved out of the little cottage she had been living in and took a charming house up on a hill. And just as she was about to do a lot of entertaining, the call from Warner Brothers came and the poor girl has scarcely seen her home since. She simply rushes from set to dressing room to location and back again.

"Probably the same fate is about to overtake Arlette Marchal. She is under contract, you know, to Paramount, but they rarely use her. So she moved into an apartment next to Julianne Johnston's so that she and Julianne could enjoy tennis and teas and parties together, and then Universal started considering her for an important rôle in 'The Man Who Laughed.' If they give it to her, she'll find herself so hard at work that she won't have time for any parties.

"Arlette is getting thoroughly Americanized. She went to a hockey game the other night."

"In another minute," said I, "you will be telling me that she hollered 'Sock him!' and then I won't be able to believe a word you have said. Even *my* credulity can be strained too far."

"Well, you don't have to hear about it if you don't want to," responded Fanny scathingly. "But it was very amusing. Patsy Ruth Miller was the guest of honor. They turned a spotlight on her, introduced her, and she

threw the puck that started the game. And then, of course, the audience *would* look at her instead of at the game, which was just as well, as the game wasn't very thrilling, anyway.

"Patsy is making a picture called 'Shanghaied' for F. B. O., and she is so thrilled over the marvelous part she has that she walks around in a daze most of the time. Quite a bit of the film is being made on an old boat over at the isthmus at Catalina, which rather puts a crimp in Patsy's social life."

"A terrible sacrifice to make for her art, isn't it?" I offered, but Fanny complacently disregarded my remark.

"Ever since Edwin King left Famous Players and took charge of production for F. B. O.," she

went on, "that company has had the most interesting players. Just look at the list of people who have played for F. B. O. recently—Patsy, Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, and that really promising youngster, Jeanne Morgan, who is under contract to the company. She came from the Paramount School, and as soon as she was



If there must be talking pictures, says Fanny, Belle Bennett's glorious voice makes her an ideal player for them.

free, F. B. O. signed her up. She is a girl of real charm and graciousness."

"What's this I hear about Virginia?" I interrupted.

"Oh," she answered, "don't expect *any one* to speak of Virginia without envy, if not venom. She skipped off to New York to make 'East Side, West Side' with George O'Brien, and you can just imagine what tales of hilarity and what lovely new clothes she will bring back with her.

"Lois Moran takes the prize for cross-country commuting, though. She has just gone to New York *again*! Every time I pick up a newspaper, she is either going or coming.

"Speaking of new enthusiasms——" she began abruptly, but I attempted to stop her. "Oh, well, if you won't listen to me, just ask Lila Lee. She'll back me up in the assertion that Barbara Bennett has a great film career ahead of her. I always regretted that her sister Constance gave up making pictures when she married, so it is nice that Barbara is going to represent the Bennett family in movies. Her very first part is a lead with Buck Jones, but that is only the beginning. Several companies have made tests of her and are interested in her for future rôles.

"She has the most gorgeous eyes you ever saw. You know how lovely Bebe Daniels' eyes are in close-ups? Well, Barbara's are even larger and more lustrous and intense. I am as sure that she has a great future in films as I ever was of anything.

"And, by the way, she has had the most glowing letter from Constance describing the experiences that she and her husband, Phil Plant, are having over in Africa. You should get her to read it to you."

As Fanny's mind is one of those "that reminds me" affairs, one Bennett led to another, and in the next minute she was rambling on about Belle Bennett.

"If there *must* be talking movies—but Heaven forbid that there should be—the one logical person to play in them is Belle Bennett. She went into vaudeville for a few weeks not long ago, and reminded us all once more of her glorious voice. Whenever Belle gives a disappointing performance in a picture, you can blame it on the director. Directors working with her are so hypnotized by her voice that they just listen to that instead of watching her and directing her.

"Let's go over and commiserate with May McAvoy," she said suddenly, "though that is rather a risky thing to do. Who knows, she may be really quite thrilled over the prospect of appearing in a Vitaphone film. She is going to play opposite George Jessel in 'The Jazz Singer,' and part of it is going to be done with Vitaphone accompaniment. And if other people feel as I did about his *first* Vitaphone appearance, there will be no crowds clamoring for admittance to 'The Jazz Singer.' I yield to none in my admiration for George Jessel as an after-dinner speaker, but



Photo by William Potter

Fanny's latest enthusiasm is for Jeanne Morgan, the Paramount School girl who is now under contract to F. B. O.



The long-promised Universal production of "The Man Who Laughed" may boast the presence of Arlette Marchal in the cast.

I can get along nicely if I never see him in another picture."

"Possibly you have just grown old and crabbed," I ventured.

"No." Fanny was decisive and serious. "I know that I am still young and impressionable, because I have seen a new juvenile on the screen who has given me the feeling that I *must* rush out and write him a fan letter at once. He is Donald Reed, Colleen Moore's leading man in 'Naughty but Nice.' He used to work for Metro-Goldwyn under the name of Ernest Gillen. He is utterly charming, not too handsome, wonderfully unself-conscious and altogether simply swell. By next fall he will probably be featured on all the best boarding-school dressing tables. His will be the next face to make thousands of hearts flutter."

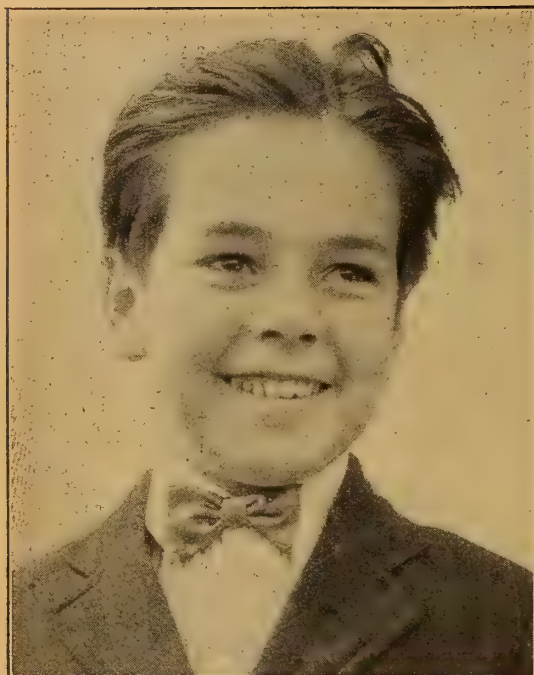
Presently, Fanny lapsed into reflective sadness, and I knew that there was something serious on her mind. It came out—as all things in her mind do, sooner or later. "Every time I think of Iris Stuart, it simply wrings my heart," she said. "Just as she was getting such a good start in Paramount pictures, she had a nervous collapse and the doctor ordered complete rest for her for several months. Just think what a disappointment that must be to her, when she was just beginning to taste success. She went to the desert for a few weeks and rested, then left for the East to visit an aunt who

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When a Feller

With few exceptions, the small boys
freckled lot, but freckled or other

By A. L.



Johnny Downs is one of the few "handsome" boys of the screen.

THE kid with a freckled face and tangled hair, with pugnacious nose and "turble disposition," is America's idolized youngster. Little Lord Fauntleroy's haven't a chance. The American public wants its boy to be rough and sturdy and mischievous—the rougher and sturdier and more mischievous, the better.

The small boys at present winning honors on the screen have enough freckles between them to paper a flat. Wesley Barry, a decade ago, was the first to commercialize these little brown spots. But Wesley's freckles weren't a patch on those you see on the screen youngsters of today. And they seem to strike the fancy of the moviegoers. Actresses may look upon freckles as a calamity, but the kids "cash in" on them.

Not all the small boys popular in pictures are of the freckled type, however. There's little Philippe de Lacy, for instance—a perfectly beautiful child. Who that saw him in "Don Juan" could help exclaiming, "That adorable child! Isn't he a darling!"

Yes, Philippe is a darling and, within the past year, more than three thousand letters have poured in to him from mothers and adoring girls. He has a sensitive, beautifully chiseled face, and soft, curly hair. He has more popular appeal, perhaps, than any child that has been seen on the screen since the kid days of Jackie Coogan.

The tale of Philippe's life reads like fiction. Let's look back to the days of the war. The German planes were bombing Paris. In a little cottage on the outskirts of the town, there hovered a woman with her six children and their grandmother. The town was in darkness. It was one of those terrible nights when each moment was an age. Presently, there came sputtering earthward a black object which struck the cot-

tage and exploded with a deafening roar. The mother and five of her children were blown to bits. There remained only a baby boy and his grandmother. This baby was Philippe.

Days later, he and the aged woman were found, groping among the ruins. The grandmother's mind was unbalanced; the boy almost dying from malnutrition. He was taken to a hospital and placed alongside other waifs of the war. His blue eyes stared wonderingly at the Red Cross nurses about him. His frail body shook spasmodically whenever he tried to move.

Then, there came to his cot Edyth de Lacy, the trained nurse in charge of the children's ward. She leaned over his bed and stroked the curls which tumbled in a mass about his forehead. She patted his thin cheek. She took him in her arms and cuddled him. The awful loneliness of the child moved her, and from that time on she spent all her spare time with him. A deep affection sprang up between the two and, when the war came to an end, Miss de Lacy adopted Philippe and brought him with her back to America.

In New York, Geraldine Farrar saw him about the time that "The Riddle Maker" was being cast. That was six years ago.

"I'd like to use this little boy in my picture," she exclaimed. "Can't I have him?"

That was the beginning of Philippe de Lacy's screen career. Now he is one of the most-sought-after lads in Hollywood. He has appeared in nearly a hundred productions, including "Peter Pan," and were he to abandon his schooling, could be busy all the time at the studios. After his appearance with Barrymore in "Don Juan," he was cast for a rôle in "Beau Geste."



Scooter Lowry, now of "Our Gang," looks tough enough to chew tacks.



Mickey Bennett had the distinction of bawling Babe Ruth out in "Babe Comes Home."



Frankie Darro is being starred by F. B. O. He is shown, right, as the crippled urchin in "Moulders of Men."

Needs a Freckle

of the movies are a tousle-headed, wise, they're all "regular guys."

Wooldridge

More recently, he played the *Prince* as a boy in "Old Heidelberg." Ernst Lubitsh, who directed that film, thinks he has the greatest future of any child on the screen.

He is a charming little fellow, yet a real boy, too, for all his gentleness. I asked him once, "Philippe, what is your pet aversion?"

"Buck Black!" he very promptly answered.

Buck is one of the foremost boy actors in the colony.

"What's wrong with Buck?" I queried.

"Nothing!" said Philippe. "I like him. But, you see, he's my deadly rival. Say, will you deliver a note to him for me?"

He took my pencil and, with his long, tapering fingers, as graceful as those of a girl, he scrawled:

Buck—BEWAIR of my GANG. Don't come around
Selma Avenoo. CAPT. PHILIPPE DE LACY.

But there probably isn't a lad in Hollywood who welcomes the company of Buck Black more than does Philippe, nor one who is more ready to start a "rasslin" match with him.

The four most outstanding boys working in pictures at present are Philippe de Lacy, Junior Coghlan, Johnny Downs, and Buck Black.

Do you remember the freckled kid in "Her Man-o'-War," "The Last Frontier," "The Road to Yesterday," and "The Yankee Clipper?" If not, you certainly know the urchin who almost steals the picture in "Slide, Kelly Slide." Well, that's Junior Coghlan, the only child actor under contract to Cecil B. De Mille.

He is the son of Doctor and Mrs. Frank Coghlan. Junior was three years old when his parents came West from New Haven, Connecticut. They had no idea of placing him in the movies, but Junior's engaging smile and winsome personality caused many of their friends to urge them to take him round the studios. They finally did so, and he was used in bits in several pictures, until De



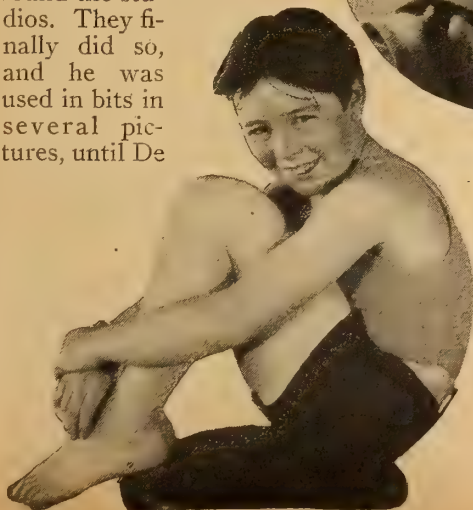
Philippe de Lacy, rescued as a baby from the battlefields of France, is said to show more promise than almost any other boy in the movies.



Buck Black divides his time between the studios and the Hollywood Military Academy



Jay Smith, of "Our Gang", makes money out of freckles.



Any producer who borrows Junior Coghlan from Cecil De Mille has to pay high for him.

Mille saw him and snatched him up. And now, if any other producer wants to use Junior in a picture, he has to reach deep into his wallet. But the motion-picture producers are perfectly willing to reach deep in order to get him.

When Metro-Goldwyn was making up the cast for "The Trail of '98," Director Clarence Brown said, "The script calls for a boy to succumb to the cold, and die in Chilkoot Pass. There are only two boys I know who could put that scene over the way I want it. Get me either Buck Black or Johnny Downs."

"Yeah!" was the sarcastic reply of the studio executives. "Try and get 'em!"

Buck Black was booked ahead as far as he could see. But Johnny Downs just happened not to be so heavily burdened. Johnny had recently completed his contract with Hal Roach for appearance in "Our Gang" comedies, and was now freelancing. So he drew the rôle of the boy in "The Trail of '98."

Johnny is about the most lovable, whole-souled American boy you'd find in a year's travel. He occupied a place in "Our Gang" which has not been filled since he left. When Johnny first appeared on the Hal Roach lot a few years ago, he had long hair. Mickey Daniels, then star of the gang, made an insulting remark about "the new mamma's boy" and Johnny pitched into him. The two had to be pried apart, but were bosom friends from that day on. And Johnny, by the way, soon had his hair cut as short as he could get it. He is a sturdy, handsome youngster, with no freckles. He was born in Brooklyn about thirteen years ago.

But what about Buck Black; you're probably asking.

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Making Faces at the Camera

The stars prove that they're not a bit afraid of distorting their beauty for the sake of their art.

Laura La Plante had so many upsetting moments in "The Love Thrill" that her poor face was in one continual contortion, as evidenced by the three pictures on the left.



Norma Shearer spent several reels in "His Secretary" looking as homely as she knew how to—just cast an eye on the picture above.

Marion Davies cared not a whit *how* many faces she made in "Zander the Great," just so she got the character across. She's shown in the upper and lower pictures on the right.

Beatrice Lillie, right center, spared no pains to show how hard-boiled she was in "Exit Smiling."



Released from Villainy

Arthur Edmund Carew, long established as one of the screen's most menacing villains, is at last being given an opportunity to break away from wicked rôles, and may even become a romantic hero.

By Glenn Chaffin

THERE is nothing in life or drama more intriguing than mystery. So why break the spell of its charm by seeking to unveil it? I speak, of course, generally. There are mysteries in crime which have to be unraveled for the good of the world. But this is not a crime story. This is the story of a movie actor—a movie actor whose personality presents a wall of reserve, whose past is couched in mystery. It is a glimpse—a mere glimpse—into the life and character of the mysterious Arthur Edmund Carew.

You cannot meet Carew, or even see him, without wondering about him. Several years ago, I saw his remarkable portrayal of *Svengali* in Richard Walton Tully's "Trilby." Later I saw him in "Daddies," then with Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love," and in other pictures of less importance. Always his performances were deft, his characterizations true and fine. What manner of man was he, I used to wonder. A great artist, surely, and an actor of infinite ability and experience. Why didn't one hear more about him?

A year ago, I met him. During this year he has become my warm friend. An amazing man, tall, dark, compelling, with the carriage of a soldier. Perhaps he has known war—I don't know. A moody man, silent, sad.

Occasionally, he smiles. Then one sees the warmth and kindness behind the wall of his reticence. Not long ago, I was lunching with him in the café at Universal City. A pretty little girl about six years old stopped at our table to speak to him. Instantly, his sternness slipped from him. Gentleness and affection seemed to envelop him as he stroked the child's hair,



Photo by Mishkin

A very silent man, Carew has about him an air of mystery which not even his closest friends can penetrate.



As **THE PERSIAN** in "The Phantom of the Opera."

trying to straighten a tangled curl.

"Little Eva," he explained to me when she had gone. "We worked together in some of the scenes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' A wonderful child. What a pity that she has to grow up—and become a flapper." He slipped back again into his shell of seriousness.

Though the earlier years of Carew's life are veiled in mystery, his professional career is an open chapter in the annals of the theater. For several years he has been in pictures. Previously, he was on the legitimate stage. Seldom has his work met with unfavorable criticism.

But those earlier years? They are drowned in the well of his silence. He has told me almost nothing of them. I have gathered that he was not born in America, though he must have lived most of his life here.

You have a feeling when with him that he has known suffering. Not his own individual suffering, necessarily, but a suffering that has come down to him through previous generations.

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Left, as the mulatto slave, **GEORGE HARRIS**, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Carew at last has a really sympathetic rôle, and one that is also touched with romance.

His remarkable portrayal of **SVENGALI** in "Trilby" started him on his course of screen villainy. He is shown above with **Andrée Lafayette** in a scene from that film.



Among Those

A department devoted to those many interwhom you haven't yet heard so much, but



Photo by Autrey

Sally Phipps.

Saved from the Law.

SALLY PHIPPS is considered one of the most promising youngsters under contract to Fox. She has already played a few leads—something of an achievement for a girl who obtained her first bit before the camera scarcely a year ago. She was also picked as one of the Wampas Stars for 1927.

Fate and luck played a part in Sally's entry into the movies. Frank Borzage, the Fox director, is a friend of her family, and induced them to let her have a screen test made. He thought that he saw talent in the little girl with the large brown eyes, the curly red hair, and the peaches-and-cream complexion.

The part for which he hoped to use her didn't seem to suit her, however, after the test was made, and so she had to content herself for a while with extra parts and bits.

Various directors became interested in Sally, partly through Mr. Borzage's influence, but largely because they saw that she had exceptional personality for so young a girl. Irving Cummings engaged her for one of the important parts in support of Madge Bellamy in "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." Now Fox is using her in leads in program pictures.

It is told of her, and she admits it, too, that she once had the intention of becoming a lawyer.

In the Footsteps of His Pal.

Either you try with all your might and main to get into the movies, or you never give such a thing a thought until you are overtaken by the opportunity. The latter is what happened to Frank de Wesse less than a year ago, and "Buddy" Rogers is responsible for it.

Frank and Buddy were chums at college before Buddy entered the Paramount School and became a successful screen juvenile. When the "junior stars," including Buddy, toured the country with "Fascinating Youth," one of their stops was at Buddy's home town, Kansas City, Missouri, and Frank was among the first to greet him and congratulate him.

Buddy must have had a great deal to say about the fun of being a movie actor, for Frank was tempted by his friend's urging to submit himself for a test for the next term of the Paramount School. Much to his surprise, he passed the test with flying colors.

As there was some time before the next term of the school was to begin, he came on to New York to learn the fundamentals of acting by working as an extra at the Paramount studio. He acquitted himself so well that he was given a small rôle in "The Quarterback."

Meantime Paramount decided to do away with the school, but to give a few beginners a chance through actual experience. Frank de Wesse was one of the beginners chosen.

An Educated Stunt Man.

Lots of people would probably never think of associating culture and education with a chap who does stunts in the movies. But take the case of Reed Howes, first-class stunt man on the screen. He is a graduate of the University of Utah, and received a Master's degree in business economics at Harvard.

Howes has *done* things all his life. At the early age of fourteen, he won a thousand-dollar prize and a trip from Ogden, Utah, to the World Series baseball games in New York.

He inherited a leather business from his father, but lost out in this immediately after

the war. He was ambitious to go onto the stage, so went to New York and played for two and a half years in a Billie Burke play. He stepped from this into small parts in Eastern-made films, and then produced a picture of his own.

He came to Hollywood and has made about twenty stunt films. Also, he recently played the prize-fighter lead opposite Clara Bow in Paramount's "Rough House Rosie."



Reed Howes.

Frank de Wesse.



Present

esting persons in the film colony about of whom you will probably hear more.

Meet Helen of Troy.

Maria Corda, the vivacious film actress imported from Hungary by First National, is expected by that company to make a big hit with the American fans. Her first film in this country will be "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," in which she has the title rôle of *Helen*.

Miss Corda has played leads in several foreign productions. One of these, "Madame Wants No Children," is being released in this country by Fox.

The daughter of a concert violinist, she was born in Budapest. Educated in a convent, she took up ballet dancing after leaving school, and secured a place as a member of the Opera Royale ballet in Budapest.

Her first work in the movies was done in Vienna. Then she played some rôles for the Ufa organization in Berlin. Nearly all the films that she made abroad were directed by her husband, Alexander Corda, who has also been signed by First National.

It is expected that she will be starred in a succession of important pictures following "Helen of Troy."



Maria Corda.

Barbara Through the Looking Glass.

A looking glass played a big part in the discovery of Barbara Kent.

She is the young girl, you know, who made such an impression as the child sweetheart of Jack Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil." She did a fine bit of emotional work in her prayer scene in that film.

Barbara was "discovered" for the movies while making a purchase in a department store in Hollywood. Paul Kohner, of Universal, happened to notice her, catching his first glimpse of her in a mirror. "Who is she, I wonder?" he said to himself, but couldn't place her as being among any of the newcomers he had seen on the screen. Struck by her appearance, and convinced that she would look well in films, he stepped up to her, introduced himself, and asked if she would consent to have a screen test made of herself. This sounded to Barbara like a fairy tale, but she stammered that she would love to have a test made.

It was several days before she could summon enough courage to go over to the Universal studio and take advantage of Kohner's invitation. The test was made, and it turned out so well that she was put under contract and given a lead in a Western.

Some Metro-Goldwyn officials, seeing her in this Western film, thought of her at once for the part of the little German girl in "Flesh and the Devil." She was sent for, given a test, and assigned to the rôle.

Since then she has played the



Barbara Kent.

Ben Bard.



lead in "War Eagles," and in "The Small Bachelor," two Universal films.

Subsequent to the making of her first test, it developed that Barbara had won a couple of beauty contests, but they really had nothing to do with putting her into the movies.

A Villain from Vaudeville.

Ben Bard is one of those popular chaps who add much to the jollity of Hollywood. He has had a good many years on the vaudeville stage, and consequently knows a lot of those useful little tricks that help to

entertain large gatherings.

He isn't so well known yet in pictures as he probably will be. On the stage Bard was a comedian, but on the screen he seems fated to be a villain. He played with Pauline Starke in "The Dangers of a Great City," in which he contributed considerably to the "dangers," and he has appeared in "Sandy," "Love Makes 'Em Wild," and other films. He is under contract to Fox.

Bard's entrance into the movies followed a vaudeville tour that brought him to Los Angeles. He had met various people connected with the Fox studio, so when he landed in the movie town, he looked them up, and made it known that he would rather like to have a fling in films. His stage experience stood him in good stead. He was given a test, was classified as a "heavy," and has been used as such ever since.



Photo by Spurr

Ann Rork.

With Father's Consent.

The second generation still continue to follow their parents into the movies. Ann Rork, daughter of Sam Rork, the producer, offers just another instance of this. Her parents gave her the opportunity to follow a social career if she wished, but Ann preferred the movies.

She is under contract to First National, and has already played in several of that company's films, including "Old Loves for New," "The Blonde Saint," in which she gave an interesting portrayal of a Sicilian girl, "The Notorious Lady," and "The Prince of Head Waiters."

Several of these films, including "The Prince of Head Waiters," have been sponsored by her father, who has long been in the movie game as a producer. You may recall "The Rosary" and "Ponjola," both of which he produced.

Ann is a very alert girl, and is quite distinctive in appearance. She has dark eyes and hair, and a cameo-like beauty.

Showered With Gifts.

To have a father who lives in the Philippines and spends much of his time traveling about the Orient, has both advantages and disadvantages, Charlotte Stevens has found. The disadvantage is, that she sees him only once a year, when he visits her in Hollywood, where she lives with her aunt. But on the other hand, there are those wonderful packages that come twice a month, filled with gifts that make all the other girls envious.

How would you, for instance, like to own an exquisite Philippine dress that once belonged to a Filipino chief's daughter? It consists of layers of black and red, gorgeously embroidered in glittering gold, and

has wide bat sleeves. There are also in Charlotte's wardrobe stunning silk pajamas and kimonos that her father sent her when he was in Shanghai.

In her jewel box are hand-carved ivory bracelets, a black coral bracelet, two hand-carved pendants of white jade, and queer rings with odd, gleaming stones. The prize of her collection is a necklace from Tokyo made of two hundred and fifty hand-cut crystals.

Her apartment is filled with trinkets—a paper weight and inkstand made by a Filipino boy, a musical cigarette box, unique bowls, reed baskets.

The annual visit of her father to Hollywood is an eagerly awaited event. He comes from Manila laden with still more interesting gifts.

A "second Norma Talmadge" is what they call Charlotte in Hollywood. And there is, indeed, a striking resemblance between Norma and this youngster with the big brown eyes, cut obliquely at the corners. She has, at times, the piquancy and insouciance that Norma displayed in "Kiki" and, again, that quiet charm which is more characteristic of Norma. Charlotte is of Italian and English ancestry, with a prosaic Chicago background.

She is one of the most industrious of the younger girls in pictures. She leads a whirlwind life, acting at times on the local stage as well as before the camera.

Just why Charlotte hasn't gone further in her picture work is a puzzle to her friends, but they all believe that she will eventually win out. At present, she plays chiefly in Westerns for small companies.

A Big Chance for Tom.

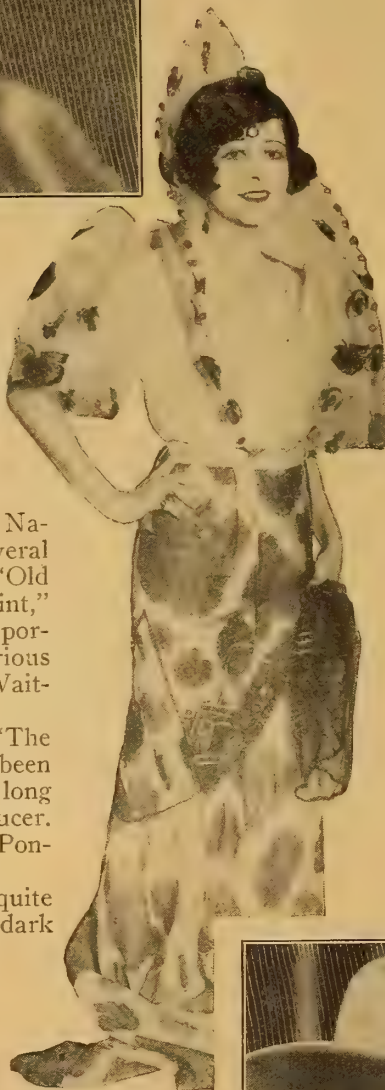
F. B. O. is grooming Tom Tyler to succeed Fred Thomson as their principal Western star when Fred goes over to Paramount. Of course, no one could ever exactly fill Fred Thomson's boots, but Tom Tyler is a very talented young man, and will, no doubt live up to everything that F. B. O. expects of him.

It might be interesting to note that Tom, who has now so distinctly identified himself with Westerns, was originally an Elinor Glyn find. It was in her picture, "The Only Thing," that he played his first screen rôle of any importance. That was a couple of years ago.

Tyler has a physique that fits him for outdoor rôles. His pictures have included "Wild to Go," "The Masquerade Bandit," "Tom and His Pals," "Lightning Lariats," and "Cyclone of the Range."

In addition to his achievements as a rapid-fire movie hero, Tyler has gained fame for his prowess as a weight lifter. He has won two medals for demonstrations of strength in hoisting ponderous dumb-bells.

Before he went into the movies, he used to do muscular feats and athletic stunts in the circus, and later on the vaudeville stage.



Charlotte Stevens.

Tom Tyler.



A Favorite Among the Stars.

She has played on the Hollywood stage before audiences of film people time and again, and has won their enthusiastic plaudits. She has been acclaimed on all sides as an intensely clever actress, yet has never been given a real chance before the camera. That has been the unique experience of Doris Lloyd in Hollywood.

Miss Lloyd is only just beginning to make any headway in the movies, after having lived in the picture colony for all of three or four years. Until recently, she has appeared very infrequently on the screen, yet is very well-known among the film folk themselves.

Her recent work has included rôles in "Exit Smiling," "The Auctioneer," and "Is Zat So?" Also, she was the girl crook in Lon Chaney's "The Black Bird." She is essentially a character type, but is not limited to character work.

Miss Lloyd first began to attract attention in Hollywood through her work in short plays given at the Writers' Club. She is great in hard-boiled rôles, but can also do the *grande dame* to perfection, and has on occasion even essayed very sympathetic, somewhat poetical parts. Versatility is the mark of her work in the spoken drama, and it is to be hoped that she will be able to bring this to the screen.

It was in the Norma Talmadge production, "The Lady," that Miss Lloyd gained her first important screen opportunity. Even after such a good start, however, further chances came slowly.

Queen of Montmartre.

Gentlemen do *not* prefer blondes!

The proof of the error of Anita Loos' declaration is Ruby McCoy, the cigarette girl at the Montmartre. The glory of her Titian hair has won her five cups in beauty contests.

Despite these honors, succeeded by the inevitable offers of movie contracts, Ruby continues to stroll about the Montmartre dispensing smokes. A screen career has been proffered her many times, for Ruby is blue-eyed and winsome and wistful, and her hair is an aureole framing her sweet face. A movie star's career, however, is mercurial, while a competent cigarette girl, at once decorative and businesslike, who remembers each star's favorite brand, is sure of getting a steady salary.

For four years Ruby has been a feature of the Montmartre—yes, a feature. Montmartre wouldn't be Montmartre without her. She points out the stars in intimate whispers to the admiring tourists. The stars all like her. Their friendly smiles follow her from table to table. With gracious little nods, Ruby accepts their approval with the air of a pleased princess, and passes on.

One Up for Women.

Dorothy Arzner grew up in the motion-picture business. And now she is a director—one of the few women directors in the industry. Her first film, "Fashions for Women," starring Esther Ralston, turned out so amazingly well, that there's no doubt that she will be given many others to direct.

Only one other woman thus far has had any success as a director of films. That is Lois Weber. Other women have undertaken to di-



Doris Lloyd.



Ruby McCoy.

rect from time to time, including Frances Marion, the scenarist, but the studios haven't been very eager to encourage them. Directing is generally considered too exacting a task for a woman.

Paramount, however, decided to give Dorothy Arzner a try at it, and the fact that she has succeeded so beautifully may bring similar chances to other women.

Miss Arzner was born in San Francisco, went to school in Los Angeles, and then to the University of Southern California. Her father owned a famous café in Los Angeles that was actively patronized by film folk in the early days, and there Miss Arzner first became acquainted with

Dorothy Arzner.



picture people. They used to congregate there to talk over their pictures, and she listened in on their conversations. Among those with whom she became acquainted were William S. Hart, Constance Talmadge, Raymond Griffith, and various directors and scenario writers.

It was after the war that she really started to work in the movie industry—she had been in the ambulance service during the conflict. She took a position with Paramount as a script typist, and a few

Continued on page 100



In and Out

Informal glimpses of
by the camera both

Left, Al Wilson and Ethlyne Clair prepare for a spin on the propeller of Al's airplane. If you want to feel dizzy, just try it. Al, who has been doing airplane stunts in the movies for a long time, is now being starred by Universal in a series of dare-devil air films.



Left, May McAvoy goes over the script of "Irish Hearts" with a handsome member of her supporting cast.



Doris Hill, above, thought the little pirate on the sun dial looked rather lonely and unhappy, so she offered to share her parasol with him, and is doing her best to make him smile, but the little man just won't.



Left, Frank Currier, Sally O'Neil, William Haines, and Eddie Gribbon show how much they think of themselves by swelling up like pouter pigeons. Billy was visiting the other three on the set of "The Callahans and the Murphys."

of the Studios

the players caught
on and off the set.

The two speed demons at the right are
Jason Robards and son, all set for a
mad race around the garden.



Old man rooster, above, wanted to find out
whether he would screen well, so Harrison Ford
is directing his screen test, and has hopes of
developing the bird into the foremost poultry
hero of the movies.

Right. Rex
Lease, the
handsome
young leading
man about
whom the fans
have been ask-
ing so many
questions, has
a sentimental
moment with
Jola Mendez in
"Not for Pub-
lication."



Right, Adamae Vaughn claps time while Sister
Alberta does that well-known æsthetic dance
known as the Black Bottom on the lawn of
their Hollywood home.



In and Out of the Studios



Betty Bronson, above, has just been out in her garden picking pansies. Betty was given a short vacation when she finished "Ritzy," and decided to spend it quietly at home.



See what was found in the snow! "Hurray!" cries Rosetta Duncan in her rôle of *Topsy* in the film version of the musical comedy, "Topsy and Eva."



"Aha!" says El Brendel, above, as he devises a scheme to protect his straw hat from sun and rain, thus preserving it for next year.



The fair co-ed at the right is Colleen Moore, rah-rah girl fresh from the little home town, in "Naughty but Nice."



Left, George K. Arthur and Casey Fields, give Lew Cody a taste of genuine "Old Heidelberg" beer, but Lew thinks it tastes suspiciously like ginger ale.

Film Struck

In putting assured success as a movie actor behind him, our hero, in this installment, stumbles into the arms of the fate he has most feared.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ONLY WAY OUT.

AN icy liquid surged through Oscar's veins and his pulse fluttered alarmingly at the news Penny divulged. He was profoundly thankful that the remnants of grease paint must have concealed the fear that branded his countenance. Lester Lavender! Why, it was impossible! There must be some mistake, some misunderstanding!

"Are you sure?" he faltered.

"Well, that's the talk all over the lot," Penny answered. "Of course, I knew something was in the wind, for with Gerald Hobart deserting us, we were minus a lead."

"But—but they've already started the picture," Oscar remonstrated.

"Not so much of it; just a few shots in which the lead doesn't figure. Here comes Carter. He ought to know what's what. How about our new leading man?" the girl queried, as the assistant director strolled past the table. "Is it to be Lester Lavender?"

"It is," Carter assured her. "The dimpled darling of the leaping lithos will be in our midst to start the he-man atrocities. Another of the chief's follies," he added with a significant glance at Oscar. "Although in this case I guess Lester was wished on him."

"Nothing the matter with Mr. Lavender," Penny spoke up, prompt to resent the marked sarcasm.

"Oh, I suppose not. All right in his line; but his line isn't the rough-and-ready stuff. He needs a top hat instead of a sombrero, and a cane in place of a six-shooter. I don't know what the powers mean by inflicting him on us."

The report, thus verified, tobogganed Oscar breathlessly into the depths. For a moment his leaden tongue and frozen lips refused to function; then, after an effort he spoke.

"I—I thought Mr. Lavender was in the East," he wavered.

"Has been," said Carter. "Doing one-night stands in all the hick towns, trying to regain popularity. He was due here yesterday, but I understand he met with some sort of accident that delayed him."

"Accident?" Oscar repeated.

"Yes. Don't know what it amounted to, if anything. They've kept it quiet; wrong kind of publicity, I suppose. Maybe the poor dear stubbed his toe or scratched his finger."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Oscar Whiffle is the good-looking young chef of the Rosebud delicatessen in La Belle, Iowa. His eventual marriage to Gladys Padgett seems certain.

Lester Lavender, famous screen lover, makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Later the same night, Oscar, coming upon Gladys and Lester in the park, pitches into Lester and knocks him cold. Thinking he has killed the star, he flees, boarding a train for the West.

Alighting at a small station in the midst of the Arizona desert just as a troupe of movie people is deposited by a train from California, he is swept along with them without knowing who they are. Only when they reach the location camp does he become aware that he has stumbled onto the very thing he hates most—the movies!

One girl in the troupe, Penelope Hope, known as Penny, makes a friend of him, discovers he is there by accident, and urges him to bluff it out.

Given, by a fluke, the name Oscar Watt, and hustled onto the set with the rest of the extras, he is singled out by the director, the great DuVal, to do a bit. Terrified, he bungles it. But the irate DuVal, instead of firing him, suddenly decides to experiment with this "lump of clay."

Among the bystanders watching the troupe on location is Amos Hortle, the sheriff, whose approach, with outstretched hand, terrifies Oscar. He fears this former resident of La Belle has heard of his flight and the reasons for it, but the sheriff knows nothing except that he is darn glad to see an old friend. Making an attempt to escape the movies that night, he runs into Hortle whose liquid hospitality so befuddles Oscar that he unwittingly takes the bus that returns him to the troupe. Next day he wins praise from DuVal, and hears Penny's great news—that Lester Lavender is coming to join the company!

"He'll put this picture over," Penny asserted. "Lester's a good scout."

Carter shrugged. "The usual feminine static."

"Bosh! It's sour grapes with you."

"Forget it. I should want to be a darling of dumb opera."

"You don't get enough bouquets by yessing DuVal," Penny declared. "You're on the wrong side of the camera—and it hurts."

"When's he coming?" Oscar asked, breaking in upon the lively exchange of pleasantries.

"To-day. DuVal's meeting the afternoon train. If I had my way he would ride the bus, or walk."

"My, you have a loving disposition," the girl charged. "How do you get that way?"

But Carter laughed and walked on.

"He gives me a severe pain in the neck at times," Penny announced, turning to Oscar. "Always ready with his little hammer. You'll like Mr. Lavender, I'm sure. Most every one does."

Oscar didn't think he would get along with Mr. Lavender in view of a past and rather striking acquaintance. But he did not commit himself on that point.

"I'm glad I could hand something back to Carter just now," Penny proceeded. "You see," she added with a grin, "once you're shot in a few important scenes, your job's fairly cinched. If you're canned, they have to shoot all your stuff over again with some one else; and that's a heap of trouble."

"I never thought of that," confessed Oscar, still in a daze. He had thought of innumerable things, but this one had escaped him.

"You hadn't? Well, you'll learn. Say, if you'd got lost in the desert last night, or died of ptomaine poisoning, or decided to travel on, DuVal would have been in a pickle. You're booked straight through, now. In a short while they'll be shooting interiors at the studio."

"You mean—somewhere else?"

"Of course. In Hollywood. What did you think? That you weren't to appear except in exteriors? Oscar, you're positively puerile!"

Yes; he supposed he was puerile, whatever that meant, and a lot more. But who wouldn't be, in his condition, facing the same alarming predicament. He simply couldn't remain here, however embarrassing to DuVal. Not with Lester Lavender due to arrive on the scene. Things had been bad enough before; the situation was infinitely worse now.

He was immeasurably relieved to learn the film star had not been seriously injured, although he could not account for the terrifying police whistles and the equally terrifying conversation overheard that night, on the road out of La Belle, between Deputy Tomilson and the man he had detained.

He was not a murderer! That knowledge cheered him, assuaged a tortured conscience, banished for all time the fear that had haunted him. Not a murderer, but still a fugitive, guilty of an act that might yet plunge him into grave difficulties.

The prospect of again meeting Mr. Lavender filled him with dismay. He could not hope to avoid him. Not for long. As one of the mob, he might successfully escape detection,

but not with DuVal picking him out as he had done in the past, as he must expect to do in the future. The screen star certainly would recognize him, expose him instantly. The actor must have learned of his assailant's cowardly disappearance—he may have placed detectives on the trail in his resolve to run the Rosebud chef to earth. And perhaps, with that grim object in view, Mr. Lavender had schemed to keep the affair quiet, trusting Oscar would think himself safe and reappear.

No; to remain was impossible, foolhardy. The whole story would come to light, and with unpleasant consequences; and surely, he reasoned, he had lived through enough unpleasantness in the past few days.

His future course was clearly defined. He must vanish before the star put in an appearance. It would be highly disagreeable to DuVal, and perhaps wound Penny; but the step must be taken.

After all, he reflected defensively, he had not sought the Super-Apex connection. Whatever honors had befallen, had been thrust upon him. He had tried desperately to evade the responsibilities. No one could question that. An unfortunate circumstance had kept him on the scene the first day; a blunder, of which now he was a little ashamed, had prevented his carrying out his plans the night before. But now nothing must interfere.

Somewhat comforted by his decision, Oscar got up from the table, to notice that after her verbal skirmish with Carter, Penny seemed unusually somber, quiet. He saw, for the first time, that she had a letter crumpled in her fingers.

He looked uncertainly from the twisted bit of paper to the girl's thoughtful countenance, struck by the abrupt change in her demeanor.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Trouble?"

Penny came out of her apparent reverie with a start. "Trouble?" she repeated. "Me? Not so you could notice it," she added with a laugh. But it was a laugh that did not ring true.

"It's that letter," Oscar charged.

"Oh, is it? You're quite a Sherlock, aren't you?" she twitted. "Well, right or wrong, Oscar, it's nothing to get gray over. Not for a trouper like me."

"Isn't there anything I can do?" he persisted, quick to submerge his own troubles.

"Sure. Stop asking questions." Penny, still evasive, laughed again. "You're nursing a deep, dark secret of your own, aren't you? So I guess I'm entitled to follow suit. You better trot along now. They've started shooting. I'm through for the day."

When the girl

When Oscar saw that Amos had a warrant, panic clutched his heart and galvanized his limbs.

had flitted off without another word, turning a deaf ear to his entreaties, Oscar wandered disconsolately from the tent. He was convinced that Penny had had bad news, and was trying to be very brave about it. He felt hurt at her rather flippant attitude, although realizing it had been assumed purely for concealment; but since she refused to take him into her confidence, there was nothing for him to do about it.

After a time, the ominous



thoughts drifted from his mind, and before very long he felt cheerful again. Once free from dread, his purpose clear, and trusting that, after all, Penny's presumed troubles would be of little consequence, Oscar was inclined to look upon his brief, and perhaps bewildering sojourn with the DuVal forces in a new light, with a mild tolerance. He had been through unusual experiences, some of them painful, to be sure, but taken collectively, his transient appearance in the world of filmdom was not without compensation, a humorous side. Really, he had enjoyed himself. Thousands there were, he knew, who would have envied him his associations, his position, his future.

his mind. She was shallow, impressionable, undeniably a hero worshiper. They had had little in common, and life together would have been a mistake. Love, to her, had been conditional, a means to achieve an end, a club to wield. Her affair of the heart hinged upon an "if." And somehow, to Oscar, that refused to go down. You couldn't qualify love; either you had it, or didn't.



But as a regular diet, a so-called business, the life of a film actor held no charms for him. It seemed so useless, foolish—just pretending all the time; nothing real or honest about the thing; like playing house. And in the end, after all the preparation and labor and masquerading, there was just a procession of shadows across a screen.

The particularly bright chapter in Oscar's fairy story—for looking back on the past few days he seemed to have lived one—was Penelope Holt. The girl had entered into his existence suddenly, like a breath of clean desert air, and had remained a vivid part. She appealed to him; seemed so real and human and understanding. Manifestly interested in him, too; far more than any girl he had met. And in his Rosebud career he had watched them come and go without any perceptible rise in temperature—except, perhaps, Gladys Padgett.

But Gladys, he saw now, had been but a fleeting episode in his life: a passing shadow on the screen of

That's the way he felt about things.

Oscar told himself he had little to regret. His leave-taking had been bitter at first, a wrench. To turn his back on the little world of La Belle and those who inhabited it, had filled him with misgiving; but once that step had been taken, he felt strangely reconciled. The big new world was

beckoning on every side. He might even consider Sapphire, now, as a business location; that is, when the picture clan had leveled their sham city and moved on, and when Amos Hortle's intentions definitely were established. Much depended upon how Amos would view the La Belle misadventure and just what Lester Lavender proposed to do.

The usual activity prevailed when Oscar strolled up to the set. He watched some of the scenes in which the

principals were engaged, and smiled tolerantly upon them. Their efforts amused him; just so much tomfoolery. In fact, everything connected with the tawdry business was that way, he reflected: the counterfeit buildings, the clothes that were worn, the bilious-looking paint that hid the actors' complexions, the hocus-pocus indulged in.

He was willing to wager every one on the set, from DuVal down, was traveling under false colors, under names they had coined. As if they were ashamed—or afraid. Like criminals, as Amos had expressed it. Still, Oscar was one of them. But it wasn't to continue. Once things adjusted themselves, he intended to resume his own name; no more deceiving.

DuVal gave him a pleasant nod, and his staff of busy assistants seemed to favor him as they did the principals. Even the rank and file of extras betrayed a marked diffidence in his presence and treated him with respect, as if aware of the gulf between them.

No doubt his artistry had elevated him to a higher level; besides, he was, he remembered, a salaried personage, and that alone set him apart from the hodgepodge of lowly supernumeraries.

Oscar lent his presence to one short scene during the afternoon, ran through it well enough to win approval from the autocratic director. In fact, the business was ridiculously easy, and he seemed to understand, after one rehearsal, precisely what DuVal wanted.

His performance, he fancied, evoked no little commendation among those in power, for he caught significant glances directed his way after the cameras ceased grinding. Then, too, the principals whispered among themselves—enviously, no doubt. It intimated a growing jealousy; and in his condescending mood, Oscar experienced a faint touch of satisfaction that, heretofore, had been lacking. More than one film actor might well look to his laurels, did the pseudo Mr. Watt find it agreeable to remain in the field.

Later, he and the extras were dismissed—"killed," as Carter expressed it. One was "shot" in a scene and considered killed when all the scenes in which one was scheduled to appear for the day had been photographed.

Oscar gradually absorbed the strange terms, the shop talk of the motion-picture phantasmagoria. He learned, among other things, that any extra who looked more than forty on the screen was referred to as a bearded character, whether or not a vestige of fuzz decorated his features. Those with all the weird, wonderful or dignified whiskers, were classified as beards and bald-heads. The latter, who spent most of their leisure combing and beautifying their titillating trellises, considered themselves a step above the youthful crowd, for as a rule they were distinct and often prized types, and the texture, design, and photographic value of their whiskers lent them added prestige, not forgetting a higher wage scale.

Oscar removed his grease paint and shed his cow-puncher regalia, both for the last time. The parting brought no sorrow. He was through, and he was happy. He washed and shaved, donned his honest clothes, polished his bright pumpkin-colored shoes, and felt himself human again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHERIFF DOES HIS DUTY.

Once outside the tent, away from the motley crowd infesting it, and beyond earshot of their silly chatter, Oscar treated himself to a cigarette and strolled leisurely about, taking precautions to avoid DuVal, and Penny as well, although remembering she had been "killed" for the day. He remained discreetly in the

background, scanning the side-line visitors who had gathered in even greater numbers this afternoon, making certain Amos Hortle was not among the spectators.

With Lester Lavender due to arrive on the late afternoon train—the one that had brought Oscar upon the scene two days before—it was high time he should efface himself.

Many of the extras were going into Sapphire again, preferring an evening in town to one spent on location. Cars were arriving and departing regularly. A few enterprising flivver owners, it seemed, had started a jitney service, carrying passengers to and from the picture city.

Oscar saw that he could leave readily enough at any convenient moment, without arousing suspicion or inviting unpleasant questions; and this he did, hopping into a car Sapphire bound, parking himself among a bevy of excited girls, who gazed upon him with pronounced interest, in rapt adoration. They seemed to divine at once that he was of the picture world.

Despite his aversion to the profession that, temporarily, had ensnared him, he felt a certain pleasurable thrill in being made a target for whispered comment and significant, sidelong glances. He realized that, as a film actor, he was a creature apart, a magical being belonging not at all to the drab, workaday world.

He sat very straight and very dignified, although his eyes wandered occasionally to pass upon the complexions of his feminine adorers, ostensibly deaf to their whispers and unconscious of the lingering and perhaps inviting glances. He wondered what would have been in their thoughts had he told them he was leaving a picture career behind; that a former and more honorable calling lured him.

But, of course, they would not understand, being blinded by the glamour of anything remotely pertaining to screendom. All women, he thought, were that way—easily dazzled, readily worshipful, all he had met, that is—except Penny. And of course she did not count, being of the silent drama herself. Still, he did not think Penny would be that way in any event. She was different, somehow; very sensible, balanced.

And suddenly, with thoughts of Penny occupying his mind to the exclusion of what had been, until then, rather pleasing fancies, Oscar grew disconsolate and his spirits sank woefully. He wished now he had seen the girl again before leaving; just to say a word or two; to hear her voice, perhaps to hold her hand a moment in silent farewell. Only, of course, she wouldn't have known. He couldn't have told her for worlds.

Something suspiciously like tears glistened in Oscar's eyes when the jitney rolled into Sapphire and came to an abrupt halt at a street corner. He stumbled out, winking hard, oblivious to his still interested audience; paid his fare and strode off, almost forgetful of the purpose that had brought him into town.

But when he had walked along for several blocks, he finally got possession of himself, berated himself for faint-heartedness, resolutely banished all thoughts of Penelope Holt from his mind. This was no time, he reasoned, to let emotion get the upper hand.

He noticed, presently, that it was four o'clock. Mr. Lavender was to arrive about five. The idea occurred to him that it might be possible to board the same train and speed westward; but after sober reflection he decided against that move. The railroad station was isolated, there would be no crowd on the platform, no opportunity for him to escape detection. DuVal would be on hand, probably some of his staff. Recognition would be certain.

Oscar saw it would be better for him to remain in

Hollywood High Lights

The latest news of what the film folk are doing out there in the movie town.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

POLA NEGRI and Mae Murray will be sisters-in-law by the time this is in print, if Pola's marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani takes place on the appointed date. For Prince Serge is a brother of Mae's husband, Prince David Mdivani. Pola went abroad to be married, and is in Paris at this writing.

Her engagement to the Prince received much publicity in Los Angeles, but did not arouse many ripples of comment in Hollywood. International romances, even those in which princes are participants, are not the events in the colony that they once were. Pola could really have attracted more attention by becoming engaged to a banker from Keokuk.

We wish her good fortune in her new marital enterprise, which elevates her from countess to princess.

The Troubles of "Love."

The course of true love never did run smooth, according to repute, so maybe that explains some of the difficulties that have arisen in connection with the production of "Love," the film based on Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" which M.-G.-M. is making.

"Love" has been in trouble ever since it was started. First, Greta Garbo, who plays the rôle of *Anna Karenina*, was taken ill and the picture was held up for a while. Then, differences of opinion arose over just how the production should be made.

So it may be quite a time before the film is completed and you see Miss Garbo on the screen again. The last picture in which she appeared was "Flesh and the Devil."

Janet Gaynor Scores a Hit.

Another new star on the horizon. Janet Gaynor has been scoring an immense hit in "Seventh Heaven," which had its world première at the Carthay Circle Theater, in Los Angeles, before an audience that was both breathless and tearful.

This little girl is one of the surprises of the year. She is scarcely more than a child, and seems to have a pathetic appeal that should carry her to the heights. Her portrayal, in "Seventh Heaven," of the little Parisian waif who is flogged almost to death by a cruel sister is one of the most sympathetic that has been seen on the screen in years.

The Colony Cut-up.

Eddie Cantor is now the unrivaled master of ceremonies in the colony. He has inherited the mantle successively worn by Charlie Murray, Lew Cody, Wallace Beery, and other male stars who gained favor

through their knack for presiding over the introduction of stars at premières and other public functions.

Eddie was the gay little cut-up at a benefit given in Hollywood for the Mississippi flood sufferers. He sang, pattered, joked, and incidentally took occasion to boost his current film, "Special Delivery," much to the amusement of the audience.

Eddie, as you must know, became famous through his comedy, his dancing, and his singing in musical shows. If you have ever seen him on the stage, you know what a clever all-around artist he is. And he is now doing rather well in pictures.

A Hundred-Dollar Hat.

Tom Mix was among those present at the flood-benefit show, and his hat was auctioned off for one hundred dollars, Sid Grauman being the highest bidder. The hat was one of those ten-gallon things that Mix wears in his pictures.

Lillian Gish in a Hurricane.

"The Wind," Lillian Gish's next picture, promises to be unusually interesting. The story deals with the terrible Texas gales, such as have recently wrought such disaster.

Miss Gish has never made a film of quite the same character. Many of the scenes have been filmed on location in the Mohave Desert, and she underwent the hardship of acting in driving sandstorms induced by huge wind machines that succeeded in stirring up the sand in a most

amazingly realistic way. The technical crew on the production could wear goggles while working, but Miss Gish, of course, had to go through her part, without glasses, in the very midst of the artificial hurricane.

There are several big rôles in the film. Lars Hanson has the male lead, and Montagu Love is the heavy.

A Marriage in the Farnum Family.

William Farnum is now a proud father-in-law. His eighteen-year-old daughter, Sara Adele, recently became the wife of William Gerard Tuttle, a petroleum engineer with one of the largest Southern California companies.

Miss Farnum has played a little on the stage. She bears a striking resemblance to her dad.

The Price of Fame.

They are given a year in which to make good. That's the fate of the five so-called "junior" stars selected by Paramount to receive special attention in their careers during the coming season—selected because of the talent that the company believes them to possess. The



Edna Murphy has had to pose for many pictures since she announced her engagement to Mervyn Leroy, the young director.

group comprises Richard Arlen, James Hall, Louise Brooks, Sally Blane, and Nancy Phillips. In our opinion, some of these have already made good.

Paramount has placed some interesting restrictions upon their lives for the period of probation. For instance, they are forbidden to drive automobiles at more than thirty miles an hour. They are forbidden to fly in airplanes. They are told to avoid anything that might make them the subjects of gossip or scandal.

In return for adhering to these rules and regulations, they are to be made famous as quickly as possible by being cast in the best possible rôles. James Hall and Louise Brooks are the best known of the quintet. Hall had the male lead in several Bebe Daniels pictures as well as in "Hotel Imperial," with Pola Negri, while Louise has played important parts in "The Show Off," "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," "Evening Clothes," and several other films. Arlen is said to do excellent work in "Wings."

The Case of Charlie Chaplin.

"Charlie Chaplin works by inspiration—other stars by perspiration."

Thus spoke Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists, during his testimony in the Chaplin divorce case, which is taking as much time to reach completion as one of Charlie's own pictures.

Schenck was called to testify regarding Chaplin's financial status. He mentioned, among other things, that "The Gold Rush" had netted about \$2,250,000, of which more than \$1,500,000 had gone to the comedian himself. He also remarked that Charlie was like no other artist in films, in that time meant nothing to him. If United Artists had to pay him for his time, he said, they would go bankrupt.

On the same day of the trial, Lita Grey Chaplin was awarded a temporary alimony of \$1,500 per month, as well as some additional expense money. She had asked for \$4,000, testifying that her household expenses per month were more than that amount.

The Death of an Old Favorite.

The passing of Earle Williams was a saddening event. He had had a long and very active association with pictures. Williams was one of the few players from the "good old days" who succeeded in staying on the screen, accommodating himself to changing conditions. Though recently he had not been appearing regularly in big pictures, he was at work most of the time. Moreover, he was a great favorite, socially, and he and his wife entertained frequently.

Williams had a delightful, gentlemanly manner. He was a very quiet type, thoroughly schooled in acting, and had been in the theater for about

twenty-five years. He was a comparatively young man, being only forty-seven. He started his picture career during the days when Arthur Johnson, John Bunny, Florence Lawrence, King Baggot, and others were reigning screen favorites. He became an idol, and was starred for a long time in Vitagraph films.

What a Birthday Gift!

Just before Tom Mix's wife went to Europe, she had a birthday, and to celebrate this occasion Tom gave her \$25,000 for her trip, and then handed her a check for \$100,000 as extra spending money.

There had been rumors that the Mixes might separate, but Tom's gifts to his wife quite definitely put a stop to such gossip.

Raymond Griffith on His Own.

Raymond Griffith is going to make his pictures independently from now on. Ray secured an amicable release from his contract with Paramount, though for some time there had been rumblings of disagreements.

Griffith at one time had his own production organization, and managed his own affairs without interference, but has in recent years been working under studio supervision. He probably found that this cramped his style.

It might be remarked that comedians generally seem to prefer to work independently—Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean, for instance. Though their pictures are released through Paramount, they have their own studios.

Griffith may branch out very successfully under the new plan. His more recent pictures for Paramount have not been as successful as they might have been.

They're Here to Stay.

The Duncan sisters plan to stay in the movies. They have instituted a new style of film entertainment—the production starring a feminine comedy team. We hear that "Topsy and Eva," their first film, has all the elements of a big popular success.

There is a possibility that the Duncans may make several pictures of especial appeal to children. These may include "Babes in the Wood" and "Hansel and Gretel."

The Duncan girls are really singularly gifted, and they can always be depended on to provide fun at parties in the colony. Between making pictures, going to parties, and broadcasting over the radio, they are kept pretty busy. They are on hand for every charitable event, and give without stint of their talent.

Two Kid Brothers.

This must be the heyday for younger brothers. Cleve Moore, Colleen's kid brother, and Winston Miller, Patsy Ruth's brother, both are cast in "The



Stolen Bride." Winston has the rôle of a young archduke of Austria, and wears full military regalia. Cleve acts as aide to the villain, played by Armand Kaliz.

Billie Dove is the star of the picture.

The Call of the Antipodes.

Australia is the goal nowadays of stars in quest of new fields to conquer. Australia, it seems, has ambitions to become a film center, and is offering attractive inducements to various American players to come over there.

Eva Novak, sister of Jane, is among the number who have migrated, and recently Eddie Burns sailed for the antipodes.

Hollywood's Latest Project.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in which everybody in films is interested, was recently launched in Hollywood. The name of this new organization sounds very impressive. It represents a get-together, for the advancement of art in the movies, of stars, producers, directors, and others concerned in the making of pictures.

Freedom has never had an institution of this character. According to plans, a big building will be erected, and in this will be kept records of achievements in the industry. The names of stars who have led the way in the advance of the movies will be enshrined there, and there will be a library of the famous pictures in which they have appeared from the earliest days on. There will probably also be a sort of school and research department connected with the academy.

Douglas Fairbanks is the president, and Mary Pickford, Cecil B. De Mille, Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, and others are identified with it in official capacities. Nearly all the biggest stars and directors are members. Fully three hundred of them assembled for the initial meeting, which took the form of a banquet. A large amount of money was subscribed as a starter, and many speeches were made.

There is a plan to take the fans in on the project by making them corresponding members. That is, those of the public who are really deeply interested in the progress of pictures will be encouraged to write and say what they think the movies need. The academy intends also to issue a bulletin supplying information relative to pictures.

The project is altogether a very fascinating one, and goes to prove how grown-up the films are becoming.

More About Janet Gaynor.

We made mention of Janet Gaynor earlier in this chronicle, but neglected to say that we saw her at the Coconut Grove shortly after the première of "Seventh Heaven," and that she was the belle of the evening.

She and Charlie Farrell, who appears opposite her in the film, were introduced to the throng in attendance, and both were applauded and cheered.

Janet seemed literally to be floating on air. She was as flushed with excitement as a bride. Hollywood hasn't seen a success like hers in ages. It was so absolutely instantaneous.

Charlie Farrell has had a neat way of referring to Janet and himself since the picture opened. He says, "Yes, we are *Mr. and Mrs. Chico*." There have been rumors of their engagement, but really, their friendship seems more like a brother-and-sister affair. At any rate, it is one of the most charming in Hollywood.

Janet, with her slender, childlike figure, in the fluffy dresses that she wears, is a perfect picture of youth.

Scared Away.

Metro-Goldwyn will probably never make another fire-fighting picture. "The Fire Brigade" has cured them.

There is absolutely nothing the matter with the production itself. In fact, it is excellent entertainment, and the spectacular fire scenes are wonderful.

But it seems that the "tie-up" was a bad one. The tie-up in this case was that the film was aided and boosted by the fire department wherever it was shown. Parades were held and a lot of fire-fighting apparatus was brought to the theater to attract the public.

But, unfortunately, these demonstrations didn't attract the public at all in most places. For when they saw the fire engines in front of the theater, they thought that the building was on fire, and decided to spend their evening elsewhere.

"The Trail of '98."

From all accounts, "The Trail of '98" should be a very big picture. Clarence Brown, who made "Flesh and the Devil," is directing it. Maybe you didn't like the story of "Flesh and the Devil," but you must admit that comparatively few faults could be found with the way the film was directed, outside of some of the overdone love scenes.

Brown is really a very capable director, and "The Trail of '98" has not only a bigger theme, but also a very much healthier one than "Flesh and the Devil" had. It deals with the Klondike gold rush.

We watched Dolores del Rio, who has the feminine lead, doing a few scenes one day, and the picture looks very promising for her. When she finishes it, she is to plunge straight into "Ramona." She is not, after all, to be Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in "The Gaucho." It was decided that it would be better for her to enjoy all the fruits of her success as quickly as possible through stardom, and "Ramona," centering as it does on the personality of the heroine, affords her this opportunity.

Ralph Forbes is the hero in "The Trail of '98," and Harry Carey, the heavy. Herbert Moulton makes his screen début in the film.

Who says there isn't romance in the movies? Bobby Agnew and Ann Rork became engaged while playing together in "The Prince of Head Waiters."



Hollywood High Lights

Plaudits for the Great.

D. W. Griffith is still an idol in Hollywood. His long separation from picture-making on the Coast did not diminish the fondness that every one feels for him. At a recent film banquet, his arrival was the occasion of a huge ovation. Every one present stood up to applaud him.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks were similarly greeted. Still another to be applauded was—who do you suppose?—none other than Will H. Hays. For all the kidding that he has had to stand for, Hays is recognized as having accomplished much for the progress of pictures. His advent into the film world, at any rate, was coincident with the beginning of those bigger productions which have so increased in numbers during the past few years.

Lorelei, Oh, Lorelei!

Who is to be *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?"

The question may be settled ere this is published, but at present writing it is causing much worry among Paramount officials. One of the problems debated is whether *Lorelei* need be blonde at all, for she can always wear a wig. The consensus of opinion seems to be that all she really needs is a "blond soul," quite regardless of the natural color of her hair.

Among the better-known actresses suggested for the rôle are Constance Talmadge, Laura La Plante, Clara Bow, Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver. Others considered include Edna Murphy, Leila Hyams, Sally Rand, and a host of newcomers.

We predict that the girl who will finally win out will be one of the lesser-known players, or an entirely new player. That's as it should be. *Lorelei*, like certain famous historic characters, is too individual to be portrayed by any one who has become identified with other very prominent parts in pictures.

Mary Pickford's New Film.

It is more than a year since Mary Pickford completed her last picture "Sparrows," but she is now, at last, busy again. She is playing the rôle of a girl in a 5-and-10-cent store in her new film, which is called "My Best Girl." It was originally known as "Paradise Alley." Mary's leading man is "Buddy" Rogers, who learned everything there was to know about pictures in the Paramount School, and who does a big part in the airplane epic, "Wings."

There was some talk to the effect that Mary might bob her hair for "My Best Girl," but nothing came of it.

Never More Beautiful.

Kathlyn Williams is a revelation these days. We saw her at a theater opening one evening not long ago, and it occurred to us that she has never looked more beautiful than she does now. It will be good news to her fans that she is returning to pictures. She hasn't played in a film in fully a year and a half.

Trouble, Trouble, Trouble.

Breaks between various players and their companies continue to occur with surprising regularity. We hear that Betty Bronson is soon to leave Paramount, and Anna Q. Nilsson has already separated from First National and was engaged immediately for a Universal film. Dissatisfaction with rôles seems to be at the bottom of these rifts.

James Cruze, who directed "The Covered Wagon" and many other big successes for Paramount, is reported to be planning to become an independent producer.

The attitude of the producing companies seems to be that they can very easily develop new talent these days, and that such new talent has just as good a chance of popularity as the old, and doesn't cost anything like as much in salaries. This attitude may lead to a mild, or perhaps even strenuous, war over the salary question between organizations and their actors.

Another Recruit from the "Follies."

Yet another "Follies" girl will be introduced shortly to the movie public. She is Avonne Taylor, who has been signed by M.-G.-M. She will make her début in support of Norma Shearer in "After Midnight." Miss Taylor is of a dark, statuesque type, and appeared on the stage in "Sally" and in "Kid Boots," as well as in the "Follies." She studied music in Europe.

Harold Lloyd in New York.

Harold Lloyd has broken a precedent. He is making his current picture, called "East Side," in New York. All of his previous films have been made in California, even the old "Lonesome Luke" comedies. Lloyd was very anxious to use certain locations in the Eastern metropolis, including Coney Island, and the Yankee baseball stadium.

The plot of his new film revolves around the ownership of a horse-car line, which Harold saves for the girl. In the opening sequences he plays a taxicab driver.

His first intention was to play a newspaper reporter in his next film, but he has shelved that idea for the time being.

[Continued on page 100]



Here he is in person—the little white monkey who steals all the scenes in "Chang." And those are two of the Siamese children who take part in this jungle film.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill*, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto*.

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeater, younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.



FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Affair of the Follies, An"—First National. Film of a dancer who is sought by a rich man, but marries a poor clerk, with ensuing quarrels and misunderstandings. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, and Lewis Stone.

"All Aboard"—First National. Fast Johnny Hines comedy of an acrobatic shoe clerk who somehow lands in the Arabian desert and saves the heroine, Edna Murphy, from a sheik.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Casey at the Bat"—Paramount. Wallace Beery in amusing film of baseball in the '90s, with Zasu Pitts as the home-town milliner who wins the heart of our hero.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"Corporal Kate"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, an Irish and a Jewish manicurist, join the war as entertainers. Comedy and tragedy mixed.

"Easy Pickings"—First National. Mystery film, with Anna Q. Nilsson in rôle of a "boy" crook who turns out to be a long-missing heiress. Kenneth Harlan is the gentleman hero.

"Evening Clothes"—Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in mildly diverting story of a bankrupt Parisian boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to keep one suit of clothes, chooses evening dress. Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

"Fashions for Women"—Paramount. Gay Parisian farce revealing Esther Ralston in a dual rôle and an array of beautiful clothes. Einar Hansen and Raymond Hatton.

"Flesh and the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson in a striking film of two lifelong friends who are incited against each other by a scheming, unscrupulous siren.

"For Wives Only"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a giddy light comedy of a young Viennese wife who skates on thin ice. Victor Varconi is the husband.

"Fourth Commandment, The"—Universal. Good hokum, with Mary Carr and Belle Bennett both present to keep the tears rolling. Deals with the dire influence of too much sweetness in a mother-in-law.

"Frisco Sally Levy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sally O'Neil in amusing comedy featuring the intimate home life of a family headed by an Irish mother and a Jewish father.

"Getting Gertie's Garter"—Producers Distributing. Slim but harmless farce, featuring Marie Prevost's frantic efforts to return to Charles Ray the bejeweled garter he gave her before he became engaged to another.

"Hills of Kentucky"—Warner. Rintin-Tin again in a film well worth seeing. Tale of wild dog tamed by a child's kindness. Dorothy Dwan and Jason Robards.

"It"—Paramount. Clara Bow makes entertaining this film of an impudent shopgirl who cops the owner of the store, Antonio Moreno, in spite of a ritzy rival.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"Kiss in a Taxi, A"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels excellent in lively farce of a hot-tempered waitress in a Paris café, who rebuffs all comers until Douglas Gilmore steps onto the scene.

"Knock-out Reilly"—Paramount. Richard Dix in an exciting fight film—his best picture in years. Cast includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, and Mary Brian.

"Let It Rain"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in good-humored comedy built on the prankish rivalry between the sailors and marines aboard a battleship. Shirley Mason is the girl.

"Little Journey, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. A Pullman-car romance between a boy and girl who meet on a trip to California. William Haines and Claire Windsor.

[Continued on page 116]



Photo by Mortensen

Until you see "The King of Kings" you will not have seen all that the screen is capable of to-day.

THE King of Kings" is Cecil B. De Mille's masterpiece, and is among the greatest of all pictures.

It is a sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ, produced on a scale of tasteful magnificence, finely acted by the scores in it, and possessed of moments of poignant beauty and unapproachable drama. This is a picture that will never become outmoded.

Without exception, the subtitles are taken from the Bible, and while many of them have been transferred from their original positions and have been used to punctuate other scenes, the beauty of the phrases, and their dramatic content, is continuously manifest.

Also, in order to achieve smooth and flowing continuity, it was necessary to condense some of the biblical episodes. The forty days following the Resurrection, for instance, are concentrated into one scene. Therefore, those who expect to find the Bible scrupulously followed, with no allowance made for the demands of the screen, must be prepared for disappointment. But no one, it seems to me, can find cause to doubt the complete honesty of Mr. De Mille's intent, and the high austerity of the picture that has resulted from a full year of preparation.

The story, as it transpires on the screen, begins in the house of *Mary of Magdala*, who, piqued by the absence of her suitor, *Judas*, goes in quest of him, incredulous that he should prefer the company of a humble carpenter to her own. The scene of her conversion follows.

The manner of introducing *Christ* into the film will be long remembered. He is first seen through the eyes of a blind child whose sight is being restored. Her growing vision gradually widens and clears, until the haloed head softly fades in. There was finely imaginative direction here.

From that point on, the picture moves through the outstanding episodes of the New Testament, reaching a logical climax in the betrayal of *Christ*, the trial, the crucifixion, and the rending of the earth following *Christ's* death.

It is difficult to judge the acting by familiar standards, for in "The King of Kings" there was an inspiration which lifted the players beyond the limitations of tech-

Judas—who are, according to the demands made upon them, the principal players—can be no greater than it is for Mickey Moore as the boy *Mark*, or for Muriel McCormac as *The Blind Girl*. As rôles are judged, theirs are small, but they seem no less important to the whole than those characters more closely associated with the crises in the life of *Christ*.

Until you see "The King of Kings" you will not have seen all that the screen is capable of to-day.

A Triumph for Miss del Rio.

Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great Russian novelist, was on hand to speak a little authentic Russian into the ears of Edwin Carewe when he was filming "Resurrection." The result is a beautiful, faithful film version of that famous novel, with scarcely any falling by the Hollywood wayside.

The poignant story of a little peasant girl's love for a glamorous—and amorous—young prince is presented in just the proper emotional key to delight film audiences, and to make them weep. The story depicts the moral weakening of both the leading characters through the course of years, and then, their final regeneration. Too much cannot be said in praise of Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque in the leading rôles.

In the early part of the picture, there is delightful, harmless lovemaking between *Prince Dimitri* and *Katusha*, both young and innocent. Later, when the *Prince* returns to his native village after several years of military life, his lovemaking takes on a more sinister tone, and he is the cause of *Katusha's* downfall. Meantime, he gayly marches off to war—a swaggering, frivolous young officer. Seven years later, *Katusha* has become a hardened young woman. Miss del Rio miraculously achieves this effect with little apparent change in make-up. Seeing her degradation, the *Prince*, somewhat sobered by time, is frantically repentant, and even follows her to Siberia, to which she has been sentenced.

Rôles such as these two are an actor's heaven; they call for the portrayal of almost every emotion. La Rocque, particularly in the later scenes, as a penitent, serious-minded man, is excellent. And Miss del Rio, whose rôle gives her even greater opportunities than his, emerges as one of our greatest film actresses, beau-

The Screen

The parade of recorded, with

By Norbert

nique, of individual capacities, and enabled them to move and seem to have their being as incarnate spirits of the original characters, rather than as familiar players assuming important rôles.

For the same reason it is impossible to single out players for individual mention. Personal feeling for H. B. Warner as *The Christ*, Dorothy Cumming as *Mary the Mother*, Jacqueline Logan as *The Magdalene*, Rudolph Schildkraut as *Caiaphas*, Victor Varconi as *Pontius Pilate*, and Joseph Schildkraut as

in Review

new films is duly
critical comment.

Lusk

tiful, compelling, talented. "Resurrection" is a triumph for her.

So, indeed, is it a triumph for every one concerned in its making—for Edwin Carewe, who is responsible for its sympathetic, smooth direction, and for Tolstoy's son, who collaborated in the adaptation, and who appears from time to time throughout the picture as an old philosopher.

"Falling Leaves and Fading Flowers."

The excuse for the latest screen appearance of "Camille" is Norma Talmadge, and her reputed fondness for the rôle that was made famous by certain great ones of the stage, and has previously been played on the screen by both Clara Kimball Young and Nazimova.

If a spirit of emulation caused Miss Talmadge to choose this hackneyed subject, then she may be said to have added nothing to tradition. But if it was her modest desire to produce just an ordinary picture tastefully and richly, she has succeeded—and saved the price of a new story.

Whatever her intention, the result is agreeably unimportant, except in one particular—the introduction of Gilbert Roland as a romantic lover. Unless all signs fail, his *Armand* will pave the way for similar rôles for him, and within a short time he will probably take his place among the first favorites of the day. Miss Talmadge's "Camille," then, is at best an instance of the extraordinary graciousness of a big star in giving a newcomer an opportunity to become a competitor.

The story of the unhappy young woman who rose from shopgirl to courtesan, but maintained the elegant aloofness of a duchess, is familiar enough. The original is rather closely adhered to in the film, except that it has been modernized, and this modernization, alas, has robbed *Camille's* love affair of whatever charm it might have revealed. If the film had been played in the period of 1830, or earlier, the flounces and ruffles, gilt furniture, and lace fans would have invested the tragic love of *Camille* for *Armand* with the sentimental charm and artificial gallantry of a bygone day. But to ask sympathy for a *modern* heroine who tearfully gives up the one man she loves at the first behest of his father, and then gracefully dies of tuberculosis, is too much in this age of feminine independence.

There is, however, in the production a great deal of beauty. Miss Talmadge is a lovely heroine, ethereal, sensitive, sad, yet curiously, she neither convinces nor moves one by her excellent acting. Her portrayal has the quality of a dream through which she wafts, a beautiful wraith, untouched by the vital spark.

In Plaid and Tartan.

There are kilts and bagpipes, glens, and castles, and a great deal of bloodshed in "Annie Laurie," but it



Gilbert Roland is sure to become a reigning favorite on the strength of his *ARMAND*, in Norma Talmadge's "Camille."

isn't really Scottish, for all that. Nor is it more than mildly interesting, and it's not at all sympathetic. Too bad, because Lillian Gish is lovely to look at in the quaint, voluminous costumes of the period, and her mood is lighter and less woeful than in most of her pictures. The film just doesn't arouse any emotion.

The story is based on the ancient feud between the *MacDonalds* and the *Campbells*, and culminates in the Glencoe massacre, in which *Annie Laurie*, of course, shines forth as the heroine. Perilously she climbs a cliff to light the beacon which shall warn the clan of impending attack. Honestly, I can't remember which clan it was—the *MacDonalds* or the *Campbells*—because the feud was so long drawn out, and Lillian and some of the other characters seemed to be on civil terms with both factions.

Norman Kerry is *Ian MacDonald*. "A Campbell for a MacDonald!" he shouts, as he poses on a high wall, about to hurl the body of Creighton Hale into space. That is the spirit of his rôle, and Mr. Kerry blusters through it, an actor who realizes that here is his opportunity to run wild and go over big with the girls. He also displays his chest in extreme décolleté, and is not averse to doffing every stitch above the waist. This may all be typical of a he-man Scotsman, but it looked like pure Culver City to me. So was the picture.

Lon Chaney Goes Chinese.

Of course no good can come of it when a young Englishman or American falls in love with a Chinese girl, as any one knows who remembers "Madame Butterfly." But it *will* happen, both on the stage and on the screen, and in "Mr. Wu" it happens again.

Lon Chaney plays *Mr. Wu*, and Renee Adoree is his almond-eyed daughter, looking incongruously ample in her gay mandarin suit, particularly so beside the diminutive Anna May Wong, her companion throughout the picture. Ralph Forbes gives a sympathetic performance as the young Englishman who causes all the trouble.

For there is trouble, and much of it. According to Chinese religion, *Mr. Wu* must kill his daughter after her despoliation, in order to save her soul. And Renee really dies—a noble Chinese death. Ralph Forbes



"The Heart Thief."



"Broadway Nights."



"Rookies."



"The Climbers."

nearly dies also, to make the father's revenge complete, but *Mr. Wu* dies instead, killed by Ralph's mother.

The picture is slow-moving, all in accordance with Chinese dignity, and perhaps a little dull, though it has a sympathetic story. Miss Adoree acts beautifully, and is very quaint and Chinese in everything except her appearance. Lon Chaney, of course, portrays *Mr. Wu* so well that he might have been born in China. Louise Dresser is the English boy's mother, and Gertrude Olmsted his sister.

Very Good, Eddie.

There's no getting away from it, Eddie Cantor, in his second picture, "*Special Delivery*," takes his place among the foremost comedians of the screen. And now that he has won that place, it is hoped that he will keep it. He is supposed to be a mailman in this film, for the sake of the story—what there is of it—but Eddie is really himself. His expression throughout is that of a nervous, surprised boy who, as some one has said, looks as if he has just discovered the impossibility of selling enough blueing to get a Shetland pony.

"*Special Delivery*" is a picture of gags galore. Plot means less and less in present-day comedies, and in this one the story is used only to account for Eddie's uniform. True, William Powell is present to put over villainy, and Jobyna Ralston's curls are also in the cast, to furnish love interest, but it is Eddie's antics that furnish the entertainment. His *Black Bottom* is the funniest ever seen, and the episode in which a mother leaves her baby with him, while she gets a twenty-dollar bill changed to pay two cents due on a letter, is great. Harry Earles, the remarkable midget who played in "*The Unholy Three*," is the infant in the case, and it takes sharp eyes to detect that he isn't a real baby.

By all means, see "*Special Delivery*" and join the Cantor cult.

A Battling Butler.

"*Is Zat So?*" on the stage was, literally, a "howling" success. There are tremendous comic possibilities, of course, in the situation of a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager acting as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion. The screen version of the play confines itself to the slapstick value of their predicament, and the result is a custard-pie edition quite without the rollicking character studies presented on the stage.

Many of the play's glib lines have, of course, been lost also, though probably some of them were used as the basis for the funniest of the subtitles.

Surprisingly enough, the championship bout, which should have been the great dramatic climax of the film, is shown, for the most part, as the two girls of the story hear it over the radio. This, perhaps, is more novel than showing a close-up of the fight itself, but it will probably prove disappointing to ring fans.

George O'Brien, as the fighter, is good, though almost overshadowed by Edmund Lowe in the rôle of his manager. Kathryn Perry is pretty, as usual, in a rôle that calls for little else but prettiness, and the film introduces an apparent newcomer named Dione Ellis, who is cute and blonde and altogether lovely.

The picture as a whole is funny in slapstick fashion, but far from hilarious.

Cut-ups in Khaki.

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur are teamed in "*Rookies*" with such excellent results that one hopes they will be given a chance to do it again. The picture is a military farce, but instead of being just another war comedy, it has for its background a citizens' military training camp.

Of plot there is little, but of pranks there are many. Arthur is *Greg Lee*, a cabaret dancer, who incurs the enmity of *Sergeant Diggs*, of the regular army. When *Greg* is arrested for a minor offense, and is about to be sentenced to thirty days, he is sent to a military training camp instead. It is the *Sergeant's* self-appointed job to discipline the dancer in his own heavy-handed way.

There's not much else to the story, except that there's a girl, Marceline Day. What really counts is the antagonism of the two men and the ingenious means they devise to circumvent each other.

At least two episodes are carried to extremes and become offensively vulgar, but for all that, "Rookies" is a good picture of its kind. Dane and Arthur are immense.

Miasma.

"The Heart Thief" has a colorful beginning; but the rest of it is about as lively as a funeral march and as believable as a puppet show. This is due to poor direction more than anything else. The studio carpenters are the stars of the picture, for the sincerity of their labor is evidenced in the rich, baronial interiors of a castle in Hungary.

Lya de Putti, the daughter of a peasant, marries *Count Franz*, an old landowner, whose relatives are waiting for him to die. Lya does this to help her father—and probably also because she wanted to be sure of playing what passes for a sympathetic rôle. The scheming relatives hire Joseph Schildkraut to compromise her, but he later discovers that Lya is the girl he loves. Follows a lot of whispered scheming—far duller than it sounds—and in the end Mr. Schildkraut compromises the wife of one of the villains.

Just why this should be a cue for Mr. Schildkraut and Miss de Putti to fall into the attitude of a happy ending, I can't say. However, the old *Count* beams with benevolence, and Lya seemingly forgets that she was threatening to shoot Mr. Schildkraut just three minutes before.

But, as I said, the settings are handsome. Mr. Schildkraut plays his rôle with straight, not curly hair, and Miss de Putti appears in a blond wig.

Speckled Fruit.

"Bitter Apples" is the meaningless title of a meaningless picture, although it may symbolize the state of mind of a girl who marries a man out of revenge, and then falls in love with him. To my knowledge there have been few cases of this nature, but as the episodes in the picture bear no relation to actuality, anyway, I suppose neither the title nor the story worried the director, just so long as people and objects were kept moving.

Myrna Loy, an American girl with—hist!—Sicilian blood in her veins, sets her cap for Monte Blue, because her father has lost his money in the failure of Monte's bank. A strangely warped sense of justice, to say the least—this scheme to break his heart in order to make him "suffer." Oh, well, she marries him while both are aboard ship, and then, in full view of every last one of the passengers, Myrna tells Monte that she "hates" him. Though her father was a New Englander, it doesn't keep her from being all Sicilian in her appetite for big scenes. Nothing genuine comes of all this, however, except a shipwreck, and Monte "tames" the girl in time for their rescue by a revenue cutter.

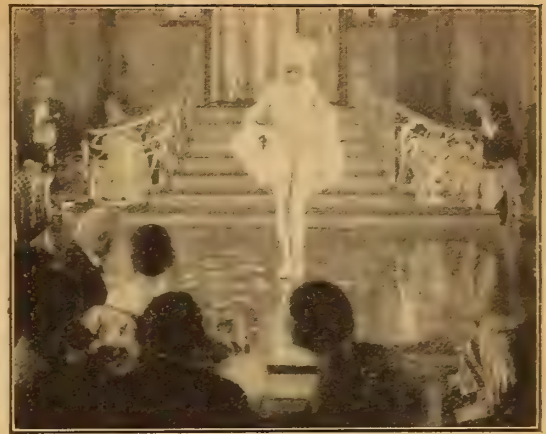
A Siren Repents.

Gaudy, stagy, heavily dramatic, "The Heart of Salome" intrigues the experienced onlooker by its resemblance to pictures of a bygone day—the day when Theda Bara gloried in playing "the wickedest woman in Paris." Of course, this film is far better produced and acted, and it cost heaps more than those pictures of long ago, but the spirit is the same.

There is the lovely, alluring adventuress, a mere pawn in the hands of the bad baron, whose nefarious operations cover all Europe, and from whom she aches to be free so that she may spend the rest of her days in the country. But, yes, she will turn just one more trick for him, if he will then let her leave this hateful life. The trick—oh, the heartbreak of it!—deprives the man she secretly loves of valuable "papers." Too late she learns the truth, and then—remorse. Worse still, the man, an athletic American—shall we say engineer, or artist?—will not believe she is a good woman. He reviles her. Then she turns tigress, sees a painting of Salome, which gives an excuse for the film's title, and demands the American's life. She even promises to marry the baron if he will avenge her! He tries to, but the Stars and Stripes are his undoing, and the ending is as idyllic as a day in June.

Alma Rubens, Walter Pidgeon, Holmes Herbert, Barry Norton, and Robert Agnew are the valiant and capable band who use the pulmotor on "The Heart of Salome."

[Continued on page 108]



"Cabaret."



"Special Delivery."



"The Heart of Salome."



"Bitter Apples."

Leaving 'Em Laughing

One of this country's most successful captains of industry employs the system, and it works. His name is Harold Lloyd.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

FOR a man getting fifteen thousand dollars a week, he isn't all that he might be. He isn't as rare as you'd expect.

For a comedian at the top of the heap, he isn't funny in his suite at the Ritz.

For purposes of scholarly analysis, he's no story.

If there is to be anything chronicled about Harold Lloyd, it can hardly take an original turn. Harold is one of those modest, moderate, everyday, pleasant young men making fifteen hundred a year, and hoping for a raise next week. The only difference is that Harold makes more than fifteen hundred a day.

After you read report after report of these stellar bodies being unspoiled children at home among their books and swimming pools, you begin to get a little suspicious. And who shall blame you? But it's the truth about Mrs. Lloyd's boy.

There is nothing esoteric, temperamental, or exotic about him. He's a regular business man—temperate, energetic, diffident; average in every respect.

Of course every one can't make comedies that shake the universe with loud laughs. But that's the only exceptional thing that Lloyd does. Probably it is enough.

He is the up and doing young man you read, or do not read, about in the advertisements captioned, "Another Raise, Maw!"

He is the neat but not gaudy young man who never sits with his feet on his desk, telling the seedy man opposite how he got on by hard work and Hairsmooth.

He is the unostentatious, successful merchant prince, pushing buttons, answering phones, dictating letters, tossing off checks.

Lloyd cannot be considered as an artist. There is absolutely nothing of the artist in his make-up or manner. He is the epitome of regularity, the apostle of common sense.

When we met in his suite at the Ritz he told me how hard comedy came to the manufacturer, analysed his product thoughtfully, showed me his line, sold me his philosophy.

His favorite comedies were "Grandma's Boy" and "Safety Last," altogether opposite in method, but similarly successful in snaring the elusive snicker, to say

nothing of ringing the bell at the box-office window. "The Kid Brother" he regards as composed of equal parts of sentiment and snap, combining the best features of "Safety Last" and "Grandma's Boy."

"But it isn't as good as they were, in my opinion," he said. "I mean, it didn't come up to expectations. We had twice as many gags and sequences planned, worked out, and even shot, as we actually used. We

took a little over six months to do 'The Kid Brother.' I mean, we went slowly, purposely, because the one before it disappointed me, and we wanted 'The Kid Brother' to be better. I made especial efforts to turn out a good one this time."

When talking about himself he employs a naïvely modest device, referring to himself in the third person.

"In this last picture," he will say, for example, "appeal was made to slapstick humor as well as to those who like quiet comedy. He was in love with the girl, and bashful, you know. But he was scrapping enough in the melodramatic part to get the men and boys. I mean, he was figured to get all parts of the audience. We were afraid he'd get in trouble in 'For Heaven's Sake' on account of the religious angle. Religion and comedy don't mix."

Although Lloyd's hesitant speech seems to belie the fact, he is nevertheless a shrewd judge of values, a canny analyst of film fare. He sits in his laboratory dissecting his pictures, speeding up gags, determining what will click and what won't, devising new means of getting giggles.

There is nothing essentially funny about Lloyd. In this respect he differs from Langdon, Chaplin, and, on a lower plane, Keaton. These comic fellows evoke anticipatory smiles and chuckles immedi-

ately upon their appearance; Lloyd lures laughter only through situation. Parallel cases on the musical-comedy stage are found in Bobby Clark, Harpo Marx, or Ed Wynn, who cause laughter upon entering, while Willie Collier, Raymond Hitchcock, or Will Rogers must build to it.

Lloyd makes a serious business of building laughs. He makes no pretense at its being unrestrained or natural or irrepressible. He builds comedy situations as mechanically as a carpenter builds a henhouse. [Cont'd on page 114]



Photo by Kornman

Harold Lloyd's success is largely due to his appeal to the majority. The troubles of the young husband in "Hot Water" were funny because they were common experience.



Photo by Gene Kornman

Harold Lloyd is the epitome of regularity, the apostle of common sense, says Malcolm H. Oettinger in the interview on the opposite page, and he might be making fifteen hundred a year instead of fifteen thousand a week.



A Midnight Prowler



Laura La Plante is terrified by the shadowy menace in "The Cat and the Canary," left, and she and Gertrude Astor, above, prepare to spend a night in the haunted house. Below, the eccentric will is being read.

Photo by Freulich





Watch *Aunt Mary*!

May Robson, famous on the stage in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," brings the lively old lady to the screen with the assistance—below—of Phyllis Haver, Arthur Hoyt, Harrison Ford, and Franklin Pangborn.





"The Country Doctor"

The above scene from the photoplay, "The Country Doctor," is a replica of Sir Luke Fildes' famous painting, "The Doctor," which inspired this film of the trials and tribulations of an obscure physician. Rudolph Schildkraut plays the title rôle. His child patient is Virginia Bradford, and her parents, John Adams and Gladys Brockwell.

Charles Rogers, who will never outgrow his youthful nickname of "Buddy," is living up to the expectations that the fans have had ever since they first saw him in "Fascinating Youth." Now Mary Pickford has chosen him from all the young men in Hollywood to be her sweetheart in "Paradise Alley."





A Texas Cyclone

Lillian Gish is at the mercy of the elements in "The Wind," and can't you just see how she will be buffeted about, and how she will suffer? Above, she is seen with Dorothy Cumming in the ranch house, and, right, with William Orlamond, Lars Hanson, and Edward Earle.





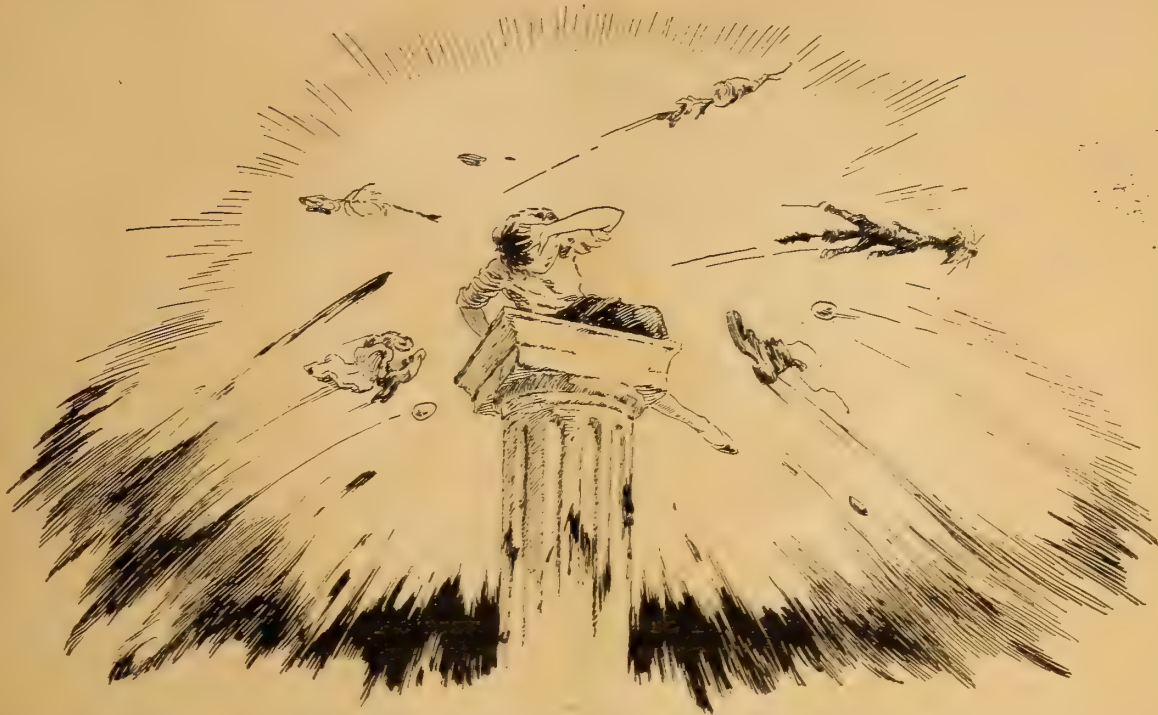
Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque said they would marry late in June, so here you see them either engaged or wedded, as the case may be, and there is no doubt at all of their perfect happiness.



Photo by Freulich

Barbara Worth isn't waiting to be won, for she is busy winning a place for herself on the screen. This picture indicates that the odds are all hers. She will next be seen as the heroine in "The Prairie King."

Don't Annoy the Stars!



They have too many worries as it is. Read this story and learn why being a star is not all that it seems.

By Margaret Reid

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THERE are, on the one hand, the plaudits, the Rolls-Royces, the Beverly villas, the Paris gowns, and the deference—if not downright reverence—of the multitude. These are the props, the background, the setting, of stardom. It is a swell life.

But Hollywood is not Utopia, and the ladies and gentlemen of the cinema are reminded, from time to time, that they are not so very much more than human, after all. For even their diamond-set-in-platinum existence is prey to petty vexations—disturbances and disadvantages peculiar unto stardom. These are, it is true, irritations too negligible to be weighed against a specially built Rolls, but they can be annoying just the same, especially when they come thick and fast.

Occasionally they can be amusing, as well. That is, if they are not taken too seriously. Norma Shearer's sense of humor, for instance, prevented her recently from getting angry at a girl who tried to make herself a nuisance to the star. This girl wrote Norma a highly indignant letter from the Middle West.

"I recognize you," the letter read. "You can't fool me with all that make-up and those grand clothes! I know you're my sister, and it's time you came home. Father is sick, and I'm out of work, and your place is here with us, not gadding round to Hollywood parties. You've done everything you could to deceive us, what with changing your name and all, but we——" and so on, *ad hystericum*.

Norma was too sensible to be anything but rather entertained—until the girl arrived in Hollywood and tried to effect an entrance into the M.-G.-M. studio! Every morning she waited for the arrival of Norma's car and

attempted to jump onto the running board as it entered the gate. Finally, Norma lost patience, besides becoming a little frightened, and had one of the studio officials intervene. Only with the greatest difficulty could that gentleman convince the girl that Norma had only one sister, who lived with her, and one father, who was in excellent health. The would-be relative left the studio somewhat chagrined.

It is an unofficially recognized fact that Hollywood shopkeepers have two prices for everything—one for unprofessional patrons, the other for picture people. Modistes, florists, perfumers, jewelers—even grocers and butchers—have no scruples about employing a little banditry in selling to the stars.

Some of the stars are not conscious of this. Many—the made-rich-overnight variety—don't particularly care. Money to them, on the morning after receiving an enormous salary check, appears to be sprouting on the pepper trees. But most of the stars resent this double-dealing.

Pauline Starke recently discovered that her bills from her cleaner were exactly twice what her companion-

secretary paid for having the same amount of work done. Pauline wisely avoided an argument, but now all her cleaning and pressing is done under her secretary's name—at the regular prices. But perhaps the cleaner wonders just a little about this secretary with Paris frocks and fur coats.

Pola Negri's generosity has been imposed upon until she has had to convert her secretary into a sort of dragon, to keep off all suppliants and visitors except those who have a legitimate reason for seeing her. Pola is of a quick, emotional temperament; and is too

Autograph fiends, though omnipresent, are minor pests.



Don't Annoy the Stars!

easily touched by heart-rending pleas. She does all she can to help people, but the requests made of her are too many, too difficult, and sometimes preposterous.

Girls wanting to get into pictures—people out of work and broke—Russians and Poles stranded in Hollywood who stress their nationality as a plea for introduction to the star—a young mother wanting Pola to adopt her baby because it interferes with her work—consummate pests who write, telephone, telegraph, for information as to the brand of cosmetics she uses, how often she shampoos her hair, whether or not she uses mascara—these and many others have hounded poor Pola.

Aiding the worthy cases is not nearly so difficult as separating the wheat from the chaff, but Miss Negri still makes a sincere attempt.

One of the most relentless pests—though harmless—is the person with an autograph complex. An album isn't necessary—anything that can be written upon will do. Outside Montmartre, on Wednesdays and Saturdays—the big luncheon days—the autograph group is represented mainly by boys and girls of school age. They stand patiently and proffer their little albums to any one who arrives in an expensive motor, convinced that nobody outside the movies drives big cars.

There are others, more difficult to deal with, who attack the stars in the theater, on the street—anywhere—demanding signatures on anything that happens to be handy. One evening, in a restaurant, a very excited young man made his way to Esther Ralston's table. Agitatedly he shoved his napkin before her and thrust his fountain pen into her hand. "Please sign quick!" he sputtered. "Wallace Beery's just going out, and I want his, too."

Then there are more serious pests, who have to be disposed of with force. Charles Ray and George Hackathorne have had unpleasant experiences with impostors who were out to get all the money they could by using their names. A man bearing some slight resemblance to Hackathorne claimed to be that actor, and traveled through several towns in the Southwest living royally, at the best hotels and leaving behind him a trail of checks signed with Hackathorne's name. His bank notified George, who went immediately to the last town in which the man had appeared. There was no trace of the criminal, but Hackathorne put a crimp in any further forgery by very carefully protecting by law the use of his name on paper.

Charles Ray was apprised, some time ago, of the existence of a man who called himself Albert Ray and represented himself as the star's cousin. Ray has a cousin Albert, who directs for Fox, but the impostor was wise enough to stay far away from Hollywood. Operating only in distant cities, he cashed a few checks in Charlie's name, saying that as he was the star's cousin he had the use of his bank account. And then his budding career on Easy Street was nipped by the authentic Cousin Albert.

To Eleanor Boardman, one of the most annoying demands of stardom is the necessity of giving out trivial information. She has never been able

to understand why the public should be interested in things that have nothing to do with the players' work. Eleanor, despite her frankness, is very reserved. And it disturbs her to be bombarded by reporters with questions ranging from "What cereal do you eat at breakfast?" to "Did Jack Gilbert really kiss you in that scene?" That the color of her eyes, the pitch of her voice, the cut of her gowns, her favorite books and perfumes and vegetables, are of importance to her fans, seems to her just a bit absurd.

There is one vexation that is suffered only by the very greatest and most glamorous of screen celebrities. That is the business

of being mobbed on the street. And when I say mobbed, I don't mean surrounded by a small crowd. I mean mobbed—necessitating rescue by the police.

Mary and Doug are troubled more, probably, than any of their professional kin by this sort of manifestation of interest. Mary steps from her car in front of a Boulevard shop. The Fairbanks-Pickford motor is familiar to every urchin in town. Before she has taken three steps, at least three passers-by have identified the diminutive Mrs. Fairbanks. Something in the mere sight of her seems to instill a sort of hysteria into fans. In a high voice, one pedestrian acquaints several others with the fact of Mary's presence. Then, with alarming rapidity the crowd thickens, closes in, and entirely surrounds Mary. Usually she is lucky if, with the aid of a husky chauffeur and a cop, she makes the door of the shop without having her hat pulled awry, her gloves lost, and her bag dropped, in the mêlée.

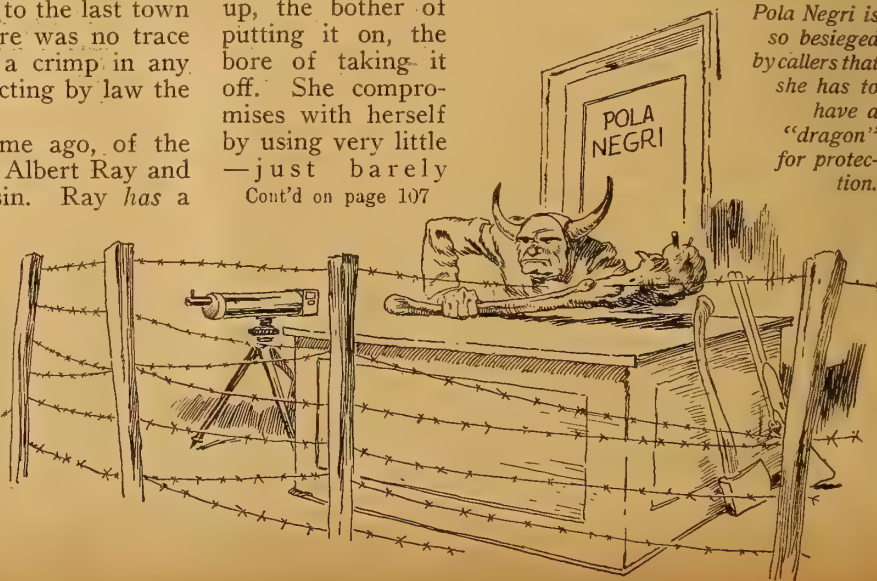
On first nights, when it has been previously noised about that the Fairbankses will attend, Doug and Mary have learned from sad experience that it is necessary for them to have a police convoy from their home to the theater. Even with this protection, they generally land gasping inside the theater doors with their evening clothes very much the worse for wear and tear—particularly tear.

If Colleen Moore could manage it, she would like to invent something to make grease paint unnecessary to movie actors. Above everything, she dislikes the heavy, sticky feel of make-up, the bother of putting it on, the bore of taking it off. She compromises with herself by using very little—just barely

Cont'd on page 107



An enterprising young lady insisted that Norma Shearer was her sister, and was needed at home.



Pola Negri is so besieged by callers that she has to have a "dragon" for protection.

An Actor by Request

Clarence Thompson, who prefers to be called "Tommy," wanted to write, but was forced to become an actor to "get inside a studio."

By Myrtle Gebhart

CLARENCE THOMPSON, known as "Tommy," was sent to Hollywood to act because he wanted to write.

In a year's time, I have grown to know Tommy rather well. He is the genuine kind for whom you don't have to powder your nose.

Perhaps his simplicity is the cumulation of generations of fine New England breeding. I imagine there is considerable disparity between the values which rule in New England and those which govern our young Hollywood crowd.

Tommy comes from one of those families so old and so wealthy that all pretense is scorned—the sort to which money is so much a matter of course that it isn't talked about even by inference.

His career at the outset followed a routine path. First, there was Harvard, where he dabbled in amateur theatricals and also wrote. Then followed a period of travel, after which it was decreed that he should settle down in the banking business, which had been the family inheritance for generations.

Tommy, however, had other notions. He had had two short stories accepted by magazines. His parents were both dead, and a kind grandfather, probably after a little fussing, let himself be coaxed into giving his grandson his own way. Who could resist the appeal of those big brown eyes?

Carl Laemmle couldn't, but he had his own ideas about where they belonged. Tommy, carrying a sheaf of manuscripts and a letter of introduction from Arthur Brisbane, had sought Laemmle in New York. Certainly, Uncle Carl agreed, Tommy should some day write scenarios. Had he left his eyes at home, he probably would have emerged from Laemmle's office with a writer's contract in his pocket; instead, to his bewilderment, he found himself in possession of one specifying that he was to act for Universal. Uncle Carl knew it would be a crime to conceal those eyes from the public.

"Later, my boy, you can write," Uncle Carl said. "But you are a sympathetic juvenile type, a young Percy Marmont. The experience before the camera will give you a knowledge of picture technique, a foundation to aid you in constructing scenarios after a while." Or words to that effect. So Tommy came West to act,

He played his only congenial rôle in "The Ridin' Rascal," with Art Acord.



Photo by Freulich

Scion of an old New England family, young Thompson was all set to go into the banking business when the movies intervened.



without knowing what it was all about.

Slipping quietly into his place, he began by playing small rôles; nobody on the lot paid any attention to him. In the evenings he read, or wrote scenarios and stories. Hollywood, with its glitter and charm, might have been an uncharted wilderness, so little did he mingle with it, or seek to become a part of it.

When I sought him out for an interview, not long after his arrival, I found him fraternizing with the prop boys and the fellows in the cutting room, earnestly endeavoring to learn details about every branch of film production.

Upon being corralled, he admitted having been christened Clarence.

"There always has been a Clarence Thompson in the family, and I suppose,"

Continued on page 106

Strictly

Breakfast is apt to find the stars at of the day when they are carefree—



Aileen Pringle's home at Santa Monica offers an open-air nook where she can enjoy an alfresco breakfast and a new scenario at the same time, safe from interruption.

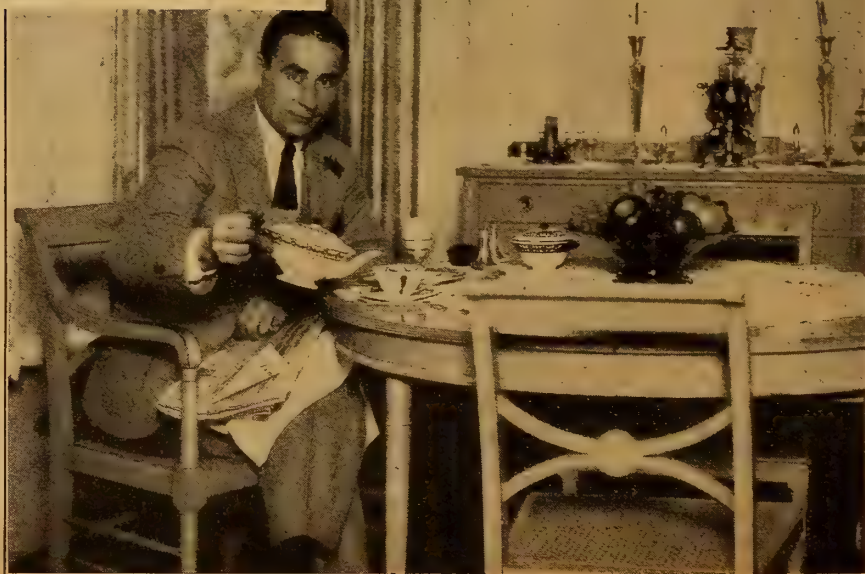


Gay chintzes, the morning sun, and—Norma Shearer! Surely, Hollywood offers no breakfast scene more fresh and sparkling than the one pictured above. It takes place every morning in the year, too.



Solid comfort for Dorothy Phillips, above, comes not only from a simple breakfast, daintily served, and a "homy" bathrobe. Evidently what she is reading—probably an enthusiastic review of her new picture—is also a great help toward starting the day right.

A true British breakfast is always to be found in the home of Syd Chaplin, right, even to his morning tea. But it is safe to assume that he needs more than an egg to sustain him until tiffin, considering the hard work expected of a comedian, so let's bet that the bloaters or kidneys will soon make their appearance.



Informal

their best, because it is the one hour unless they are due at the studios.



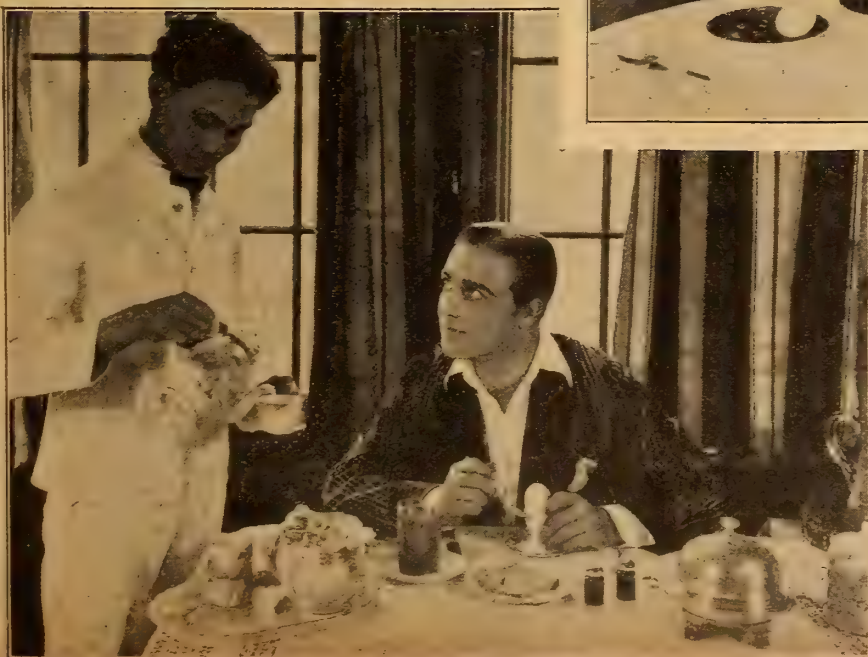
Edmund Lowe, above, always tops off his breakfast with a second cup of coffee, and the director at the studio can wait. Only, of course, as Eddie is a seasoned trouper, he gets up early enough to keep things going smoothly and make every one as happy as himself.



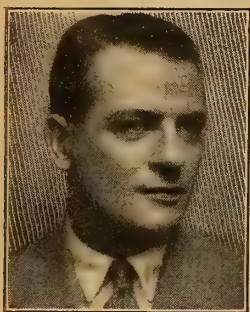
"Breakfast in the pergola, if the weather permits." That's what Conrad Nagel, above, never has to say, because his household knows he prefers it, and the weather in Hollywood almost always obliges in staging this cheerful, daily scene.



"Berlin was never like this, *meine liebschen*," is what Emil Jannings probably is thinking as Mrs. Jannings, above, offers him an orchid before they begin breakfast, as if daring him to eat it.



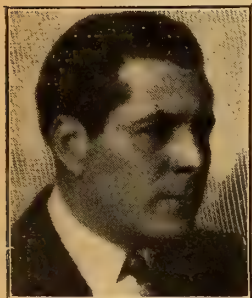
James Hall, left, takes his morning meal with a touch of drama instead of comedy. Fixing his intent gaze upon the Filipino, he seems to be trying to solve the mystery of his inscrutability, although the popular leading man is perhaps only hoping the coffee is good.



Reginald Denny.

REGINALD DENNY.—If I had a week's vacation I'd probably board my yacht—it is really nothing but a launch—and set sail for San Francisco or Ensenada. Or I might put out to sea for some fishing. Not in the winter, however. My experience with winter sailing and winter storms has taught me discretion. For a winter holiday, I'd probably go to some mountain resort in the high Sierras. I have not been in any real snow for several years, with the exception of one week-end trip to the near-by mountains, and I should enjoy spending several days in the snow in the northern part of California.

NOAH BEERY.—I'd hit for the wilds with my fishing basket, my rod and fly book, my hunting coat, and my rifle. To me there is an inexplicable charm about the wilderness, and in being away from people. I am no hand for the so-called mountain resorts. They merely represent society transplanted from the city. The charm to me of the wilderness is the feeling of solitude and contemplation which it gives.



Warner Baxter.

WARNER BAXTER.—I have a cabin high in the mountains above Palm Springs, which is on the edge of the Great American Desert, one hundred and sixty miles from Los Angeles. I go there for my vacations, and just sit. The view from my veranda takes in a sweep of hundreds of miles of mountains and desert, with a play of delicate colors and tones that is unequaled any place else in the world. And the nights, with the clear, cool, dry air, are magnificent. The stars seem to sparkle twice as brightly on the desert.

Just to putter around my cabin and rest, is my idea of a vacation. I had been going to that wonderful region for holidays and for week-ends for some time before I built my cabin. Now, at last, I have realized my dream and have a place of my own there.



Clive Brook.

CLIVE BROOK.—I'd get into old clothes, with a knapsack on my back, and just set out, with a companion similarly outfitted. We would have no goal. We'd follow the white road, have the sky for a tent at night, and the grass for a couch. That would be paradise to me. Rough fare—the simple life!

RAYMOND GRIFFITH.—I have a yacht, the *Donna Bertha*, which is parked at the California Yacht Club no less than three hundred and sixty days of each year. If I had a week's vacation, I would have it painted, equipped, and provisioned, and then I'd take my first mate with me, hop on the boat, sail to somewhere off San Clemente, beyond the reach of telephone and wireless, drop anchor, and do nothing for one solid week except eat, sleep, read, and then sleep some more. That's my idea of one week of real life.

If I Had a Week's

Several of the poor hard-working movie actors and

Compiled by

RAYMOND HATTON.—A year or so ago, I had one of those whims that will come to an actor once in a while. I bought a piece of ground next to the Pacific Ocean at Ventura and built a fairly livable shack thereon. I decided I would make that my home between pictures. Since then I have found time to occupy the hut for only about a dozen week-ends and several separate midweek nights.



Raymond Hatton.

If I ever get an honest-to-goodness week off, I am going to that shack—which is not a tumble-down one, even if I did build it—and I am going to swim and eat and sleep. And between times I am going to follow my pet avocation of rescuing driftwood, thereby cheating the lumber merchants. I'll do a little cement work, too, and devote a little time to some target practice. I'll row a boat, and laugh at telephones, mail, and radios. My wardrobe will consist chiefly of a pair of overalls, a ragged shirt, and a bathing suit.

LEWIS STONE.—There is so much that I should like to learn about airplanes that I'd welcome a week away from the studio as a great opportunity to indulge my hobby. I'd go to the aviation field in San Diego.



John Gilbert.

JOHN GILBERT.—I think, with a week's vacation, I'd get a light car and strike out for a little tour. I wouldn't follow any particular route. I wouldn't plan ahead of time where I was going. If I happened to find a town that looked interesting, I'd stay there for a night. If I couldn't discover such a town, I'd ride on all night until I did find one. Just to ride, with no aim or destination, would be great fun.

LEW CODY.—Once an aviator told me that he made a flight to Utah and slept all the time that he wasn't at the stick. It has always been my ambition to be nonchalant enough to sleep in an airplane. I still get excited whenever I'm up in the air. One of these days, I'm going to take a week off, commandeer a plane, and do nothing but ride through the air, until I get so bored I can sleep no matter how many thousands of feet from the earth I am.



George O'Hara.

GEORGE O'HARA says he would go trout fishing. Charlie Chase declares he would go back to San Francisco and hunt up some of the old friends with

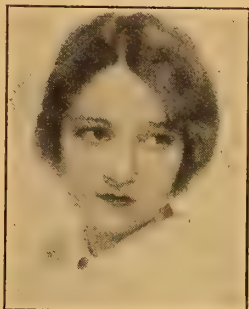
Vacation

actresses tell what they would do if given a week off.

Dorothy Wooldridge

whom he used to troupe. Ramon Novarro says he would get a lot of the books he has wanted to read and spend his holiday poring over them. Buster Keaton says he would take in a few baseball games and boxing bouts, go to the beach and ride the roller coaster, eat hot dogs, peanuts and popcorn, and then go home and sleep until the next Monday morning.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN.—Occasionally, every person feels that he or she must be alone for a little while. You really can't know yourself when you are constantly with people. If I had a week's vacation with nothing to do, I think I'd go to the mountains, or to the seashore, and not see a soul. I'd rest and read, and really get acquainted with myself.



Eleanor Boardman.

SEENA OWEN.—I think I should like to spend a week in Mazatlan, Mexico, where we filmed many of the scenes of "Shipwrecked." It is one of the most charming and beautiful spots I have ever visited, and I am sure the tropical languor that pervades it would give me a rest, were I able to get entirely away from the atmosphere of the studio.

RENEE ADOREE.—I must be a very plebeian person. At least, my tastes are plebeian. I have never seen the Grand Cañon of Arizona and I have always wanted to see it. If I had a week's vacation I'd spend it there. I might be disappointed, but nevertheless, I'll never be happy until I have been there.



Renee Adoree.

COLLEEN MOORE.—I'd spend every minute of a week's vacation at home, sewing, arranging and rearranging ornaments, buying domestic devices of all kinds, and generally taking care of the house. For I never seem to find time to do any work at home. Every time I start scheming out a new plan for interiors, I find that my picture is a bit behind schedule, and I have to work day and night to complete the rôle in time. If I had a week off, I'd not set foot outside my door, but would stay home and have the satisfaction of doing the many household tasks I've wanted to do for so long.



Betty Bronson.

BETTY BRONSON.—If I had a week's vacation, I'd dash home, pack a small suit case, get into my car and, in the words of *Peter Pan*, "turn at the second to the right, and then straight on

till morning." Where I would end, I don't know. I wouldn't want to know. Not having a fixed destination would be half the joy of the trip. There is always a sense of the unexpected, a feeling of freedom, in a jaunt like that.

ESTHER RALSTON.—On Monday I'd visit the museum at Exposition Park in Los Angeles. That is one of the things I have planned to do for more than a year. Tuesday I'd start out early and motor to Lake Arrowhead for two days of rest, returning on Wednesday. Thursday I'd spend visiting friends—provided I have any left. Friday I'd see every motion picture and play I could possibly crowd into ten hours of time. Saturday and Sunday I'd spend at Carmel-by-the-Sea, doing nothing.



Esther Ralston.

ANNA Q. NILSSON.—I would like to spend a week in the mountains on horseback, straggling over unknown and unfrequented paths.



Marguerite de la Motte.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE.—Given a week's vacation, I'd make a flying trip to New York and indulge in an orgy of shopping. That would require more than a week, of course, but it would be the most exciting and satisfying vacation I can think of.

NORMA SHEARER.—I'd like to spend a week somewhere in the snow. In California I miss the glorious winters of Canada, my birthplace. I love skiing, skating, and ice boating. Yes, I'd certainly like to spend a week's vacation in some northern clime for a change.

LILYAN TASHMAN.—I'd take my favorite modiste away on a week's vacation with me. Oh, wouldn't I have a gorgeous time! And when I returned to Hollywood from retirement I'd step out in a new gown every night.



Laura La Plante.

LAURA LA PLANTE.—I should like to take a flying trip down into Mexico. With the exception of one timid little venture a few miles across the line into Lower California, I have never been out of the United States, and I should like very much to visit Mexico City, which I am told is most picturesque. A week would hardly give me time for more than a day or two there, but even that would be worth while.

CLARA BOW.—I'd head straight for the seashore. It makes no difference, of course, in California, whether it's summer or winter. But I'd prefer it to be summer. I love to slip into a one-piece bathing suit, which doesn't impede swimming, and spend a whole day on the beach, lying under an umbrella on the sand, or striking out through the breakers. That is the most restful sort of holiday imaginable.

[Continued on page 106]

The Witch-ery of a Fan

Be it of feathers, gauze or paper, a fan in the hands of a lady speaks a language all its own.

Carmel Myers, left, achieves queenly dignity with her magnificent fan of ostrich plumes, while Jane Winton, right, gives hers a "come hither" tilt.



Dolores Costello, above, handles *Manon Lescaut's* trifle of spangled lace with the delicate air of long ago, conscious of her power to win hearts—or break them—with the rise or fall of a fan.



Renee Adoree, left, as the daughter of *Mr. Wu*, uses hers to emphasize the mystery of a Chinese maid's state of mind and heart.



Greta Garbo, right, employs her simple fan to express a mood of Scandinavian pensiveness. She is thinking, yes, but of what? Is it of you, or of your rival? Not even the fan can tell, but she knows.

H A V E A

C A M E L



Camels—created for enjoyment

THE people of this modern age are the busiest workers of all time. But they are wise enough to seek relaxation, and they place Camel first among cigarettes.

For Camel is the modern word for *enjoyment*. In your work and in your play, through busy days or restful evenings, Camel will answer your every mood.

The world's largest tobacco organization secures the best of everything for Camels. The choicest tobaccos grown.

Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

THE BIG PARADE OF STARS



The Flaming Star of the North!

NO motion picture actress has risen to stellar heights with such rapidity as Greta Garbo. This flaming star of the North captured her public in "The Torrent", thrilled them in "The Temptress" and with "Flesh And The Devil," she entrenched herself in their hearts as have few players in the film firmament. Here is one of the greatest actresses of our day. And in the course of the coming theatrical season, she will appear in three ambitious productions, made as only Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can make them. Watch Greta Garbo!

The Big Parade of Stars

JOHN GILBERT, NORMA SHEARER, MARION DAVIES
LON CHANEY, WILLIAM HAINES, RAMON NOVARRO
LILLIAN GISH, JACKIE COOGAN, KARL DANE
AND GEORGE K. ARTHUR, TIM McCOY
LEW CODY AND AILEEN PRINGLE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"



The big gun of the screen

★
**How Keen
a Movie Mind
Have You?**

Win one of these rare prizes!

THE motion picture is as much a part of modern life as the automobile or eating or sleeping. It isn't enough to see motion pictures. You ought to *know* something about them—and be able to talk intelligently about them.

For the best answers to my questions below from a man, I am going to give the handsome Chinese slippers I wore in "Mr. Wu". And Renee Adoree will present to the author of the best answers from a woman the stunning jade bracelets she wore in the same picture. Both winners will also receive \$50 in cash. And for the next 50 best sets of answers I will send my favorite portrait especially autographed.

Keen eyes and keen wits! Here's hoping you have them!

Lon Chaney

**Lon Chaney's
Six Questions!**

- 1 What is the meaning of "Metro"?
- 2 What M-G-M players will appear as starring teams next season and in what types of pictures?
- 3 What are the story subjects of "The Crowd"—"Slide Kelly Slide"—"Annie Laurie"—"Trail of '98"?
- 4 What M-G-M picture has contributed most to the uplift of motion picture standards—and how? (Not over 100 words).
- 5 What was the ancient Chinese ritual expounded in "Mr. Wu"?
- 6 Name the various sources from which M-G-M obtain their picture story material.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by August 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Ramon Novarro Contest of May

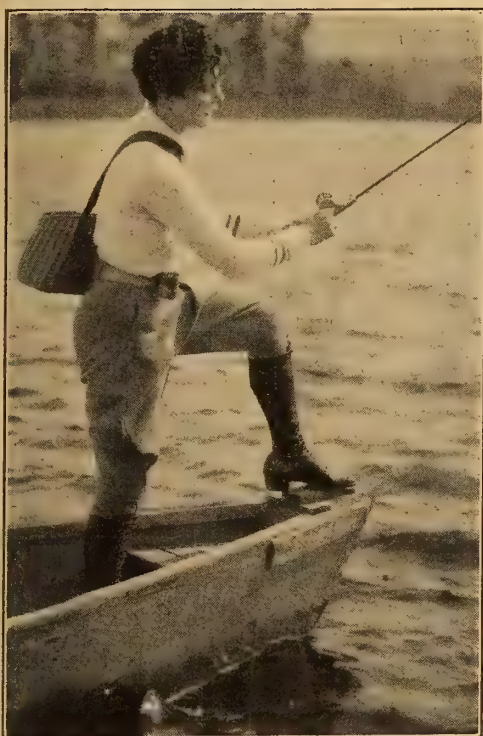
MISS GLADYS ANN WAGSTAFF
359-3rd Ave. Salt Lake City, Utah

GEORGE E. SHEWELL
473 West King Street York, Pa.

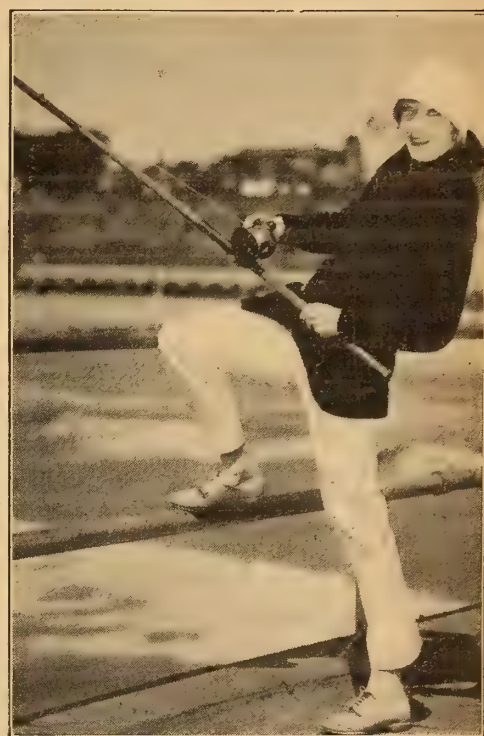
Autographed pictures of Ramon Novarro have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

Hook, Line and Sinker

The California fish are glad to swallow all three just to be caught by a movie star.



Leatrice Joy, above, is an expert with the rod and line. She has got a nibble and is gently coaxing it along.

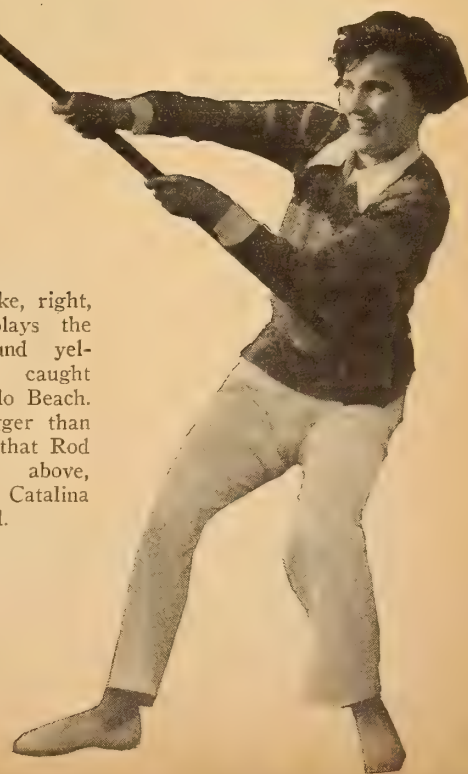


Gwen Lee, above, goes fishing from the pier at Santa Monica, but we have a hunch that there's something wrong with this picture. That rod doesn't look quite natural, somehow—we strongly suspect that Gwen is just posing.



If you want real sport, go trout fishing in the mountains with Louise Fazenda, left. And if you want a treat, be sure to hang around until after she has cooked her catch over the camp fire—Louise knows how.

Pauline Starke, right, proudly displays the forty-five-pound yellowtail she caught near Coronado Beach. It's even bigger than the whopper that Rod La Rocque, above, captured off Catalina Island.



Continued from page 64

Sapphire until nightfall, learn something about the later trains, engage a jitney to carry him to the station—having vetoed the thought of walking—and go his way, if not exactly rejoicing, at any rate in safety.

To avert another meeting with Amos, who would be sure to disrupt his plans at the last moment, Oscar disappeared into the friendly portals of the motion-picture theater, established himself comfortably in the darkest seat, and relaxed. The box-like auditorium was stuffy and exceedingly warm, the drama projected upon the screen flickered on reel by reel to the accompaniment of a jangling, self-playing piano. Neither the story nor the music appealed to the ex-Super-Apex artist; and presently he nodded; napped.

He awoke with a guilty start in time to witness the palpitating heroine completely surrounded by a triumphant hero. The maid was in tears and chiffon, the man in chaps, so Oscar decided, as he stumbled drowsily into the street, that he must have missed another powerful drama of the West.

A glance at the nearest clock showed him it was after five. By this time Lester Lavender had been met and motored out to location, suspecting not at all that a Mr. Whiffle, the hard-hitting delicatessen youth from La Belle, was in his immediate vicinity. And what the star did not know, Oscar moralized, would contribute greatly to his peace of mind.

From a jitney driver whose car bore a for-hire sign, the prospective traveler learned that a westbound train was scheduled to pass Sapphire at seven, so he made his arrangements accordingly, engaging the flivver for the first leg of the journey.

That done, Oscar strolled away, considering his plans well-laid and his excursion into the remote West virtually begun.

Turning into a side street, still on the alert to avoid a meeting with Amos Hortle, he collided with a girl, whose face was familiar, and whom he remembered having seen in company with Penelope—one of the extras on location.

The girl apparently recognized him at once, for she broke into an exclamation and clutched his arm. "Have you seen Miss Holt?" she inquired anxiously.

"Penny?" Oscar repeated. "You mean here in town?"

"She came in with me early this afternoon," the girl explained. "I left her at the telegraph office, where she was to send a wire. We agreed to meet here at the drug store at

four o'clock. It's after five now, and I haven't seen anything of her."

That Penny was in Sapphire was news to Oscar, disturbing news in the bargain; and that she apparently had vanished was even more alarming, for suddenly he recalled her behavior at noon, and the letter.

"The town isn't so big," he said. "She couldn't get lost. Nothing could very well happen to her, do you think?"

"Then where is she? Why hasn't she shown up? I'm frightened."

For all his trepidation, Oscar endeavored to remain outwardly calm.

"Oh, she'll show up," he declared. "Maybe she's shopping, and forgot to look at the time."

But the girl did not think so. "Penny acted so funny," she confessed. "There was something bothering her. I couldn't get her to tell me what it was. I wanted to wait for her at the telegraph office, but she insisted I go on. That's why I'm worried."

A most alarming premonition crept into Oscar's mind. That letter! Assuredly it was responsible!

"You'll help me look for her, won't you, Mr. Watt?" the girl begged.

"Of course," he volunteered promptly; but his heart sank. To find Penny would be to remain with her, unless he could think of an excuse to take him away alone. And that must be done. There should be no miscarriage of his plans to-night.

"Perhaps I'd better stay right here in case she shows up," the girl proposed. "You look about the town. I—I hope there hasn't been an accident—anything—"

"Nothing like that," Oscar broke in, hastening to reassure the girl. "Just a misunderstanding. I'll find her." He hesitated a moment before starting away. "Do you know who she sent the wire to?"

"I think it was to some one in Hollywood."

Oscar hurried off, his mind heavy with misgivings. Here was an unexpected problem confronting him. It threatened to upset his plans, imperil his safety. The situation was distressing. The element of uncertainty that now loomed, again plunged him into the depths.

There was a chance, it dawned upon him, that Penny deliberately was avoiding her companion, preferred to be alone. Perhaps she had sent the message and returned to location. Still, there was no way to verify this suspicion, unless one went back to DuVal's domain; and that, naturally enough, was a mission not for him to undertake.

For the better part of an hour

Oscar walked the streets, scanning the crowds and peering hopefully into the stores. But reward was denied him. At the telegraph office he learned a girl answering Penny's description had sent a wire early in the afternoon, and after paying for it, had left. What the message contained and to whom it was addressed were, of course, matters the clerk refused to discuss.

Disappointed, Oscar started back to join Penny's friend, buoyed by the hope, faint though it was, that the missing girl had put in a belated appearance. He approached the rendezvous expectantly and with a sudden determination in mind. If, from a distance, he beheld Penny, he would immediately retreat, avoiding further complications. That she was safe and unharmed would relieve his fears and put an end to his mission.

From a doorway on the opposite side of the street, he peered toward the drug store. He saw Penny's friend; but Penny herself was nowhere in sight. Facing the truth, Oscar was tempted to retrace his steps and vanish. Why not? It was wrong, of course, but he had himself to consider. He meant to be out of town within an hour; had to be. There would be any number of friends to look after Penny, to search for her in case she did not appear.

Oscar was wavering between right and wrong, between going forward and retreating, when some one prodded him in the back. He looked around with a gulp to confront that dread Nemesis, Amos Hortle. He groaned inwardly at this fresh predicament and cheerfully could have throttled the man. But since that deportment would have been highly indiscreet, especially as Amos was chief of police, the fugitive forced a sickly grin and addressed the interloper in a voice from the sepulcher.

"Hello, Amos," he said, endeavoring to look pleased. "Been looking for you."

"That so?" Amos returned. "Well, I been lookin' for you, too."

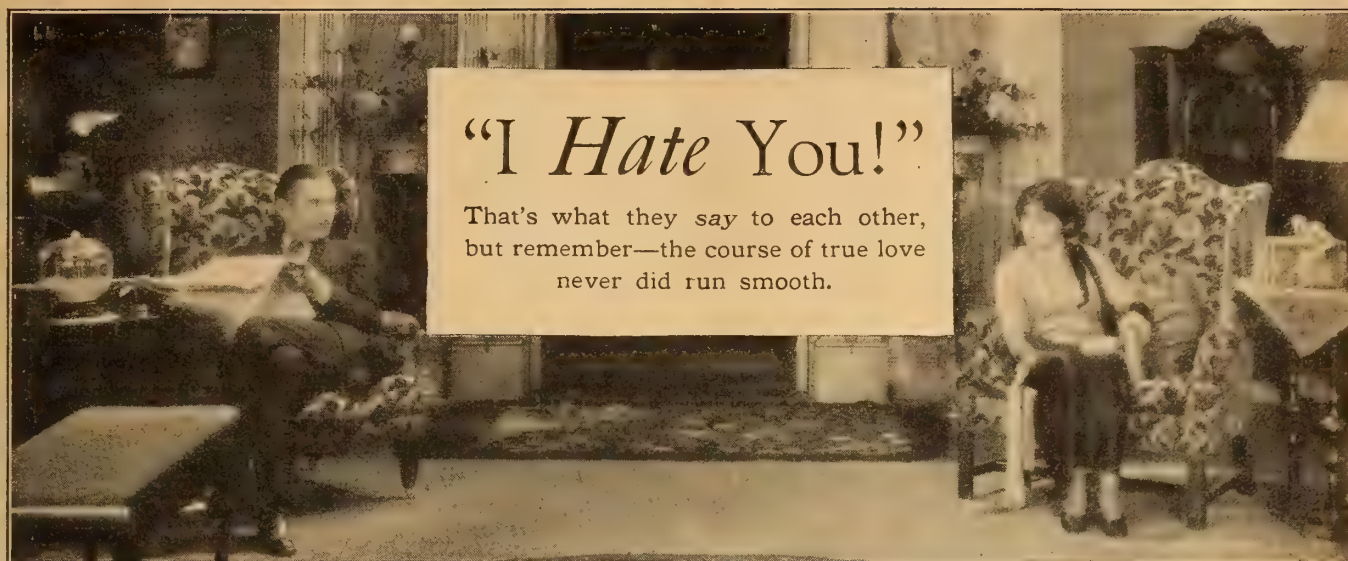
There was something undeniably grim and sinister in Mr. Hortle's tone, in the expression stamped upon his lean countenance; and interpreting them, Oscar felt the blood drain from his cheeks.

"For me?" he repeated faintly.

"Yep. Been lookin' for you." The chief of police thrust a hand into his coat pocket. "I got a warrant here—"

But that was all Oscar heard, all that he cared to hear, all that was necessary for him to listen to. Panic

Continued on page 94



"I Hate You!"

That's what they say to each other, but remember—the course of true love never did run smooth.

Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, in "Adam and Evil," above, have sworn never to speak to each other again, but don't you believe it!

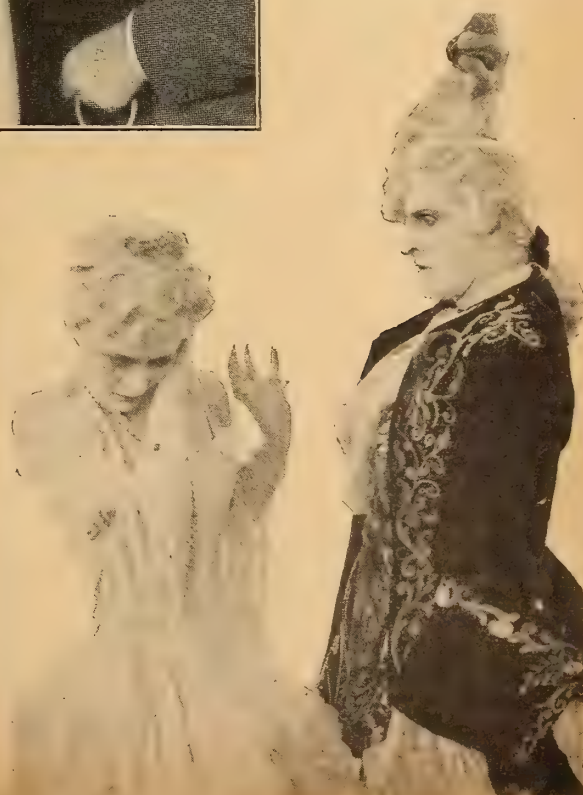


Above, Lloyd Hughes and Mae Murray bitterly denounce each other in "Valencia." Below, Lilyan Tashman and Clive Brook declare war in "For Alimony Only."



William Haines, left, tells his girl friend, Sally O'Neil, exactly where to get off, in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," but every one knows that Bill can't look as fierce as that for very long at a time.

Below, a quarrel between the lovers, *Des Grieux* and *Manon Lescaut*—John Barrymore and Dolores Costello—in "When a Man Loves," reaches a point of violence.



Continued from page 92

clutched his heart and galvanized his limbs. As swiftly, silently, as a picture thrown upon a screen, he vanished; fled down the street like a rabbit one jump ahead of the hounds.

It had come! The dread summons had sounded! Now, of all times, when in another hour he might have been remote from danger. Amos had heard the news from La Belle; had a warrant for Oscar's arrest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENNY'S PAST.

Up one street, down another, doubling back on his trail, slipping warily into a crowded store, stealing from a rear exit, the fugitive and fictitious Mr. Watt, with the mark of doom upon him, crouched at last behind a pile of boxes in some strange and distant alley. He was faint, breathless, thoroughly wretched, yet touched with a hope that he had succeeded in outwitting, outrunning pursuit.

Just one thing was uppermost in his tortured, agitated mind: escape! Immediate escape, at any price, in any direction. The desert held no terrors for him now; he would welcome the solitude and safety of the vast open spaces. Amos Hortle was not to serve that warrant! Not while he had breath in his body, the power to move his limbs. That much was certain.

The calamitous day was drawing swiftly to a close. Already a veil of twilight was about—a soft, clinging haze of purple and jade and pearl, shot through with threads of gold; but Oscar had no eyes for the sunset color palette. Soon, however, darkness would descend, and aided by the friendly shadows he would reach the station—leave Sapphire behind forever.

In a little while, his breathing less labored, quieted by the prolonged silence, Oscar crept stealthily from the alley, hugging the deeper shadows. He was uncertain of the neighborhood, confused by his unfamiliar surroundings.

Then suddenly, as he tiptoed around a corner, glancing back over his shoulder to detect possible pursuit, he ran into a pair of arms. The arms seized and held him; and the next instant, in the faint light of the open street, he again found himself staring into the level, menacing eyes of Amos Hortle.

Trapped! Done for. Escape was not for him. Amos had trailed and caught him. Fear paralyzed his limbs; he stood dumb and transfixed;

helpless. And presently, aware that he was in the clutch of the law and to resist would be to invite a bullet, Oscar surrendered.

"Say, what the hell——" Amos broke forth, his fingers tightening upon Oscar's shoulder. "You crazy?"

Oscar swayed, telling himself he must be brave; submissively held out his hands. Let Amos snap on the manacles. It didn't matter; nothing mattered now, except to have the bitter scene over with.

"Sufferin' snakes!" Hortle exclaimed, backing off a step to survey his companion. "What in thunder's the matter with you?"

It seemed to Oscar, whose vision was dim and distorted, that Amos was reaching for his revolver.

"Don't! Spare me that," he begged. "You don't need to pull a gun on me, Amos. I'm finished. You got me."

"Got you? The devil I have! I'll be eternally damned if I can get you, Oscar. You've gone nutty. Say, would you mind comin' to your senses and tellin' me what this is all about?"

"All about?" Oscar murmured. "Why, the warrant," he said unflinchingly. "You told me——"

"Sure I told you," Amos broke in. "Anyway, I started to tell you about it when you shot off like a mad dog was at your heels. I been lookin' for you, figurin' you might be in town. You see," he went on, "I had a warrant for the arrest of a girl; served it and locked her up. She's connected with your picture troupe—an actress. She didn't want to do much talkin' but I managed to get it out of her she knew you. So that's——"

"A girl! Arrested her!" Oscar came to himself with a start. The warrant was not for him. It was for a girl—a girl who knew him! The truth brought a torrent of words from his lips. "When did you do this? Why? What's the girl's name?"

Amos backed off another step. "Hold on now! You goin' into another fit? I'd like to know what else——"

"What's her name?" Oscar repeated. "Is it Miss Holt?"

"Sure; that's the name. Penelope Holt. Know her?"

"Of course I do." Oscar's wearied mind was grappling with a new and bewildering situation. "What have you done to her? Put her in jail? Have you done that, Amos?"

"Well, I'm holdin' her," the other admitted, warily surveying his agitated companion. "Holdin' her till I get some more advice from Hollywood. I have to do that."

"What's she done?"

"Beat a landlord out of a room and board."

"Oh, is that all?" Oscar felt immeasurably relieved.

"Well, it ain't a petty offense," Hortle stated. "Jumpin' board bills can get you in a tight fix out in this section. A lot different from ordinary debts, you know."

Oscar didn't know, but at once grew resentful. Penny arrested, jailed like a criminal! It was outrageous, unspeakable; and he told Amos as much.

"Can't help it," the other declared. "The law——"

"You can let me see Miss Holt, can't you?"

"Sure; if you think you're all right," Hortle returned. "Don't begin any more foolishness or cavortin', or by gravy I'll lock you up, too! What ailed you? Why'd you dash off a while ago? What was you tryin' to do just now when you bumped into me?"

"I—I was trying to catch a man," Oscar told him. "A man I've had trouble with." He decided to bring up the Kirk affair, if necessary, to allay Hortle's suspicions. "Besides," he added, as if to account for his singular behavior, "I've been sort of—of queer ever since last night. I guess that stuff you had——"

"Powerful, wasn't it?" Amos broke in, grinning. Apparently Oscar's alibi satisfied him, sounded convincing. "It sure put me under for a spell. Come along, and we'll talk with the girl. Maybe you can get some news out of her; I ain't been able to."

"How did you find her?" Oscar inquired, as the man started away.

"Just lucky. I had a wire to arrest her this mornin', and just when I was startin' off to the picture town, I went in the telegraph office a minute to see if there was any more messages for me—and there the girl stood. I figured right away she was a movie actress, so I asked her name. That's all there was to it. Saved me makin' the trip."

Contrary to Oscar's expectations, Penny was not confined in a cell, nor was she behind bars. He found the girl sitting in a little room back of what Amos designated as police headquarters, looking rather forlorn and depressed. And she did not brighten perceptibly when Mr. Watt, as she knew him, appeared on the scene.

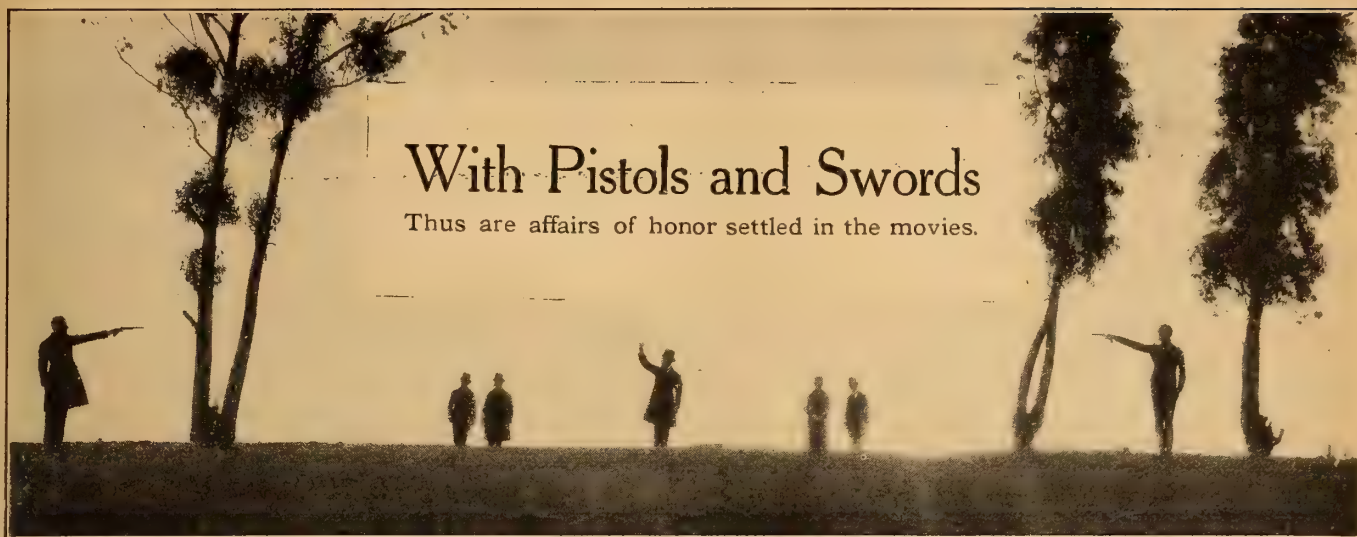
"Penny!" he exclaimed. "What's this all about? Why didn't you let me know this morning?"

"I try to keep my troubles to myself," Penny responded. "Certainly I wasn't going to air them to you,

Continued on page 107

With Pistols and Swords

Thus are affairs of honor settled in the movies.

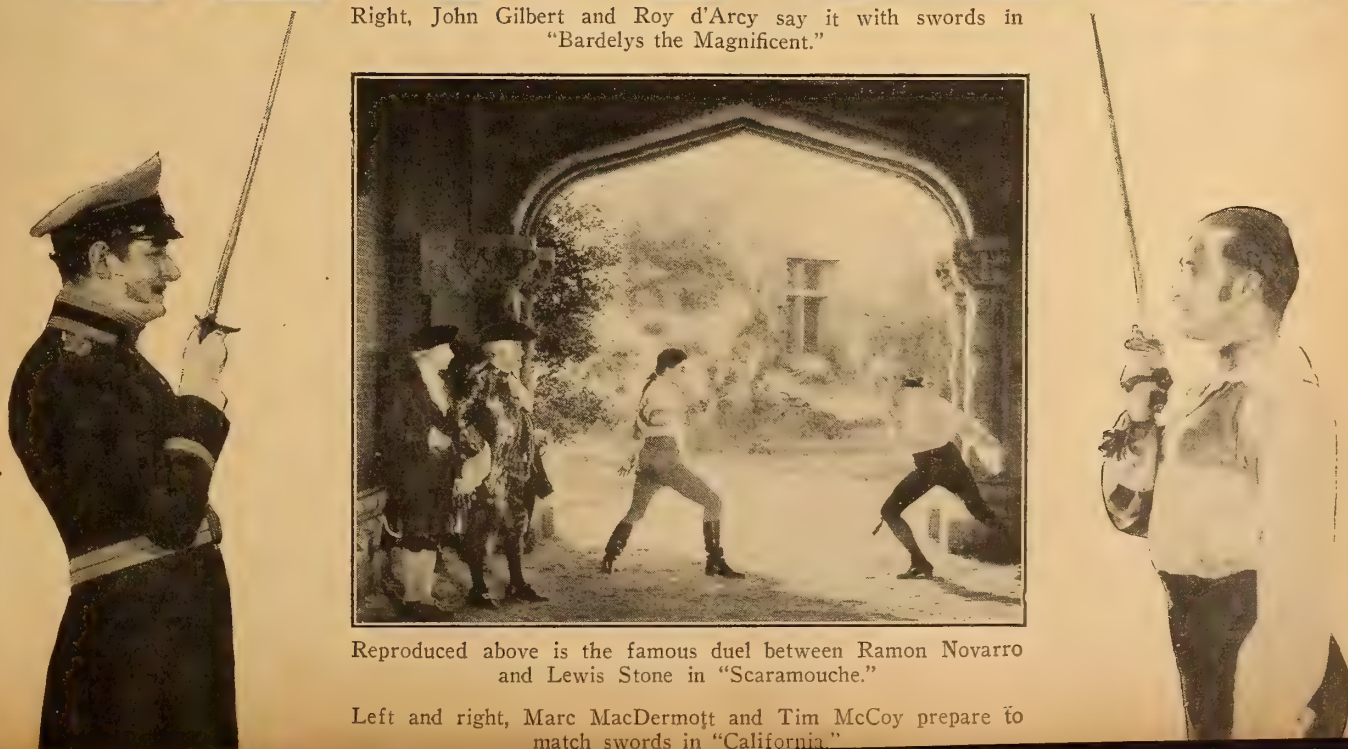


Above, Marc MacDermott and John Gilbert take aim at each other in "Flesh and the Devil."



In "Lovers," John Miljan and Ramon Novarro were driven by malicious gossip to their fatal duel with the foils.

Right, John Gilbert and Roy d'Arcy say it with swords in "Bardelys the Magnificent."



Reproduced above is the famous duel between Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone in "Scaramouche."

Left and right, Marc MacDermott and Tim McCoy prepare to match swords in "California."

Patsy Ruth Flares Up

Continued from page 43

have three children. Now, I suppose, you've decided definitely to go on making hook rugs for the rest of your life."

She sighed, elaborately. "I get no credit for economy. It's sad; the way my talents are unappreciated. And I *do* wish you would try to acquire the art of politeness. I've decided to be a director."

Sitting back on her heels, eyes squinted at what might possibly develop into a hook rug, she shut her lips very firmly. I gasped. Had she said running an engine, turning pagan, eloping with the postman, or any such folly, I should not have been surprised. It seems, however, there is no limit to that girl's imagination. It often strikes me dumb in amazed admiration.

At that, she may, if she doesn't change her mind. Nothing Pat would do would seem unusual, for she never does the customary thing; it would be exceptional for her to be trite.

"First, I'm going to travel. Europe, the Orient, everywhere—people, life!" Widely flung arms embraced, figuratively, the world. With a keen brain she grasps knowledge greedily, assimilates it, and now is learning to shuffle it about. "I read and read, and have absorbed others' thoughts; in the past two years I have realized that I have a brain, and I'm getting a kick out of using it, analyzing, and thinking for myself. I want to make my life constructive and to have fun while doing so. I want to know *everything*, and to be broad and tolerant. I *hate* narrow people—"

"Hating is the perfection of tolerance!"

"Give me time, can't you? I've not graduated yet. Seriously, though, I believe these contacts with writers have taught me a lot. At first, that was my reason for cultivating

authors. I knew vaguely that they had something I wanted, that would be of value to me. I wanted to get out of the picture rut, away from the little circle whose only conversation is pictures; and these men had achievements to their credit. They are *thinkers*.

"Selfish, my first motive. My second was of such a self-sacrificing and altruistic nature that it surprised even *me*. I found so many of them unappreciated by the studios that had brought them out, with a flourish, to write stories, and then had ignored them except to use their names, that I determined to devote the rest of my life to cheering poor, misunderstood writer men."

Poor, misunderstood writer men like Ben Hecht, Robert Benchley, Edwin Justus Mayer, Patrick Kearney, Donald Ogden Stewart!

I've seen the tallest brows furrowed over her frowns—men whose caustic wit and critical satire have caused them to be held as little tin gods in the writers' world, swarming about her while an older, more intellectual woman was ignored. It is not only her vibrant, exultant youth which spins into popularity; it is more her penetrating wit, the humor that she tosses off in pertinent sallies, and the *way* she says things.

Ben Hecht, his villainous pipe clenched between his teeth, sat on a cushion at her feet all one evening, roaring at her quips. Pat doesn't wise-crack—she is too clever. She doesn't repeat *mots* of the moment; she coins them.

"How," I asked her, "do you manage to grab off all the celebrities? A famous author arrives from the East and the next evening you are at the theater with him. Do you meet the trains?"

That she refused disdainfully to answer, but admitted slyly, "It's my maternal quality."

Incidentally, the presence of so

many writers at dinners at the Miller home has bred in the Filipino cook startling literary ambitions, which he gives vent to by spelling out sentiments on the pastry.

"We never know what to expect," Pat said. "You may get a cake with a candied greeting, 'You are the love of my soul,' or an articulate pie saying, 'Art is the quintessence of imagination.' That cook's talent will come in handy when we've duty guests; next time I'm going to slip him the word and have him put, 'So sorry you can't come again!' on everything from steak—well, he can spell it in onions, can't he?—to dessert!"

My cookies were adorned with a cordial "Adieu!" but I failed to take the hint, laying it at Pat's door.

"A mere *contretemps*, *chère amie*. My accent *might* be improved, mightn't it?"

It may interest Pat's fans to know that she isn't going to fall in love any more, she says. So often was her name linked with one after another, that George Jessel got off his famous line last year that "a ticket West includes a stop-over at the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller."

In "The First Auto," her last picture for the Warners, she supports a parade of antiquated horseless carriages. It is really a romance of the gas filly, with Pat in bouffant skirts and leg-o'-mutton sleeves adding the so-called feminine interest.

"I've played it for comedy," she winked. "I'm in the mood. Besides, one look at me in the antediluvian costumes would turn the best intentions. I reveled in the chance to show the world what a small waist I have, holding my arms akimbo in every scene."

There isn't any more to say about Pat just now, except that when I phoned later I learned that the hook rug had had a relapse.

The Stroller

Continued from page 23

take a flying trip to New York, to be gone long enough to see the opening of 'Cradle Snatchers,' but she had too much production in Hollywood."

"Reginald Barker was besieged with requests to direct Easter pageants in the smaller communities surrounding Los Angeles."

"The flapper find of the century." That is how exhibitors have characterized Alice White."

"One of the eccentricities of John Litel, leading man at the Morosco Theater, is that he always insists upon being paid his salary in gold."

"It is declared a fact that Lilyan Tashman cannot smoke a cigarette without serious inconvenience to her system, and that she has never played a rôle in pictures that did not require her to smoke one. Because of this, Miss Tashman hit upon the idea of having corn-silk cigarettes made for her."

The number of persons who came over in the *Mayflower* is rivaled by the size of the troupe which brought Charlie Chaplin to America and film fame.

Chaplin originally came to this country with an English company playing the skit, "A Night In a London Music Hall," in vaudeville. No great amount of distinction was attached to membership in the company until Chaplin became famous on the screen.

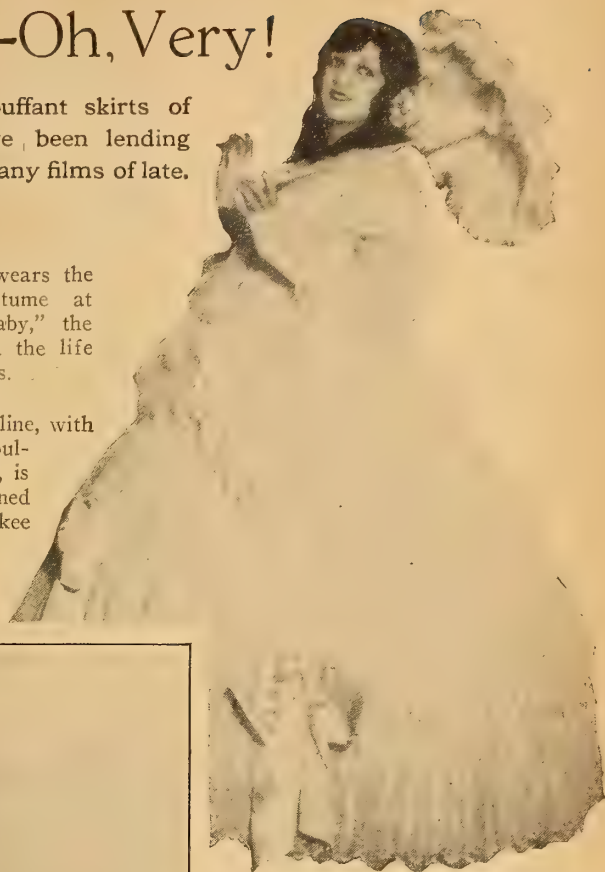
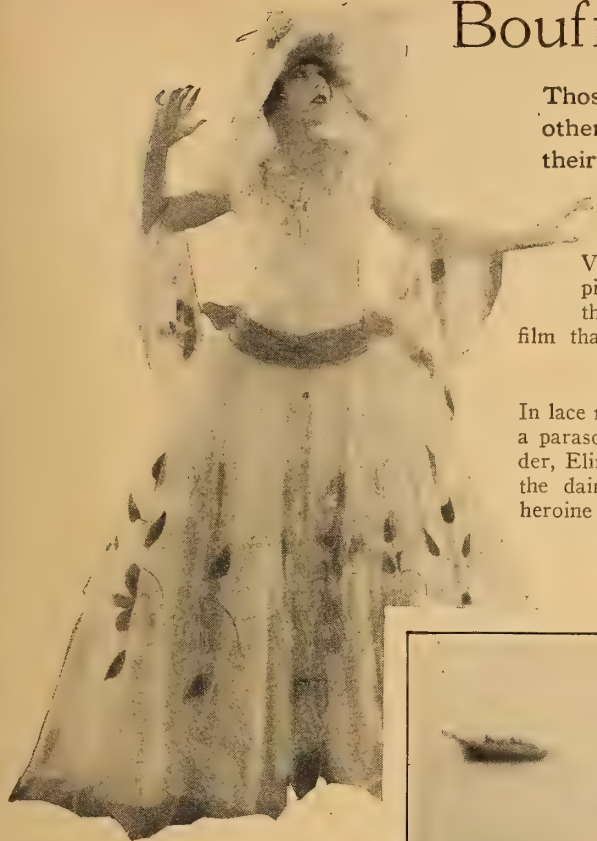
Now one can't toss a brickbat down Hollywood Boulevard without hitting at least one man who insists that he also was a member of the troupe. They outnumber even the "Follies" girls in Hollywood, and the "original" members of the "Floradora" sextette.

Bouffant—Oh, Very!

Those lovely bouffant skirts of other years have been lending their charm to many films of late.

Virginia Valli wears the picturesque costume at the left in "Gaby," the film that is based on the life of Gaby Deslys.

In lace mitts and crinoline, with a parasol over her shoulder, Elinor Fair, right, is the dainty, old-fashioned heroine of "The Yankee Clipper."



Dolores Costello, below, could hide several men and a few other things behind the billowy skirts of *Manon Lescaut* in "When a Man Loves."



Marceline Day, above, is a beruffled New England maid in "Captain Salvation."

It meant something in the old days for a man to take a "skirt" out, only ladies then were never, *never* referred to in any such irreverent fashion! Jane Winton, below, tries on a hoop skirt just for the fun of it.



Must a Star Be Self-centered?

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have a definite superstition about Norma's stage fright.

Just before beginning a new picture, Norma, having read the script, appears at the studio and tells them that she cannot possibly play the part to which she has been assigned. She does not want to make a failure, she tells them, tearfully, and she is sure she cannot do it. Will they please excuse her? There are sobs and protests and reassurances. She is so frightened the first day that often those shots have all to be destroyed.

Then she snaps into it, and work goes on. At the studio, they say she has always done this, and that if she should ever fail to do it, they would have grave doubts about the success of the picture.

"That is ego, too, I suppose," she said, discussing this. "Because, while we know, within ourselves, what power we have, still we are painfully conscious of our limitations, too. And sometimes that consciousness gets the better of us. We want so terribly to do well—to do better than our best!

"But it is rehearsals that get me! It is so informal, rehearsing on the set. There are people all around you, watching and chatting and moving here and there on various errands. It is exactly as if you were at some informal gathering of both friends and strangers, and some one told you suddenly to act. I cannot take it seriously, somehow. I feel silly.

"But when the camera begins to grind and I know the picture is being made, then I forget all that, and do my best. It is as if the eyes of all the thousands who will see the picture were upon me. All my self-consciousness flees the moment I hear the director call 'Camera!'

"Then there is that thing called temperament," she went on. "You know, when an actress exhibits any personal peculiarities, particularly if they are unpleasant ones, folks say at once that she is 'being temperamental.' I used to think I hadn't any of it. But lately it has begun to bother me to have too many people standing about the set when I am working.

"The other day I had a difficult scene to do, and there were some visitors standing by. I told some one to ask them not to watch. They were annoyed, and afterward Lew Cody said to me, 'Norma, you are going to get yourself in very wrong, doing things like that. People don't like it.'

"But," I said, 'I am trying to do my best, and if I cannot do it with people looking on, isn't it my duty to myself and to the company to ask them not to gaze at me?'

"It is your duty to yourself and the company to overcome that state of mind," he told me.

"I think he is right. So I have to consider my state of mind again, and try to be sensible. I have to learn to concentrate upon what I am doing, no matter what happens. And I have to be able to do my best under any circumstances. It is, I suppose, a matter of self-discipline."

She interrupted herself to say, "Don't you like my suite?" She was staying, at the time, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, her mother being in a hospital, convalescing from an operation.

I agreed that it was a very beautiful suite, its windows framing wooded California hills, all rosy at the moment with reflections of late afternoon sunlight.

"I was a bit dashed when I found what it was going to cost me," she remarked. "But I decided it was

better to come here while mother was away than to keep the house open just for myself. And, having decided that, I just settled down to enjoy being extravagant for a time. Don't you enjoy doing things you really can't afford, every now and then?"

A very human and feminine person, this Norma, despite her analytical and businesslike strain.

"But it is difficult, in a way, to live in a hotel," she added. "Somebody is almost sure to recognize you. Not that I mind that in the least—but I am so afraid of disappointing them! It is a terrific responsibility, this glamour thing. It is, of course, the business of motion pictures to create glamour. And we create glamour in the minds of fans not only in pictures, but about ourselves.

"There are, for instance, some of the sweetest old ladies living here. And they know who I am—have seen me on the screen. I wouldn't for the world do anything to shock or displease them in the least degree. And, you know, they really expect more of us than they would of ordinary girls! I try to be so demure, so quiet, and so well-behaved. I'm almost afraid to laugh in the lobby!

"Even in such tiny matters as these, we must watch ourselves."

All business is Norma—a keen showman, concerned with every detail of her job. But the glint of humor, the giggle that insists upon welling up at unexpected moments the feminine love of extravagance, clothes, luxury, gayety, these things save her from any charge of too much hardness.

She will go far if grim determination, application, and study, coupled with the innate assurance of her own ability, count for anything.

But I do hope she will never lose the giggle!

I Knew Them as Extras

Continued from page 29

York Philharmonic. Through the dark, empty spaces of Carnegie Hall she used to wander happily, while symphonies were rehearsed gradually to perfection.

She traveled through Europe with her mother, drinking in the beauty of its music and art. Then, back to New York and into a finishing school to become a young lady. This proved a rather boring process, and Ann was glad when it was over and she could start thinking about becoming a movie actress.

She and her mother came West. Because she was so individual, Ann

King Vidor discovered her first, then Marshall Neilan saw her possibilities. Both directors made a habit of employing her for interesting bits. She was still technically an extra, but she was the sort of extra that is called only for very stylish sets, requiring clothes and a manner. Even in those obscure days, office boys were impressed by her and assistant directors called her *Miss Hellar*.

The feminine lead in a Western for an independent company did not materially improve her professional status. She again lapsed into extra work. Then Marshall Neilan gave her the part of Betty Bronson's

of "Everybody's Acting." There followed another period of bits and extra work, until Paramount, suddenly realizing that she looked like a good bet, signed her on a five-year contract.

She was assigned to play opposite Raymond Griffith in "Wedding Bills." She acquitted herself so well in that film that she was cast as Emil Jannings' daughter in "The Way of All Flesh."

With judicious handling, Ann should certainly get ahead. At any rate, she is something different in the way of an actress—and very charming.



Ho, for the Open Road!

When the Christie girls go on a lark, they are likely to play at being princesses or hobos.



Rose Lane, Gail Lloyd, and Edna Marian, above, discover that the place to get real home cooking is far away from their favorite delicatessen.

Edna Marian, left, in her rôle of *Happy Hooligan, Jr.*, discovers that walking the rails is a good way to train for a circus film.

At the right, she experiences the peril of nearly being caught, arrested, and sent back to the studio to work out her sentence.



ent pleasure
chute they found

Continued from page 68

Billie's Birthday Party.

Just how popular Billie Dove is in the film colony was evidenced by the host of guests who turned out for her birthday party not long ago. Her home was literally deluged with flowers for the occasion, and Billie made a very attractive hostess.

In honor of her birthday, Billie gave her husband, Irvin Willat, a beautiful, colored miniature of herself. It is getting to be the fashion in Hollywood to give gifts rather than to receive them on your birthday.

The Pickford-Miller Divorce.

Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller have finally agreed to disagree. They are to be divorced. It wasn't unexpected. They tried separation first, thinking that they might later come together again. But they have evidently reached the conclusion that they simply weren't meant for each other, and are seeking a Paris divorce.

Jack and Marilyn were married about four years ago at "Pickfair," the home of Mary and Doug, and the wedding was quite a social event.

It has been reported that Jack and Bebe Daniels may some day get married, as they have been devoted friends for the past year or so.

Hollywood High Lights**The Death of Lon Chaney's Father.**

Lon Chaney's father passed away not long ago, and it was a sad blow to the popular film actor. Chaney at the time was on a personal-appearance trip, in connection with the showing of "Mr. Wu," and had to make a hurried return home to reach his parent's bedside before his death.

The funeral services were private, and were conducted in the deaf-mute language, as Mr. Chaney's father had been a deaf-mute.

An Unexpected Engagement.

John Miljan, who plays character parts and villains in pictures, is engaged to Creighton Hale's former wife.

Mrs. Hale secured her final decree of divorce about six or seven months ago.

Mr. Miljan and Mrs. Hale have long been friends, but few suspected that they were seriously interested in each other until the formal announcement of their engagement was made.

H. B. Warner's Next Role.

It is probable that H. B. Warner will play the rôle of *Sorrell, Sr.*, in "Sorrell and Son," which is considered one of the most important of the forthcoming pictures. This should offer him unusual opportunities for characterization.

A Gorgeous Première.

The opening of Grauman's new Chinese Theater with the première of "The King of Kings" was without question one of the most brilliant events that has ever occurred in Hollywood. There wasn't a star in filmland who was not present.

D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, Mary Pickford, and Will H. Hays, were among those who took part in the dedication ceremonies. Mary made the dedicatory speech, and then pressed a button, which rang a bell signaling the start of the show. D. W. Griffith proved himself to be a dynamic master of ceremonies, and introduced De Mille with an enthusiastic tribute.

The Chinese Theater promises to become an even more famous institution than Grauman's Egyptian, which has long been one of the supreme attractions of the film colony. The Chinese is much larger and more beautiful than the Egyptian.

The crowd that gathered on the street on the opening night to see the stars pass in their limousines was the largest ever assembled for such an event. It required as much as an hour for the limousines of some of the directors and players to progress just a few blocks, and the show did not actually begin until nearly ten o'clock.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 57

months later was employed with a Nazimova company as script holder. Still later she became a film cutter.

Though these titles may mean little or nothing in print, they represented steady advancement for young Miss Arzner. She had a hand in such productions as "Blood and Sand," "The Covered Wagon," and more recently, "Old Ironsides."

Her ambition, however, was to become a director, and eventually the Paramount executives began to pay some attention to her plea to be given a chance in the directorial field. The ability she had already demonstrated in other lines went far to persuade them to grant her wish. She had almost given up hope, however, when one day, quite to her surprise, she was called into

the "front office" and told that she had been assigned to direct "Fashions for Women." And now that that has been completed and released, she is at work on "Ten Modern Commandments."

Miss Arzner is very keen and serious-minded, and has marked executive ability. She has a very creditable past behind her, and should have a glowing future ahead of her.

Movie Shows at Home

WE'VE heard about the postman who on his day off goes on a hiking trip, and also of the taxi driver who goes for a bus ride during his hours of recreation, so it oughtn't to be surprising to learn that the screen folk derive much of their entertainment from looking at pictures.

But instead of going downtown to the local theaters, as you and I do, many of them have miniature theaters in their own homes. Two or three nights a week will find a group of relatives and friends assembled to watch the latest film of their host or

hostess, or some other pictures of especial interest. The films are obtained at a nominal rental from the various studios.

These theaters range all the way from perfectly appointed vestpocket replicas of big commercial theaters to portable projection machines which can be moved at will from room to room and flash their films on an accompanying portable board.

There are some forty of these private machines and projection rooms in the picture colony, but the number is increasing constantly as the plans for most of the new homes display a

much care in the arrangement and position of the projection room as of the breakfast nook.

Among the most enthusiastic of Hollywood's projectionists are Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Lewis Stone, Reginald Denny, Alexander Carr, Doug and Mary, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, Antonio Moreno, Theodore Roberts, Douglas MacLean, Harry Carey, Tom Mix, May McAvoy, Harold Lloyd, Jack Holt, Syd Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Noah Beery, Kathlyn Williams and her husband Charles Eyton, Betty Compson and James Cruze.

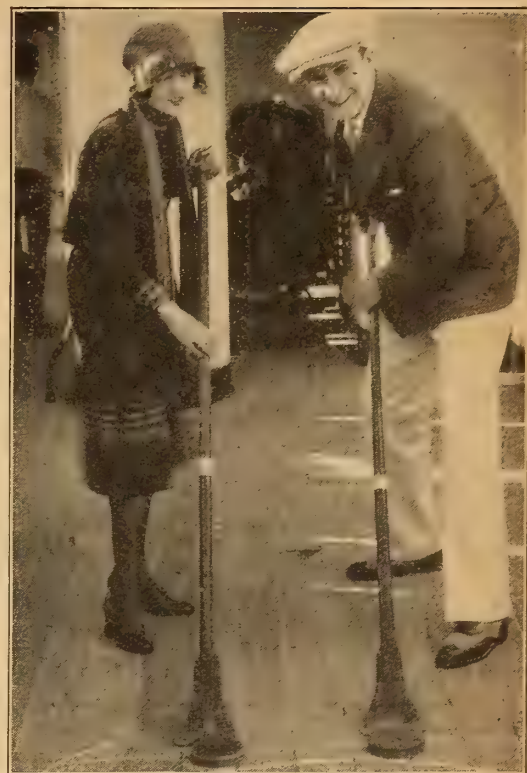
On Location with the Stars

They find plenty of ways of amusing themselves on their trips away from the studios.



What small boy could resist a perfectly good chance to learn all about ropes and knots from a real sailor? Not Junior Coghlan—on board the *Yankee Clipper*, above, he persuaded one of the tars to teach him all the tricks.

Myrna Loy and Monte Blue, right, did not let time hang heavily on their hands between their shipboard scenes for "Bitter Apples." Like true ocean voyagers, they spent their idle moments playing shuffleboard.



Above, Tim McCoy and Dorothy Phillips have a camp-fire luncheon on location.



To the right of them, Natalie Kingston varies the monotony of the desert with a game of solitaire.



Left, Bessie Love, while making some rural scenes for a recent film, discovers that throwing horseshoes is great sport.

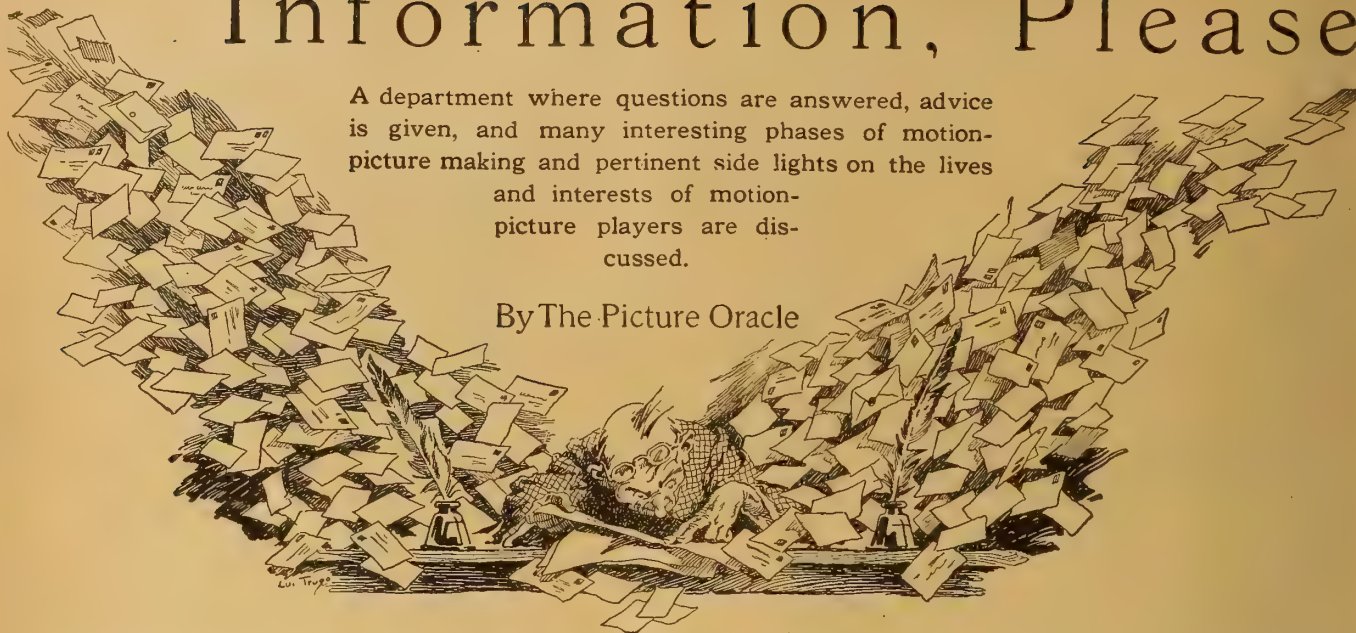


Right, Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford enjoy a little innocent pleasure shooting a chute they found near their location.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



ELEANORE.—Thanks for those three cheers. My collection of cheers is growing quite large—they come in handy on a gloomy day. Madge Evans, the child actress grown up, played opposite Barthelmess in "Classmates." Charles de Roche played opposite Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans-Gêne." Emil Drain played *Napoleon* in that film. The cast was almost entirely French. Arlette Marchal, who has since been featured in American films, played *Queen Caroline*, and Warwick Ward, the English actor who was featured in "Variety," played *Neipperg*. Yes, Sally O'Neil was born in New Jersey—in Bayonne. Her real name is Chotsy Noonan.

WINNIPEG WESTMAN.—You and I have something in common. You always read this department—so you say—and I always write it. Lya de Putti has been making several pictures for Universal. Write her at Universal City, California. Barry Norton is a Fox player. "Faust" was made at the Ufa studio in Berlin, Germany. Members of its cast should be addressed there—except any, such as Emil Jannings, who may have come to this country. Ricardo Cortez is about twenty-eight years old. Raymond Keane is an American, the son of a Denver jeweler named Kortz. Elaine Hammerstein still works in pictures occasionally, but has no permanent studio address.

A FAN.—You'd have the movies just full of relatives, wouldn't you—sisters, cousins, and aunts? Alice Joyce is not related to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, nor are Esther and Jobyna Ralston relatives. Ralph Forbes is an English actor who came to America with an English stage production of "Havoc." After appearing in several other plays over here, he was recruited to the movies and given the rôle of John in "Beau Geste." He is married to Ruth Chatterton, the well-known stage actress. Mary Brian was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1908. A few years ago, her family moved to Los Angeles, where she won a beauty contest and her first film rôle—Wendy in "Peter Pan."

BETTY BROWN.—Well, Brown Betty is my favorite dessert. Yes, Rex Lease has signed a long contract with F. B. O., but I've no idea what his salary is. F. B. O. seldom pays as much as a thousand a week, however. The Eastern office of the com-

pany was unable to tell me where Rex was born. No, he isn't married.

A LLOYD HUGHES FAN.—And a very curious one, too, I should say! Lloyd's latest picture is "The Stolen Bride." He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897, and grew up in Los Angeles. He has played in pictures since about 1917. He is six feet tall, and is blond. He is married to Gloria Hope. They have a baby son, born last October. Mary Pickford's next film, "My Best Girl," is about a girl in a five-and-ten-cent store. Bebe Daniels' next is "Swim, Girl, Swim." Laura La Plante's is "Silk Stockings." Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1895. He is five feet nine inches. John Gilbert is five feet eleven inches. He was born July 10, 1895. Richard Barthelmess' birth date was May 9, 1895. He is five feet seven inches. Ramon Novarro is an inch taller. Ramon was born February 6, 1899. Yakima Canutt was born November 29, 1896. Rod La Rocque is six feet three inches. Ronald Colman, five feet eleven inches. Joseph Schildkraut, about the same. I don't know the birthdays of those three. William Haines and Conrad Nagel are both six feet tall. Bill's birthday was January 1, 1900, and Conrad's, March 16, 1897. The addresses you want are in the list at the end of this department.

HELEN DE FORREST.—I'm sure you must be a new reader, or you'd know that answers cannot appear in the "next issue." Jackie Coogan was the jockey in "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut." He lives at 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles. Vilma Banky doesn't give her home address. She is with United Artists—address in the list at the end of this department.

JACK S. MILLEN.—Well, Jack, I'm afraid you're just out of luck, trying to break into movies in New York. I suppose you read of the recent transference of practically all film production to the West Coast. A few films are made, however, at the Cosmopolitan Studio, at One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street and Second Avenue, and at the Fox studio.

MISS ANNABELLE CORBETT.—I should say Richard Talmadge has been injured during his film career! He broke his neck some years ago, and almost died. He does not use a double. Richard's real name is Richard Metzger. He is about thirty and

is unmarried. He hasn't announced his next film. Ben Lyon has a brother named Ed, who is in the insurance business. He has no brother in vaudeville.

MARMONT ADMIRER.—Not even a nice letter like yours can be answered in the "next issue." Letters are answered in the order in which they are received, and there is quite a waiting list. Percy Marmont is English. He has been married about thirteen years and has two daughters, Patricia and Pamela, aged five and three. Ralph Forbes is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. His pictures include "Beau Geste," "Tillie, the Toiler," "Body and Soul," and "The Trail of '98."

FOREIGNER.—Of course I wouldn't throw a foreign fan out in the cold. I can't throw very accurately, anyhow. William Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He isn't married. Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn studio for his picture. It was William Boyd who played the lead in "The Volga Boatman"—he does resemble Bill Haines slightly, doesn't he?

BELLE OLIVE WETHERBY.—Yes, indeed, I get many letters from Canada. In fact, I'm beginning to suspect that Canadians must spend all their spare time writing letters. I'm sorry, but I can't find any one who has ever heard of Ruth Wilbur.

BLONDIE, BRUNETTE.—Are you two people, or only one who hasn't made up her mind? You're right about William Haines. He has been on the screen since about 1922, when he and Eleanor Boardman were both signed by Goldwyn in a "new faces" contest. But he didn't get worth-while parts for several years. Clara Bow isn't married. Alma Rubens is Ricardo Cortez's first wife, but she has been married several times. Ronald Colman is separated from his wife, Thelma Ray. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are engaged, and may be married before this gets into print. Natacha Rambova's fame was first established as a designer of costumes and sets, rather than as an actress. She starred a year or so ago in an F. B. O. film called "When Love Grows Cold," but she does not screen well. She appeared on the New York stage during the past season in "Set a Thief." Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie. Lillian is not married. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Michigan, and went to school in Tampa, Flor-

Continued on page 118

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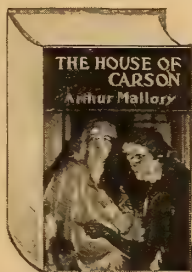
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Here is a man fighting his way back to an honorable position in society. Most men's hands are against him; he has a few loyal friends. His heroic struggle against odds will win you over to him, heart and soul—all set against a real Western background.



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themes is sufficient material on which to build a motion picture. Unless I am in sympathy with an author's mood, I do not care to meddle with his ideas. I like to feel that what he has to say is, to my way of thinking, well worth saying; and when I put his story into screen form I want to be sure that I am transcribing his message, not distorting it.

"I like to thresh the story out with the author, and listen to his objections to my ideas. I like to tell him what I propose to do by way of condensation, and hear from him the details of character I may have missed. In this way, incidents that might convey a false impression are avoided, and the result is not only a better picture, but the public which has learned to know and love certain characters is better satisfied. It does not see its literary favorites distorted. And so, the insight given by the author into his characters and situations is invaluable to the director.

"For example, in 'Sorrell and Son,' you may recall the incident of *Sorrell* and the housekeeper. He tells her that he is not a marrying man, and with this simple avowal of mutual understanding, he pulls the window shade down. In the language of the screen, this presupposes, of course, a love scene.

"Not at all," said Mr. Deeping. "Not for a moment did I intend to convey such an idea. I merely meant to suggest that, they sat and meditated, communed as it were, on this newly found peace, shutting the world away from them."

"I asked Mr. Deeping under what circumstances he had conceived the idea of the noble struggle of a father for his son.

"He was in a little inn one day, he told me, when he chanced to notice a porter, obviously a gentleman, struggling with his duties. He talked with him and learned something of his story, and coupling this with his experience with his own father, a physician, he built up his absorbing novel.

"During my stay, I also asked him to show me the scenes where he felt *Sorrell* and his son carried on their life together. We motored all over the English countryside. Deeping showed me the inn where *Sorrell* worked, the bench in the square where he had his talks with his son, *Kit's* school, his haunts. These localities I had photographed by an expert, so that when *Kit* comes to the screen you will not only find the characters as Deeping describes them, but the very spots where they

lived. In every possible way I want to preserve the spirit of the book, and that's why I went to England to see the author."

Barcelona Challenges Hollywood.

When she arrived in America, she immediately became "Miss Spain," film star. But in Barcelona this pretty señorita with the flashing eyes was known as Maria Casajuana, typist, daughter of a city councilman.

Miss Casajuana stood on the deck of the incoming steamship, a huge comb in her hair, a mantilla over her head matching the lace of her fluffy black frock. As the vessel blew its mighty whistle, she clicked her castanets by way of greeting the new country where William Fox promises to convert her into a popular actress.

Little Miss Casajuana is a product of new Spain, not the Spain where sloe-eyed maidens languish behind iron grilles, while their lovers linger on the doorstep strumming guitars. Miss Casajuana giggles at the very thought of a stern duenna following her on her daily trips to keep her tryst with the typewriter in the boss' office, and avers that the young stenographer in Barcelona spends her salary of ten dollars per with the same recklessness as her gum-chewing sisters across the water.

It was while she was on her way to her morning task that Señorita Maria first learned she was considered the type for a film actress. She laughed when a young secretary attached to the Fox offices in Barcelona suggested that she take a test for the screen.

A search was being made by William Fox for a Spanish girl of sufficient beauty, charm, and talent to warrant development as an actress in Hollywood. Edwin Hill had charge of it, and all young Spain was dressing itself up in its best bib and tucker, and being photographed. Maria Casajuana, busy over her typewriter, never thought about it, though her cousin had already been through the mill and had had a test. The lynx-eyed Fox officials, regardless of ten thousand and one applicants, spotted the little typist and determined to induce her to enter the contest. Again and again she refused, until finally she went with her cousin to make inquiries at the Fox office, and was literally kidnapped and placed before the camera.

Fifty tests were sent to Mr. Fox, and Maria Casajuana was selected the winner. Feeling that fate had settled the matter, she accepted. Then panic seized her and she decided not to pluck the celluloid plum

that was dangling so enticingly before her. She refused to come to America. Then she changed her mind, and before she had time to lose her courage again she signed a contract, packed her things, and in company with a pocket dictionary set off on her voyage to Hollywood.

A Victory for Calories.

When Estelle Clarke had completed her work in King Vidor's "The Crowd," she hopped on a train and came to New York to do some heavy thinking.

After she had been here a few days, she decided it was too much trouble to be a leading lady and renounced the thought forever in favor of comedy, à la Louise Fazenda.

"I've tormented myself long enough," she informed me over the teacups at the Ritz, "and now I am going to let avoidupois take its course, and be natural. I've been beaten and starved for my art, and have wept many bitter tears, so now I'm going to luxuriate and eat my three squares a day and be happy.

"Some years ago when my mother died, I decided I simply couldn't stagnate for the rest of my life. I must *do* something. And so long as I had the choice I decided I would do something I really liked. I like to act. My voice is bad, so the movies seemed logical. After sitting around hotel lobbies for a while, I finally got a job, and then my heart-aches began. Every time I felt I had contributed a great emotional moment to the screen, along came the old shears and annihilated it.

"To be a leading lady one must be lean and lithe. I've had every kind of diet, every possible food combination. I've been beaten, rubbed, and strapped into shape. I've made a meal of milk and saltines, while the aroma of a broiling beefsteak was driving me mad. I'm ashamed to look a baked potato in the eye. Yet every one calls me chubby.

"One day I played a scene at a switchboard. I got a little bit sassy with the director, just for fun. I'm naturally sassy. He said to me, 'That's great; we'll put that in the picture.' And he did. And it wasn't cut out, either.

"I stopped dieting after that, and determined to be myself. The shears, as well as the diet, seem to be on the shelf. I have been thinking the matter over since I came to New York. Am I to be svelte and emotional, or well-fed and sassy? And the result is, exit Estelle Clarke, tragedienne, and enter Estelle Clarke, comedienne."

Their Enduring Young Charms

Continued from page 25

excuse was the charm exercised by that brilliant, busy group, achieving miracles in ramshackle buildings, on nondescript, outdoor stages, and in the long hours on location.

Not that Carlyle Blackwell's star, casting its effulgence over the little Kalem studio in Glendale, is forgotten. The fans of 1913 need no reminder that with the dimming of Maurice Costello's light, and the temporary disappearance of Francis X. Bushman that year, following a disagreement with Essanay, Blackwell had, for the moment, no rival except Kerrigan.

I find no snapshots of Hobart Bosworth, leading man of the first picture studio on the Coast. He was also the first well-known actor from the stage to go into pictures, and on these counts, as well as because of his connection with "The Sea Wolf," he deserves an important place in any story of those early days.

But I do find, as a souvenir of my visits to the Selig studio, a snapshot of Herbert Rawlinson, as happily familiar to picture fans of this day as of that.

A snapshot of Tom Mix belongs to a little later day—to a day some months later, when, accompanying the newly formed Bosworth company on location to the winter fastnesses of Truckee, California, we found the Selig Company already there. With it was the future idol of millions of boys, and the future master of the spectacular Tony, busily engaged in playing a very heavy heavy in a very small picture, and as cheerfully risking his neck to do it as though it were his own million-dollar production.

Dear friends of that precious album, I salute you!

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

lives in the country not far from New York.

"Just to assure her that she won't be forgotten, Paramount has made her many promises, of course, but what are promises in the motion-picture business? Hedda Hopper gave a farewell luncheon for her here at Montmartre, and we all wished her bon voyage quite gayly, just as though she were going off for only a few weeks. When she comes back to the screen, I do hope all the fans will remember her and welcome her back."

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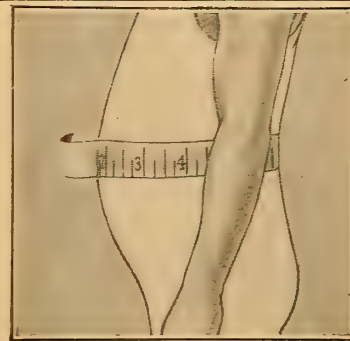
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If I Had a Week's Vacation

Continued from page 89

POLA NEGRI.—One week without work, worry, or fretting of any kind! Over the week-end, I'd spend lazy, dreamy hours on a yacht, just out of sight of land. Perhaps I'd read—more likely I'd just gaze at the changing panorama of the sea. Monday I'd devote to tennis. Tuesday I'd spend with a friend or two. We'd go for a long canter along the bridle paths of the Hollywood hills. Wednesday afternoon—tea at home with friends. A musicale Thursday evening, and the theater on Friday, would complete the week.

Instead of being a hard-working actress with many professional and business cares to occupy my mind, I would lead for a week the life of a débutante. I would be indolent when I wished, selfishly considerate of my own whims and pleasures, healthfully athletic in pursuit of the sports

I enjoy, and on the succeeding Monday, I'd be eager to be back at work. In other words, during that week, I would lead the gay, luxurious life that the world *supposes* a star enjoys the year round. [Written before Miss Negri's trip abroad to be married.]

TRIXIE FRIGANZA.—With a week's vacation I'd probably do something like the soldier who spent most of his day off in a shooting gallery, after which he had a heaping plate of army beans for supper. What I'd really like to do would be to loll on the beach, dig my toes in the sand, and wave back at the ocean. I'd like to be surrounded by congenial friends who wouldn't once mention the stage or screen. That's what I think beforehand I'd like, but probably I'd actually spend most of my time seeing plays and pictures.

An Actor by Request

Continued from page 85

he sighed, "there always will be. But call me Tommy, won't you?"

The ingenuousness of him intrigued me.

He startled me by asking, "What is publicity? How does one get it? Do you think it would be advisable for me to have it?"

An actor wondering if publicity were a wise thing!

"You're the first person out here," he went on, "to take an interest in me, and I'd appreciate it so much if you would steer me right. I want to succeed, because Mr. Laemmle has such faith in me, but there are factors in this business that I do not understand."

Now, however, he has become more picture-wise, as directors have promoted him to better rôles, and his horizon has widened. But he is unchanged in character and personality.

He works conscientiously, motivated by a dogged effort to learn everything about all the work that goes into the making of movies. Though he has a fortune behind him, he is altogether "on his own," having wisely invested the stake given him by his grandfather in a small ranch. Without a hint of apology, he says candidly, "I wish I could do so and so, but my salary isn't large." That innate honesty is refreshing and novel in a surrounding of so much ostentation and make-believe.

He does everything in a methodical way, even to driving his inexpen-

sive car at a cautious pace and with the same care with which a New England banker would consider an investment. Always, he is considerate and humble—an attitude that leaves me breathless with wonder.

I don't know whether to call him handsome or not. To me, those articulate brown eyes sum Tommy up—eyes that are usually serious but that can light up with a slow, creeping humor. He is big and tall, and is tanned from week-ends on his ranch. He has wavy brown hair and a hesitant, soft voice.

His work? I have a bone to pick with Universal on that score. Having been signed up as a sympathetic juvenile, he has been cast usually as a restless young *roué*. "The Love Thief," "Butterflies in the Rain," and "The Sensation Seekers"—in all of these he played a fast-living young scamp. In only one film, a Western, was he permitted to play a congenial rôle—that of a self-sacrificing younger brother. That film was "The Ridin' Rascal," with Art Acord.

Nor is Tommy himself at all happy over the rôles assigned him. I doubt whether he will ever be, for he is too earnest about his work, and takes things too much to heart.

Some day, when he shall have served his apprenticeship in acting, I picture him at a desk in a quiet, restful den, writing out those dramas over which he dreams. Then Tommy will be content, and will come into his own.

Don't Annoy the Stars!

Continued from page 84

enough to create the desired screen effect that would satisfy her camera man.

My heart has often ached for Charlie Chaplin. When in Hollywood, he frequently dines at Henry's, an inconspicuous little restaurant. And if he gets through his soup in peace, it is only with the conviction that before the salad comes some overfond mother will have spotted him and led her gaping five-year-old to his table. Often, without even the preliminary, "Oh, Mr. Chaplin, little Alfred is so crazy about you. I just want him to be able to say he really

saw Charlie!" such a mother will cry, "There, Alfred, that's Charlie Chaplin!" in the manner of bestowing a gift. Then they stand and stare at poor Charles, who attempts a graceful phrase and a pat on the head, and then retires, shuddering in embarrassment, to his plate. Only when Alfred becomes tired of gaping do they move on.

It is all very grand to be a star, and the compensations do exceed the annoyances, but there is a lot to be said in favor of the obscurity of private life.

Film Struck

Continued from page 94

Oscar. I'm sorry this trick constable got hold of you. Just forget it, please; everything will be rosy soon."

"But this charge against you," Oscar protested. "Is it a mistake?"

The girl smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid it isn't. But it doesn't matter—honest. Please don't worry about me."

"I'm not exactly worrying," he said; "not now, since I've found you. But you might tell me things. It isn't just right, Penny, to treat me like this."

Hortle's prisoner shook her head, as if a detailed recital of the events that had culminated in her arrest would be of little interest; but in the end, after Oscar persisted, the girl obliged him with a brief summary.

"Just a commonplace chapter in the life of a poor but deserving working gal, Oscar," she began jocularly. "A couple of months of idleness, breezing from lot to lot, keeping up appearances, getting the old 'Nothing to-day' line from all the casting directors. Somehow, the boneheads failed to discern budding genius when it was slap against their optics. I wasn't living at the Ritz, but the bed-and-feed bill kept climbing. I owed so much the manager was afraid to kick me out and afraid to let me stay, although I had almost enough wardrobe to square accounts. Then I landed this bit with the Super-Apex. I knew it was good for a month or more, but I didn't have the nerve to tell the hotel I was leaving town. They're hearing that all along. So I just walked out, thanking the Lord DuVal's story was a costume piece and I didn't need to furnish any wardrobe. But I did send a note, apologizing for my hasty

departure, saying I had a good engagement and would square my account as quickly as possible.

"Apparently that was the wrong thing to do," Penny went on. "A complete flop. I had a cheerful letter this morning intimating that the old handcuffs were due to rattle, and that a nice little cell was being fixed up for me in Hollywood. And when I came into town this afternoon to send a certain party a message, up pops this gloomy individual with a tin star and marches me off to the hoosegow. And here I am. That's all, Oscar; just a single-reeler. You supply your own titles, if you're interested in the continuity."

"Huh, sounds mighty fishy to me," pronounced Hortle, evidently failing to interpret all he had heard and smarting under the barbed remarks shot in his direction. "Something more back of it, all right. Always heard you picture troupers were a bad lot. Guess you'll change your tune after you stay here a few days."

"But she can't stay here," Oscar remonstrated. "You ought to know that. Miss Holt is working."

"So's the law," the other stated.

"Now see here, Amos," protested Oscar. "I'll vouch for Miss Holt. It's absolutely necessary that—"

"Oh, let him rave," Penny broke in. "I like it. I have to have some innocent amusement."

Hortle bristled indignantly, called the girl a flip young minx and threatened to clap her into a cell; but Oscar managed to pacify him, prevailed upon the chief to leave the room. And this he did, with no great reluctance, slamming the door behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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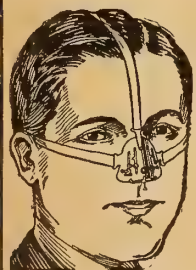
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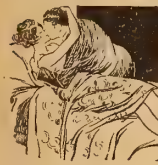
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Released from Villainy

Continued from page 53

Carew's philosophy is simple and clear—"Be true to yourself."

"Each man," he says, "in his own way seeks material security and mental rest. But of what profit is success in the eyes of the world if its attainment means a compromise with our principles? Does not that in itself kill the thing that each of us is striving for?"

The air of mystery surrounding Carew, both on the screen and off, is enhanced by a definite barrier of reticence that no length of acquaintance with him can break down. Never does his personality reflect the obvious man, always it hints at mystery.

As I've grown to know him—his kindness and generosity, the sanity of his judgment and the brilliance of his mind—my first impulse of curiosity regarding his past has slowly faded. I don't care whether he is a prince or a peasant, a poet or a clown—he is one of the most interesting men I have ever known, and whether his ancestors were kings or serfs makes no difference at all.

He lives with his mother in Hollywood, and his chief recreation is found in books and music. He is a student of philosophy and a sculptor of remarkable ability.

Carew's screen popularity has taken a decided rise during the past year. The unfortunate habit that motion-picture producers have of cataloguing players cramped his style somewhat following his *Svengali* and other villainous characterizations. Universal, however, has at last given him a chance to break away from villainy.

Because of his own deep-rooted understanding of mankind, Carew abhors villainy in its conventional screen aspect.

"I dislike it," he says, "because most film villains are not true to life. I never want to play another villain unless the character is human and the impulse which prompts his villainy is logical.

"If the motive behind the action of a screen character is logical, it may be either good or bad without affecting the standing of the player in the eyes of the public, but the usual movie villain is an absurdly unreal character."

Carew shifted from villainy to a sympathetic characterization in Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In that film he has the tragic rôle of the mulatto slave, *George Harris*, husband of *Eliza*. Harry Pollard, director of the film, says that the part should establish Carew as a romantic hero—Carew, who some years ago gave the movie world the weird, be-whiskered *Svengali*.

He has also recently played a straight dramatic rôle in "The Cat and Canary" and a distinctly sympathetic part in "The Claw," both filmed by Universal.

He is very much pleased over his release from villainy. Here is a man whose reticence makes him a person of mystery, but whose human side is as fine as the workings of a jeweled watch. And at last he is being allowed to reflect in his work that side of his nature which is hidden from the casual world by an instinctive armor of reserve.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 73

Not an Animal Picture.

"Let bygones be bygones" must be the motto that hangs over the desk of the producer who ordered that "The Climbers" be filmed. What was Clyde Fitch's worldly drama of New York society is now turgid backwash of old Spain—and Porto Rico! The period of the film is grandiloquently described as that of Ferdinand VII., which means that the ladies wear Empire costumes at court and trousers on the ranch. The picture bears no more resemblance to the spirit or content of the play than "Slide, Kelly, Slide" does to "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Not that it would have mattered particularly, if the title had been

given to a good picture—that is, if you overlook the questionable ethics of attaching the name of a deceased playwright to something he did not write and would, without doubt, vigorously repudiate if he were alive.

Irene Rich is introduced as the *Duchess of Aragon*, with all the virtues of a wife and mother. But when the *Duke of Cordova*, an enemy of the king, is found secreted in her room, the hitherto blameless life of the *Duchess* counts for nothing. She is banished. Next, she is found in Porto Rico, as the mistress of a ranch. She is given to frowning, horsewhipping her employees, and striding hither and yon in breeches that are too tight for her. The *Duke*,

who sneered at her downfall in Spain, is also present, as *El Blanco*, a bandit. He taunts and torments her. But when he is brought into her home, wounded, and is nursed back to health, the *Duchess* falls in love with him. With this settled, and the end of the picture in sight, "The Climbers" all at once decides to take on a new spurt of activity. This involves the appearance of the *Duchess'* daughter from Spain, her mother's unwitting dismissal of her from her door, and then her frantic search for her and rescue of her from a villain.

An imported director is responsible for this film, which includes flagrant performances on the part of the entire cast.

A Mummer's Wife.

Buried beneath the chaff and glitter of "Broadway Nights" is the kernel of a human story—something genuine and full of character. But it remains only a kernel, far beneath the surface, largely because unsuitable players are seen in the principal rôles. The story is slow in getting under way, and the characterizations fail to be established at the outset.

In the first place, it is difficult to accept Lois Wilson as a gawky, ignorant girl from nowhere, trying her luck on the stage of a cheap theater on amateur night. You think she is just joking, or trying to put something over. When finally you are asked to believe that she is what you have all along thought she was only pretending to be, it doesn't ring true—and it's too late. You feel you have been misled, fooled.

At any rate, *Fanny* marries *Johnny Fay*, a song-and-dance man, and they eke out a precarious existence in vaudeville. Eventually, *Fanny* is offered a good job if she will drop *Johnny* as a partner, but she is loyal to the man who "taught me everything I know," until *Johnny* loses their last ten dollars gambling. Then she makes the break and is successful. The rich producer urges her to marry him, but *Johnny's* voice over the radio stays her. And when she is failing at rehearsal, *Johnny* appears, regenerated, puts her through her paces, and swings the show to success. How does it end? Aw, go on!

All this has liveliness, spectacular appeal, and good direction. But what the whole picture is built upon—a study in character—is its weakest point. Miss Wilson is temperamentally and technically unsuited to portray a girl who would be happy as a cheap vaudevillian's wife, nor is she sufficiently capable to perform the Black Bottom and indulge in the

vulgarity of the rôle with any degree of naturalness.

Sam Hardy is *Johnny*, good as a wise-cracker, but still a comedian in those moments when he makes a stab at pathos.

Mother Bears Her Cross.

Being a mother must have some compensations, some deep and lasting happiness. But whenever a screen mother is pushed into a star rôle, you can depend on it that she is due for a bad deal. And when she is played by Belle Bennett, it goes without saying that she will be sweet to the point of saccharinity, trusting to the limit of human dumbness, yet in the end be trod upon like a willing worm.

The newest example of such film nonsense is self-consciously entitled "Mother," and is said to have been "suggested" by the tale by Kathleen Norris. It is too bad the suggestion did not go far enough to make a good picture. Slowly and broadly the film sets forth the unhappy lot of a jewel of a mother who, besides being a perfect housekeeper, also is a tireless embracer. She has a perfect mania for caressing and hugging her husband and son. But when she has raised them from poverty to luxury, she is betrayed by both. However, a train wreck seems to jolt the three sufficiently to indicate that they will at last settle down and be themselves.

William Bakewell, as the young son, promises to become a valuable juvenile.

Swell Showmanship.

Gilda Gray makes a calculated genuflection to the box-office in "Cabaret"—the same box-office that has made her what she is to-day—and the result is shrewdly successful.

"Cabaret" is a glittering, glamorous composition of sure-fire material, nicely knit by author, director, camera man, and star. Miss Gray doesn't merely dance in this—she dances to hide a breaking heart, while a neatly placed tear glistens on her golden eyelash. Clever showmanship? You bet!

Gloria Trask ornaments a night club after sundown, and supports her humble family by day. There are kiddies in the family, and a weakling brother who is mixed up with crooks. Also a father, Chester Conklin, who works as a chauffeur. *Gloria's* big heart has a place for them all. Too, it has a place for *Tom Westcott*, a detective—a gentlemanly detective, who knows a lady when he sees one.

So all is harmony in this idyl of simple hearts—until the wayward



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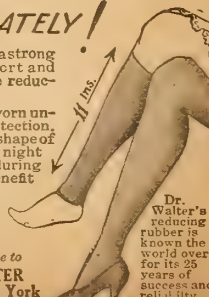
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brother gets into a jam with the villain, who refuses *Gloria's* money to square the boy, because—close-up of *Gloria's* spine—he would have a kiss instead. This menace justly has a rendezvous with death. *Gloria's* resourceful, but decorous, efforts to divert suspicion from her brother, and at the same time play fair with the detective, are rewarded as they should be in any picture that has the intention of pleasing the greatest number of patrons.

Miss Gray shows more certain command of herself than she did in "Aloma of the South Seas," and is distinctly a screen personality to be reckoned with. She is always magnetic, her costumes are poems of tasteful costliness, and she dances like no one else in the world. Tom Moore is the ingratiating detective—surely the pleasantest aid that justice ever had.

Neat, But Not Thrilling.

Next to "Skinner's Dress Suit," "The Love Thrill" is so much better a picture than Laura La Plante has ever appeared in, that it almost takes on the value of a super-special. But it is, at best, only a pretty good program film. The piece is a farce, of course, with enough novelty of plot and sureness of direction to make you doubly regret the gaps in the story which, with just a little more care all around, could have been nicely bridged. At that, the film is quite easy to watch.

Laura is *Joyce*, who sets out to sell life insurance to *J. Anthony Creelman*, a rich idler, but is not allowed to see him. So she decides to pose as the widow of his best friend, *Jack Sturtevant*, an author, whose death abroad turns out to have been "grossly exaggerated," as the subtitle tritely puts it. *Jack* appears, but never suspects that the fascinating blonde in black whom his friend is flirting with is supposed to be his own wife. And so we have the makings of a rather gay and sophisticated plot, with an especially graceful ending. It's like this—*Joyce* has received the check for *Creelman's* insurance, but is reminded by *Sturtevant* that she cannot cash it unless she legally bears his name. Does she wish to cash it?—he asks.

Tom Moore plays *Sturtevant* with all his easy command of light comedy, Bryant Washburn is excellent as *Creelman*, and Jocelyn Lee makes an impression as his vampish innamorata.

Are Gobs Grateful?

As a title, "Convoy" has something of the majesty of the sea, but the picture it labels has none. It has, instead, all the ingredients of a secret-service melodrama, and one situation which no doubt led the producer to think that he had stumbled upon a wow.

The situation is this: Dorothy Mackaill, a society girl pledged to the intelligence department during the World War, is told by Ian Keith, a governmental master mind, that she must accept the invitation of a German spy to visit his apartment. What is more, she must remain with him for twenty-four hours. Somehow, the safety of the entire United States navy depends upon it. The lives of our boys in blue can be saved only by Miss Mackaill's sacrifice. And as the German spy is played by Lowell Sherman, whose merest flick of a cigarette ash bodes no good, it is quite plain that Miss Mackaill has a big scene and a series of close-ups.

She plays her rôle as if she thinks herself the reincarnation of Joan of Arc in a dinner gown. Her quickness with the telephone saves her, but nobody will believe her virtuous. Every one turns against her. The Red Cross will not even permit her to stitch for the navy she has saved. And when she innocently asks a gob about her bluejacket fiancé, a policeman swoops down upon her, and a judge sentences her to the workhouse. Because she is in the secret service, she is more helpless than if she were deaf, dumb, and blind. And the master mind is strangely absent in her hour of need. In the end, however, she gets a medal—an ironic touch if ever there was one.

Besides the players already mentioned, William Collier, Jr., Lawrence Gray, Donald Reed, Eddie Gribbon, Jack Ackroyd, and some notables from the stage were used to fill in that part of the picture not occupied by cut-outs from ancient news reels.

ALL'S WELL.

By Marjorie Driscoll.

The heroine is fair and young

In the movies.

The villain usually is hung

In the movies.

The hero never does get stung;

The author often goes unsung;

My goodness, how the bull is slung

In the movies!

When a Feller Needs a Freckle

Continued from page 51

Buck has played in "Lights of Old Broadway," "The Last Man on Earth," "Eyes of the Night," "Señor Daredevil," and scores of other pictures. At present, if you please, he's a cadet in the Hollywood Military Academy. He's twelve years old, is charmingly freckled and, in the past three years, has blazed his name across the cinematic heavens in a way to make old actors weep. He has a hobby for collecting miniature elephants. At present writing, he has twenty-one, some in ivory, others in ebony.

But speaking of freckles, look at Mickey Bennett! He almost has a corner on them. Mickey has the distinction of having "bawled out" the mighty Babe Ruth. He did this in exquisite fashion in Babe's picture, "Babe Comes Home," thereby becoming the envy of all the other lads in the colony. What boy is there who wouldn't like to play in the movies with the King of Swat? And what boy is there who wouldn't like the privilege of lecturing the great baseball player, even if it is only in a picture? Mickey is just as Irish as his name implies, and was chosen for Ruth's film because of his pugnacity.

Then there's Scooter Lowry, who has taken the place of Mickey Daniels in "Our Gang" comedies. He first gained prominence in New York in big benefit revues conducted by Gus Edwards and others. His act was to come toddling out between numbers, during numbers, or at any time he chose, to do whatever he felt like doing—usually some funny little dance. When Hal Roach was in New York last year, Mr. Edwards arranged for Scooter to meet him, and Scooter very promptly impressed Mr. Roach with the fact that it was high time he was made a member of his "gang of rascals." Mr. Roach fully agreed with him, and engaged him on the spot.

No list of small boys in the movies would be complete without mention of Frankie Darro, the eight-year-old youngster who has recently been made a star by F. B. O. For the past two years, he has been appearing in Westerns with Tom Tyler. Also, he played the newsboy in Norma Talmadge's "Kiki" and the crippled urchin in "Moulders of Men." Now he is being starred in "Judgment of the Hills" and "Little Mickey Grogan."

When Frankie was only four years old, he was doing a little dance in his parents' vaudeville act on the Orpheum Circuit. A motion-picture

director saw him and asked his father if he could use him in the film, "Judgment of the Storm." He joined the company on location at Truckee, California, and has been in pictures ever since.

Frankie was born in Chicago, and is a natural-born little actor. His contract with F. B. O. gives him time off each day to go to school.

There are scores of other boys who are making names for themselves in films. There is Johnny Fox, the banjo-playing kid of "The Covered Wagon," "Red" Jones, who played in "The Road to Yesterday," Leon Holmes, who had a rôle in "Hogan's Alley," and has been seen in many other pictures. There is Billy Butts, as freckled as a robin's egg, and Rusty Tolbert, similarly decorated. And Jay Smith, of "Our Gang," couldn't get another freckle on his face if he tried.

There are Maurice Murphy and Mickey McBan, who played in "Peter Pan" and also in "Beau Geste." There is "Spec" O'Donnell, and there is Billy Kent Schaeffer, who gave such a remarkable performance with Rin-Tin-Tin in "Hills of Kentucky." Spec O'Donnell played the part of Abie in Mary Pickford's "Little Annie Rooney," and later had a good rôle in her "Sparrows."

While all these lads are fighting their way ahead, a little military cadet in a snappy uniform is drilling every day at the Hollywood Military Academy with squads of other boys. His name is known throughout the world, and he has a million dollars to his credit at the bank, but just now he's only a cadet. On the school roster he's registered as "Jackie Coogan." It's the Jackie who shared honors with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." It's the Jackie who has wrung the hearts of movie fans in every country where movies are shown.

Jackie is growing up. He has bought a big ranch near San Diego, California. He has learned how to drive a tractor and to do other things that men do. The tattered, wistful little urchin who won the world's applause in "The Kid" soon will reach the age when his voice will be changing and he will be wanting to use a razor on his upper lip.

Meantime, other kids are rising to fame on the screen. In a few years, perhaps they too will have faded into the background. But for the time being, many of these lads are stowing away as much as \$1,000 per month. And most of them are freckled.

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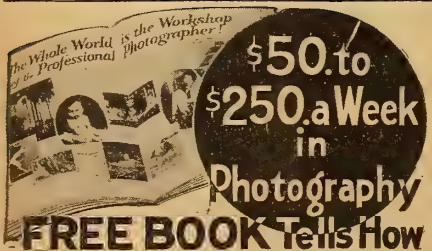
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Up and Down with Buster

Continued from page 45

his connection with Paramount, and in a voice loud enough for him to hear, I brought up the subject of his break.

I could hear him puttering around upstairs, but he stopped long enough to call, "I'm glad to get away. Contracts are likely to do you more harm than good, unless you are big enough to demand your own rôles." He was coming down now. As he trotted into the living room, freshly shaven, he repeated, "Hello."

He looked as ridiculously young as ever, and he was in radiant good humor.

"I'm having a lot of fun making a couple of 'quickies.'" For the benefit of the unenlightened, a quickie is a picture made by a small company for very little money and in even less time.

"There is where the real adventure of picture making is," Buster beamed. "These corporation pictures have lost their romance. There's no plotting or planning, or even any creation, connected with them. You are always sure the money is going to hold out, and even if it doesn't stay within its financial quota, there's always more where that came from. But in the quickies you're on your toes all the time. You've got to use your wits and your brains. This man, Phil Goldstone—Lord! I've the greatest admiration for that man. He can take fifty thousand dollars and make it look like any other producer's one hundred thousand dollars. That is because he is directly in touch with his money, himself. Other executives just get reports on theirs.

"I'm crazy to do something like that myself—to get hold of a production and make it for just a little money. Create the thing. That's the greatest kick in this business. There's no kick in acting. You do what you are told, and paid, to do." Coming from the scion of an old theatrical family, his disrespect for the art of acting was radical, to say the least.

The stepson of the famous Willie Collier, Buster has been connected with the stage all his life. He was born to his work. He did child rôles on the stage until he reached the awkward age, and then went to live on the family farm. Having nothing else to do, he learned to ride like a cowboy. His youth alternated between dressing room and saddle.

Just about the time that Buster was slipping out of childhood, D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, and Mack

Sennett combined their individual strength and formed a big company—the Triangle. They brought out a lot of stage favorites from New York at tremendous salaries. Among them was William Collier—and Buster.

Buster got the movie bug. He got it so bad that he insisted on playing the puny rôle of an office boy in one of his father's pictures for Ince. Buster did so well in it that the director developed it into quite a good little part. Ince saw it in the projection room. "Who's that?" he asked Collier, Sr.

"That's my kid."

Ince said, "H'm!"

That "H'm!" developed into Buster's being starred in a picture entitled "The Bugle Call." It's the same story that Jackie Coogan is doing now.

"It was what we considered a superproduction at the time," Buster related. "We felt pretty proud of that one. There were fights, and mobs of extras, and all the other trimmings. I felt like Barrymore himself, being starred in such an undertaking. I got seventy-five dollars a week and I was almost ashamed to take so much money. I didn't see how I could ever spend it."

From then on Buster was of the movies. In fact, he became our foremost jockey. Whenever there was a race-track comedy or drama to be screened, Buster played it. He also did "The Wanderer," his biggest and most spectacular rôle, but not his best. I think "The Rainmaker" was his best.

Since leaving Paramount he has free-lanced, principally on the First National lot, and in his much-admired quickies.

Some one came in and said Buster's breakfast was ready—and then there was my luncheon appointment. He walked out to the car with me.

"I'm helping Buster Keaton on his new picture—just helping out on the mobs, and yelling through a megaphone every chance I get—just for the experience," he said as he helped me in. "You see, I'm really serious about making something of my own."

He stood in the courtyard of this new Mexican place, bareheaded in the midday glare, and grinned as I pulled out. He looked more like a kid home on his college vacation than a potential Schenck. But that's his aim.

He's a great boy, this Buster, no matter whether he's high on the wing, or deep in the dumps.

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Leaving 'Em Laughing

Continued from page 74

"Comedy is made just as carefully as straight drama," he said. "I mean, it takes as long to do a good comedy as it does to make one of those super-features. I mean, if you want nice photography, and light and shade—details—you can't hurry. And comedy can be artistic. I mean, it doesn't have to look like a news reel, shot on the run."

All this was said in dribbles, haltingly, doubtfully. Harold Lloyd is not impressed by his success, neither inflated nor complacent. Rather he is a supremely modest, pleasant, non-committal young man. There is nothing about him to suggest that fame has attended his efforts.

As is generally the case in the traffic of comedy, Lloyd uses no script. A rough idea suffices to establish the locale of a picture, then conferences shape ideas for gags, which are elaborated by the technical men and considered by the star before shooting. The conferences take place on the golf links, at luncheon, about a bil-

liard table that always stands near the star's set, or in one of the offices.

"But no talking tells us whether we have a gag or not," said Harold. "It'll sound like a wow—I mean, we'll all laugh—I mean, it seems great—then we're disappointed when it acts out. Or it may act well, then flop at a preview. And we can't use it—I mean, it's scrapped."

When he talks his diffidence is apparent. The strain of being a public personage is not easily weathered. He is accustoming himself to the routine of stardom with fortitude.

Married to his former leading woman, Mildred Davis, Lloyd is a representative young husband and family man, domestic, attentive, considerate. However middle class and stolid that may sound, it is the truth. Lloyd is the star of the solid middle class. Thus far the intelligentia have not discovered him. But this does not detract from his popularity with the millions who see him every week. Nor from his fifteen-thousand-dollar weekly salary.

A Boy Who Is Never Content

Continued from page 33

playing with great success the leading rôle of *Clyde Griffiths* in the Los Angeles stage production of "An American Tragedy."

In the roving life he has lived, he has been thrown with many strange characters, and they have given him a deep understanding of human nature. He looks back on his years of hoboship as being as valuable as any he has lived.

His indomitable eagerness to attempt everything within grasp, to be constantly experiencing new adventures, has helped put Leslie Fenton where he is to-day. The very fact that he is never content to stop with what he has already accomplished is what pushes him steadily onward. As long as he remains like this, we can expect great things of him. And depend on it, he'll not disappoint us.

What the Players Read

Continued from page 13

Madeline Hurlock.

First, last, and always, James Branch Cabell. "Jurgen" is my most-thumbed book. Michael Arlen I am wild about—who isn't?—and Joseph Conrad, who is another prime favorite, and Anatole France. I rather fancy fictional biographies and historical romances, when written by people who know their facts and impart an authentic reality to their work. Of poetry, I am most fond of Rupert Brooke, Swinburne, and Baudelaire.

I would rather curl up on a lounge with Brooke's poems and a cigarette than go to any party that was ever given.

Renee Adoree.

Naturally, I have a preference for French classics and authors, and read in my native language, for so much is lost through translation. I am partial to De Maupassant. Who has ever equaled him in sheer story-telling ability? With no unnecessary preliminaries he plunges into his story with a sweep that intrigues instantly. In his writing there is never vulgarity; his astonishing frankness is so directly simple that all the unpleasantness of insinuation, so often found in the works of less skilled authors, is avoided. His candor is refreshing.

One of his short stories lifts me from a mood of dejection and re-

stores my spirits and my buoyancy more quickly than would all the medicine in the world.

Charles Ray.

Among American authors, none equals O. Henry in my favor. I think he has painted types of American life with a cameo clearness which will stand the test of time and gain in added appreciation as the years pass. We are still too close to him to award the laurels which his artistic merits.

Hergesheimer is one of my favorites among contemporaries, while Hamilton Gibbs won me with his "Soundings."

I have always been an ardent admirer of Maeterlinck and have never ceased to find fascination in the stories of De Maupassant and Victor Hugo.

William Collier, Jr.

Classic literature does not interest me if you apply the term to the archaic ages. I don't care to go farther back than Washington Irving, whose charm is so delightful, Poe and Walt Whitman. I have pored over "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" many an hour, and find something new every time in "Rip van Winkle" and "The Pit and the Pendulum."

My favorite author among those writing now is Somerset Maugham and his book that I prize most highly, "The Moon and Sixpence."

As a means of keeping up with the new fiction and the new writers coming on, I follow the magazines and make it a point to read at least one short story or novel installment every night before I close the good old eyes in slumber.

Harry Carey.

Being a rancher, and having been a cowboy and gold prospector, people think it's strange that I'm not more concerned with tales of the great wild West. But when you really lead that kind of life you understand it thoroughly and your mind turns to other subjects. I guess that's true of most folks. We all want contrast, just as the fans are lifted out of their humdrum lives by the romance on the screen.

My liking runs chiefly to history and great men who have done big things. I would rather read ancient history than anything. When King Tut's tomb was opened I read every word about it because I believed some of the inscriptions would shed more light on what had happened in those early days.

The lives of Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Washington, and Lincoln are intensely interesting. I think few books are more worth

while than those dealing with the personalities of the French Revolution.

I'm a pretty active cuss all day, and at night I like to relax physically and let my mind turn handsprings and grapple with villains. Maybe that's why I'm more than a little keen on "Sherlock Holmes" and other detective stories.

Greta Nissen.

There is but one language in which to read, and that is French. It has the subtle meanings, the proper words with which to express infinite variations of thought. In English, a thing is so, or thus or that; in French one may convey those shades of feeling which are a little of so and a bit of thus and a trifle of that. Do you comprehend? There is a pellucid, gossamery charm about French, a smoothness that ripples evenly.

I read, too, in my own tongue, but the Norwegian literature has not the delicacy and gradations of meaning of the French. It is more blunt. Mostly I delight in the modern French poets. Pierre Loti I adore. What grace of style, how exquisite and enchanting his idyls! And Tagore I admire, oh, so much.

Louise Fazenda.

I find little in comedy to interest me when I read. I'm a funny person, and dabble a bit in this and that, verging from the Russian tragedies to poetry, but seldom tarry with fiction or humor. I have a few original manuscripts, some old philosophical things that are almost "extinct" and therefore very valuable, and many Hungarian, French, Russian, and German translations. And a sprinkling of memoirs and biographies. Things to fit any frame of mind I may be in.

I have moods and spells and follow a certain interest or trend of thought avidly, reading everything along that line that I can lay my hands on, until it wears off.

Ruth Roland.

Poetry comes first, in my reading. Hope's "India's Love Lyrics" and "The Bluebird"—in fact, all of Maeterlinck's works—charm me. As a child I was very fond of the flowery Japanese legends, and that love of colorful words makes Hugh Walpole a magnet now. His are such lovely English romances; his language is so beautiful. "The Cathedral" and "Fortitude" are my favorites.

For the same reason—fluency and melodious evenness—Michael Arlen delights me. Occasionally I like a good mystery story, or one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's or Rupert Hughes'.



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Marjorie Daw.

I can't read poetry in a street car, nor can I read an article on civic government when I am sitting in the shade of a tree with a beautiful landscape spread out before me. Atmosphere and book must match my mood.

At times, I like the poetry of Oscar Wilde, especially "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "Decorative Fantasies." Ibsen's plays have a special attraction for me. "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts" I thoroughly enjoy. I also love the sketches in Dreiser's "The Color of a Great City." Of the humorists, three cheers for Ring Lardner.

Norman Kerry.

With a taste for the exotic, my fancy runs to bizarre tales. I have

read fifteen James Branch Cabell novels. "The Cream of the Jest," "Beyond Life," "Jorgen," "Figures of Earth," and "Straws and Prayer-books," I consider his best.

"La Bas" and "Against the Grain," by Jorgen-Karl Huysmans, "Fantastica," by Robert Nichols, "Antic Hay," by Aldous Huxley, "Erik Dorn," from the pen of Ben Hecht, "Messer Marco Polo," by Donn Byrne, and Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," are other favorites.

Besides these authors, I root for Conrad, Sabatini, Hergesheimer, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Jim Tully, Carl van Vechten, Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham, Paul Morand, Ambrose Bierce, Emile Zola, H. L. Mencken, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Sax Rohmer.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Long Pants"—First National. Harry Langdon both funny and pathetic in tale of a country boy in his first long pants who comes under the spell of a city vamp.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"—Paramount. Unexpectedly good. Tale of two sisters in a department store, the disappearance of some funds, and one sister's sacrifice for the other. Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Lawrence Gray.

"Love of Sunya, The"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson's first independent venture. Glittering, but unreal. Skilled performance by Miss Swanson in four distinct characterizations.

"Lunatic at Large, The"—First National. Leon Errol in highly amusing picture of a hobo who is mistaken for a millionaire and accidentally put into an insane asylum. Dorothy Mackaill and Kenneth McKenna.

"Madame Wants No Children"—Fox. Foreign film. Sophisticated tale of a wealthy man's wife whose feverish quest for excitement leaves her no time for domesticity.

"McFadden's Flats"—First National. Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in a brick-and-mortar comedy of a hoddie who becomes a contractor and is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter.

"Metropolis"—Paramount. Fantastic German film of what life in a big city may be a hundred years from now, with the laboring classes living far below ground, and only the capitalists above.

"Monkey Talks, The"—Fox. Unusual film of a man who poses as a talking monkey in a circus, and loses his life saving the girl he loves from a real monkey. Jacques Lerner and Olive Borden.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman

and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnaped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"Paradise for Two"—Paramount. Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in film of man who, to inherit his uncle's fortune, employs an actress to pretend to be his wife, and of course falls in love with her.

"Perfect Sap, The"—First National. Mystery melodrama, with a boy detective. Ben Lyon is the boy, and Pauline Starke a beautiful lady crook who turns out to be a girl reporter.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which Pa doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Red Mill, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies delightful as a rollicking Dutch girl who, after many and devious complications, ends in the arms of a visiting American, Owen Moore.

"See You in Jail"—First National. Moderately amusing farce of a millionaire's son who goes to jail and, while there, devises an invention which revolutionizes his father's business. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

"Sensation Seekers"—Universal. Billie Dove in film of willful, fast-living society girl who high-hats a handsome young clergyman until heroically rescued by him from the villain's yacht.

"Show, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in melodrama of a Budapest side show. Moves a little slowly despite Gilbert's vivid acting.

"Stranded in Paris"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in gay, sophisticated, hilarious comedy of shopgirl who goes to Paris and is mistaken for a countess.

"Summer Bachelors"—Fox. Trashy but amusing. Madge Bellamy as a naughty young lady who brightens the lives of husbands whose wives are away for the summer.

"Taxi Dancer, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Agreeably entertaining. Joan Crawford alluring as dance-hall girl who gets in with a bad crowd, but finally lands safely back in Old Virginny.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Three Hours"—First National. Corinne Griffith in tale of a mother who steals for the sake of her child. Lots of plot and "high society." John Bowers is the sympathetic friend.

"Twinkletoes"—First National. Colleen Moore appealing as a Limehouse girl who suffers all kinds of villainy before she and her prize fighter, Kenneth Harlan, fade out in a cabbage patch.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"White Gold"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal gives fine performance as Spanish girl in this exceptional film of the West, full of sinister moments and grim situations.

"Wolf's Clothing"—Warner. Lively, entertaining picture of subway guard who accidentally comes into a fortune and is swirled through all sorts of thrilling adventures. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Yankee Clipper, The"—Producers Distributing. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in beautifully filmed but trivial sea picture, based on the maritime rivalry between the United States and England in the middle of the nineteenth century.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Afraid to Love"—Paramount. Polite but tepid comedy of titled Englishman who marries a girl just to inherit some money and of course falls in love with her. Clive Brook and Florence Vidor.

"Ankles Preferred"—Fox. Trivial hodge-podge featuring Madge Bellamy as a pert shopgirl who means by hook or crook to get on in the world. Lawrence Gray is the "nice young man."

"Beloved Rogue, The"—United Artists. John Barrymore in an undignified, clownish portrayal of François Villon, vagabond French poet of the fifteenth century. Marceline Day is the lady.

"Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl"—Fox. Madge Bellamy in old-fashioned melodrama of girl model who is decoyed to a gentleman's yacht, but saved in time by a young shipping clerk.

"Blind Alleys"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen in slow film of army officer and his bride who are accidentally separated in the big city, and go through all kinds of adventures before being reunited.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man

and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Demi-Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer miscast in rôle of a mincing young French girl who steals her stepmother's beau. Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

"Don't Tell the Wife"—Warner. Another sophisticated comedy of entangled husbands and wives. Not particularly good. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Huntly Gordon.

"Gay Old Bird, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda in dull, dreary comedy of a cook who is persuaded to pose temporarily as her employer's wife, that he may receive a large sum of money.

"General, The"—United Artists. Not at all worthy of Buster Keaton. Long, dull comedy of an engineer whose locomotive, "The General," plays a heroic part in the Civil War.

"Girl from Coney Island, The"—First National. See "Just Another Blonde."

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Hotel Imperial"—Paramount. Disappointing wartime film. Pola Negri, as a hotel chambermaid, and James Hall, as a spy disguised as a waiter, scheme against an enemy general and incidentally fall in love.

"Just Another Blonde"—First National. Also released as "The Girl from Coney Island." Slow film dealing with two Coney Island girls and two gamblers. Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks, and William Collier, Jr.

"Lady in Ermine, The"—First National. Just piffle. Corinne Griffith, as an Italian duchess of the period of 1810, apparently suffers at the hands of an Austrian general, but—it's only a dream.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Love's Greatest Mistake"—Paramount. Old story of country girl who comes to the city, is pursued by a wealthy villain, and saved by the noble hero. Evelyn Brent, James Hall, and Josephine Dunn.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"New York"—Paramount. Conventional melodrama. A writer of popular songs falls in love with a society girl and is accused of murdering the girl he spurned. Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, and William Powell.

"Night Bride, The"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in mediocre farce of a society tomboy and a young author, who start off by hating each other.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Bar-



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bara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Popular Sin, The"—Paramount. Not so good. Sophisticated comedy of marriage and divorce, with Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, and Philip Strange jointly entangled.

"Rubber Tires"—Producers Distributing. Boring picture of the frantic efforts of a family to recover a discarded car whose value has suddenly risen to ten thousand dollars. Bessie Love and Harrison Ford.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward Everett Horton miscast in comedy of young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"Third Degree, The"—Warner. Con-

ventional society melodrama in which Dolores Costello, as a former circus girl, suffers and suffers while her wealthy husband kills the villain who attempts to compromise her.

"Valencia"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dull film showing Mae Murray as a Spanish dancer who is wooed simultaneously by a sailor and a nobleman—Lloyd Hughes and Roy d'Arcy.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stagy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon*.

"White Black Sheep, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unconvincing film of a disowned son who goes to the Orient, saves the British nation, and is forgiven by father.

"White Flannels"—Warner. Louise Dresser in tale of a poor, drudging miner's widow who makes a "gentleman" of her son only to be humiliated by his high-class sweetheart.

"Wrong Mr. Wright, The"—Universal. Mirthless farce featuring Jean Hersholt as the sappy son of a corset manufacturer who is mistaken for the cashier who has absconded with the funds. Enid Bennett is a lady detective.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ida. Her real name is Kathleen Morrison. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897. George Lewis was born in Mexico City—his biography doesn't say when. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago and educated at Berkeley, California. I never heard of her having lived in Saskatchewan at any time.

LYTELL FAN.—No, Rochester can't claim Bert Lytell as a native son—he was born in New York City. I don't know whether his parents were American or English. Billy Bowston, Jr., Claire Windsor's son by her first husband, is of course Bert's stepson.

SUNNY.—Of course you might as well write to me—I assure you it's being done. Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891; he has dark hair and gray eyes. He is married to Mildred Evelyn, and they have two small children.

PHILLIS FUNDAHN.—Of course Yakima Canutt makes up for the screen—all actors have to. He has been working lately at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Bob Custer is working at present at the Chadwick Studio, 1440 Gower Street, Hollywood.

MISS H. R.—I'm sorry, but I wouldn't have space for a list of addresses as long as the one you ask for. The ones at the end of this department are just about all I have room for. Niles Welch is at present on tour in "The Donovan Affair." When in New York, he lives with his wife, Elaine Gholson, at 140 East Forty-sixth Street. Harold Lockwood died nine years ago.

DOLORES VIVRIETT.—It's easy to join a fan club. Just write to one, inclosing a stamped envelope, and tell them you'd like to join. The object of each club is to boost the club's particular star, and to develop a friendly group of fans for correspondence purposes. Rod La Rocque was christened Rodrigue. "Peg" Talmadge is the mother of Norma and Constance, but they call her Peg because they're just that chummy.

BOB ALLEN, BERNICE MEADOWS, AND ALL FAN CLUBS.—Please do not ask me to announce fan clubs a second time. I am glad to make announcements of new ones, but I haven't the space for further mention of them, with a long waiting list of letters to be answered in these columns.

DORIS RONDEAU.—Thanks for the greeting—same to you, and all that sort of thing. I'll be glad to become an honorary member of your club if it doesn't involve any correspondence on my part. It was nice of Harry Langdon to send you such a lovely present. Harry comes from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and was once a newsboy. Then he got a job as assistant to a theater janitor. He made a hit with an "awkward" act one amateur night, and thus his stage career began. He traveled with a medicine show, and appeared in vaudeville and then musical comedy. Mack Sennett saw him on the stage and signed him up. The rest is history! I am unable to obtain exact data on his height, weight, age, coloring, and so forth.

S. BOWDEN, England.—Several people have come to my rescue and informed me that Louise Lovely has been making films in Australia. Thank you for your assistance, as Queen Elizabeth must have said to Sir Walter Raleigh when he picked his coat out of the mud. Margaret Morris is about eighteen; she was selected as one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925. Her pictures include "The Best People," "That's My Baby," "Born to the West," and "Bill Grimm's Progress." Anne Cornwall was born in 1897. She has played in too many pictures for me to be able to give you the entire list. Her more recent films include "Introduce Me," "The Rainbow Trail," "The Wrongdoers," "Keep Smiling," "The Splendid Crime," "The Flaming Frontier," "Racing Blood," and "The Totem-pole Beggar." As to where she may be reached, that is quite a problem. Miss Cornwall doesn't give her home address, and she is not connected with any one film company. The same is true of Gertrude

ADVERTISING SECTION

Olmsted, though you might try her at the Metro-Goldwyn studio—address in list at end of this department. Jobyna Ralston has been playing for Famous Players and can be reached at their address—also in the list. James Rennie seldom plays in films, but there is no harm in telling you his home address, since it is in the telephone directory—132 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. I have added the other addresses you ask for—those that I know, at least—to the list.

NORMA TALMADGE FAN.—I should say you are a fan! You fan so hard with your questions, you take my breath away. Norma Talmadge gives the year of her birth as 1897. She was married to Joseph Schenck in 1915. Norma doesn't give her home address. Constance changed her mind about retiring from the screen. She is in California now—though she may not be by the time this issue of PICTURE PLAY is out. Lila Lee *does* still play in pictures; her latest, at this writing, is "One Increasing Purpose," part of which Fox made in England. Within the past year or so, she has appeared in "Old Home Week," "The New Klondike," opposite Thomas Meighan, and "Broken Hearts." Lila's son, James Kirkwood, Jr., was born in September, 1924. Leatrice Joy's little girl is just the same age. Virginia Valli is twenty-six; she is divorced from George Lamson.

ME FOR BEN.—I do hope Ben is for you, too. Ben Lyon is five feet eleven inches, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He is an American. Doug Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully. No, Judge Landis is not the father of Cullen; I don't know the name of Cullen's dad.

ISABELLE KLAKE.—No, I'm sure I don't admire Rex Lease as much as you do because I've seen him only once—in "The Last Edition." You might try to reach him at the F. B. O. studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

JOHN ZELLNER.—You ought to be a good managing director for a correspondence club—you write such a readable letter. Carol Dempster was born in California, January 16, 1902. Constance Howard is the sister of Frances Howard, who had a brief screen career in "The Swan," "Too Many Kisses," and "The Shock Punch," and then retired and married Samuel Goldwyn. They are both former "Follies" girls, and their real name is McLaughlin.

JUST ONE OF NORMA SHEARER'S ADMIRERS.—I hope you don't mind my abbreviating your signature. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, August 10, 1904. She is five feet three inches, weighs one hundred and nine pounds, and has played in pictures about five years. She is still single. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-nine and is married to Gloria Hope.

HELENE AND DOT.—You'd be surprised how hard your simple questions made me work! Hugh Allan is not under contract to any film company, and I had a difficult time finding any one who knew anything about his history. However—he was born in Oakland, California. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He played in "Sally," "What Fools Men," "Transients in Arcady," and in "The Block Signal," in which he played the juvenile lead. He has no permanent address that I know of.

RETTA.—Of course you may address me "Dear Mr. Information." As long as you don't call me "Mis-information," all is forgiven and you may write again. I'll try not to take your questions too seriously—

particularly not when you ask, "Was Mary Pickford present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence? If not, why not?" Is that kind, I ask you? Your idea of what I look like is a very good one, except that you haven't given me enough nose. I need more breathing space than that.

M. M.—It's possible—but not probable—that you might see Prince Yucca Troubetskoy in another picture. I, too, saw him in "Flower of the Night," and, as far as I'm concerned, that was quite enough. He is a real Russian prince, born in San Francisco while his parents were traveling in this country. He is about twenty-five. I've no idea where he can be reached, as he is not regularly connected with films. William Boyd's new picture is "The Yankee Clipper."

HELENE.—You wish you had my job! You do—you really do? Some of these fine mornings, I, too, wish you had it, but not to-day. You're quite wrong in thinking that all it calls for is "true wit"—it calls for a lot of work. People *will* ask questions about elusive young players who have appeared in only about six scenes of one picture—and perhaps you think it's fun tracking them down! Charles de Roche is in his late twenties. I'm afraid there is not much chance of his photo being published again soon in PICTURE PLAY, as De Roche has more or less dropped out of sight in the film world. I suppose you saw the photos of him and little story that appeared in the June, 1926, PICTURE PLAY. Then there was a photo of him in costume in the December number.

ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES' ARDENT ADMIRER.—The only trouble with being a screen villain, as your favorite is, is that it is hard to attain popularity. There is really little demand for interviews with Rockcliffe, though he is an excellent actor. I don't know his home address, nor what picture he is making now, if any.

N. R.—Don't you know, N. R., that you can always reach stars in care of the companies in whose films they appear? Ralph Forbes, Joan Crawford, and George K. Arthur all play in Metro-Goldwyn films; Richard Arlen, James Hall, Evelyn Brent, Emil Jannings, in Famous Players pictures. Margaret Livingston is making a picture for Fox, though her contract with that company has expired. May McAvoy is a Warner Brothers star. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894; his real name is Peter Brimmer. No, I don't know of any stars whose birthdays fall on August 1st. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904. Is that near enough to your birthday to help?

MARY LOUISE ZEBROE.—Thanks for the three big cheers—that's six I've received to-day. When my collection is large enough, I'm going to be a cheer leader. It was V. Omar Whitehead who played Captain X in "Ruth at the Range," he seems now to have dropped out of sight in the film world. Ruth Roland has not played in anything since "The Masked Woman." She has made too much money, both in the movies and in real estate, to bother about working except when it amuses her. Her picture has not been on the cover of PICTURE PLAY in several years, if ever. Back numbers of the magazine can be obtained from the circulation department, unless, as sometimes happens, the issue requested is out of print—in which case, your money would, of course, be refunded. Ruth Roland was born in 1893—I don't know the day.

TEDDY B.—No. I don't think you're a bear because of your initials. If you were a bear, I'd run. Greta Garbo is a Metro-Goldwyn player. Barthelme



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works for First National. Yes, I should think they would send their photos on request. Besides Olive Borden, players born in Virginia include William Haines, who was born in Staunton, Elinor Fair, Vera Reynolds, Julia Faye, who was born in Richmond, Jack Holt, in Winchester, Francis X. Bushman, in Norfolk, and Mae Murray, in Portsmouth. There are lots of stars who have July birthdays, including John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Johnny Hines, Larry Gray, William Farnum, and Clara Bow.

HELENE MCALLISTER.—Yes, indeed, there is a John Gilbert Fan Club. If these fan clubs don't stop being formed, and demanding to be announced this department will have to stop trying to do anything else but announce them. The president of the John Gilbert Club is Joseph Varhalak, 223 Boston Avenue, Stratford, Connecticut.

CURLY TOPS.—So you hope I don't grow old for a time? Well, if I had to know the names of all the movie stars' children, as you want me to, that would just be the finishing touch to make me a bearded old man. Tim McCoy is in his thirties, and is married to Agnes Herron Miller. They have three children—a daughter aged six, and two boys, aged four and eight. Colonel McCoy is five feet eleven inches. His new picture is "California," with Dorothy Sebastian opposite him.

BLUE-EYED ELSIE.—Just a playmate of Brown-eyed Susie, I suppose. Jack Daugherty is in his early thirties; he was Barbara La Marr's last husband. He and Virginia Brown Faire were married last February sixth. He has been working for months in the Universal serial, "The Trail of the Tiger." Allene Ray is about twenty. She has appeared occasionally in feature films, but only in serials lately. Her current serial is "The Hawk of the Hills." Corinne Griffith is twenty-nine. She is making "Sunny" for United Artists.

RUDDY.—Always, or only when you blush? Fred Thomson recently signed with Famous Players—address at the end of this department. He is to appear in a film story about Jesse James. He was born in California, is six feet tall, and blond. He is a graduate of Princeton, is in his late thirties, and is married to Francis Marion. They have a son, born last December. His last pictures for F. B. O. were "A Regular Scout," "Hands Across the Border," "Don Mike," and "Silver Comes Through." Baby Peggy's last name is Montgomery. I don't know where she can be reached, as she has played in only one picture recently—"April Fool," for Producers Distributing. I think "Ivanhoe" was filmed years ago, but in any case, you're right, it's worth screening.

SOME ONE.—So you've had a fight with "him"? Who won? But I suppose it's all made up by now. In "Quo Vadis," Lygia was played by Lillian Hall Davis. Vinicius—I think that was the name of the man who married her—was played by Alphons Fryland. Dearie, you ask too much! A picture in these columns is out of the question—I haven't even room enough for all the answers. Write Josephine Dunn at the Famous Players studio, and I'm sure she'll send you a picture of herself. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis and educated in Los Angeles, so I don't see how Alberta can claim her at all. If you already have so many letters to write, I don't see why you want to join a correspondence club. There is a Clara Bow Fan Club with Miss

Louise Hinz as president, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. The president of the Renee Adoree Club is Miss Elaine Iverson, 314 Lincoln Street, Marseilles, Illinois. Mona Palma has played in "Cabaret" since "The Canadian" was released.

MINNESOTA LASSIE.—Ronald Colman and his wife, Thelma Ray, are separated, and a divorce suit is pending, I believe. The Valentino-monument idea fell through. I don't remember in which cemetery he was buried. PICTURE PLAY published a photo of Valentino in the issue for November, 1926. Yes, you can purchase back numbers of the magazine by writing to the Circulation Department, inclosing twenty-five cents for each issue you want.

TOOTZ.—Your own horn, I suppose—or James Hall's? The speed with which that young man has jumped into popularity is astounding. His real name is James Hamilton, and he was born in Dallas, Texas, October 22, 1900. He was playing on the stage in "The Matinee Girl" when he was "discovered" for the screen. He is blond, is five feet eleven inches, and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds. He is not married.

Fan Clubs

The following new fan clubs wish to be announced:

Clara Bow Fan Club.—Ida Katz, president, School No. 80, Federal and Eden Streets, Baltimore, Maryland.

Colman-Banky Club.—Ellen A. Sweet, 3311 South Benton, Kansas City, Missouri.

Hoot Gibson Fan Club.—Kathryn Brown, 2118 South Olympia, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mae Murray Fan Club.—Henric J. Mentasti, P. O. Box 464, Sebastopol, California.

Colleen Moore Club.—Jean McMahon, 46 Beaufort Street, Perth, Western Australia.

Mary and Doug Club.—Margaret Lewis, 328 East Eightieth Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ramon Novarro's Serenaders.—Henry Daviero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California.

Wallace Reid Memorial Club.—3625 R Street, Washington, D. C.

Fred Thomson Radio Fan Club.—Marvin Jackson, Macon, Missouri.

Movie Star Snapshot Exchange.—Elinor Garrison, 6022 Twenty-ninth Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington.

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathryn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm MacGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julianne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 601 S. Rampart Street, Los Angeles, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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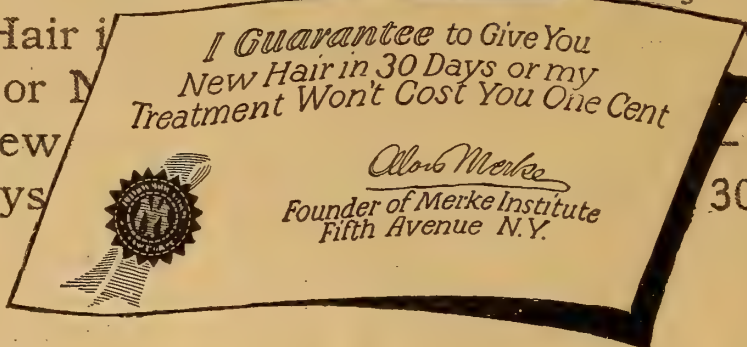
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no Is Never Content

very reason, he has won success on both screen. Because Leslie Fenton is never what he has already accomplished, but never to push ahead to new conquests, he has a name for himself, and will probably have a bigger one before he is through.

By William H. McKegg

"W, I can never feel content," Leslie Fenton confessed. "Two years ago, when I first made pictures, my one desire was to climb to the top. And now, though I realize that I'm making progress, I find that I'm still not satisfied to go further.

Traveling along a road with many turn-of-views, each distant turn, you think you have reached there, only to discover, when you look back, the road stretches still farther ahead."

Leslie, slid down in his chair, and let his head rest out toward the sunlit Pacific. We were on the porch of his Santa Monica home, looking out at the view of the ocean.

He had done a thing I wanted awfully to do, and it was so wonderful as I thought it would

have a glimpse of Leslie Fenton, a young man who explains why he has, within the two years in the movies, succeeded in more than fifteen pictures, and an accessible fan following. Still—he is not content. Neither is he discontent.

But he is always wanting to strike out on his own.

His twenty-three years have been years of adventure. He came to America when he was seven years old. Livermore was his birthplace. But he knows more of his native land. Since childhood, he has been seeking to realize a succession of

not much more than a boy, he felt

His room overlooked a railroad track. At night, he used to hear a freight train passing by for an unknown destination. He

One night he decided he would, and his landlady discovered nothing but the occupant.

One of many similar escapades that marked his lifetime. He has always had a taste for water, and has more than once persuaded his friends, to sail off on a boat to meet him, in whatever capacity.

Then, after he had had a good taste of the sea. For a while, he wrote reams of stories, and even sold and some of the poems.

At the age of twenty-one, having roamed the world, he suddenly decided to go to New York stage is not very different, but Leslie did manage to get a part, the first he ever came, however, under study to Glenn Hunter in

to play with a stock company. But Hollywood is just about as far from New York as to stage aspi-



Photo by Spurr

Leslie Fenton has, in his varied career, been tramp, poet and short-story writer, as well as actor. This photo shows him as CLYDE GRIFFITHS in the Los Angeles stage production of "An American Tragedy."

rants. And extra work loses its fascination after a while.

"This is one ambition I'm going to abandon," Leslie told himself, after having tried in vain to get a real part on the screen. He decided to give the movies up, and unhesitatingly accepted the juvenile rôle in the stage play, "The Goose Hangs High." He left Hollywood—for San Francisco, where the play was running. But when it came down to Los Angeles, Leslie suddenly found himself headed for the movies again.

Pursue the movie goddess, and she flees from you; but turn your back on her, and likely as not, she'll turn and start pursuing you. Before his show closed, Leslie had received offers from six different film companies.

He went to work for Fox, and was soon distinguishing himself. Among the most notable of the pictures in which he appeared while under contract with that company were "East Lynne," "Havoc," "Sandy," and "What Price Glory." His latest Fox release is "Jungle Rose," with Dolores del Rio.

F. W. Murnau, the German director, thinks very highly of Leslie.

"He is a fine young actor," he says. "He has depth and a fine comprehension of characters. I liked particularly well his work in 'Havoc.' There is power in Fenton's acting, and he knows how to make the best of it."

Leslie has now left Fox, and is, at present writing,

Continued on page 114

Must a Star Be Self-cente

Norma Shearer says yes, and explains that ego and personal vanity are developed by successful players because they can't help themselves.

By Helen Louise Walker

NORMA SHEARER clasped her hands behind her head and leaned back in the big chair facing me. "Ego is the thing," she said, musingly. "It is the biggest factor in this business. We have to have it—and we must have it in large quantities.

"Of course, you have it in the first place or you would not attempt a career in motion pictures. You must believe in yourself—have a terrific amount of personal vanity—or you would not enter the fight at all in the face of the enormous odds." She broke off with a giggle.

"I believed, when I first came to Hollywood, that as soon as I arrived and made myself known, some producer or director would instantly discern my talent and seize upon me immediately. I found out otherwise almost at once! Producers and directors were amazingly indifferent to my presence. It was ages before any one seemed to know I was here at all.

"However, I hung on and worked as an extra, and played bits and small parts, until—well, here I am!"

There she was, indeed. The prettiest thing I had seen in a long, long time. Dainty, graceful, with coloring like a wild flower and eyes which glint with humor—humor at herself; at the world in general, at the motion-picture business in particular. There is a glint of hardness, too, in those eyes. It is that quality which caused her to "hang on" until—here she is! One can imagine Norma gritting her teeth and saying grimly to herself, "They've *got* to see what I have! I'll *make* 'em!" And then doing it.

"I think we must seem very tiresome, sometimes, to people outside the industry," she went on, presently. "You see, we

Miss Shearer offered to
makeup Jiggs, and found
him eager to improve his
appearance, too!

have not only to consider our appearance—we gain or lose may be important, we must look at ourselves, to look fatigued, we must give thought to our clothes—but we must even give attention to our state of mind!

"We are almost obliged to develop a centeredness. We can't help it. Everything is on the screen.

"For instance, about two months before the war in 'Old Heidelberg,' Mr. Lubitsch asked me about the rôle I was to portray.

"She is extremely innocent and naïve
you innocent?"

"I didn't know what to say. How know whether she is innocent or not? I suddenly, like that, out of a clear sky—a bit, and finally told him I *hoped* I wa

" 'Well,' he said, somewhat dubiously be innocent—in your mind—so it will eyes. I want you not to go to any theaters, from now on until we start to include yourself. Live like a nun. Turn pure thoughts. Achieve the state of young, untutored girl who knows a of life! "

"Did you do it?" I asked her.

"I tried," she admitted. "Every party, I tried to leave early. And this is the last one. I won't go after I make this picture!" I And I did give it a lot of thought achieve the state of mind he was

"I was so frightened when I b





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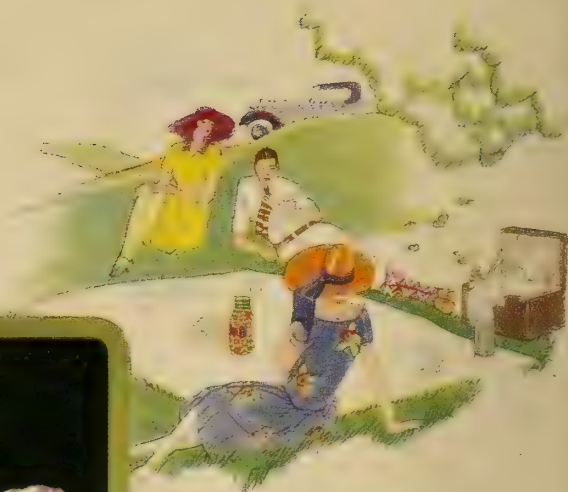
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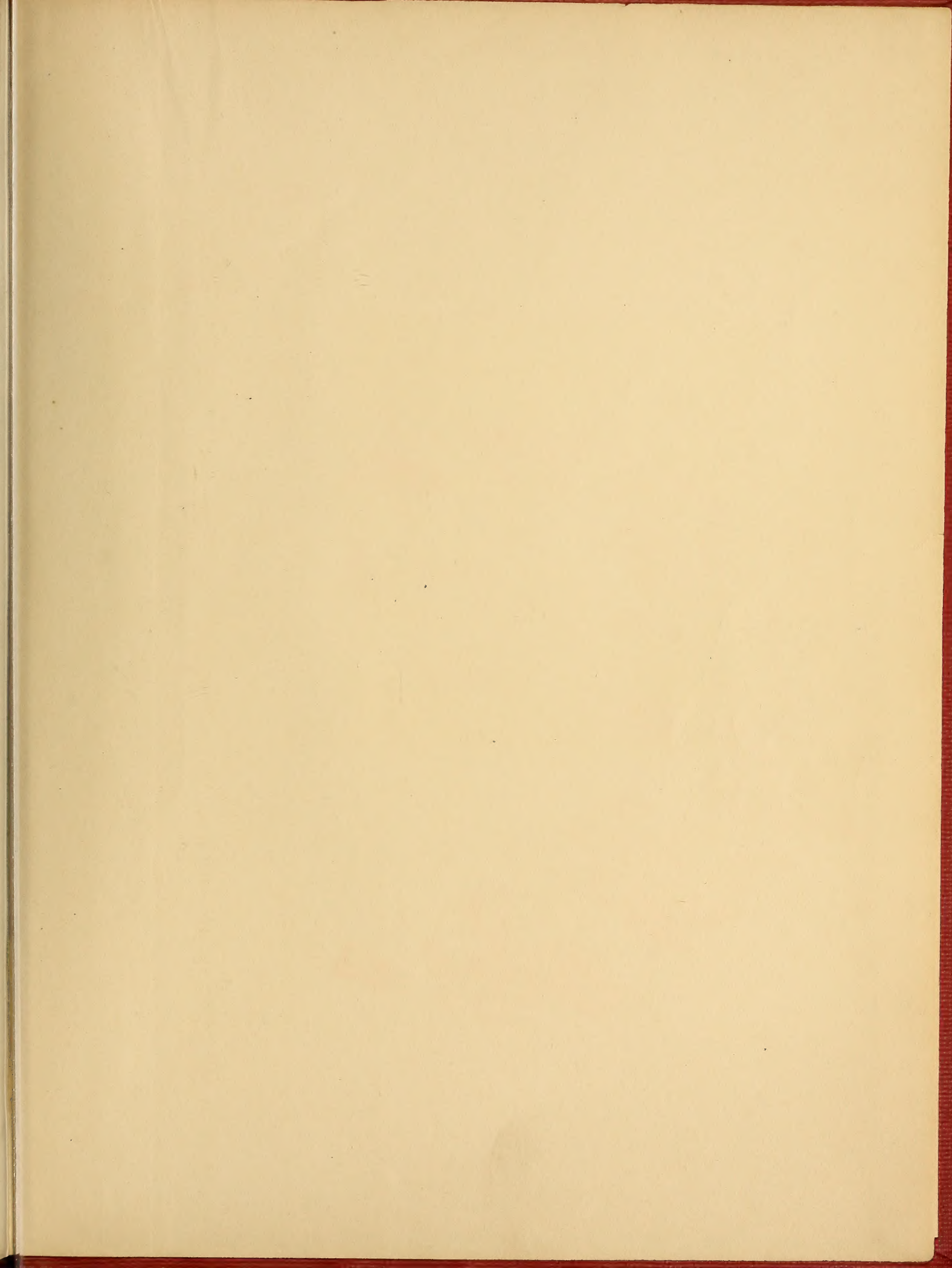
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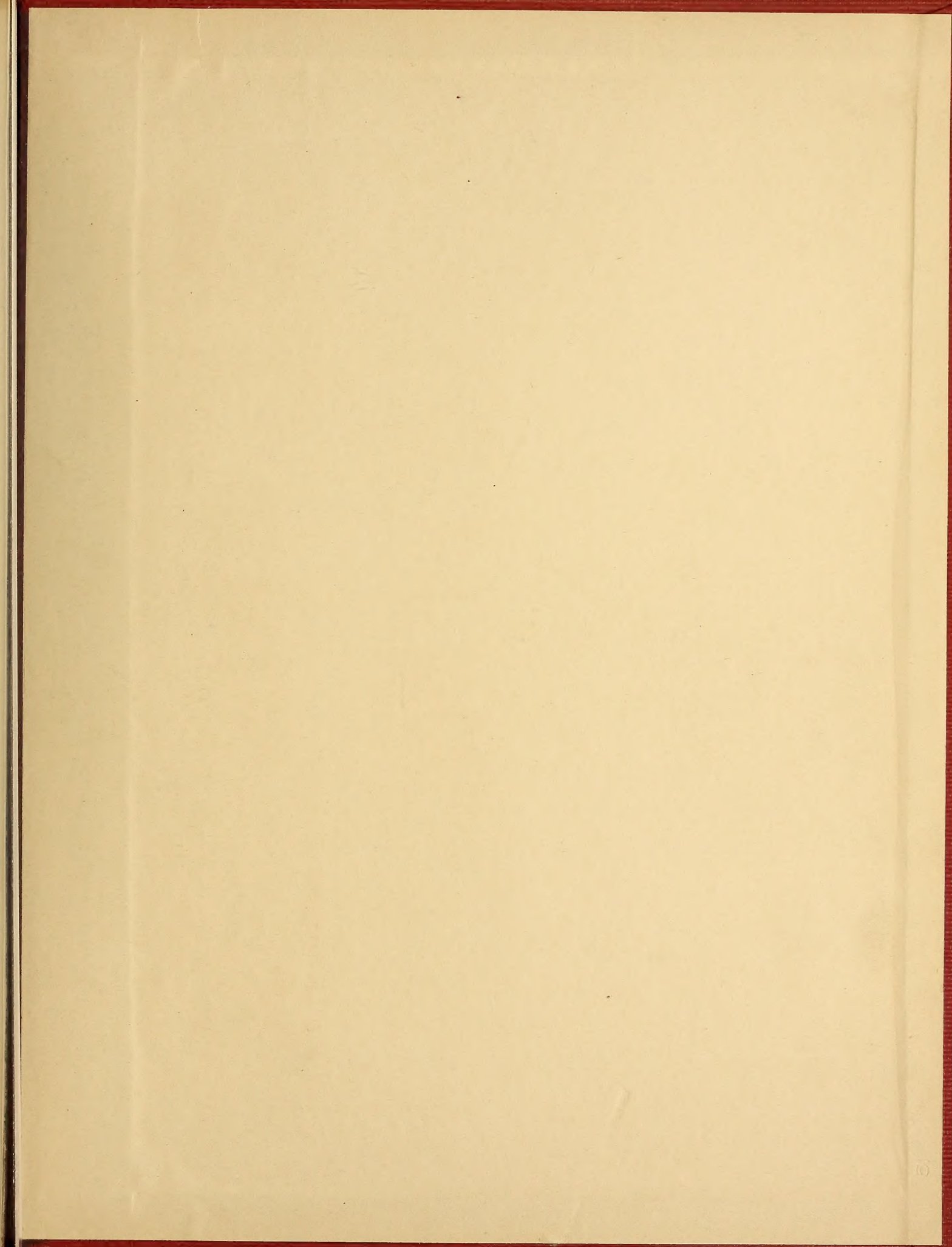
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